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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXX CONCORD, N. C., JANUARY 3, 1942 No. 1

A NEW YEAR'S PRAYER

To grow a little wiser day by day
To school my mind and body to obey,
To keep my inner life both clean and strong,
To shut the door on hate and scorn and pride,
To open, then, to love the windows wide,
To meet with glad heart what comes to me,
To turn life's discords into harmony,
To share some weary worker's heavy load,
To point some straying comrade to the road,
To know that what I have is not my own,
To feel that I am never quite alone;
This would I pray from day to day,
For then I know my life would flow
In peace, until it be God's will I go.

—Selected.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL
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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

THE NEW YEAR

The sun has cast its first glorious rays of light upon the tree-tops. It is a new beginning. And we pause in solemn reverie, and build our new theme. What shall we wish for the new day? Nothing that shall bring pain or privation to our fellows, but rather those priceless things that will reflect the light of radiant splendor upon all who love the day. We shall take no thought for the morrow, for we know it will never come. We shall not grieve if shadows appear in our pathway, for a cloud cannot cast a shadow unless the sun shines beyond it. By word and deed we shall show a fuller appreciation for the good that comes our way. And if peace of mind be our only reward, we shall never ask for more.—Sunshine Magazine.

THE HOPE OF 1942

It is timely that we say the curtain has been drawn on the activities of the Old Year with all of its blessed privileges and turn our faces to the New Year, despite the war clouds that hover near, with a courageous faith to stand ready to meet conditions in the spirit that behooves all true American citizens. It is the custom of all successful business concerns to take an inventory so as to find the gains and losses for the past year, and thereby profit by strengthening the weak spots and emphasizing the power behind the scenes that contribute to the success of any concern.

We fully understand that "to err is human," but a keen business man, or an interested director of any cause is quick to detect mistakes and profit by them. Every charge carries a vital responsibility. Therefore, as we look back and review the blessings enjoyed by this institution we hope the good resulting from interest expressed by the personnel of the School will prove sufficient to overcome all errors—not of the heart—but possibly from a lack of human understanding or alertness. Taking the old year, 1941, at the Jackson Training School as a whole, with its large quota of boys coming

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from broken homes, who have responded acceptably to the instructors of different departments, it has been a glorious one for its good health, its bountiful supply of food, its legion of interested friends throughout the state and, above all, for the spirit of good fellowship and comradeship existing between officers and boys.

With gratitude for good fortunes of the past we step over the threshold of the New Year with a hope that the efforts of the personnel of this institution will exceed those of past years, and finer results will be realized in developing misguided boys into fine Amercan citizens with a soulful understanding and appreciation of the meaning of a true democracy. The call today is for men of power, not physical power alone, but men with the combined elements of mental, moral and spiritual enrichment, who have the courage of their convictions and never refuse to be found on the right side when a principle is involved. The goal for the New Year, 1942, for the Jackson Training School will be to mold finer citizenship than during any previous year. This should not be the one crystalized ambition of one institution, but every institution of every class. The greatest national defense of our country is an army of young people of strong character.

It is accepted that during the New Year, guns, tanks, airplanes and ships will be the one consuming thought, but let us not be forgetful of the forces which are educating and winning better men and women. Unless we produce men of faith and character and vision, mankind will be found walking backward into the dark ages.

* * * * * * * *

THE STORY OF JANUARY

The first month, according to the modern calendar, is January. It was named by the Romans after Janus, the god of beginnings, whose festival was celebrated in this month, hence the custom of looking on January 1st or New Year's Day as a time for starting anew. The mythical god, Janus, was a two-faced deity, with one face looking forward and one looking backward, and for this reason January inspires thought of the past as well as the future. The flower for the month of January is the snow-drop; its gem is the garnet.

January was not one of the original months. According to ancient Roman calendar, the year began with March. Tradition says that Numa Pompilius added January, but gave it only thirty days. During the reforms of Julius Caesar it was given thirty-one days, and has kept them ever since.

The character of this month has won for it various names in different countries. By the Scandinavians it was called Thor, after the god of storms; the old Anglo-Saxon name was Wolf-month, because during its bitter cold days, the wolves, unable to find anything alive in the forests to kill and eat, came into the villages in search of food.

The fewest of nature's activities are found in this month. Movement among birds is less noticeable than in any other month, those who stay all winter have arrived and settled down; the ones going south for the winter have left long before, while the hardiest of spring migrants have not yet started north.

There is one January holiday observed in Christian countries—New Year's Day, which, in different lands has varying customs. Another special day is Twelfth Day, so named because it is the twelfth day after Christmas, at which time is celebrated the festival of Epiphany. Elsewhere in this issue will be found a list of memorable dates, calling attention to holidays, birthdays and events occurring in the month of January.

* * * * * * * *

IMPROPER OBSERVANCE OF CHRISTMAS

Despite the impressive way the Christian churches teach the proper observance of the anniversary of the birthday of the Christ-Child, and the laws forbidding the firing of fireworks within the city limits, there was in Concord after midnight on Christmas Eve, one continuous roar, caused by explosives, continuing until the small hours of the morning. We realize fully the significance was two-fold —lack of appreciation and understanding of the greatest gift to mankind—our Saviour, and a disregard for the laws of a community that stand for order.

From every source of communication the appeal has been made to the public to buy national defense bonds and stamps, also for contributions to the Red Cross fund, the organization that is rec-

ognized as the angel of mercy that rises to the emergency in all catastrophes, regardless of class or race. Money saved is money earned, is the watchword of a thrifty person. Doubtless if the money that was burned up on Christmas Eve in fireworks had been used to purchase defense bonds or stamps there could have been put aside a nice little savings account for the future. Preparedness should be the watchword of all people, especially so during this crisis.

* * * * * * * *

THE VALUE OF COURTESY

There is nothing that's cheaper or that pays greater dividends than courtesy.

As an illustration of that fact we publish the following letter which was received a few days ago from Mrs. William Fletcher Duncan, of Elk Hill, Virginia:

"I passed through your lovely city last Thursday during a heavy rain storm and had such a pleasant experience that I want to relate it to you. I had driven for blocks, trying to find parking space, in order that I might get lunch, but without success. Finally a most courteous person, who happened to be manager of 'The City Hall Service Station' saw my dilemma and invited me in. Of course I expected to pay storage, as I've always had to do elsewhere, but when I returned for my car I received the same courteous attention from the hired help, who informed me that there was no charge. In addition to this, my car had been swept and windshield polished. I left with the feeling that I had really done them a favor. This is only one example of the many wonderful traits that beiong to all North Carolinians."

That's a fine letter. We're glad to give this publicity to The City Hall Service Station in Raleigh and to its manager, Mr. Johnnie Lee, and we hope it will be the means of bringing in many new customers. It's always a pleasure for us to give free advertising of this nature.—The State.

* * * * * * * *

THE BOYS' CHRISTMAS FUND

In this issue we carry a complete list of generous contributions to the Boys' Christmas Fund. It is needless to say the boys thoroughly

enjoyed the good things that make a youngster's Christmas complete. If those who contributed to this Merry Christmas could have seen the joy written on the face of each boy as the bags were distributed, the depth of appreciation could be readily understood.

We bid these kind friends adieu until next Christmas, thanking them for all past favors, and hope to merit their kindly interest in the future. To these good people we tender our best wishes for a happy and prosperous New Year.

Following is a complete list of contributions to the Boys' Christmas Fund for 1941:

Mr .and Mrs. A. G. Odell, Concord,	$ 10.00
"7-8-8," Concord,	25.00
Herman Cone, Greensboro,	25.00
Rowan County Charity Organization, Mrs. Mary O. Linton, Supt.,	5.00
Forsyth County Welfare Department, A. W. Cline, Supt.	7.50
Mrs. Cameron Morrison, Charlotte,	50.00
E. B. Grady, Concord,	5.00
New Hanover County Commissioners, Wilmington,	10.00
A Friend, Greenville, S. C.,	5.00
Halifax County Welfare Dept., J. B. Hall, Supt., Halifax,	5.00
The Joseph F. Cannon Christmas Fund,	218.73
Davidson County Welfare Dept., E. Clyde Hunt, Supt., Lexington,	5.00
Mrs. James D. Heilig, Salisbury,	5.00
Mrs. G. T. Roth, Elkin,	10.00
Mrs. Walter H. Davidson, Charlotte,	5.00
Mrs. Laura L. Ross, Concord,	5.00
Miss Lena M. Leslie, Concord,	5.00
Durham County Welfare Dept., W. E. Stanley, Supt., Durham,	10.00
Guilford County Welfare Department, Mrs. Blanche Carr Sterne, Supt., Greensboro,	1.50
Anson County Welfare Department, Miss Mary Robinson, Supt., Wadesboro,	3.00
John W. Wallace, Statesville,	10.00
Citizens of Charlotte, sponsored by Judge F. M. Redd	100.00
	$552.23

Friends in Charlotte, by A. C. Sheldon: 400 apples, 400 oranges.

Woman's Club, Greenville: one year's subscription to Boys' Life.

Citizens of Charlotte, sponsored by Judge F. M. Redd: 8 bags oranges, 23 boxes oranges, 5 boxes tangerines, 15 bushels apples, 17 boxes grapes, 12 boxes candy, 1 bag nuts.

IMPORTANT DATES IN JANUARY

(Selected)

1—New Year's Day.
1—Paul Revere born, 1735.
1—Ireland became a part of the United Kingdom, 1801.
1—Greece declared itself independent of Turkey, 1822.
1—President Lincoln issued the Emancipation Proclamation, 1863.
1—Commonwealth of Australia proclaimed, 1901.
2—General James Wolfe, conqueror of Quebec, born, 1727.
2—Battle of Murfreesboro, 1863.
2—Port Arthur surrendered to the Japanese, 1905.
3—Washington defeated the British at Princeton, N. J., 1777.
4—Jacob L. C. Grim born, 1785.
4—Treaty of Paris, United States and England ratified by Congress, 1784.
4—Utah admitted to the Union, 1896.
5—Calvin Coolidge died, 1933.
6—Joan of Arc born, 1412.
6—New Mexico admitted to the Union, 1912.
6—Theodore Roosevelt died, 1919.
7—Israel Putnam born, 1718.
7—First Presidential election held in the United States, 1789.
7—Bank of North America, first regular bank in the United States, opened at Philadelphia, 1782.
8—Wilkie Collins born, 1824.
8—Andrew Jackson defeated the British at New Orleans, 1815.
9—Secession of Mississippi from the Union, 1861.
9—President Wilson laid his "Fourteen Points" before Congress, 1918.
10—Ethan Allen born, 1737.
10—Stamp Act introduced in British Parliament, 1765.
10—Allies and Germany ratified Treaty of Versailles, 1920.
11—Alexander Hamilton born, 1757.
11—Sir John A. McDonald born, 1815.
12—Edmund Burke born, 1729.
12—John Hancock born, 1737.
12—J. H. Pestalozzi born, 1746.
12—Arbitration Treaty signed by Canada and the United States, 1909.
13—Salmon P. Chase born, 1808.
13—General Huerta, Mexican dictator, died, 1916.
14—Norway was united with Sweden, 1814.
14—Kingston, Jamaica, nearly destroyed by an earthquake, 1907.
15—Moliere, French dramatist, born, 1622.
15—British Museum opened, 1759.
16—Robert W. Service born, 1876.
16—Prohibition Amendment to the United States Constitution became effective, 1920.
16—Provisional government of the Irish Free State constituted, 1922.
17—Benjamin Franklin born, 1706.
17—Battle of Cowpens, 1781.
18—Daniel Webster born, 1782.
18—Opening of Versailles Peace Conference, 1919.
19—James Watt born, 1736.
19—Robert E. Lee born, 1807.
19—Edgar Allen Poe born, 1809.

19—Body of Columbus transferred to Havana, 1796.
20—King George V of England, died, 1936.
21—John C. Fremont born, 1813.
21—Thomas J. (Stonewall) Jackson born, 1824.
22—Francis Bacon born, 1561.
22—Pope Benedict XV, died, 1922.
24—Charles James Fox born, 1749.
24—Gold discovered in California by John Marshall, 1848.
25—Robert Burns born, 1759.
25—Transcontinental telephone service established in the United States, 1915.
26—Michigan admitted to the Union, 1837.
27—Mozart born, 1756.
27—Incandescent lamp patented by Thomas A. Edison, 1880.
27—Canadian Great Western Railway opened, 1854.
28—Charles G. Gordon born,1833.
28—Alexander Mackenzie born, 1822.
28—First commercial telephone exchange opened at New Haven, Conn., 1878.
28—Col. George W. Goethals appointed first civil governor of Panama Canal Zone, 1914.
29—Thomas Paine born, 1737.
29—William McKinley born, 1843.
29—Kansas admitted to the Union, 1861.
30—Walter S. Landoe born, 1775.
30—Charles Baron Metcalfe born, 1785.
30—Franklin Delano Roosevelt born, 1882.
31—Gouverneur Morris born, 1752.
31—Franz Shubert born, 1797.
31—The "Great Eastern," largest steamer then in existence, launched, 1858.
31—Treaty settled Alaskan boundary dispute, 1897.
31—John Marshall appointed Chief Justice of the United States, 1801.

———:———

In days of old
When knights were bold,
And sheet-iron trousers wore.
They lived in peace;
For then a crease
Would last ten years or more.
In those old days
They had the craze
For cast iron shirts, and wore 'em
And there was bliss
Enough in this—
The laundry never tore 'em.

—Selected.

PEDRO'S DUCKS

By Esther Miller Payler

When Pedro, the Mexican boy, was hoeing the beans on the mountainside, he saw the shadow of a hawk. Dropping the hoe, he raced to the poultry yard, flapping his arms, shouting loudly and beating an old pan. When the hawk was gone, Pedro again counted his ducklings. "One, two, three" in the shadow of the house, "four, five, six," under the banana trees. "Seven, eight, nine, ten," under the cactus hedge, and among the pepper plants.

"Are the ducks all safe?" called his cousin, Dona, looking up from stirring a kettle of mush over the fire.

"Every one," answered Pedro, taking off his torn sombrero and mopping his forehead. "It'd be sad to lose even one when tomorrow's market day."

"You giving one to the Lord, like the Senorita Maria said?" Dona stopped stirring.

"I don't know. I'd like to spend the extra money."

"But it doesn't belong to you," Dona said.

"The nine do," Pedro's black eyes flashed. "Remember last Sunday she made a little pile of nine centavo on one side and said that was our very own, but the little lonesome one on the other side belonged to God and not to us."

"She didn't mean only money, but that one-tenth of everything belongs to God," repeated Dona.

"I know, I know," answered Pedro impatiently. "I'll give the one but I just couldn't help thinking of all the things I could get for that money."

"Pedro, don't you wish it was time to start for market now?" asked Dona. I have my flowers all ready."

"If only we didn't have to sleep and wait."

When mother woke Dona and Pedro they ate breakfast quickly and before the sun peeped over the mountain, they were on their way to market, trudging through the dust and prodding on their burro, "Si." On one side Si carried a basket heaped with flowers raised by Dona. On the other, a crate with Pedro's ten ducks, whose yellow bills were bobbing in and out of the bars. At every jolt a chorus of "Quack, quack" made Pedro and Dona laugh.

As the children passed the hut of old mother Santos, they waved to the lame woman. She called to them: "Lucky children going to market! May you get good prices."

"Thank you!" replied the children eager to hurry, but she called: "I always bought sugary cakes from the vendor who stands by the Cathedral." She licked her lips.

Dona whispered to Pedro: "Think we could bring her a cake?"

We'll each bring her one," answered Pedro, "that'll make her twice as happy.

As the children neared the market the road was more crowded. Some drove turkeys, some sheep. There were crates of squawking chickens, bleating of goats. One woman balanced a big tray of cakes on her head. A man carried straw toys and baskets. A donkey so laden with flowers you could just see his head and legs through them, swayed past, driven by two laughing boys.

When the children came to the

square, Pedro led Si to their usual place in the market. Dona scurried around and piled the flowers to look like a garden. She took several of the best bunches in her hand and called shrilly: "Flowers, fresh from the country."

By the time Pedro had Si tied, and the crate open, she came back jingling coins in her apron pocket. "Will you watch the flowers, Pedro, while I run over and take a bunch of flowers to teacher for the altar."

"Sure," answered Pedro, and holding a fat duck before a woman, he said: "See, a tender duck!"

The woman felt the duck and he blinked his beady eyes and quacked loudly while the woman asked the price.

"Two more centavos and the duck is yours," answered Pedro.

They bargained back and forth, the woman holding the duck. At last she bought the duck for one centavo less than Pedro asked.

Dona came back and Pedro said: "One gone," and held up the coins.

As he reached into the crate for another duck, his largest bird flew into the air and over the wall of a garden. Pedro hastily closed the crate and scrambled over the wall. There was the duck swimming on a pool in the garden. As Pedro reached for the duck, it slipped from under his hand and he splashed into the pond.

"What kind of a fish is this?" asked a bearded man, laughing down at the dripping Pedro.

"Please sir, my duck flew in here and I came after it."

"Have you more birds like that?" asked the man, holding the duck.

"Yes, nine of them. Raised by me," Pedro answered thrusting out his chest and no longer afraid.

"I'll take two more ducks and give you five pesos."

Pedro's eyes lighted up and he shut his lips tightly. I'll get the ducks," Pedro mumbled. Then he turned back and said: "That's more'n I been getting for them. Four pesos would be a good price."

"For your honesty, you shall have an extra centavo," smiled the man.

Soon Pedro was back in the market and the crate was empty. Dona's flowers were sold. Si was fed and now they were ready to start home as soon as they had bought what was needed.

Pedro counted the money into three piles. "This is for father." He put that money into his back pocket. "This is to spend to buy a new sombrero and serape, and this is for the Lord." He put that money into his shirt pocket.

"Look at that sombrero with band of stitched leather and a belt to match," cried Pedro.

"Look at that orange and green serape," cried Dona smoothing her new dress proudly.

Bargain as he would with the storekeeper, Pedro found the sombrero, belt and sreape cost all he had to spend, all he had for the Lord and the cookies for Mother Santos.

Pedro finally took the coins from both pockets. "All right," he answered, not daring to look at Dona. "I'll take them all."

Dona started to cry and walked from the store. Pedro called to the storekeeper, handed back the sombrero and belt. "I'll take that one without the stitched band and belt."

The storekeeper frowned but made the exchange and Pedro put the money

back into his shirt pocket and held the extra money in his hand.

Dona seeing him, smiled as Pedro said "There's even enough for another sugary cake for Mother Santos, and for you and me too."

Pedro hurried to Senorita Maria's little house as if someone was after him, not looking to the right or left. He rang the bell and proudly handed the coins to his friend who came to the door herself. "The Lord's from selling my ten ducks," he said. Dona handed in her money too.

"Thank you children, that will help our work so much. How nice you look in your new clothes! You'll feel all the happier to think you have made someone else happy."

"We do already," laughed Pedro and Dona, holding Mother Santos' cookies. They started for home singing between bites of cakes.

———:———

DO SOMETHING FOR SOMEBODY

Do something for somebody somewhere
While jogging along life's road;
Help someone to carry his burden
And lighter will grow your load.

Do something for somebody gladly;
It will sweeten your every care;
In sharing the sorrow of others
Your own are less hard to bear.

Do something for somebody striving
To help where the way seems long,
And the homeless hearts that languish
Will cheer up with a little song.

Do something for somebody always,
Whatever may be your creed;
There's nothing on earth can help you
So much as a kindly deed.

—Anonymous.

THE OLD LADY IN NO. 6

By Carrington Phillips in College Journal

For more than three hours the old lady in the seat facing young Doctor Edwards had not spoken. Her chin cupped in her hand, she had gazed with unseeing eyes over the darkening landscape. The doctor had shared the section during the three-day trip from Chicago. She had said, in one of her rare moments of confidence, that she was going to Elko, Nevada, and that she hoped her son would meet her. There had been a wistful look in her eyes at the mention of her son, and her voice had expressed infinite longing. The old lady had volunteered no further information. But now, an hour from her destination, she was restless. Once a quivering sigh slipped through her parted lips.

"You'll be at Elko soon," the doctor said.

"Yes," she answered. "How far do you go?"

"To San Francisco. There is an opening in the general hospital." The old lady's eyes, he noticed, were wistful again.

"You are a graduate, then?"

"Yes," he answered— "of Harvard."

She was silent for a time, then spoke familiarly. "My own boy is about your age. He went to—Harvard —also." There was disappointment in her voice.

"Indeed!" exclaimed the young doctor.

"We had wanted him to be a physician. His father and grandfather were before him. But—but he didn't finish!" There were tears in her eyes, and the young doctor looked away, pretending not to have noticed.

"Has your son gone into other work?" he asked, strangely interested.

"Yes, he is a rancher in the Nevada hills. I have not seen him in six years!"

"It will be good," the doctor suggested, "to see him again. How long are you going to stay?"

"I don't know."

"Your home is in New York?"

"It was. I have given it up. My husband is dead, and there are only the two of us." She stopped, as if something prevented. Then she continued. "My son—the dream of my life would have been realized if he had successfully studied medicine, as you have done." For an instant her lips expressed a severe, unrelenting line of authority. "If you will forgive me, I will tell you the story. It has been seething within me unexpressed for the past six years, and it will be well, I think, to give it vent."

The surprised listener could only nod in acquiescence.

"My son graduated from high school with honors. Then, at great sacrifice —long hours of work, and—and not quite enough food, I sent him to Harvard. But I was sustained by the thought that my son would carry on the family tradition, and I would gladly have starved to make possible that career. He was a good boy—not brilliant—but thorough. I felt he would be an honor to Harvard. But in February he wrote me a letter. "It's no go,' he

said; 'I can't keep up. I don't want to be a doctor. I have failed in my studies. If you will forgive me, and see things as I do, I will work now, and look out for you as long as I live. But mostly, I want you to understand. I shall wait for your letter before coming home.' " The speaker's eyes had grown hard.

"If he had struck me in the face with clenched fist, I could not have been more stunned, more grievously wounded. Something snapped within me; anger overwhelmed me. I simply sent him a telegram: 'There is no need for you to come home. You have no home.' And I signed it, not 'Mother,' but 'Anna.' "

There was a long silence. Eventually the young doctor asked, "And your son?"

"He went away. I have not seen him to this day."

"But, surely, you have heard from him!"

"Only at rare intervals. He came West and took up agriculture. He wrote only twice, but I did not reply —my pride did not permit me to forget."

"But you are here now," the doctor said.

"Yes, I am here." The hard lines around her mouth had disappeared. "My son married two years ago, and this year he was given a son of his own. He wrote me about it; I was strangely affected. Vague realization came to me of the sorry part I had played. Loneliness possessed me—a gnawing ache to see him again, and to touch his hand once more."

"Years mellow us," declared the doctor. "We begin to see, after a time, that each of us has his own life to live, his own way to make."

"In haste I sold my home," the old lady continued, as if she had not heard what he had said. "I bought a ticket—and I sent him a telegram. 'I love you,' I said, 'and I am coming.' I asked him to meet the train!" This almost in a whisper.

"And if he doesn't meet you?"

The old lady's lips only quivered. The porter was hurrying down the aisle. "Elko in ten minutes," he announced. But the old lady was ready. She sat quietly now, her face expressionless.

When the train rumbled into the station, the doctor hurried out to the platform. In the early dusk the town looked desolate. A single street, unpaved and without attraction, stretched away to the shadowy hills. On the station platform a few loiterers watched indifferently the train's arrival.

The old lady descended from the steps. She looked about, scanning every face. No one came to greet her.

The doctor's heart sank. Her son had failed her. The wound she had inflicted was too deep for healing. On impulse, the doctor jumped down the car steps toward the old lady. But he stopped short as a large touring car, its horn sounding, bumped along the rough street and came to a grinding halt. A man leaped out—a young man—and looked around eagerly. Then he rushed forward, his arms extended.

"Mother!" he cried. The joy in his voice was unmistakable.

The young doctor turned toward the steps, but a hand arrested him.

The sparkling eyes of the old lady in No. 6 beamed into his own. "I want you to meet my son—"

The young doctor gave one glance. That was enough. "Jim Brown!" he exclaimed.

"Ted Edwards!" came the excited reply. And the two men fell into a fervent embrace.

From somewhere ahead came the warning, "All aboard!" Jim made a lunge toward the train, closely followed by the young doctor. "Your luggage, Ted—your journey is ended," shouted Jim. There was no time for argument. The excited old lady beamed as the two emerged from the coach.

"Mother," said Jim, "this is Ted Edwards, my old roommate at Harvard!"

"And, Mrs. Brown," declared the young doctor, "you and Jim shall accompany me to San Francisco."

"We shall what?" demanded Jim.

"You see, Mrs. Brown," continued the young doctor, pretending not to have heard, "Jim is to be a physician. We were pals at Harvard, and I know that his ambition in life is to follow in the steps of his father and grandfather. But he got discouraged. I have long since arranged for the completion of his medical course."

Then turning to the son, the young doctor continued, "Jim, you fugitive, you can no longer escape me. You shall join me promptly at the general hospital."

The mother stood aghast. Jim only smiled. "Dr. Edwards," he declared with an assumed dignity, "I shall be happy to obey your command." Then he looked at his mother, and turning again to his friend, said softly, "And mother?"

The young doctor stepped closer to the old lady in No. 6. "Mother Brown," he said enthusiastically, motioning to Jim, "behold Dr. Brown, thy son!"

———:———

To live for something one must think something, feel something, do something in which virtue lives and goodness abides. I would rather leave behind me a monument of virtue which neither time nor storm can destroy, than erect towering structures of stone. They are sand compared to deeds of love, errands of mercy, words of kindness, or acts of benevolence. These will shine like the stars in the heavens when the last fabric of human genius has been destroyed.—Selected.

NOT ENOUGH

(N. C. Christian Advocate)

In motoring throughout the length and breadth of the Old North State, along with the gradeur of mountain forests, the productiveness of fertile acres, the quiet beauty of rivulets and larger streams as well as the sublimity of the booming surf, nothing brings so complete satisfaction as the sight of substantial school buildings with attractive grounds, situated in the towns and villages and in every rural community. These give hope for the future. Every true American cherishes a continuation of the good wrought out of the past and better things for children of the morrow.

The hunger for learning and the desire to give children a chance brought many an immigrant to these shores and these have utilized the freedom of opportunity to become valued citizens of our democracy.

The laws of the nation provide commodious school buildings, well equipped to give the American child the advantages of literary, industrial and scientific training as well as the advantages of medical science to make his body physically fit to be the servant of his trained intelligence.

America is looking to youth as never before. America is depending on her young men to perfect a program of preparedness that will give this government influence and power in establishing a world order.

To make children capable of carrying on to the "saving of America" adults have bent to the task of schooling the coming generations; they have accepted taxes sufficient to erect suitable buildings, to pay good teachers and to supply free text books; also they have provided training in the fine arts, in music, in the industrial arts and in agriculture.

But is this enough? Will these things make men and women sufficient to carry on the ideals set by our forefathers who established this country as a separate and independent government among the nations of the world?

The early settlers and the pioneers who pushed our western frontiers to the Pacific ocean were men of faith, they acknowledged God as ruler of the universe; they read the Bible and taught that man has a responsibility to God and to his fellowman. In colonial history there was a law, with a penalty of so many pounds of tobacco, requiring a man to have his children baptized.

Thus it was that child character was recognized as of the first importance.

It is not enough that a country provides for the training of the intellect and the development of the physical well being.

Public sentiment and the laws of the country demand that childhood and youth have the opportunities for the highest development of the body and the mind, but the character of future citizens is made largely in the home, for it is the home that gives direction to the personality. It is not so much physical prowess and a train-

ed intellect that counts but the direction in which it is moving.

The state has a mass guardianship over its children; the home has a personal interest in the individual child.

No matter how magnificent the state may be, that is not enough. Every child, by divine right, is entitled to two parents and these two function in the child's life long before the state takes hold.

These two are the first to acquaint the child with the world in which he lives; from father and mother he learns what to love and what to hate; from them he can learn what love is, and that this is his Father's world.

In this period of our nation's history the state has done much for the child, but what the state can do is not enough.

The home is the place to learn the Bible and to lay the foundation for Christian character.

William Lyon Phelps says in his book on "Human Nature in the Bible": "Every one who has a thorough knowledge of the Bible may truly be called educated; and no other learning or culture, no matter how extensive or elegant, can, among Europeans and Americans, form a proper substitute. Western civilization is founded upon the Bible."

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BE A FRIEND

Be a friend. You don't need money;
Just a disposition sunny;
Just the wish to help another
Get along some way or other;
Just a kindly hand extended
Out to one who's unbefriended;
Just the will to give or lend,
This will make you someone's friend.

Be a friend. The pay is bigger
(Though not written by a figure)
Than is earned by people clever
In what's merely self-endeavor.
You'll have friends instead of neighbors
For the benefit of your labors;
You'll be richer in the end
Than a prince, if you're a friend.

—Anonymous.

THE DISMAL SWAMP CANAL

(N. C. Public School Bulletin)

The Legislature of Virginia, on January 19, 1786, resolved that a canal for exporting valuable produce, such as tobacco, flour, pork, bricks, cotton, cattle, and other livestock, be cut from the Pasquotank River in North Carolina to the Elizabeth River in Virginia. Governor Patrick Henry wrote Governor Richard Caswell of North Carolina urging him to lay the matter before the North Carolina Legislature, but it was not until 1790 that North Carolina passed a law to start cutting the canal.

The canal, which was thirty-two feet wide and eight feet deep, with locks ninety feet long and thirty-two feet wide, was dug primarily by Negro slaves, and although the law was passed for its construction in 1790, it was several years later before the first boat went through. Some of the places by which the canal ran were convenient for erecting mills and other water works, and therefore, since it was a great public utility, many persons were willing to subscribe large sums of money toward it, and in return the company was to receive reasonable tolls. Open books were set up in the counties to receive subscriptions, to be paid in Spanish milled odllars or in other silver or gold coin of the same value, up to $80,000, and the subscribers were incorporated into a company called the Dismal Swamp canal company. It is of interest to note that George Washington and Patrick Henry were among the first subscribers for the stock of this company.

Lake Drummond, a fresh-water lake in the heart of the swamp, was connected with the canal by a three-mile feeder ditch. This lake is on the Virginia side of the canal but was named after William Drummond, the first governor of North Carolina (1663-1667), who is said to have discovered it. Today it is a favorite angling ground for sportsmen.

There are many legends, dealing with ghosts, savages, fugitives, snakes and poisonous plants, told about the Dismal Swamp even to this day, but in reality quicksands are the most serious danger. Because of these wild stories describing the swamp, however, people were afraid to go far into its dreary wastes, and before the Civil War it was a favorite refuge for runaway slaves.

William Byrd, a member of the 1728 expedition that charted the dividing line between North Carolina and Virginia, writes very unfavorably about the swamp. He describes it as "a mere quagmire, trembling under the feet of those that walk upon it." To George Washington, however, the swamp was just the reverse, a paradise. The reeds, which are perpetually green, looked to him like a green sea, and "every plant was an evergreen and all seasons looked like spring."

The swamp is very beautiful to the eye if somewhat disagreeable to the other senses. It used to be the opinion of bordering inhabitants that the unpleasant foul air that ascended without ceasing from the swamp was unfit for breathing and caused such things as distempers, agues, pleurisies, and

even death. The water of the swamp looks like dark wine due to the discoloring caused by the roots of the juniper, cypress, gum, and maple trees. At one time this water was carried by ships on long sea voyages as a favorite beverage, and some of the "old timers" hold it in high esteem today as drinking water, for they belive that juniper tea, made from stuped cedar "straw," gives them immunity from malaria.

The Dismal Swamp Canal was used both in the War of 1812 and in the Civil War, and today, after more than a century, it is still open, although the Inland Waterway has taken over most of its shipping. The swamp has been reduced by drainage from 2,200 to 750 square miles, and although it varies in width it is thirty miles long from north to south. In Virginia the swamp covers part of Norfolk and Nansemond counties, and in North Carolina it extends through parts of Currituck, Camden, Pasquotank, and Gates counties.

Game is still plentiful in the Dismal Swamp, and in the Coldwater Ditch section there are still bears, deer, opossums, and raccoons. There are also many species of birds found in the swamp, such as the rare ivory-billed woodpecker, and in summer there is a mass of honeysuckle, reeds, myrtle, and Virginia Creeper growing everywhere. It is still an unbroken wilderness in spite of fire and the work of lumber companies which have sawmills along the borders.

EARLY AMERICANS

We walk the fields that they have freed of stone;
We rest beneath their roofs at close of day;
The field and timber speak—but these alone—
Our fathers left no word and went their way.
We have searched an attic, but in vain,
To find a little diary, a note
Addressed "To Those Who Come" which might have lain
Covered with dust for years. But no one wrote.
And what it was that they were living by
They did not find it urgent to record,
Since values can be written in an eye,
And children would survive their fatal word.
Link holds to link, and possibly we go
More in their faded footprints than we know.

—Margery Mansfield.

RALEIGH'S EXPERIMENTAL RAILROAD

By Geraldine Coburn of The North Carolina Historical Commission

A little more than a century ago North Carolina, having experimented with various modes of transportation, was ready to begin the building of railroads to take the place of stage-coaches, and "rut-filled mud trails." In 1828 Dr. Joseph Caldwell, the president of the State University, proposed that a railroad line be built from Beaufort and New Bern to the Tennessee line, but the proposal fell through. Again five years later, an internal improvements convention met in the State and adopted resolutions for the construction of such a railroad, but no action was taken by the legislature. At this time, however, the Raleigh Experimental Railroad was built, and it stimulated a great deal of interest in railraod building. By 1840 North Carolina could boast of two important railroads, the Wilmington and Weldon and the Raleigh and Gaston. The Wilmington and Weldon was at that time the longest railroad in the world, and its rails ran for a total of 161.5 miles.

Raleigh's Experimental Railroad, only one and one-fourth miles long, was built from the rock quarry on the southeastern edge of the city to Capitol Square (then called Union Square) solely to bring rectangular granite blocks of irregular size for rebuilding the State Capitol, which had been burned in June, 1831. It was the first railroad to be constructed in North Carolina and the only one in the State in 1833-34.

The charter for building the railroad was granted in November, 1832, to Joseph Gales, William Polk, George W. Mordecai, and others who had subscribed and had started the erection of the railroad under the name of the "Experimental Railroad Company," with Alfred Williams as secretary.

Mrs. Sarah Polk, the wife of Col. William Polk, is said to have been one of the chief promoters of the railroad and her husband was one of the stockholders. The company was organized in the summer, and a competent and reliable engineer constructed the road under the supervision of Captain Daniel Bingham, Richard B. Haywood, and others.

The railroad was built for a total cost of $2,700, and from the beginning its owners recieved profitable dividends. It paid ten per cent for the first nine months of its operation and twenty-five per cent for the following six months, and at the same time it made possible the transportation of stone at about one-third the usual cost. The charter, however stated that the company was not to charge contractors for the State more for hauling the stone than two-thirds of the usual wagon rate.

According to the Raleigh Register for January 28, 1834, of the entire 2,200 yards of the road only 1,304 required excavation or embankment, with the greatest depth about four feet and the greatest height about eight feet. The road was constructed with strap rails, covered with iron strips one-sixth of an inch in thickness, and wooden stringers with iron

strips on the top and laid on ties nine to twelve inches in diameter and hewed on one side. All of the cars were horse-drawn, with flat cars for the granite and one passenger car.

The passenger car was called the "pleasure car" and was run after working hours "for the accommodation of such ladies and gentlemen as desired to take the exercise of a railroad airing." Adults were charged twenty-five cents for a ride, and children only twelve and one-half cents.

The little railroad impressed many throughout the State, during its more than seven years of service, for it was used from January 5, 1833, until June 20, 1840, when the capitol was completed. Not only did large numbers of persons hear about its advantages, but many came to Raleigh to see "the enormous masses of stone conveyed as fast and as easily as the empty car could be drawn on good common roads." To estimate how much granite this railroad hauled one has only to look at the size of the capitol, which is 160 feet long from north to south, 140 feet from east to west, and 97½ feet high at the center.

Today with our 4,800 miles of railroad trackage and with our rapid stream-lined trains, it is hard to realize that this little railroad (with horses pulling the cars in place of a steam or electric engine) had such influence on later railroad development in North Carolina, and the road is all but forgotten except for a historical marker which is located on the eastern side of the Capitol Square.

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THE GIFTS DIVINE

From earth, and sky, and sea,
Let cheer come unto me,
And mirth, and tenderness,
And all the things that bless,
That I may pass them on to those
Who suffer woes;
Not keep them for mine own,
Nor joy in them alone,
But share them to the uttermost in deed,
And thought, in all good will, with them that need;
So that when at the end of this, my earthly day,
When I have come returning, all the world will say:
"He richly lived, and lavishly he gave
Of wealth that knows no ceasing with the grave,
But reaches on into the presence of
The Throne Eternal—gifts of Cheer and Love."

—John Kendrick Bangs.

INSTITUTION NOTES

The Christmas Holidays

Despite the fact that our great nation was at war and people in most of the countries of the world were engaged in a bitter struggle against the onslaughts of the forces of dictators obsessed with the lust for world-wide power, the brilliance of the Star of Bethlehem was not entirely dimmed in 1941. While the celebration of the anniversary of the birth of the Christ-Child may not have assumed the proportions attained in previous years, the thunderous assaults of anti-Christian war lords failed to erase from the hearts and minds of Christian people the true meaning of the coming of the Babe of Bethlehem. They are more determined than ever to remain loyal to His teachings, and will put forth every effort in their power to stamp out these evil forces, that the message, "Peace on earth, good will to men" may again ring true and clear in all corners of the earth.

Here at Jackson Training School the Christmas celebration was much like those of former years, as the entire personnel departed from the regu-routine of activities, that the boys might enjoy a holiday period of a full week. Both the boys and members of the official family entered into the spirit of the occasion and a most enjoyable time resulted.

As necessary repairs were being made in our auditorium, we were denied the use of this building during November and the greater part of December, limiting rehearsals for the Christmas Eve program to less than one week. For many years a Christmas play has occupied a prominent place on this program, but it had to be eliminated this year, and a sort of make-shift arrangement substituted. Then one of the cottages, in which were located several boys who had been selected to take part in the Christmas Eve exercises, was placed under quarantine because of an epidemic of measles, and again the plans for the program had to be changed.

Despite these handicaps, it was decided to carry on so far as the Christmas Eve program was concerned. Promptly at seven o'clock on the night of December 24th, the boys and members of the staff, together with a number of visitors, assembled in the auditorium. A fresh coat of paint had greatly improved the appearance of the interior of this building. Bright footlights lighted the stage, appropriately decorated. A huge Christmas tree, aglow with hundreds of colored lights, made a beautiful picture.

The singing of "Joy to the World" by the entire assemblage opened the exercises for the evening. The student body, led by Martin Crump, of Cottage No. 8, then recited the beloved story of the birth of Christ as recorded in the second chapter of St. Luke's Gospel. A beautiful Christmas prayer was made by Joseph Howard, of Cottage No. 1. William T. Smith, of Cottage No. 3, delivered a short address of welcome.

Next on the program was the recitation of a humorous Christmas poem entitled "Scrapin' the Pan", by William Lane, of Cottage No. 14, fol-

lowed by "Christmas Surprises," a rceitation, by Randall D. Peeler, of Cottage No. 13. The audience joined in singing "It Came Upon the Midnight Clear." Jerry Jenkins, of Cottage No. 3, then recited quite a lengthy poem, "The Shepherds." William Morgan, of Cottage No. 4, sang "Glory Be To God," the entire school singing the chorus .

Since the pastor of the Central Methodist Church, Concord, usually receives the call to address the boys of Jackson Training School on Christmas Eve, next in order was the introduction of Rev. Frank Jordan, a newcomer to that church, who spoke to the boys briefly on the true meaning of Christmas. At the beginning of his remarks, the speaker complimented the boys on their ability to memorize and recite portions of the Scriptures, stating that the manner in which they had just recited the entire second chapter of Luke was the best he had ever heard, at the same time expressing the wish that he might be able to get his congregation to do half as well.

After commenting briefly on what Christmas should mean to the world, Rev. Mr. Jordan told this story: Three men visited a large city and registered at a 30-story hotel, their room being on the top floor. They made a sight-seeing tour of the great city, returning to their hotel at a late hour, very tired. Upon entering the lobby, they noticed hundreds of people sleeping in huge chairs and lying upon the floor. Upon inquiry they learned that the elevators were out of order, and, rather than climb many flights of stairs, the guests had decided to make themselves as comfortable as possible in the lobby. Since all available space was taken up, the three men decided to climb the stairs to their room on the 30th floor. In order to keep their minds off the laborious task, they agreed that during the ascent of the first ten flights, one of them should tell the funniest story he had ever heard; in going up the next ten, another was to tell the most blood-curdling tale he knew; and in going up the last ten flights of stairs, the other member of the party was to tell the saddest story that came to his mind.

Things went along according to these plans. In making the trip up the first ten floors, one fellow kept his companions in a continual roar of laughter with his funny story, and almost before they were aware of the fact, they had reached the 10th floor. Here the next story-teller took over, keeping his fellow climbers interested in a hair-raising ghost story until they gained the 20th floor. As they wearily plodded up the remaining ten flights, the man who was to tell the sad story was silent, and as they neared the top, his companions asked why he had not told them the sad story. His reply was, "Boys, just about the saddest story I can think of right now is that I have lost the key to our room."

The greatest trouble with the world at this time, said Rev. Mr. Jordan, is that people have lost the key to real happiness. The reason that men are raining down bombs upon defenseless people this night, instead of taking part in the joys of the Christmas season, was due to the fact that they have lost the key to the better things of life. The great key

to happiness, the only means by which the gates to eternal joy may be opened, is Christianity. A true Christian has access to greater rewards than may be attained by any other class of people. If men would only let the key of Christ's teachings open their hearts, there would be no wars and the accompanying ruthless destruction of human life and property. Instead of the wholesale suffering and sadness prevailing among men today, the people of the world would be united into one great brotherhood, if they would only let the spirit of Jesus Christ direct the course of their lives. One of the greatest lessons that Jesus taught was that men should love one another, and when people fully realize the value of this lesson and practice it in their daily contact with their fellow men, this old world will be a far better place in which to live.

Following the address by Rev. Mr. Jordan, Superintendent Boger made a few brief remarks to the boys. He stated that while they were in the auditorium, old Santa had been making his annual visit to the School, and that upon returning to their respective cottages they would find that a well-filled bag, containing the good things that bring delight to the hearts of youngsters at Christmas time, would be given to each boy. This gift, said he, was made possible by interested friends in all sections of the state, who had generously contributed several hundred dollars that there might not be such a thing as a "forgotten boy" at the Jackson Training School at Christmas time. While these donations were voluntary on the part of these good people, said Mr. Boger, they expect something in return. They want the boys in the institution to feel that someone is interested in them, and in return for their kindness, they want each lad to do his very best to make of himself a valuable citizen of the state and nation. To be a good boy, implies that some day that boy will be a good man, and good men is the greatest need of the world today.

The entire gathering then softly and reverently sang that most beautiful of all Christmas Carols, "Silent Night," after which Rev. Mr. Jordan pronounced the benediction.

The morning of Christmas Day was spent in the cottages, where the boys occupied themselves in various ways. First of all they took inventory of the contents of the huge bag received the night before, enjoying the good things found therein. Every youngster with whom we came in contact could be seen wearing a very broad smile (or at least as broad as a mouthful of candy, fruit or nuts would permit) having the time of his young life. Many of the lads were kept busy opening packages sent by the folks back home, taking great delight in showing gifts to each other. As a number of these packages contained games of different kinds, many friendly contests were in order during the morning hours. Still others would be seen grouped around radios, eager to hear the latest developments in the war news and to keep up with some favorite programs. The manner in which the good things to eat, received the night before, had been disposed of all the morning, we thought the dinner hour might pass by unobserved, but when the call came to assemble for the midday re-

past, the boys lost no time in getting to their regular places—and we might add that the older folks were not slow in surrounding the festive board—piled high with delacies of the season, the menu being as follows:

Chicken with Noodles and Dressing
Cranberry Sauce
Creamed Potatoes
Cole Slaw Pickles
Canned String Beans
Baked Tomatoes
Jello with Cream
Cocoanut and Chocolate Cake
Milk

All activities at the School, except the performance of necessary chores, having been suspended for a full week, there was much time for play. The weather, most of the time, was fine for outdoor recreation, and the various cottage groups took advantage of it. For those who preferred basketball and other indoor sports, the gymnasium was quite a popular place for play.

Another enjoyable feature of this vacation period was the showing of motion picture features in the auditorium each afternoon, the films being furnished by various distribution agencies in Charlotte. This part of the schedule was as follows: Christmas Day—"Blood and Sand," a Twentieth-Century-Fox production; Friday—"Northwest Passage," Metro goldwyn-Mayer feature; Saturday—"Down Argentine Way," Twentieth Century-Fox film; Monday—"Young Tom Edison," Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer; Tuesday—"The Strange Case of Docter Kildare, "Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer; Wednesday—"The Mark of Zorro, "Twentieth Century-Fox; Thursday—The New Moon, "Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. The New Year's Day picture was shown in the morning so that the boys might listen to the radio broadcast of the Duke-Oregon State transplanted Rose Bowl game, played in Durham.

On Sunday, December 28th, Mr. A. C. Sheldon, of Charlotte, had charge of the afternoon service at the School. He was accompanied by our old friend, Gene Davis, who led the boys in singing a number of their favorite hymns. Instead of the regular program, that of having a Charlotte minister speak to the boys, Gene conducted a Bible quizz. Fourteen boys were selected who took their places on the stage. As the questions were given them and one failed to answer, a boy from the audience took his place. This went on for some time until it was decided not to take any more lads from the floor, and to keep putting the questions to the fourteen lads on the stage until seven were eliminated. They were given the questions and when one failed to give the correct answer, he was told to drop out, after the manner in which the old spelling-bees were conducted. Gene announced that he had brought seven prizes and that the quizz would continue until seven boys were left on the stage. This was done, and the winners of the prizes were James Pitman, Cottage No. 1; Morris Johnson, Cottage No. 4; Martin Crump. Cottage No. 8; Thomas Fields and Carl Moose, Cottage No. 13; Henry Glover, Cottage No. 14; William O'Brien, Receiving Cottage.

Following the contest Mr. Sheldon announced that he had contacted a

number of people in Charlotte, as has been his custom for many years, and that they had contributed toward providing some Christmas cheer for the boys of the School. The treat this time was four hundred apples and four hundred oranges. He called some of the local workers to the stage to help distribute this fruit as the boys filed past, each one receiving an apple and an orange.

Some one wrote many years ago that man's chociest popssessions were his friends, and we fully ascribe to the truth of the expression, but it is our opinion that the same thing also applies to boys, especially those at the Jackson Training School, for it was due to the kindly interest of friends they were enabled to enjoy such a fine Christmas holiday. To the good people throughout the state who so generously contributed to the Boys' Christmas Fund or otherwise added to the joys of the season; to the managers of the various film distribution agencies, who, in addition to furnishing films during the holiday season, make similar contributions once a week during the entire year; to Superintendent Boger and the members of his staff; to the boys of several departments who are called on for much extra work at this season of the year; in fact to all who in any way helped to make this festive period a joyful occasion for our boys; we gladly take this opportunity to express our deepest appreciation, and at the same time extend to one and all our most sincere wishes for a happy and prosperous New Year.

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We appreciated the Christmas greetings received from former employees of the School. Some of them have been away for many years but they never fail to remember their friends here at Chrstmas time. Among those sending greetings were: Mrs. Elizabeth Baldwin, formerly our resident nurse, who is now living in Albemarle; A. C. Groover, a former shoe shop instructor, who is now in the shoe repair business in Rome Georgia; Mrs. Emma J. Eagle, employed here as cottage matron and sewing room matron for more than twenty years, who now lives in Concord; Miss Myrtle Thomas, our resident nurse a few years ago, now working at the Memorial Hospital, DeLand, Florida; Mrs. Mattie Fitzgerald, formerly matron in charge of Cottage No. 7, now retired and living near Wadesboro; Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Beam, relief officer and nurse, respectively, who are now living in Macon, Georgia.

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Another visitor at the School during the Christmas holidays was Zeb Trexler, of Salisbury, who left the institution August 3, 1926. While a lad here, Zeb was a member of the Cottage No. 10 group and played in the School band, then under the direction of Mr. Paul Owensby. He is now thirty-two years old and has been married several years.

Zeb has been working for The Southern Railway Company practically ever since leaving the School, most of his duties being in the repair shop at the Spencer yards. The fact that he has been promoted several times would indicate that he has been rendering satisfactory service. This young man comes back to see friends at the

School about every year or eighteen months, which proves that he appreciates what the institution did for him. He has said many times in the past that he was very grateful for the training received here. We were all glad to see Zeb and to learn that he continues to get along so well.

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Superintendent Boger recently received a letter from Sidi Threatt, formerly of Cottage No. 10 and a member of the bakery force, who left the School, July 3, 1937. Sidi is now a member of the United States Army's 36th Air Base Squadron, and is stationed at Savannah, Ga. He writes as follows:

"I guess you thought I had forgotten you and the School, but nothing in the world could make me forget what you and the other officers did for me while a member of your large family. I am now in the air corps and think it is the best branch of the army. I am a machine gunner on a long range bomber and like my work fine. It was my privilege to attend the Air Corps Technical School, graduating in October with a grade of 87½. Since joining the army I have been in quite a few states, and the way things are now I'll probably get a little foreign service. Tell all the boys that I extend greetings to them, also all the members of the staff. My outfit will leave here the first of the year, but I don't know where we will be sent. If I should not come back from this war, I want you to know that here is one J. T. S. boy who wasn't afraid to die for his country. I will close, sir, still thanking you for putting me back on the right road."

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Among the visitors at the School during the holidays was James Mitchell, of Asheville, a former member of the Cottage No. 15 group, who left us May 8, 1937. While here he was employed on the dairy force. Shortly after returning to his home, James enlisted in the United States Army. He was assigned to the 33rd Infantry, and during the greater part of his period of enlistment was stationed in the Panama Canal Zone. He received his honorable discharge in August, 1940. Going back to Asheville he obtained employment in a cafe, and in March, 1941, went into the same kind of business for himself. He stated that his cafe was located just on the outskirts of Asheville and that business had been very good during the past few months. He further stated that he had been married about one year, and that he and his wife were on their way back from a visit with friends in Washington, D. C. While she was calling on some relatives in Charlotte, James decided to come up to the School for a brief visit with friends among members of the staff. While rather small in stature, James is a neat-looking little fellow, having every appearance of one who is trying his best to make a really worthwhile citizen. He requested that we send him a copy of The Uplift occasionally that he might keep in touch with the work of the School.

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Superintendent Boger received a letter shortly before Christmas from

Willard Newton, one of our old boys, who left the School in 1918. Shortly after leaving the institution he enlisted in the United States Army, serving overseas until the close of the first World War. For quite a number of years he has been living in Pasadena, Calif., where he holds an important position in the post office. Bill has made an excellent record since leaving the School and his many friends here are proud of him.

Frequent letters from this young man prove that he is deeply interested in the work of the School, and is a firm believer in the results of the work being carried on here. He has also been a consistent contributor to the Boys' Christmas Fund for many years. His recent letter to Mr. Boger reads as follows:

"Dear Mr. Boger:

"Enclosed is a check for the Boys' Christmas Fund. I hope that their Christmas will be merry and their New Year one of hope and confidence.

"World War No. 2 is now here, and we have a job ahead of us to do. We out here on the Pacific Coast are determined to do our part in putting an end to the gangsters who threaten the peace and security of all liberty-loving peoples, wherever they may live.

"We have had two black-outs in thee Los Angeles area, which I think were test black-outs. Every one is buying black-out supplies for their windows. But the best black-out, in case of doubt, is to turn every light off.

"I suppose you and Mrs. Boger are looking forward to having all your family with you during the holiday season, which I hope will be a happy one for you.

"Remember me to Mr. John J. Barnhardt when you see him.

"Remember Pearl Harbor!"

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Quite a number of former students at the School called on us during the holiday season, while many others sent Christmas greetings to their friends among the members of the School's staff of workers. Following is a list of those sending Christmas cards as recently reported to this office.

Clyde A. Bristow, Cary; Lewis H. Baker, Greenville; William Buff, Hickory; Henry Cowan, Belmont; Quentin Crittenton, Carrboro; Frank Cotton, Arcadia, California; William Drye, Albemarle; Eugene Edwards. Newton; Joseph Farlow, Randleman; W. Preston Freeman, Morganton, W. Va.; Ramsey Glasgow, MacDill Field, Fla.; J. Carl Henry, Lincoln Park, Mich.; Leon Hollifield, Greensboro; John Holmes, Long Island, N. Y.; Milton Hunt, Los Angeles, Calif.; C. Keith Hunt, Mobile, Ala.; Everett Hackler, Rocky Mount; Neil Huntley, Wadesboro; James M. Hare, Raleigh; Junius and Lonnie Holleman, Wilmington; Dallas Holder, Fort Jackson, S. C.; Edgar Jackson, Parris Island, S. C.; David Leary, South Norfolk, Va.; R. J. Lefler, Salisbury; Robert Lawrence, Miami, Fla.; William Glenn Miller, Wilkinsburg, Pa.; Claude Moose, Newton; J. Lee McBride, Alexandria, Va.; Horace McCall, Chicago, Ill.; Donald McFee, Mount Gilead; Irving McBride, Newfoundland, Nova Scotia; Robert McNeely, Fort Bragg; Willard

Newton, Pasadena, Calif.; Thomas Oxendine, Pembroke; Jack Page, Biscoe; Craven Pait, Lumberton; Harold Queen, Morganton; William W. Rivenbark, Fort Bragg; Edgar L. Rochester, Charlotte; Hercules Rose, Mount Airy; J. C. Reinhardt, Newton; William Shannon, High Point; Raymond D. Shropshire, Winston-Salem; Edward Stutts, Hemp; Clarence Solomon, Hamlet; Albert Spangler, Burlington; Harry Sims, Charlotte; Robert Teeter, High Point; Sidi Threatt, Savannah, Ga.; Troy Thompson, Rockingham; Robert Tidwell, Salisbury; Robert Worthington, Concord; James H. Winn, Altamahaw; Richard Wilder, Rocky Mount; Marshall White, Davidson; Rufus Wrenn, Upper Darby, Pa.; William Warf, Norfolk, Va.; David York, Lumberton.

———:———

A FRIENDSHIP THAT'S TRUE

The things that make this life worth living,
Aren't the friendships of pomp and show,
Or the titles of gold and silver,
Nor the honors that men bestow.
What counts is that humble service;
The handclasp of a friendship true,
That gladly aids a brother man
His daily task to do.

I ask for no gold or silver,
Or costly jewels so rare,
I seek no fame or glory,
To flaunt with a lofty air.
Rather I'd be a help to someone,
Who needs such help I lend;
My praise instead of censure,
I ask but to be a friend.

—Joeseph O'Connor.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending December 28, 1941

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Herschel Allen
Wade Aycoth
Carl Barrier
John Hogsed
Richard Kye
Paul Matthews
Edward Moore
Robert Padgett
Weaver F. Ruff
Fred Stewart
William O'Brien
Edgar Simmons
Charles Wootton

COTTAGE NO. 1

Thomas Barnes
N. A. Bennett
Charles Browning
Lacy Burleson
Lloyd Callahan
Ralph Harris
Carl Hooker
James Pitman
Jack Sutherland
Leonard Robinson
Luther Vaughn
Everett Watts

COTTAGE NO. 2

John D. Davis
Bernice Hoke
James McGlammery
Richard Parker
James C. Stone
Charles Tate
Newman Tate

COTTAGE NO. 3

John Bailey
Charles Beal
Grover Beaver
James Blake
Robert Coleman
Kenneth Conklin
Jack Crotts
Robert Hare
Sanders Ingram
Jack Lemley
Otis McCall
Fonzer Pitman
William Painter
Robert Quick
Elbert Russ
Charles Rhodes
William T. Smith
John Tolley
Jerome Wiggins
James Williams

COTTAGE NO. 4

Wesley Beaver
Plummer Boyd
Donald Hobbs
William C. Jordan
William Morgan
J. W. McRorie
George Speer
Woodrow Wilson
Thomas Yates

COTTAGE NO. 5

Theodore Bowles
Robert Dellinger
John Gardner
Sidney Knighting
J. H. Peek
Fred Tolbert

COTTAGE NO. 6

Elgin Atwood
Frank Fargis
Earl Hoyle
Robert Hobbs
Gerald Kermon
Edward Kinion
Marvin Lipscomb
John Linville
Durwood Martin
Vollie McCall
Reitzel Southern
Emerson Sawyer
William Wilkerson

COTTAGE NO. 7

John H. Averitte
John M. Mazoo
Ernest Overcash
Ernest Turner

COTTAGE NO. 8

Cecil Bennett
Samuel Kirksey

COTTAGE NO. 9

David Cunningham
Riley Denny
James Hale
Edgar Hedgepeth
Grady Kelly
Daniel Kilpatrick
Marvin Matheson
William Nelson
James Ruff
Horace Williams

COTTAGE NO. 10

Arcemias Hefner
Jack Harward
Charles Mills
Charles Phillips
Jack Warren
Joseph Willis

COTTAGE NO. 11

J. C. Allen
Bert Barnhardt
Robert Davis
Ralph Fisher
Charles Frye
Robert Goldsmith
Earl Hildreth
Everett Morris
Henry McGraw
Samuel Stweart
Henry Smith
Canipe Shoe
James Tyndall
Charles Widener

COTTAGE NO. 12

William Broadwell
Ernest Brewer
Leroy Childers
William Deaton
Treley Frankum
Eugene Hefner
Tillman Lyles
Daniel McPhail
Simon Quick
Jesse Smith
Charles Simpson
George Tolson
Brice Thomas
Eugene Watts
J. R. Whitman

COTTAGE NO. 13

James Brewer
Otha Dennis
Charles Gaddy
Vincent Hawes
James Johnson
James Lane
Charles Metcalf
Randall D. Peeler
Fred Rhodes
Paul Roberts
William Shoppet
Alex Shropshire
Earl Wolfe

COTTAGE NO. 14

William Butler
Robert Caudle
Walter Carver
Robert Deyton
Audie Farthing
James Ferguson
Henry Glover
Feldman Lane
William Lane
Roy Mumford
John Maples
Charles McCoyle
Glenn McCall
James Roberson
Charles Steepleton
J. C. Willis

COTTAGE NO. 15

Hiram Atkinson
William Barrier
Robert Chamberlain
Paul Deal
James Deatherage
Horace Deese
John Gibson
John Howard
Fred Jenkins
James Ledford
Clarence Medlin
Wade Medlin
Lawton McDowell
Paul Morris
Ennis Miller
Marvin Pennell
Floyd Puckett
Robert Ragan
Donald Sides
Ventry Smith
Basil Wetherington
David Williams
Bennie Wilhelm
William Whittington
Samuel Williamson

INDIAN COTTAGE

Cecir Jacobs
Ernest L. Jacobs
John T. Lowry
Louis Stafford
James W. Lochlear

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JAN 1 2 1942

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXX CONCORD N. C., JANUARY 1[illegible] NO. 2

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START

Give of your best, take plenty of rest,
Work while you work with a will;
Life is not drifting, but planning and lifting,
A question of brain-work and skill.
Be square in your deal, make strong your appeal
To the best in man's nature and heart;
Find room for expanding, meet everything standing,
Don't fear for the outcome, but start.

—H. O. Spellman.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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The authority of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

HARVEST

My neighbor hath a little field,
Small store of wine its presses yield,
And truly but a slender hoard
Its harvest brings for barn or board.
Yet though a hundred fields are mine,
Fertile with olive, corn, and wine,
Though autumn piles my garners high,
Still for that little field I sigh.
For ah! methinks no otherwhere
Is any field so good and fair.
Small though it may be, 'tis better far
Than all my fruitful vineyards are,
Amid whose plenty sad I pine—
"Ah, would the little field were mine!"
Large knowledge void of peace and rest,
And wealth with pining care possessed—
These by my fertile lands are meant;
That little field is called Content.

—Robertson Trowbridge,

SOME HIGH SPOTS OF THE PAST

There remains in the state many interested friends who recall with a great deal of joy the date, January 12, 1909, thirty-three years ago, the opening of this institution for the reception of underprivileged boys. The story continues to repeat itself as boys of this calibre continue to come to the School.

On "Founders' Day." January 12, 1909, many friends assembled, bringing gifts that could be used in the cottage home. The only cottage on the grounds at that time was the King's Daughters Cottage, the gift of the circles of the North Carolina Branch

of the King's Daughters and Sons. The little white cottage now seen on the grounds was the only building prior to the erection of the King's Daughters Cottage. This building was used first as an office and later as the home of the first superintendent, Prof. Walter Thompson.

The Stonewall Jackson Training School opened with one boy, Worth Hatch, who hailed from Burlington, and since the opening date, we learn from official records that more than fifty-one hundred lads have entered this school, and many have returned to their respective communities as valuable citizens.

Letters come frequently from our old boys, telling interesting stories of their work, also expressing appreciation for benefits realized while in the institution. Having had more than five thousand boys in the past thirty-three years, the majority of them proving assets to the state, it is easy to visualize that many of that number were rescued from the pitfalls of life that make criminals.

It has only been lately that we have learned from authentic statistics that one hundred and ten of our young men are now serving in this country's army, navy, marine or air corps, and reports coming direct from them show that they glory in the privilege of being able to contribute something to the cause of national defense. Letters such as the following are most encouraging.

> "I guess you thought I had forgotten you and the School, but nothing in the world could make me forget what you and the other officers did for me while a member of your large family. I am now in the air corps and think it is the best branch of the army. I am a machine gunner on a long range bomber and like my work fine. It was my privilege to attend the Air Corps Technical School, graduating in October with a grade of 87½. Since joining the army I have been in quite a few states, and the way things are now I'll probably get a little foreign service. Tell all the boys that I extend greetings to them, also all the members of the staff. My outfit will leave here the first of the year, but I don't know where we will be sent. If I should not come back from this war, I want you to know that here is one J. T. S. boy who wasn't afraid to die for his country. I will close, sir, still thanking you for putting me back on the right road."

MOST ALIENS ARE LOYAL

In a town about the size of ours, a twelve-year-old boy has refused to continue school because of being persecuted by his class-mates.

He is a German boy. He has a distinctly German name.

Day after day he has gone home crying—telling his German father how the boys at school greet him with "Heil Hitler," how they pick fights with him, how they won't leave him alone.

All over America today there are probably similar instances. Many of us, adults as well as boys, find it difficult to refrain from exhibiting our hate for Hitler by attacking the people among us who have recently come to America from Germany.

But we must squelch any such desires for the good of our country. The majority of aliens in our midst are loyal to our Democratic principles—they know that Hitler is betraying his country and they want to see us beat him. But they won't continue to feel that way if they are persecuted by us. They will learn to distrust us. They will become our enemies if we treat them like enemies.

We must be vigilant in ferreting out any hostile elements among our foreign population. But we musn't assume that any foreigner is an enemy merely because of the land of his birth.

We should remember that the majority of our non-citizens came to this country because they revere the freedoms which America is able to offer them.

If you have any reason to suspect an alien of being anti-American, the Federal Bureau of Investigation wants you to transmit to it any evidence that you have.

But it is against the best interests of the nation for any of us to create the feeling among aliens, who are loyal to America, that they are not wanted here. We should all watch out for any fifth column activity—but we should be just as cautious in refraining from doing anything that would turn aliens in America against America.—Exchange.

* * * * * * * * *

EDUCATION ON A WARTIME BASIS

A sensible wartime measure is the American Educational Council's proposal for a general speeding-up of school and college sched-

ules to permit graduation from the higher institutions at the age of 20. Several leading universities and colleges have already moved in this direction, but the need for this measure is emphasized by the new Selective Service Act.

Princeton, Yale and Harvard have indorsed the plan for a three-year course presented by the Association of American Colleges some months ago. Matriculants may take their tests in April and enter classes for the summer term in May. Other colleges are shortening their Christmas vacations and arranging to streamline courses, so that the regular year's work may be finished a month earlier than usual.

These are excellent steps toward the goal of earlier graduation from college, but to make the scheme fully effective it must start in the high schools. Not all boys and girls in the grade schools are mentally equipped for this process, but a large number could be prepared for college in a shorter time than at present.

The Educational Council points out that many young men of high ability will still have to undergo training in medical, engineering and other professonal schools to assure the future supply of specalists. But it is a question whether requirements for admission to professional training should not be modified, especially regarding the four years of higher academic education, at least for the period of the national emergency.—Selected.

* * * * * * * *

At the year's end the neutral nations of the world were few In Europe only Sweden, Switzerland, Portugal, Eire and Turkey remained; Spain was under the thumb of the Axis, and France in frank collaboration. In the Middle East there were Turkey and Arabia, the other nations being controlled by Britain. In Africa the Portuguese possessions and little Liberia alone were not at war. All Asia was aflame. The Western Hemisphere listed Mexico and the South American republics as neutral, although friendly to the United States.

The expanse of territory on the side of the democracies is impressive, more so are statistics which count 1,600,000,000 persons involved in war, 1,000,000,000 of them on the Allied side.

CROSS CROSSINGS CAUTIOUSLY

Although warning devices have been erected and countless columns have been written concerning the necessity for motorists to be careful when approaching railroad crossings, the loss of life at these places continues. Director Ronald Hocutt, of the North Carolina Highway Safety Division, calls attention to the law governing motorists at grade crossings as follows:

> Sec. 104, Motor Vehicle Laws of North Carolina:—"Whenever any person driving a vehicle approaches a highway and interurban or steam railway grade crossing and a clearly visible and positive signal gives warning of the immediate approach of a railway train or car, it shall be unlawful for the driver of the vehicle to fail to bring the vehicle to a complete stop before traversing such grade crossing."

This means that you are required by law to come to a full stop at all railroad crossings where a light or bell device warns of the approach of a train. You also are required to stop at crossings marked by an official eight-sided, black and yellow STOP sign, whether any signal device is present or not. Of course, all school trucks, and passenger buses are required to come to a complete stop at all railroad crossings.

* * * * * * * *

LEADERSHIP

There have been fewer Presidents of the United States more popular than Grover Cleveland. He served two terms in the White House, and there were heard no words of condemnation as to his administrations. The following, quoted from some of his papers, tells the secret of his success—a real leader at all times:

> The man worthy of being a leader will never complain of the stupidy of helpers, the ingratitude of mankind or the inappreciation of the public. These are a part of the game of life. To meet them and not go down before them in discouragement and defeat is the real and final proof of leadership.

THE FUNCTIONS OF AN EDITOR

(Concord Daily Tribune)

The title "editor" is sometimes misunderstood by newspaper readers, not because they want to misunderstand but because they have never been told just what the functions are of the person who holds this title. An editor, to explain it briefly, is one who superintends, revises or prepares literary matter for publication. The title does not necessarily mean that the policy of the newspaper is set or controlled by the editor. On large newspapers, there are many editors, and policy is usually decided upon by the managing editor. The duties of the other editors, city, sport, suburban, women's page and others, is simply to carry out the duties prescribed in their particular spheres.

In fully 90 per cent of weekly newspapers, the editor is also the publisher. In other words he fills the dual role of preparing literary matter for publication, and of deciding upon policy as well.

Essentially the editor is a human being, writing and dealing with men, women and children. He may be young or old, lazy or energetic, bold or timid, superficial or deep, querulous or constructive, slovenly or business-like, grasping or generous. He is certain to be human. He reacts to praise and criticism, to good and evil in much the same way as those who share community life with him. The editor, and this is true of 99 per cent of all small town editors, recognizes the inherent decency of the country side. He is still sufficiently old-fashioned to believe with his readers that the Ten Commandments and the Golden Rule have neither been repealed, improved upon or modified by modern advances.

The editor is a student of community affairs. He has at his disposal records of public organizations in the community, and it is from his study of these records that he makes his editorial comment. He is not easily swayed by hysteria. Like the people he serves, he uses good common sense in his reasoning. The editors of weekly newspapers, serving the rural areas, are a greater power than most people suspect, for it is a political fact that more members of the Legislature and Congress are elected from the rural areas than from the cities.

It is the editor who decides what is fit and what is not fit to print. It is he who differentiates between news and propaganda. It is he who can, if he will, give the leadership that every energetic community must have. He is not hard to get along with, but he has a code of ethics which often causes him to refuse business rather than accept it against well grounded principles. He is not a super-human. He is a hard-working individual doing an important job in the community to the best of his ability, and if at times he fails in his task, it must be remembered that he is like every other human being in the community, heir to the frallities with which all mankind is endowed.

LEAD PENCILS

By Charles Waranow

Materials produced in many parts of the world go into the construction of that simple recording device—the pencil. California suppplies the cedar used in pencils of good quality. The best graphite—assayed 99.9 per cent fine—comes from Ticonderoga, New York, while inferior grades come from Ceylon and Mexico. The clay used in mixing the graphite was imported principally from Bavaria, while the rubber that caps the pencil —placed there, as we all know, because people make mistakes—is, of course, a product of various parts of the Far East.

The earliest form of pencil was a piece of colored earth or chalk. The Romans in the old world and the Aztecs in the new used metallic lead. It is asserted that in the thirteenth century a manuscript attributed to one Theophilus shows signs of having been ruled with a black lead pencil. The first distinct allusion, however, occurs in a treatment on fossils (1565) by Conrad Gesner, of Zurich, who describes an article for writing formed of a piece of lead encased in wood.

It is probable that Gesner mistook graphite for metallic lead, for in that same year of 1565 a graphite mine was discovered in Cumberland. Here the graphite was sawed into thin sheets, and then the sheets cut into slender rods, forming the "leads."

The Cumberland graphite mine seeme to have had a monoply on the market, and manufacturers elsewhere in England and in Europe made strenuous efforts to become independent of the products of the Cumberland mine. In the famous toy town of Nuremburg in Germany a factory was established in 1760 where pencils were made from pulverized graphite cemented into solid blocks by means of glue, resin, gum, sulphur and other substances. The resulting pencil was a poor product, however. In 1795 the process was devised in Paris by which practically all pencils are now manufactured.

The writing material in pencils is not lead, as we have seen; but the term "lead" has clung to it because graphite was at first thought to be a black lead. It is composed of powdered graphite mixed with water and clay, the amount of the latter being one of the factors determining the degree of hardness. After being thoroughly mixed, the compound is placed in strong canvas bags and the surplus water is squeezed out by hydraulic pressure, resulting in a dough-like mass. This mixture is then placed in an upright cylinder and a piston forces it through a perforated base-plate as long pencil coils, which are then heated in a kiln or in crucibles, the heating being another factor in the hardness.

The "leads" are then placed between two sticks grooved to fit their thickness and glued together. Then follows drying, trimming, sharpening (not all pencils are sharpened by the manufacturer, however), polishing painting or varnishing, stamping with brand-name or maker or ad-

vertiser, and finally tipping with the metal cap for eraser.

Colored pencils are made of wax, tallow, and appropriate color material added to clay, and then processed as are ordinary pencils.

I would establish but one general rule to be observed in all conversation, which is this: that men should not talk to please themselves, but those that hear them.—Steele.

THE WORLD'S PROBLEM

By Dr. Charles M. Sheldon

There are a great many problems facing the human race at present, and a good many people are discussing them from the platform and in the press, and on the street, and there is a Babel of tongues that result in agreat deal of confusion and make a great deal of confusion and make real value.

There is the economic problem, the financial problem, the taxation problem, and to cap all, the war problem. The papers are full of all these problems, and the "Morning Shudder" and "The Evening Depressor" take away the average citizen's appetite for breakfast and ruin his digestion for dinner.

For after all, the greatest problem in the wrold is the Human Problem. We will never have a better world until we have better people. And we will never have better people until the human race repents, turns around and goes the other way from the practice of hate and selfishness and greed, and begins to practice love and friendship and the brotherhood of man.

Jesus paid no attention to human governments. He lived under the worst totalitarian government called the Roman Empire, and He never mentioned it but twice. He spent His whole time teaching men how to behave. For conduct is what makes history, not knowledge of science or sociology or languages or graduation from universities that have never taught the student to love anyone. And until the human race begins to live as Jesus lived and taught, we shall continue to have war and economic troubles and trouble of every sort.

I have been waiting all my life to hear some member of Congress stand up in the Senate or the House in Washington and tell them the truth about human conduct as Jesus taught it. I have never heard such a talk from any member of the Congress. They talk politics and economics and everything but conduct. It is human behavior that the world needs today, the behavior that loves instead of hates and believes in friendship instead of force. And until we have that sort of a human race we shall always have trouble on earth. The greatest human problem is the "Human Problem."

And when that is settled all other problems will be settled.

TAG

By Gabriel Heatter in The Shaft

There never was a time when man's inhumanity to man has made life so difficult to live. That may explain why so many people find the quiet, tender devotion of a dog so great a comfort. Maybe that's why some people in Europe are talking about a dog.

There may be a dog at your house who seems to be carrying himself with just an extra touch of pride. Possibly in the strange way dogs have of knowing things, he had heard about a dog in London who lived in a part where planes came almost every day. At first he looked up into the sky, his soft brown eyes troubled, as if he could not understand. Then, when bombs came crashing down, he barked back violently.

The people of the community became interested in the antics of the little dog. He would run after firemen hastening to fight fires caused by falling bombs—as if he was determined to do his part. It was noticed that he would run out early in the morning to a near-by hilltop, and look up into the sky and wait. Whenever he would spy a plane lurking behind a cloud, he would suddenly dash down the street and bark violently in front of every house. Soon thereafter, almost invariably, the air-raid sirens would be heard. People were amazed at the alertness and acumen of the little dog. Planes overhead spelled danger. By some strange intellect, the dog sensed a plane as quickly as any anti-aircraft squad, and his instinct and love of man impelled him to spread the alarm.

One day, just before dusk, a piece of metal caught him as he turned back for one angry, challenging bark at a plane overhead. The next day, a compary of admiring people walked behind his shapeless body as people might walk behind that of a hero. Everyone talked of how Tag saved men by barking an alarm of danger, and how he never feared danger until he saw that everyone had scampered to safety.

If your dog's head is held just a measure higher than ordinary, it may be that he has heard about Tag—just a plain, everyday dog who, like plain, everyday people, makes you hold your own head up, and fosters your belief in a better future—now that there is so much happening to make you want to hide your head in shame.

———:———

I divide all readers into two classes: Those who read to remember and those who read to forget.—William Lyon Phelps.

OUTSTANDING EVENTS IN NORTH CAROLINA DURING 1941

(This article was prepared for The Associated Press, at its request, by the Honorable J. Melville Broughton, Governor of North Carolina.)

In many important respects the year 1941 has been one of the most notable in North Carolina history. Many new records have been made, and foundations have been laid for even broader and greater attainments. Our state, which already leads the entire South in the field of industry, has experienced during this year its highest peak of industrial growth and expansion. Production has reached an all-time high; more plants are operating at full time and more people are employed than at any previous time in our history; and the many new plants established together with expansion of existing industries, added to enormous increase in electric power production, give promise of greater things yet to come. Agriculture likewise has felt a quickening impulse. Intelligent regulation of major crop acreages, wider diversification, a tremendous increase in the production of hogs, livestock and poultry, together with improved prices for all commodities, have given to our farmers the most hopeful position and prospect that they have experienced in many years.

The outstanding event in North Carolina during 1941 has been the State's participation in the Defense Program. Few states in the American Union have had a larger part than North Carolina in the military aspects of this nationally important undertaking. With Fort Bragg, the largest artillery post in the world, as a starting point, the Government has enormously increased the military establishments in this state. Over thirty million dollars was expended at Fort Bragg by the Government this year, and employment for a considerable portion of the year was given to nearly twenty-five thousand workmen, practically all of whom were North Carolinians. The Post now quarters nearly sixty-five thousand officers and enlisted men from practically every state in the Union. Subsequently, Camp Davis, the first anti-aircraft establishment to be constructed in the country, was built at a cost of approximately 25 million dollars, giving employment throughout most of the year to about twenty thousand of our citizens, and now quartering about twenty thousand soldiers. A great marine base, destined to be the largest and most complete in the world, is now under construction on New River in Onslow County and is now nearing completion and already accommodating a large number of Marines in training. Fifteen thousand or more North Carolinians have received employment in connection with this construction; and, likewise, the supplement to and companion air arm of the Marine Base is now under con-

struction at Cherry Point on the Neuse River, to be completed at a cost of 21 million dollars and giving employment to thousands of our people.

Not only have these great military establishments been outstanding in their proportions, but the record of construction, with North Carolina contractors and architects in supervision of all of them and North Carolina labor almost wholly employed in the construction, have set the pace for the nation in respect to the speed and manner of construction. All of them have come well within the scheduled time; not one of them has had a day's interference or delay on account of strikes or other difficulties; and no workman has had to pay a cent for the privilege of working on any one of these projects. Nowhere else in the entire nation has such a record been attained; and North Carolina has every right to be proud of these achievements. It is a recorl that has been acclaimed by high military authorities and by the President of the United States himself.

In addition to these larger and prominent military establishments, our state had the good fortune, along with South Carolina, to be included as the area for the largest and most complete military maneuvers ever undertaken in this country. At one time during the maneuvers, which occurred during the months of October and November, nearly three hundred and fifty thousand soldiers, drawn from the entire United States, were engaged in active and broad tactical maneuvers, covering about eight counties in North Carolina, and including nearly every form of modern military equipment. The state responded to this new opportunity in a manner that was in keeping with the highest traditions of our people. County, municipal, civic and religious organizations cooperated magnificently in giving to this great army of men the most courteous and hospitable treatment. Every single land owner, including thousands of farmers in the counties affected, gave written consent to the use of their land in the area. No complaints have been registered. There was the finest spirit of cooperation between the military organization and the civilian population. When the maneuvers were completed Lieutenant General Hugh A. Drum, the great General of the First Army, in charge of the maneuvers, issued a statement praising the people of this state. Many Governors from other states whose citizens were included in the military outfits involved in the maneuvers, have written expressing the highest praise and commendation for North Carolina's part in this undertaking. The goodwill thus established will be of incalculable value to our state for many years to come.

Also included in the general program of defense are the shipbuilding enterprises at Elizabeth City, New Bern and Wilmington. Sub-chasers are being built at Elizabeth City, mine sweepers at New Bern, and at Wilmington a great new shipyard has been constructed with nine ways, and contracts have already been let for the construction there of thirty-seven steel cargo vessels of above ten thousand tons capacity. The first of these, the "Zebulon B. Vance," was launched just a few weeks ago, and

Wilmington has already taken rank as one of the great shipbuilding ports of the nation. At Charlotte great storage warehouses have been outfitted and constructed, and a base for Army bombers established. Naval repair stations are in process of establishment at Morehead City and at Southport, and indications now are that a great new military camp will be constructed in the state within the next few months.

While North Carolina has no distinctively war or munitions plant, such as airplane or tank factories or powder plants, it does have hundreds of industries that were found capable of turning out essential defense and war material in enormous quantities. Blankets and other woolen goods, towels, hosiery, clothing material, work suits, uniforms, textiles of all kinds, army trucks, woodwork, and numerous other essential articles are being produced by our North Carolina industries at an almost unbelievable pace. Practically every industry in the state is working full time, three shifts, and many previously abandoned or inactive plants have in recent months been rehabilitated and put into full production.

Not only have North Carolina industries been found capable of responding to the highest demands of the Government for increased production, but there has been demonstrated in this period of our most intensive industrial activity a rare spirit of cooperation on the part of labor and capital. North Carolina is the only industrial state in the American Union where no strikes have occurred affecting essential defense materials, during the year 1941. In fact, there have been no strikes of any sort of any consequence in the state during this record year of industrial production.

Notwithstanding our unprecedented industrial growth, North Carolina still must be classified as predominantly an agricultural state. Accordantly an agricultural state. According to latest available figures, we rank third in total acreage in cultivation, and are not lower than approximately third or fourth among the states of the Nation in the total value of our agricultural products. Gratifying improvement has been experienced in the price of those major crops in which North Carolina leads, and the farmers of our state are in better position than they have been in many years. Sound diversification is not simply being preached; it is being practiced. Approximately one hundred thousand farm families during this year pledged themselves to support the food and feed program that was initiated during the year, and a great majority of them have made good on these pledges. This has been one of the best feed years in our history. There has been a great increase during the year in the purchase and distribution of good livestock. There are more first class cattle in our state at the present time than ever before in our history. In a program inaugurated this spring, in cooperation with the Department of Agriculture and the Prison Department, a revolving fund of $25,000.00 was established for the purchase of pure bred live-stock in the cattle-grazing counties of the West and the distribution of this cattle on virtually cost basis to the farmers in the East.

Under this plan nearly 1,000 high grade cows, steers, bulls and heifers have been acquired by Eastern North Carolina farmers. While the operation was not intended as a money-making plan, it has been soundly handled and has shown a net profit of $900.00 for the year. The plan will be continued and enlarged in its scope during the coming year. The effort is to make pure bred, high grade cattle available to small farmers throughout the state.

The General Assembly of 1941 enacted a broad program of progressive legislation beneficial to agriculture. It has been hailed by agricultural leaders and farmers generally throughout the state as the most comprehensive and progressive program ever enacted in the state. The services of the experiment station, the extension service and of the Department of Agriculture were broadly expanded and improved under this program. For the first time in our history an adequate marketing system was set up and is now in successful operation. The influence of these wise enactments is being felt by farmers in every section of North Carolina.

The program of rural electrification in North Carolina has been greatly expanded. This exppansion during 1941 has been so rapid that the state now ranks fourth from the top among the states of the Union in the rate of increase. The total allotments and applications during this year amount approximately to $7,500,000.00 for rural electrification projects, which is nearly $1,500,000.00 above the total amount shown for such projects during the previous five years of existence of the Rural Electrification Authority in North Carolina. Our slogan is: "Electric light and power for every farm in North Carolina."

Contributing enormously to our industrial and agricultural expansion has been our great highway system. The Highway Commission, in keeping with the traditions and achievements of that body during the last twenty years, is carrying forward our high grade program in a creditable manner. Notable improvements have been made in broadening and straightening many of our most important highways; and the program of building and improving secondary roads and farm-to-market roads is being greatly increased. Many difficulties are being experienced in the matter of getting essential materials owing to war conditions. This will make it difficult to build new primary roads except those that are considered by the Government of strategic importance in the Defense Program. Such will be built as fast as approval can be obtained. In the meanwhile, the program of improving and enlarging our vital and important secondary roads will go forward unabated. Fortunately, highway funds are at the highest peak since the establishment of the Highway Commission in 1921, and the Commission is in position to carry on a great program of construction and improvement. During the year the Commission has wisely exercised its power to improve the beauty and safety of our highways by removing the rights-of-way advertising of all sorts. Under this program more than one hundred thousand unsightly and unsafe advertising signs have been removed from our highways in the state.

In this period of agricultural and industrial expansion the State is not neglecting the fundamental needs of education. The General Assembly of North Carolina of 1941 made the most ample provisions for public education in the entire history of the state. A wisely designed teacher retirement fund, including also other State employees, has been set up, and is functioning well. Foundations were laid for adding a twelfth grade to the course of instruction in our public schools. Competent studies are now being made with a view to installing this addition or supplement to the school system at the beginning of the next school year. Substantial additions were made to teachers' salaries, and the largest appropriation in the history of the state was made for the advancement of vocational education. The greatest emphasis on this essential training and instruction is now being made, and no subject in the entire field of public education is being so eagerly considered and welcomed by the people as vocational education. The Defense Program has emphasized the need of skilled training, and it is the determined purpose of the State of North Carolina to give to its children the benefit of such training through the public schools.

Supplementing its educational program, the State in this biennial period has provided $100,000.00 per year for the support of public libraries, principally rural libraries, throughout the state. In this action we have set the pace for the entire nation, as no state has heretofore made any substantial appropriation for such purpose. This plan is already in operation and every county in the state is reveiving benefits from this program of county aid for libraries.

In the field of conservation and development great strides have been made during the year. For the first time since its creation the Board of Conservation and Development has been organized on a basis of classification, with reference to the various interests affected by the Board's operation. Under this wise improvement, such activities as minerals and forestry are receiving greater attention than ever before. North Carolina is experiencing at the present time an amazing increase in its mineral activities. New sources of wealth are being developed, and a broad expansion is being felt in established mineral activities in many of our western counties. The program of conservation, protection and propagation of game and fish has been greatly enlarged. The fullest cooperation has been experienced on the part of the hunters and fishermen of the state. There have been no serious discords or disagreements. Receipts from licenses have run to nearly $50,000.00 above any previous year, indicating an increasingly lively interest in this phase of our state's life. North Carolina is indeed a sportsman's paradise, and is so recognized throughout the nation. A program has been inaugurated making the benefits of our streams and fields available to the average man, not able to belong to the richer or more exclusive clubs. This fall, for the first time, a restricted area under state supervision was made available for public deer hunts with great success and public approbation.

The State continues in a sound

financial condition. North Carolina is wholly committed to the principle of a balanced budget, and there has been and will be no deviation from this principle during this administration. The general fund cash surplus at the present time is probably the highest in her history; and the highway fund enjoys a substantially similar position. No state in the American Union enjoys better credit than North Carolina. Our General Assembly of 1941 authorized no new bond issues. There were sold during the year under previous authorizations and to complete our program of hospitals for the treatment of tuberculosis and other approved projects bonds in the amount of approximately one million dillars. Bonds were sold at an interest rate of less than seven-eights of one per cent, the best sale in the history of the state and probably never surpassed by any other state. The last General Assembly made no addition whatever to the tax burden of our citizens or industries. It eliminated the sales tax on food for the home table, resulting in a saving of about a million and a half dollars per year to the taxpayers. Notwithstanding this elimination, the sales tax by virtue of improved business and improved methods, has been yielding approximately $200,000.00 per month more than the previous record, before the exemption became effective. Difficult times are ahead of us, and the State will wisely preserve its surpluses as a reserve for the future. This is not a time for extravagant expenditure, but rather for wise and prudent management.

In anticipation of the conditions which are upon us, the General Assembly made provision for creating a state guard and for increase in the highway patrol. Both of these plans have been effectuated and the State is in position to meet such emergenies as may arise. In the program of civilian defense there has been set up a North Carolina Council of Defense, which has proceeded to organize in each county a County Council. Our people are making magnificent response to every call that is being made upon them in these crucial and critical days.

During this eventful year of 1941 the Council of State has been called upon to consider many new and difficult problems. Complete harmony and cooperation has prevailed and every decision of the Council has been by unanimous vote. A similar spirit of cooperation has prevailed on the part of the various departments of the State administration. While mistakes have been made and others will be made, there is the manifest purpose on the part of every agency of the State government at this time to cooperate with all other agencies and departments for the progress and advancement of our great state.

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When you talk you repeat what you already know. . . When you listen you often learn something.—Selected.

OUR REASSURING NATIONAL SONGS

By Gilbert P. Voigt

Our first (unofficial) national anthem, "Columbia, Columbia, to Glory Arise," made its appearance in the midst of the American Revolution. It came from the pen of the noted preacher and educator, Timothy Dwight, who in 1777 was serving as chaplain in a brigade of Connecticut volunteers. It contains a vision Dwight had one day of the new nation then in the throes of birth: a land of science and art, of virtue and peace.

The queen of the world, and the child of the skies—a nation founded upon freedom and justice, and destined to become "the noblest of time."

The second of our national songs is an appeal for unity and co-opera- in a period of factionalism and dissension. In 1798 Joseph Hopkinson, a Philadelphia lawyer, called upon the pro-French and the pro-British factions to unite in defense of their young nation, then in danger of war with the new revolutionary government of France. The gist of the song —known to us as "Hail Columbia"— is found in the second stanza:

"Immortal patriots! rise once more:
Defend your rights, defend your shore:
Let no rude foe, with impious hand.
Invade the shrine where sacred lies
Of toil and blood the well-earned prize.
While offering peace sincere and just,
In heaven we place a manly trust,
That truth and justice will prevail,
And every scheme of bondage fail.

"Firm, united let us be.
Rallying round our Liberty;
As a band of brothers joined,
Peace and safety we shall find."

Our official national anthem, "The Star-Spangled Banner," is primarily a battle piece; indeed, it was first called, "The Defense of Fort McHenry." But after describing the bombardment of the fort, which he had anxiously witnessed, and after taunting the discomfited foe, Francis Scott Key, a devout lawyer, calls upon his "heav'n-rescued land" to "praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation," and to adopt as its motto the words, ,'In God is our trust." But it is in his other national hymn, "Before the Lord We Bow," written in 1832, that Key's strong Christian faith in set forth. He not only thanks God for His protection of our

"fair land,
From foes and fears at rest,"

but he calls upon all mankind to cast down its pride, deplore its sin, and "bow before the Crucified."

In the same year that Francis Scott Key wrote "Before the Lord We Bow" a young student of theology in Andover Theological Seminary gave to us our national hymn, "America." Samuel Francis Smith later became a Baptist minister and writer of

church hymns; but it is by "America" that he is remembered. The prayer with which he concludes this simple hymn has an emotional and spirtuual lift which stirs and exalts for the moment the soul of the singer:

"Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God our King."

If "The Star-Spangled Banner" is quite martial, equally so is "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." It was inspired by the sight of the Union soldiers in the army camps about Washington in 1861. At the request of the distinguished minister, James Freeman Clarke, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, a reformer and Unitarian lay preacher, undertook to compose more appropriate words for the old camp-meeting tune to which the Boys in Blue were singing "John Brown's Body." One night she awoke from sleep. Suddenly there came to her the words she had been seeking, and in thirty minutes the poem was complete. She went to sleep again; and in the morning when she arose, the words had left her entirely. But fortunately she had already written them down.

Like "Columbia, Columbia, to Glory Arise," Mrs. Howe's hymn takes the form of a vision. She sees the Lord God coming in his holy wrath to visit judgement upon the moral evil of chattel slavery. As His instrument of judgement, He is using the Union soldiers, among whom she has been working in the army camps. She calls upon them to execute His judgement:

"As Christ died to make men
holy, let us die to make men
free,
While God is marching on."

"America, the Beautiful," like "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," was written by a patriotic woman, Kathcrine Lee Bates, professor in Wellesley College. It is strongly religious. Each stanza contains a prayer: the first, a petition for the spirit of brotherhood:

"America! America!
God shed his grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea";

the second, for a law-abiding and temperate citizenry:

"America! America!
God mend thy every flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self-control,
Thy liberty in law";

the third, for noble aims:

"America! America!
May God thy gold refine
Till all success be nobleness
And every gain divine";

Thus we find that from "Columbia, Cloumbia, to Glory Arise" to "God Bless America" most of our national songs, including our national anthem, "The Star Spangled Banner," and our equally beloved national hymn, "America," expresses lofty ideals and strike a religious note. Most of them were written by deeply religious men and women. So long as our national life is moulded by the ideals of these songs, all will be well with our country.

OUR WILD BIRDS IN WINTER

By Roy L. Warren

The greatest problem that the birds have to face in winter is lack of food. In the northern part of our country, where the snowfall is heavy and ice forms on the trees and crusts over the snow, food for our bird friends becomes very scarce and they look to you and me for help.

Corn left in the shock and patches of buckwheat or other grains left unharvested are the preferred winter food. Other winter foods are waste farm grains and the seeds of many grasses and such farm plants as ragweed and pigwood.

A few wild fruits remain on the bushes and vines during the winter and the birds take these readily, especially when deep snow interferes with ground feeding. Certain wild roses, wild grapes, mountain ash berries, late-hanging thornapples, nightshade and bittersweet berries and sumac seeds, are perhaps the most important of these as winter bird food.

But these cannot be found in abundance, especially in deep snows which bury most of the birds' food for weeks at a time. Winter feeding stations must be established to help them out.

If you are going to help feed the birds this winter start as soon as the ground is covered with snow. You can find out their habits and how many birds there are in your locality by following their tracks. This is important so you will know how many stations to provide for and where they should be established.

It is wise to begin feeding early, so the birds will know where to look for food during the pinch periods. The pheasants and other ground feeding birds seldom wander very far in search of food during stormy weather. Therefore they are likely to over-look emergency stations begun at such times, but they have excellent memories and will return to places where they have previously been fed, sometimes digging through several inches of snow to reach the food.

Swale or swamp borders, weed patches, brushy fence rows and the protected sides of woodlots or ravines are good places to put out food. Put your grain under dense clumps of evergreens or at the wind-swept bases of large trees.

As far as possible, your feeding stations should be located where they may be tended easily, even in stormy weather. It is often necessary to use snowshoes or skis in caring for remote stations.

Very little is known about the distances which pheasants and other birds travel from their home areas in search of food, so no fixed rule can be given as to how far apart the stations should be in the area. The number of stations needed depends on the number and habits of the birds in your locality. Observe your field and plan too many stations rather than too few of them.

At stations which are close enough at hand so that you can easily replenish them, the feed may be scattered on the ground or on packed snow and without providing shelters. In

starting a new station, especially in in early winter, it is well to postpone building shelters until it is certain the birds are using the station.

For the most part, you can build satisfactory shelters from poles, brush, tall weeds, cornstalks, straw and evergreen boughs. The only tools required are a small axe, spikes, wire and stout string or binder-twine. So far as possible build your shelters so they can be moved easily, for later it may be necessary to shift the stations to other locations.

Shelters may merely roof-over an area or they may reach the ground on one or more sides, as in the case of the "lean-to" and "wigwam" types. Lean-to shelters are easily constructed by resting poles, old fence rails or stout brush against the top of a fence or against a pole spiked crosswise to a couple trees and about four feet above the ground. Burlap or feed bags, old roofiing paper, cornstalks, weeds or brush will roof-over this frame and keep out the snow. If the snow drifts in, close the side or end from which it comes. The frame for a wigwam shelter is made by tying or wiring together the tops of four or five poles and arranging the butts to form a half circle. Shelters should cover an area at least five or six feet in diameter. Since the prevailing winds are from the west or northwest, stations should open toward the east or southwest.

Covering poles or brush with bundles of unthreshed grain or corn stalks with the ears left on provides an excellent combination of shelter and food, or the tops of bushes can be tied together and covered with bundles of grain. Quail are very partial to such shelters and often roost beneath them in stormy weather.

If no field crops have been saved, you can feed almost any kind of grain. Smaller grains are perhaps best for quail, but whole corn is satisfactory for practically all winter feeding stations. Whatever is cheapest and easiest to get should be used.

The following is an easy and successful feeding method where there is plenty of brush or saplings. The only equipment needed is a hand axe, a few spikes and a bag of ear corn. A sapling or stout bush, an inch or two in diameter, is cut but left partly untrimmed so that the branches will hold the stem or trunk partly above the snow. Spikes are driven through the trunk at intervals of about a foot, and the ears of corn pushed lengthwise onto the spikes. This is an excellent type of station, and is especially useful in emergency feeding, for the birds seem to find the corn readily and a station is quickly built, without building a shelter. Should the sapling become covered with snow, all that is necessary is to give it a pull and a shake and leave it again on top of the snow. If saplings are not available, fence rails or old boards will answer the same purpose.

Birds appreciate some form of grit, and fine gravel or other grit should be mixed with the grain. Feeding boxes or hoppers are not necessary. It is very doubtful if they add to the effectiveness of a station.

Let us feed our bird friends during the heavy snows and until March or April, or at least until there is considerable bare ground and they can get the waste grain and weed seeds for themselves.

NEW TRANSFUSION METHOD

By Stephen J. McDonough

Puncturing bones with a tiny hollow needles to give tranfusions in the marrow is the newest method by which medical science preserves the life of persons dying from lack of blood.

More than 100 persons, the first on which the operation has been performed, are alive and back on their jobs because three physicians, Dr. Leondro M. Tocantins and Dr. Alison H. Price of the Jefferson medical college of Philadelphia, and Dr. James F. O'Neill of the Bowman Gray School of Medicine, Winston-Salem, N. C. discovered a new way to inject blood. They reasoned that since the white blood cells are manufactured by the body in the bone marrow, then it should be a logical place to give transfusions.

In all of the cases—they reported 72 in the current issue of The Annals of Surgery published by the J. B. Lippincott company—The patients were at death's door. Their lungs were congested, their blood vessels had callapsed and were beginning to harden, with the interior walls sticking together; their hearts beat fast and irregularly in a vain effort to pump blood through a stagnant circulatory system, and they panted for breath to feed oxygen to the rapidly diminishing supply of blood for the body's nerves and muscles.

Every effort to give transfusions of blood plasma, the life-saving part of the blood left after the white and red cells are shaken out, proved unavailing. The ordinary methods of pumping fluids through a hollow needle into a vein were impossible either because the blood vessels, particularly the small ones in the outer parts of the body, were closed or the sluggish blood flowing through them acted as a dam to prevent the entrance of new blood.

"Even when the vein is entered, one may not be able to inject fluid rapidly." they declared. "The sluggish column of blood ahead prevents a rapid drainage of injected material with the result that further forceful injection may lead, especially in children, to blowing out of the vein at the puncture site."

Thus when blood or plasma is most urgently needed ordinary methods of transfusion are impossible, and "it occurred to us that, under such conditions, the bone marrow offers the ideal site for the introduction of fluids" because the veins of the bone marrow are surrounded by bone and withstand the pressure of forcible injection without expanding or exploding.

The method, used so far in circulation failure in the operating room, during childbirth, and in accidents, will have wide application in the quick restoration of wounded soldiers on the battlefield where extreme shock, loss of blood, and delay in providing medical attention may leave men in a state of circulatory collapse, the physicians declared.

The blood or plasma injections are usually given through the sternum, or breast bone; the manubrium, the one located just above the breast

bone; or the tibia, the larger of the two bones between the knee and ankle.

The hollow needle is driven deep into the bone until it reaches the soft bone marrow, and a sample of marrow fluid is brought by suction. Then a rubber tube connected with the blood donor or flasks of whole blood or blood plasma is connected with the needle, and the life-saving pumping begins, slowly at first, then more and more rapidly until the heart muscle begins to pick up the rhythm of life again. But, until the heart and lungs have completely taken over their normal functions the steel needles remain imbedded deep in the bones for quick action if additional transfusions are needed.

This method has been used routinely in restoring patients with almost complete collapse of the circulation "without any local or constitutional reactions," the physicians declared.

LIFE IS WHAT WE MAKE IT

The sages of old have contended
Life is yours to make or mar.
You may seek inferior ways of life,
Or hitch your wagon to a star.
They say the world's your oyster,
Force it open, that's the scheme.
A simple method of procedure
But competition is plenty keen.

If you just wait until your ship comes in,
You shall wait in vain no doubt,
For how can a ship return to you
If you have never sent one out?
To say the world owes you a living
Proves you have nothing on the ball.
No man can win without an effort,
Life's what we make it, after all.

—James O'Malley.

TROOPS AGAIN OCCUPY OLD FORT MACON

By Aycock Brown

Guns will be fired again in the vicinity of Fort Macon, on Saturday, January 3, according to an announcement of the United States Army which is published above the masthead in bold type. Firing of seacoast guns again in this vicinity on the date mentioned will be merely for practice purposes, however the troops now occupying old Fort Macon will be getting the training necessary for the protection of Beaufort Inlet against any eventuality which may occur during the present national emergency.

The practice firing on Saturday will be the first time that big guns have barked in the immediate vicinity of Beaufort Inlet since the Spanish-American War. A small detachment of troops occupying Fort Macon at that time had as heavy artillery, two Parrott rifles and two 10-inch mortars. The replacements for those guns may be seen on the ocean side of the fort.

The location of the present fort has been for over two centuries the site of different fortifications for the protection of Beaufort and Morehead City from invasion from the sea. As early as 1712, during Colonial days, there is mention of forts near this location for protection against the raids of the Spaniards.

The region hereabouts since earliest Colonial days has been associated with stirring events. The Spaniards, during their height of sea power, were a constant menace to English colonists and in 1747 Beaufort was captured by them. Old Topsail Inlet, (now Beaufort Inlet) at the entrance to Bogue and Core Sounds, is mentioned many times in pirate records. Edward Teach (Black Beard) and other hi-jacking scoundrels of the early days passed through Old Topsail on their way to hiding places in the sounds where they rested and their crews refitted their ships.

One must see the massive old fort, which is still well preserved, to appreciate the beautiful brick work and artisanship in the construction of the arches, garrison rooms and magazines. Since it was restored in 1936, the famous fortification has been the main point of interest in the Department of Conservation and Development's Fort Macon State Park, and has been visited annually by thousands of tourists. The present generation, until the current emergency, saw nothing which would suggest anything other than peace in this masterpiece of military construction. None of the actual guns used at Fort Macon were available for replacement when it was converted into the focal point of the State Park.

Royal Governor Dobbs in 1756 built what was better known as a facine fort near the location of the present structure at a cost of 1,392 pounds. This was known as Fort Dobbs. Its name was later changed to Fort Hampton.

In 1803 the State of North Carolina ceded to the United States part

of the land of the present tract and later in 1826 about 406 acres for the sum of $1,287.

The construction on the present fort was started in 1824 and finished in 1836 at a cost of about $463,700. At this time it was considered the peak in military fort construction. It was named after Senator Nathaniel Macon who was instrumental in getting the appropriation for the fort.

In April, 1861, the fort was seized by the Confederate forces at the command of Governor Ellis. It remained in Confederate hands until April 25, 1862, when General Parks of the Union Forces captured it and 450 men under the command of Colonel Moses A. White. This date is still seen over the portal to the Fort.

Fort Macon would probably not have been taken so easily during this battle of the Civil War, except that her stationary guns gave protection only from enemy sea forces. The main attack was from the land side, the attacking guns being placed behind sand dunes about a mile or more down the beach to the westward. Four vessels aided the attack with bombardment.

Relics of the Battle of Fort Macon were recovered recently by WPA-workers building the new state-owned bathing beach nearby. These relics consisted of fragments or whole shells of different sizes and some were placed on display inside the Fort for tourists to see.

Some 412 acres, including the fort, were granted to the State of North Carolina by act of Congress, June 4, 1924, excluding a strip some 400 feet wide which is occupied by the United States Coast Guard of the U. S. Navy.

The Coast Guard building, designated today as Beaufort Station, is headquarters for Cape Lookout Lighthouse, Radio-Direction Finder Station and the Coast Guard station at the Cape. Beaufort Station and its units is under the command of Capt. Norman Etheridge.

HOW MONEY TALKS

A common jingle runs: "If money talks, as some folks tell, to most of us it says, 'Farewell.' " More seriously, money may make three different sorts of speeches.

It may say: "Hold me and I will dry out the fountains of sympathy and benevolence in your soul, and leave you barren and destitute. Grasp me tightly and I will change your eyes that they will care to look upon nothing that does not contain my image, and so transform your ears that my soft, metallic ring or subtle rustle will sound louder to them than the cries of widows and orphans and the wail of perishing multitudes. Keep me, clutch me, and I will destroy your sympathy for the race, your respect for the right, and your love and reverence for God."

Or it may say: "Spend me for self-indulgence and I will make your soul fat and indifferent to all except your own pleasure."

Or it may say: "Give me away for the benefit of others and I will return in streams of spiritual revenue to your soul. I will bless the one that receives me and the one that gives me. I will supply food for the hungry, raiment for the ragged, relief for the suffering. And at the same time, I will secure joy and peace for the soul that uses me."—Missionary Review of the World.

INSTITUTION NOTES

The machinery is now humming in our textile unit as Mr. Blume and his boys are busily engaged in weaving hickory shirting.

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For the past three weeks Cottage No. 6 has been under quarantine because of a case of measles. The quarantine has been lifted and the boys in this group have assumed their regular places in school and vocational departments.

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Due to the fact that the auditorium floor was being re-finished, the regular motion picture show scheduled for last Thursday night, had to be postponed. This work is being done by Mr. Alf Carriker and his carpenter shop boys. The installation of the ventilating system in this building has been completed and the ceiling and walls treated so as to improve acoustical conditions.

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Our school principal reports the winners of the Barnhardt Prize for the quarter ending December 31, 1941 as follows:

Grade 1—Leonard Franklin, highest general average; Grade 2—William Jordan, most persistent student; Grade 3— Edgar Hedgepeth and Fred Rhodes, highest general average; Grade 4—Audie Farthing and Horace Williams, most progress in arithmetic; Grade 5—Otha Dennis and James Deatherage, best in history; Grade 6—Samuel Kirksey and Robert Davis, highest average in arithmetic; Grade 7—Theodore Bowles and John H. Averitte, best in spelling.

Bobbie Lawrence, a former member of our pprinting class, who went to Miami, Florida, last year, writes us occasionally. He is employed in the plant of the Miami Herald, and reports that he is getting along nicely. Bob recently sent us a copy of that paper. During the holiday season he sent greetings to a number of officers, and to the boys of each cottage at the School, which would indicate that he has not forgotten his friends here or is unmindful of the training received while with us. We wish him the best of luck down there in the land of sunshine.

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New Sunday school quarterlies were issued last week and both boys and teachers started the first session of our Sunday school of the year with increased enthusiasm. One of the features of the Training School's work is its religious life. Each Sunday morning all members of the staff of workers and the boys assemble in the auditorium, and all take an active part in this work. Boys are placed in classes corresponding with their standing in school grades, and each session of our Sunday school is really a live, interesting occasion. Many boys who, before coming to this institution never took any interest in religious work, become regular attendants at church and Sunday school upon returning to their homes.

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In a recent note to Superintendent Boger, Thomas Oxendine, one of our former students, sent greetings to all the boys and members of the staff,

requesting at the same time that he might have an occasional copy of The Uplift, in order that he might keep in touch with the work of the School. Tommie, who was a member of the Indian Cottage group and was employed in our shoe repair shop was allowed to return to his home, July 3, 1940. For a while after leaving us, he was employed in a shoe shop in Pembroke. He also spent some time in the North Carolina Orthopedic Hospital, Gastonia, where he received treatment for a bone infection.

Tommie writes that he is now employed in New Castle, Delaware, and is getting along fine, but failed to tell the nature of his work. Since he became quite expert at shoe repair work while here, we feel safe in assuming that he is still following that profession.

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Rev. Robert S. Arrowood, pastor of McKinnon Presbyterian Church, Concord, had charge of the service at the Training School last Sunday afternoon. Following the singing of the opening hymn, Rev. Mr .Arrowood delivered an impressive prayer, after which he introduced Rev. Ira H. Rawls, pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church, Concord, as the speaker of the afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson he read II Timothy 4: 1-18, and as the text for his inspiring message to the boys, he selected the fourth verse: "Only Luke is with me. Take Mark, and bring him with thee; for he is profitable to me for the ministry."

The speaker began his remarks by calling attention to the fact that nobody admires a quitter, a person who starts out to do something worthwhile but does not have the courage to go on to the finish. At one time in his career Mark was a quitter.

At the time the Apostle Paul wrote the Scripture Lesson just read, continued the speaker, he was in a dungeon cell in a Roman prison, chained to a guard all the time, yet he never lost his faith in Jesus Christ. He was willing to give his life for the Master, saying, " I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith."

Rev. Mr. Rawls then spoke of some the things we know about Mark. We know that he was the first man to write a book about Christ. In the Bible we read that when Jesus was in the garden, a Roman soldier tried to catch a young man who was with him. The young fellow started to run. The soldier reached for him, grasped only his cloak, and the young man continued his flight unclothed. We are pretty sure, said the speaker, that the man who thus escaped was Mark.

The speaker then stated that when Paul and Barnabas started on their first missionary journey, they took Mark with them. Mark, a nephew of Barnabas, was a very young fellow, and he thought the trip would be a lot of fun. The thought of going across the water into a new country appealed to him. But when brought face to face with the hardships experienced by the missionaries in this new land, he turned and went back home. He was a quitter.

At another time, continued the speaker, when Paul and Barnabas decided to visit the churches they had established, Barnabas suggested they take Mark. Paul objected, saying, "He cannot go. We took him once,

but he quit and returned home." A heated argument followed, Paul finally agreeing that Barnabas could take Mark with him, but he would go with Silas.

Rev. Mr. Rawls then told the boys that when someone does something we like to know why they do it, and tried to show them just why Mark acted as he did. We believe that he was not prepared to withstand the hardships of such a journey. It may be that when he reached the new country he saw that people were kind to Paul and Barnabas but paid little attention to him.

Perhaps another reason for his actions was that he had not learned how to accept the responsibilities of life. He had a better chance to really amount to something than any other young man of that time, but threw it away. Mark had the wrong conception of his duty.

Mark had a different meaning of the Christian's idea of bearing his cross. He thought it would be something easy, but when he found that it would be a hard duty, he just could not take it. He was not man enough to carry his share of life's burdens.

Rev. Mr. Rawls then asked this question: Why had Paul seemed to change his mind about young Mark? He now asks Timothy to bring Mark with him, adding that he was a man whom he needed. Paul had not changed his mind—it was Mark who had changed. Here is probably the cause of this change: Take a young man who has always had things his own way, who had been petted by loving relatives, and it sometimes helps for some one to be stern with him. We might assume that when Paul spoke to him harshly concerning the fact that he was a quitter, it did him some good.

Mark's help might have come from the fact that he had learned more of the ways of Jesus from those who were associated with him during his ministry on earth, continued the speaker. After Paul refused to take him, Mark went with Barnabas. On one of their journeys he met Peter. He probably told Peter how he had thrown away a former opportunity. Let us suppose that Peter told him of his own denial of Christ, how he even cursed to prove that he did not know Jesus, and of the Master's look of forgiveness, even though his heart was pained. He may have told him of meeting Jesus on the resurrection morning and how the Master bade him go and tell the other disciples. It is quite likely that Peter told the young man: "If Jesus can forgive me, Mark, he can forgive you." Any of these reasons could have brought about the change in Mark.

Rev. Mr. Rawls then told the boys the following story: When the first World War broke out this story is told of three young lieutenants in the British army. One of them knew that if his country entered the war he could not take his place on the battle line, because he realized he was a coward at heart. His father, being an influential man, managed to have him discharged from the army.

The young man went to Ireland, where he met a very beautiful girl, and fell desperately in love with her, and she soon developed the same feeling toward him. As the war continued, she began to wonder why her lover was not fighting for his coun-

try. One day he received a package from his former companions in service, the other two lieutenants mentioned at the beginning of the story. Opening the package in the presence of the young lady, he found that it contained no note of explanation—just two white feathers. He had to explain this to the girl, and she immediately became disgusted with him. The hat which she was wearing was decorated with a large white plume. Taking one of these white feathers, she handed it to him, turned and hurried away.

Placing the three white feathers in his pocket, the young man returned to England and re-entered the army as a private, under an assumed name. In one of his company's first engagements he noticed that one of his old friends, now a captain, was in great danger. He asked permission to rescue him and it was granted. Under great difficulty he was able to bring back his friend who was badly wounded, but before he died he recognized the one who had tried to save him, and gladly received from him the white feather he had placed in the mail so long ago.

At another time his company was ordered to go over the top. In the face of heavy German machine gun fire, he was wounded, falling across two wounded comrades. One of them faintly called for water, and as the former cowardly lieutenant, disregarding his own wounds, gave it to him, he saw that it was the other friend who had sent him a white feather. He gave it back to him and then carried him to safety under the most dangerous conditions. His bravery on these two occasions was noticed by his commanding officers and they cited him for his heroic actions.

Returning home after the war, his outfit was drawn up to be reviewed by the King of England. He was called before the king, who pinned the Victoria Cross on his breast for his distinguished service. As he proudly marched away he recognized among the spectators a young lady in an army nurse's uniform. It was his former Irish sweetheart. Reaching into his pocket, he drew forth a small package, neatly tied but stained with the blood and mud of the trenches. It contained the feather she had once angrily given him. Returning it to her, he felt that his last obligation had been paid. He could square his shoulders and stand as a real man—not a coward.

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Rawls told his listeners that while this man was once a coward, he made a great comeback and became a brave man; Mark was once a quitter, but he, too faced the other way and became a true soldier of Christ. All of us will make mistakes as we go through life, said the speaker, but what these two men did, each of us can do through God's help.

———:———

Find earth where grows no weed, and you may find a heart wherein no error grows.—Knowles.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending January 4, 1942

RECEIVING COTTAGE
Herschel Allen
Wade Aycoth
Carl Barrier
John Hogsed
Richard Kye
Paul Matthews
Edward Moore
Robert Padgett
Weaver F. Ruff
William O'Brien
Edgar Simmons
Charles Wootton

COTTAGE NO. 1
Thomas Barnes
N. A. Bennett
Charles Browning
Lloyd Callahan
Ralph Harris
Doris Hill
James Howard
James Parker
Leonard Robinson
Jack Sutherland
Kenneth Tipton
Luther Vaughn
Everett Watts

COTTAGE NO. 2
John Crumpler
Richard Parker
Charles Tate
Newman Tate

COTTAGE NO. 3
John Bailey
Grover Beaver
Robert Hare
Jerry Jenkins
Dewey Lanning
William Painter
Robert Quick
William T. Smith
John Tolley
Jerome Wiggins

COTTAGE NO. 4
Plummer Boyd
Donald Hobbs
William C. Jordan
Woodrow Wilson

COTTAGE NO. 5
Theodore Bowles
J. H. Peek

COTTAGE NO. 6
Elgin Atwood
Frank Fargis
Earl Hoyle
Robert Hobbs
Gerald Kermon
John Linville
Vollie McCall
Jesse Peavy
Reitzel Southern
Wesley Turner
Houston Turner
William Ussery

COTTAGE NO. 7
Arnold McHone

COTTAGE NO. 8
Sam Kirksey
James Shell
Maxie Shelly
James C. Wiggins

COTTAGE NO. 9
Leonard Church
David Cunningham
James Hale
Edgar Hedgepeth
Grady Kelly
Daniel Kilpatrick
Alfred Lamb
Isaac Mahaffey
Marvin Matheson
William Nelson
James Ruff
Horace Williams

COTTAGE NO. 10
Arcemias Hefner
Charles Phillips
Robert Stephens
Torrance Ware
Jack Warren
Joseph Willis

COTTAGE NO. 11

Eugene Cline
Ralph Fisher
Robert Goldsmith
Earl Hildreth
Fred Stewart
Canipe Shoe
James Tyndall

COTTAGE NO. 12

Jay Brannock
William Broadwell
Ernest Brewer
Jack Bright
Leroy Childers
William Deaton
Treley Frankum
Marvin Howard
Tillman Lyles
James Mondie
Simon Quick
Jesse Smith
Charles Simpson
George Tolson
Carl Tyndall
J. R. Whitman

COTTAGE NO. 13

James Brewer
Otha Dennis
Vincent Hawes
James Johnson
James Lane
Charles Metcalf
Rufus Nunn
Randall Peeler
Fred Rhodes
Paul Roberts
William Shoppel
Ray Smith
Earl Wolfe

COTTAGE NO. 14

John Baker
Robert Deyton
Audie Farthing
John Ferguson
Henry Glover
John Hamm
Feldman Lane
Roy Mumford
John Maples
Charles McCoyle
John Robbins
Charles Steepleton
J. C. Willis
Jack West

COTTAGE NO. 15

Hiram Atkinson
William Barrier
Robert Chamberlain
Paul Deal
James Deatherage
Horace Deese
John Gibson
Charles Hagler
John Howard
Fred Jenkins
James Ledford
Wade Medlin
Clarence Medlin
Lawton McDowell
Paul Morris
Ennis Miller
Marvin Pennell
Floyd Puckett
Robert Ragan
Donald Sides
Ventry Smith
Basil Wetherington
David Williams
Bennie Wilhelm

INDIAN COTTAGE

Raymond Brooks
Cecir Jacobs
Ernest L. Jacobs
James Johnson
John T. Lowry
Lesler Lochlear
Varcie Oxendine
Louis Stafford

Destruction is valueless, but building up something which makes humanity happy is of importance.—Goethe.

JAN 2 0 1942

CAROLINA ROO

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXX CONCORD, N. C., JANUARY 17, 1942 No. 3

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IT'S UP TO ME

I have a life to live,
To live it well or live it ill,
But not the aid that others give
Will ever get me up the hill.

It's well to pray for help divine,
But better yet divine to be;
For, after all, this life is mine,
And, good or bad, it's up to me.

—Douglas Malloch.

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The Uplift

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"HERE I GO AGAIN"

The three-year-old had been watching his older sister play the piano. Her efforts to draw music from the instrument were a little crude. Yet the sounds were recognizable. The three-year-old thought it was wonderful. He sang, "The Farmer in the Dell," to her accompaniment just as enthusiastically as if he had had a full symphony orchestra to back him up.

Several times he tried his own skill. He seated himself on the high bench and flung his baby hands at the piano. His voice rose triumphantly above the discords. "Jesus loves me," he proclaimed with gusto. The older members of the family kept their faces respectfully sober.

At last he looked over his shoulder. He was a bit apologetic. He shook his head.

"Well, here I go again. But I don't know—"

Most of us know just how he felt. There is something we want to do. We are not quite sure how to go about it, but we are willing to "make a stab at it." Just the same we can't help feeling a little dubious about the results.

As Lord Palmerston told Florence Nightingale, enthusiasm cannot take the place of training. No matter what we want to do, training is necessary. Some of us get our knowledge the hard way and learn by doing. That is much better than folding our hands and saying, "Sorry. I don't play." It is still better to take enough instruction in our chosen fields of service so that our uncertainty disappears. We can approach the task we have undertaken without making any apologetic remarks to the audience.—Selected.

———:———

TWO FINE WOMEN CLAIMED BY DEATH

The announcement of the death of two of Concord's most estimable and beloved women, Mrs. S. A. Wolf and Mrs. J. A. Walker, brought a depth of sorrow to their legion of friends who were so fortunate as to have felt the influence of their simple and humble lives and steadfast faith in the higher ideals that gave them inward peace. There was something very similar in their lives. They loved the simple life. Their interests centered in the home, where by precept and example they endeavored to nurture their children according to the rules of correct living. They were loyal to the church and

by participating in all of its activities their souls were enriched. These noble women were never forgetful of welfare conditions and needs of the community, generously contributing to the betterment of the same.

Mrs. Wolf found time in the midst of the duties that devolve upon a housewife, to read the classics, prose and poetry, by the best writers, and all of these accomplishments are reflected in the successful careers of her many children who are proud of the sweet heritage coming from a mother of the old school.

We think of Mrs. Walker as the "lady of flowers," for we can never visualize her elsewhere than in the midst of beautiful flowers, ranging from the most colorful hues to those of modest pastel shades. The fragile body and soft coloring of this "lady of flowers" was not out of place with a background of varied colors. While observing this fine spirit working at her post, arranging designs and bouquets, it seemed her artistic fingers touched these beauties of nature, feeling they were the most beautiful things God ever made without putting in them the breath of life. This love for the flowers of the earth is another fine heritage to be passed down to future generations.

These two characters, known for their humility, modesty, truthfulness, and love for their fellow men, have left vacant chairs in the social life of Concord which will be hard to fill. It is a comforting thought to understand that when our loved ones enter into eternal rest, that they fought the fight victoriously. Peace to the ashes of Mrs. Wolf and Mrs. Walker, whose worthy service to humanity will continue to bear fruit to the end of time.

* * * * * * * *

GOOD IMPULSES REVEALED

This institution with its many boys coming in daily from homes of varying ideals of living, furnishes studies that at times are quite puzzling, and then again some little act of these young fellows is both refreshing and interesting. We are sufficiently familiar with humanity to know that in every stage of life there is seen "some good in the worst of us, and something bad in the best of us." Therefore, those of us who have been intimately associated with the work of this School are quick to detect idiosyncrasies, good or bad, reflect-

ed in the life of the boys here. Their likes and dislikes, upon admission to the School, reveal home conditions.

The time-worn expression, "experience is the best teacher," continues to hold true. The officers of the Jackson Training School learn many interesting and valuable lessons by contact with young boys of varied types. Some of these experiences are outstanding because the inner life of the youth tells a sweet story of love for home, relatives, friends, and the desire to be a man in the fullest sense, measuring up to the demands of all emergencies. We find here many noble little souls, and their deeds and ideals tell the story. The activities of our boys reveal many latent traits of character, some good and others not so good, which, if written, would make a human interest story delightful to all those who appreciate child life.

We tell this incident so as to emphasize statements made: One of our small, thirteen-year-old boys performed a small task for an officer, and in return the bright, handsome little fellow was promised a dime. The officer said, "With this dime, you may buy some candy." The boy, after a few moments of serious thinking replied, much to the surprise of his superior, that he would like to buy one of our national defense stamps instead of candy. It was easy to discern that down deep in the mind and heart of this youngster was a feeling of interest in the affairs of his country, or from some source he had inherited the spirit of thrift. It matters not from whence came the source of interest, his ideal was superb and his interest in worthwhile things should be cultivated. We all know the old adage, "As the twig is bent the tree is inclined." This thirteen-year-old boy bought a defense stamp instead of candy, and this act upon the part of one who never had money or enjoyed the things money can buy, is an example by which many older persons might profit. Realizing the interest of this lad, several friends have encouraged him by making like contributions.

* * * * * * * *

DON'TS TO BE OBSERVED

The slogan in every part of the nation is "conserve rubber." The columns of all newspapers also the broadcasts over the radio make the same announcement again and again, at the same time telling the

proper way to drive motor cars so as to save the tires. The first suggestion is "not to drive fast," emphasizing that the driving speed never exceed forty miles per hour. Here are some other suggestions: Don't throw in clutch and stop suddenly; don't turn curves at high speed; don't scrape tires when going around a curve; and last, but not least, when starting a car, don't start off like a jack-rabbit. All of these don'ts strictly observed create friction, and friction causes heat, and it is clear to all with common sense that heat burns up the tires. Furthermore, one of the injunctions for conserving rubber is to watch the tires and if they are worn thin, have them retreaded at once. By strictly conforming to the don'ts as frequently seen in the press and heard over the radio, every one who drives a motor car is contributing to the national defense, and at the same time lessons of thrift are learned.

* * * * * * * * *

CYCLES IN HISTORY

As the tides, so rise and fall the currents in human thought and life. From the days of the cradle, the child ascends through youth to manhood; then through age descends toward the grave. In every area of life the graph of progress for each period shows an upward then a downward curve. In the realm of economics, there is rising prosperity, then descending depression. So certain is this rise and fall in human affairs that the predictions of Roger Babson are based on the chart depicting the preceeding period of prosperity and depression, the measure of each being the intensity multiplied by the duration. An area of depression must be followed by an offsetting one of prosperity, except that the median line of the graph from one period through the next shows a gradual upgrade. This means that in spite of the rise and dip there is an average improvement in man's well-being through the decades.

As in the realm of material well-being, so in that of the moral and spiritual the same law holds. The deep lapses of Russia spiritually and morally will require either an extended period of reformation or else a shorter reconstruction time with a more intense revival. But an offset is bound to come—in godless Russia and in every lapsing land. In the inspired record we learn of the first cycle, when Adam and Eve after high fellowship with God started with their de-

scendants the downward trek which ended with the flood's destruction. Following the revival under Noah, the race lapsed at length into widespread idolatry. Then under Abraham came the faith movement, confined to one nation but forceful during several generations, until it withered in the pessimism of bondage in Egypt. Thence Moses led Israel, by way of Sinai's law and reconfirmed covenant, to the "holy land," where theocracy—divine rulership—flourished for a period; but religion lapsed under unworthy "judges" until the anti-climax in the ark's removal into the land of the Philistines. Then came the rise of "the kings" and their fall, with Israel's then Judah's overthrow and captivity. The revival under the later prophets in exile and the rebuilding of the temple at Jerusalem were followed by lapses that culminated in the tragedies of the crucifixion, the destruction of Jerusalem, and the dispersion of the Jews. And so on down the ages, successive periods reveal the rise and fall in spiritual and moral experience.—The Lutheran.

* * * * * * * *

TOKEN OF EVERLASTING FRIENDSHIP

Remote in the Flushing Meadows of Long Island where a couple of years ago the Century of Progress Fair was being held, there stands today a red-lacquered and gold pavilion.

It was presented to city of New York "in token of everlasting friendship between Japan and the United States."

Already a cry has risen, " Get rid of it!" in the same spirit that led some misguided person to cut down four of the famous Japanese cherry trees which line Washington's Tidal Basin.

We are obligated now by the hard fact of war to do everything that will harm Japan. But this sort of thing won't harm Japan in the slightest. It will only rob ourselves of some little touch of beauty, some little flash of loveliness to bring delight to eyes that will be weary enough.—Exchange.

CELLULOSE FROM "WHOLE COTTON" MAY REVOLUTIONIZE INDUSTRY

By Herman D. Lawson in Charlotte Observer

The cellulose miracle needed to save the cotton South and to answer the prayers of hundreds of manufacturers of everything from explosives to soda straws is at hand. But it is not one of those fairy tale miracles.

"We have about finished our experiments—our work is nearly completed," said Dr. Frank Kenneth Cameron, professor of chemistry at the University of North Carolina and formerly head of the laboratories of the Bureau of Chemistry and Soils of the United States Department of Agriculture.

Dr. Cameron, who has patiently worked more than 11 years on the growing and processing of "whole cotton" for cellulose content, was referring to his experiment in this field.

"It now remains for the industry itself to take over and utillize finding," he adds.

An indefinite number of products that can be manufactured from cotton have been made possible by this new process. Among them are such important items as tenite, photographic acentate films, cellophane, celluloid, explosives, paper, rayons and staples.

A host of less important products include drapery fabrics, viscose sponges, ornamental braid for ladies hats and shoes, washable accessories, soda straws, costume jewelry, gowns of rich collstar velvet, and a large number of commodities from collulose acetates, nitrates, and others.

Under Dr. Cameron's plan, the cotton is sowed like wheat, grown close-packed, and harvested like hay with a machine that takes up the whole plant—boll, stalk, everything except the roots, bales it and conveys it to a trailer without it having touched the ground.

The "whole cotton" then passes through a grinding process, the coloring matter is removed, and the oil recovered. The drier ground "whole cotton" is pulped and alphac cellulose obtained.

Working in the interest of the Southern farmer population only, Dr. Cameron says, "We have no secrets. To any legimate commercial interest we will be glad to tell what we know. We have gone as far as we can with our experiments. It is necessary that the industry take over from here on."

The new process has not come too soon. Although Eli Whitney invented the cotton gin which was to make the South rich, poverty has too often dogged, the cotton patch. The Southern farmer has continued to grow more cotton each year while the price steadily declined. Then too, certain sections of California have recently been growing the crop, adding to the already large surplus. The United States government has in storage over 11,000.000 bales of cotton, which

it may put on the market at any time.

The growing and processing of "whole cotton" will revolutionize the industry and will open new markets for the crop.

Not only is the "whole cotton" process a Godsend to the Southern farmer and the California cotton grower, it is the answer to the prayers of hundreds of manufacturers who because the war has made their desired raw materials scarce, have had to turn to the chemists for substitutes. In many cases plastics are being used in place of metals in the production of automobiles, airplanes, and other such products, and it is not improbable that plastics made from "whole cotton" cellulose will be used for some of the parts.

"The cellulose reveived from the processing of whole cotton is as good if not better than that coming from spruce trees, which is now being used by American manufacturers," Dr. Cameron explains. "Also Canada is now the United States primary scource of spruce cellulose, and she necessarily must consider her own and Britian's needs before ours, creating a shortage in this country."

This very shortage, it seems, will force the manufacturers to take over the growing and processing of "whole cotton" and put it on a commercial basis. At present there are 40 plants in the South making pulp or paper from pine wood, and those could easily be converted to making cellulose from "whole cotton."

It is true that the cotton grower is faring much better now that the war has jumped the price of the crop almost overnight. Still it is not hard to realize that such a situation will not last and the outlook for cotton after the war is far worse than ever before. This is one reason why the "whole cotton" process is so important now.

During the past in the growing of cotton, the fear of the boil weevil and army worm has been instilled in the hearts of every Southern farmer. In Dr. Cameron's process this fear is eliminated. The cotton is almost as valuable after the ravages of these insects as it is in its virginal state. In appearance it has degenerated, but in value it has not. The length of the staple is entirely disregarded.

It was a question of human values rather than the pursuit of pure science that led Dr. Cameron to begin his experiments with "whole cotton" in 1930 right after the Wall Street crash had crushed the Southern farmer as well as the millionaires.

"What," he asked at the time, "is going to happen to the millions of farmers in the South when it is no longer possible to grow cotton under existing conditions?"

And, although the war has raised the price of cotton, we have seen that the same question holds true today. After the war the cotton grower must again face a serious situation, a bumper crop with low prices. The development of "whole cotton" offers a promising step in the solution of this problem.

No crop plant has yet been suggested to take the place of cotten so the problem is "to continue to grow cotton, by changed methods, but methods within the frame of the grower's experience and for a purpose supported by an adequate market." The work

on "whole cotton" has been done with this in mind all the time.

Dr. Cameron's interest in cotton was no doubt inspired, in part, by his early work in the chemistry of soils and plastics. He is better known to the professional world, however, for his studies in heterogeneous equilbria and celloid phonomena as well as their applications to practical problems, such as clarification of industrial waters and wastes and to hydrometallurgy.

When he began his experiments, Dr. Cameron was convinced with other students of textile problems that artificial preparations would replace to a large extent fiber of natural origin within a decade or so. Italy had obtained wool or silk-like fibers from proteins of animal origin. In this country regenerated cellulose fibers of short length staples were being made with roughened surfaces and spun into threads of much superior strength and appearance and were replacing shoddy in woolen goods and producing textiles of much better wearing and aesthetic qualities than the usual fibers.

From these developments, Dr. Cameron realized that cellulose was the most needed material. Even with pine and other tree growths added to spruce and poplar, the cellulose was likely to prove inadequate (and such is the case now) and so the growing of an annual scource would prove highly desirable. Dr. Cameron turned to cotton, the best producer of cellulose known, its boll containing 90 per cent of the material and its stalk 40 per cent.

The large concerns making rayon, getting the cellulose from which the rayon yarn is made from spruce trees and importing most of it from abroad, were hesitant when the chemist approached them for assistance in investigating a process for obtaining cellulose from cotton. North Carolina at the time was attempting to secure certain industrial spruce reserves in the State for use as a public forest and it was suspected by some that the "whole cotton" project was linked with this movement.

Receiving little outside assistance, Dr. Cameron continued his investigations and has spent over $1,200 of his personal money during his experiments. A true scientist, he does not expect any financial gain from his work in the growing and processing of "whole cotton." On the contrary, he is now offering his findings to the industry free of any charge.

Convinced that, if cellulose could be extracted from cotton as cheaply as from wool, it would prove the purpose for which cotton could be grown supported by an adequate market, the scientist continued his investigations. He had to discover how to harvest the whole plant in order that the material in the stalk would not be wasted, to recover the oil in the seeds, and to prepare an alpha-cellulose from the residue. This called for experiments in field and laboratory.

The experiments on growing "whole cotton" were made at the Dockery farms near Rockingham, in Richmond county, under the supervision of Nicholas W. Dockery, a former student in chemistry and one of Cameron's assistants. Dockery, who has spent from 12 to 15 hundred dollars of his own money in these experiments, is still at work trying to im-

prove the planting and harvesting of "whole cotton," one of the most important steps in the process.

A well prepared seed bed was found to be of first importance, largely to eradicate weeds and grass. The cotton was grown close-packed and much of the success of the whole experiment depended on this crowding. It was learned that the cotton reached its maximum content of cellulose after 26 or 27 weeks.

On the Dockery plantation was a gin, with baling equipment and storage space either under cover or on open platform. The cotton was cut with sickle or scythe, piled in small stacks for curing and then hauled to storage.

The next crop was cut with a haymower, drawn by horse or tractor anl baled almost immediately by a portable baler in the field. The bales prepared at the gin house were the size of a standard bale of ginner cotton, but weighed well over 600 pounds a bale, while the bales put up in the field could be made to vary from 125 to 175 pounds tied with wire as with hay, avoiding the use of straps and bagging. Not only were they more convenient to handle but less expensive.

It was discovered that the cotton cut by the ordinary mowing machine gathered considerable amounts of earth and dust which persisted in adhering through the baling and subsequent operations. This sisicious material could be quite completely removed in processing but would involve expense as well as inconvenience.

The John Deere Plow company carried out an experiment with a tractor drawn assembly. A cutting bar immediately preceded an escalator upon which the cut plants fell with little or no contact with the ground. From the top if the escalator the plants fed into a hay baler, and the bales in turn fell on a trailer. A very clean product was thus sent to storage and there was no "shattering" of lint from the boll as was experienced with the usual type of mower.

The operators estimated that with this equipment the cotton can be harvested for 19 cents per acre, and the International Harester company has independently given the same figure for harvesting with an assembly of their designing and the Hogan brothers have estimated that the cost of harvesting and storing should not exceed 20 cents and acre.

Another good feature for the farmer is that these assemblies can be readily disassembled and the component parts utilized for other purposes about the farm.

Bales of the "whole cotton" were stored for six years both under cover and in the open and then found unharmed when broken open. Twice insects invaded the stored cotton, but their depredations were confined to the pith in the stalks and had practically no significance for oil or cellulose content.

Experiments show that the entire cost for the growing and harvesting of the "whole cotton" to be from $15 to $16 per acre. This does not include rent for the land used. Including all items, the cost of growing a ton of "whole cotton" averages $8.

After the problem of growing and harvesting of the "whole cotton" had been proved successful, Dr. Cameron and his assistants tackled the prob-

lem of the preparation of "whole cotton" for processing.

Grinding was a necessary step, to reduce seeds to fragments giving a large surface to the solvent action of extractives and to provide large surface of stems and cusps as well for the pulping liquors. Dockery found that a hammer mill is well adapted to this purpose. After some experience with a common form of mill to be found on farms for the preparation of cattle feed, a mill better adapted to the work was obtained from the I. B. Wise Manufacturing company, Knoxville, Tenn.

In order to get alpha-cellulose from the pulverized cotton, it was necessary to first extract the oil. The product was unsuited for pressing so solvent extraction was tried. It was found that a low boiling petroleum, used in much the same way that a cleaner used a solvent to remove grease and oil from clothes, gave the best results, and that more oil was obtained in this way than through pressing.

The solution of this problem brought forth another; the extracted oil contained wax and pectines which had to be removed before the product would meet trade specifications for use in food products such as olemargarine. This was done by chilling and centrifuging, the wax settling to the bottom of the oil. Coloring matter from the bark of the stems was removed by steeping in solution of sodium sulfide before extracting the oil.

The problem of oil settled, alpha-cellulose was ready to be made; alpha-cellulose, which, when acetic acid is added, becomes fluid and can be sent through a slit to emerge as film and cellulose; can be molded when a stiffener is added, into such plastics as costume jewelry, and, finally, can be used in the manufacture of especially high grade paper. After numerous experiments no doubt remained to the investigators that "whole cotton" could be pulped, and even more readily than the customary woods.

The oil recovered from the cotton was done so at less than three cents a pound. With crude oil selling above 10 cents a pound as it is now, the recovery of the oil from "whole cotton" would make the residue a much cheaper source of cellulose than is any other material yet proposed.

It is probable that if cotton were not to be grown any longer for the lint, the plant would yet be grown for the oil of the seed. The oil is the third important scource of edible fats, surpassed only by butter and lard in the American food economy. Other seed oils might replace cotton seed oil, but it would involve a gamble as to the public's respone and would certainly require a long time and expensive educational campaign. The cost of extracting oil from "whole cotton" is about the same as from cotton seed, but more oil is obtained from the "whole cotton."

From this fact that "whole cotton" is much cheaper source of cellulose than is any other material now in use or yet proposed the question arises; what will be the benefits to the cotton grower and the industry, the manufacturers, the South, and the nation.

To the cotton grower, the growing and processing of "whole cotton" may be a salvation. It would allow the farmers to continue to grow a crop

to which they are accustomed, no violent changes being necessary in farm production. The crop a perennial scource of income for the 2,000,000 small cotton farms spread over 16 states from Virginia to California

The boll weevil and army worm plagues would have considerably less effect than they now do, and the constant fear of such would be no more. The fear of the failure of foreign market as is now being experienced would also be lessened for the cellulose derived from "whole cotton" has a waiting maket here at home.

By planting his cotton close together, the farmer would be able to grow more cotton to the acre allowing part of his land to be used for other purposes. Between seasons the land could be used for pastures. Because the fields would not be under clear cultivation all the time, they would become more fertile and Dr. Cameron's desire for crop rotation would have more of a chance of being a reality. Much of the cost of fertilizer would also be eliminated.

Dr. Cameron's process might be a salvation to the cotton industry also. The amazing low prices of cotton in the past have forced many growers to turn to more profitable crops which they know less about and are less likely to succeed in.

When articles apprearing several years ago spoke of Dr. Cameron's new process as if it were actually in operation, he received letters, hundreds of them, from all over the country. A large grower of cotton in Texas offered to sell him as many carloads of cotton as he wanted for five cents a pound. Dr. Cameron's process offers a useful outlet to this abundant supply.

The whole cotton process would offer many benefits to the manufacturers as well as the grower. It would offer them an unlimited supply of cellulose which they are using more and more every day in their products, and it would offer them this supply at a cheaper rate than they are paying now. With an unlimited source of cellulose at hand, the chemists would have a green light to go ahead with their experiments in the plastic field.

Julius Davis Fleming, a second year graduate student at the university, is now making tests with each of the various parts of the cotton plant to determine whether or not the cellulose obtained from "whole cotton" is uniform. The rayon manufacturers claim the "whole cotton" cellulose is not uniform, and, consequently, unsuited for their needs. Dr. Cameron, however, feels sure that such is not so and plans to present the findings of Fleming to the rayon people as proof.

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Somebody with quite a bit of discrimination has said: "Gossip is associated with envy, is thick with jealousy, flirts with malice, keeps company with depravity, and makes vicious bargains with Satan." Yet many people call it a delightful pastime.—Selected.

NORTH CAROLINA BUILDS FOR DEFENSE

(North Carolina Department of Conservation and Development)

North Carolina has converted pine woods and bare fields into vast defense establishments.

At Fort Bragg alone, 62,000 troops are training on the nation's largest artillery post which was expanded from a garrison of 5,000 less than 18 months ago. Camp Davis sprang up in six months from an Onslow County pocosin and now 20,000 officers and men are being drilled in anti-aircraft tactics there. Coastal property near Jacksonville, formerly dominated by hunting lodges, is being converted into the New River Marine Barracks to accommodate 18,000 troops by scheduled completion date, June, 1942. At the same time Cunningham Marine Air Base near New Bern is due to be ready for training Marine flyers as well as serve as a major Atlantic Coast Air base.

A base for Navy blimps, being constructed at a cost of $6,000,000 near Elizabeth City, also is due for completion in June, 1942, and become the base for this observation arm of the Navy. At Elizabeth City the Coast Guard Air Base, completed in 1940, has been serving for months as an intermediate stop for American-built warplanes being ferried overseas. Coast Guard patrol planes, their importance tremendously increased by the declaration of war, are based here.

Pope Field, at Fort Bragg, and Sykes Field, near Charlotte, form vital links in the Army's air defense organization.

Naval repairs and supply bases at Camp Glenn, near Morehead City, and Fort Caswell, near Southport, are being prepared for servicing smaller craft on defense duty, and the Quartermaster Supply Depot in Charlotte is handling a huge volume of Army materials.

Manning these establishments, constructed at cost exceeding $120,000,000, will be 105,000 officers and men. Plans for expansion, which may be executed rapidly in the light of war developments, could easily double personnel and bring a recurrence of the construction boom which marked the initial stages of the program.

In addition to the facilities of federal armed forces, there are 40 State guard units numbering approximately 2,000 men and officers. They have headquarters in the chain of armories built by WPA over the State in the last three years. There are 27 of these, built at a cost of $2,000,000.

In North Carolina the actual military feature of defense, because of the large troop concentrations here, have overshadowed industrial developments, but from the beginning of the national emergency the State's productive capacity has been geared to the needs of national defense.

War orders have placed the textile industry on an over-time basis to fill more than $40,000,000 in contracts

for cotton and woolen products essential to outfitting fighting forces.

Demands of war have revived industries dormant, or languishing, since the first World War, created new ones and spurred production to new levels in enterprises established in the State within the last decade, particularly those of the chemical industry.

Shipbuilding, a major industry in 1918-19, has been revived at four points, the largest being at Wilmington where the North Carolina Shipbuilding Co., is building 37 cargo vessels of 10,400 tons capacity. The first, the Zebulon B. Vance, was launched on December 6, exactly 5½ months after the keel was laid in the then uncompleted yard. There are 4,500 employees now at work in this yard and the number is expected to be increased to 7,000 as work on hulls, on nine ways, progresses simultaneously with the fitting out of vessels already launched.

At New Bern, Manteo and Elizabeth City, boat works are engaged on contracts for smaller craft for the Army and Navy. Contracts for shipbuilding to date total $60,000,000.

Pulp for containers essential to war shipments is being produced by mills in both the eastern and western parts of the State, and $5,000,000 has been invested in the war-bred Ecusta Paper Company near Brevard which was completed just in time to save the U. S. Tobacco industry from a critical shortage of cigarette paper. This plant is now producing paper in quality and quantity sufficient to make the cutting off of imports barely noticeable.

Ethyl-Dow Corporation, extracting bromine from sea water below Wilmington, is producing an essential element of high-test gasoline, and huge Enka Corporation, near Asheville, is making rayon to fill part of the breach left by cessation of imports of silk from Japan.

The plant of the Dayton Rubber Company, recently completed at Waynesville, may be converted to production of synthetic rubber if necessity dictates.

Automotive assembly and body plants are engaged with $3,600,000 in motor vehicle contracts. The Corbitt Motor Company at Henderson is the chief producer. Little known plants, such as the Edwards Rail Car organization at Sanford, are sub-contracting aircraft parts.

The Carolina Aluminum Company at Badin, subsidiary of the Aluminum Company of America, has increased capacity and is turning out this essential war material in record volume, and the Aluminum Company this fall completed the first hydro-electric project begun after declaration of the national emergency, the 22,500 kw Glenville plant in western North Carolina.

North Carolina leads the South in hydro-electric power generation, and its installed capacity of more than a million kilowatts, hydro and steam, is turning wheels of war industries throughout the southeast.

Value of its 400,000 kilowatt steam capacity was demonstrated in the water power shortage of 1941, and additional steam plant facilities are under construction, an example being the $6,000,000 plant of Carolina Power & Light Company under construction near Sanford.

Curtailment of imports of strategic

minerals has revived mining in North Carolina, which prior to the California gold rush in 1849, was the nation's leading gold producer. Value of minerals from North Carolina mines is expected to reach $20,000,000 in 1941.

Although bauxite, the eore of aluminum, is not found in quantity in North Carolina, there are huge deposits of olivine bearing a high percentage of magnesium in the western part of the State and processes are now under development for extraction of this lighter-than-aluminum metal.

Chromite, the ore of chromium, is being produced from veins of olivine by portable outfits, one now in operation at Democrat, N. C., producing a grade of ore described as matching in quality the product formerly imported from Turkey.

Until the Japanese invasion, the U. S. imported chromite from the Philippines.

Increased production of chromite is expected to follow use of the magnetic methods for locating this mineral.

Mica, essential insulation for spark plugs and radio senders and receivers, is produced in volume in North Carolina.

A long list of refractory materials are also produced from North Carolina mines.

North Carolina leads the nation in production of wooden household furniture, in the industrial spotlight again as defense priorities limit use of metal in this industry.

The nation's pipe smokers are being supplied despite closing of customary foreign sources of briar, and pipes made from laurel root dug from North Carolina's mountains are matching in quality the imported product. Three plants are turning out pipe blocks in western North Carolina and shipping them to northern factories for finishing.

The problem of feeding soldiers and defense workers placed new emphasis on truck farming and production of food and feed crops showed a marked increase during the last year. To meet problems of marketing, the State Department of Agriculture entered upon a program designed to facilitate rapid handling of farm perishables through strategically located wholesale centers.

Timber production more than doubled during the heavy defense building demand, and non-military building in the State during the first ten months of 1941 amounted to $20,000,000.

Demands of the defense program further accelerated North Carolina's transition from an agricultural state to the South's leading industrial producer, a position accorded it by the 1939 industrial census which showed it led the South in total wage earners (3.24% of the national total), in wages paid (2.19% of the national total), and in value added by manufacture (2.12% of the national total).

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The greatest glory of a free born people is to transmit that glory to their children.—John Harvard.

TRANSPLANTING CAROLINA

By G. B. Long

Visitors to New York from North Carolina would be very much surprised if they could look behind the scenes and peek into the home of Ralph and Dorothea Fuller—not forgetting to add Baby Cameron Bell. Here in the heart of a great metropolis has been transplanted with loving care a roof top garden whose seeds and plants emanated from the Southland. The roots and tentacles of this couple are North Carolina and nostalgia for their homeland has induced them to try and duplicate it in their own surroundings.

Both of them, although still very young have gone far in their chosen professions. Painting is Ralph Bell Fuller's metier and his portraits are his best known work. Born in Durham, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Bell Fuller, he was educated at Duke University graduating in 1925 in architecture. He was one of four engineers who built the Women's Campus there. At the Art Students' League, he studied under Bridgman and Frank du Mond and later tried his hand as Art Director for an adverising firm. Then came a period of wandering and he roamed around the world stopping in Paris to work at the Grand Chaumiers and in Madrid to study with Joes Villete. Returning to Durham he opened an Art School with Clement Strudwick and Gene Ervin and later joined Nash Johnson in the Fuller & Johnson Agency for advertising.

In 1934 he felt the call of New York and left his home town again. It was at this time he married and, of course, she was a North Carolina girl. Dorothea Schallert is the daughter of Dr. D. O. Schallert of Winston-Salem, an eminent botanist whose world famed collection of plants is now owned by Duke University where Dorothea gratuated and took her Master's degree in Endocrinology. At the time of her marriage she was working with Dr. Florence Sabin arter having spent four years at Cornell Medical College and Experimental Farm and four years at Rockefeller Institute. Believing that she should devote her self to the job in hand, Dorothea gave up her career, at least temporarily, to raise a family which at present consists of Baby Cameron.

Baby Cameron has been a working girl since she was 8 months old, Leon de Vos, a prominent photographer thought her perfect for a picture he had in mind. The American Cynamide Co. were so pleased with it that they adopted her as their "Beetle Baby" and published her in color in Fortune magazine. From then on she was made and now has her own agent. She also poses for Daddy. In 1937 this gentleman decided to strike out as a free lance which has proven a happy idea, for his knowlege of painting, drawing and all graphic reproduction has brought him many prominent clients, as Philip Morris, Socony Vacuum, Borden Co., Government of Porto Rico, Harper & Bros., and many others. Some of his portraits which are of interest to Southerners are of Mrs. Lewis Patton, Mrs.

Oskar Hansen-Pruss and Dean W. H. Wannamaker all of Duke University and Mr. J. L. Morehead and Mrs. J. F. Hill of Durham. His posters also are well known and the one for the National Baseball Centennial which he won in competition has been so widely reproduced that it needs no mentioning. At present he is making a large poster for Washington Cathedral.

At the first approach of spring, Dorothea and baby live on the roof. The seeds which have been germinating in the Studio below are brought up in flats, and the tender plants which have been carried down-stairs for the winter are exposed to the sunshine. The garden, of necessity, is all planted in boxes and pots and is a riot of color—Forsythia, spirea, daffodils and jonquils vie with each other, while wild flowers from the woodlands such as trilobed hepatica with dainty purple flowers, huchers (coral bells), trillium (wake robin), blood root with its gold centered cups, graceful fronds of Solomon's seal, blue periwinkle and maidenhair fern thrive with unexpected vigor. From the swamp country she has brought up Venus fly traps and pitcher plants, and pear pads from the coast Sprigs of jessamine and honeysuckle from North Carolina have grown well, while mint and herbs and salad greens furnish savories for the table. From a seed came an ailanthus which the South calls a stinktree, but in New York it is named the Tree of Heaven. In the autumn Michaelmas daisies flourish with the last of the marigolds and there is also some goldenrod.

From beloved North Carolina also come the elder trees planted at either end of the garden in the manner of the early Colonists of the South. And when the sun sets and the light is no longer good indoors, Ralph puts down his brushes and the family gathers on the roof. Just at evening comes the fragrance of the moon vines and the flowering tobacco. It is then that he declares with the firm conviction of a man who had made up his mind: "Sometime we will all go back home to live."

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REAL JOY

Think not the beautiful doings of thy soul
Shall perish unremembered. They abide
With thee forever; and alone the good
Thou doest nobly, Truth and Love approve.
Each pure and gentle deed of mercy brings
An honest recompense, and from it looms
That sovereign knowledge of thy duty done—
A joy beyond all dignities of earth.

—Herman Miller.

COMMEMORATING MOZART

By Clara Bernhardt

The wind was piercingly cold, and the bleak, Austrian skies were stormy that afternoon in December, one hundred and fifty years ago, when Mozart was buried. As the little funeral procession made its way from the outdoor service at St. Stephen's to a graveyard outside Vienna, the storm became more violent. The half frozen followers turned back to the city, leaving the body of the great musical genius to find its last resting place alone. To the paid attendants, Mozart was just another poor man being buried in a pauper's grave, and they took no note of where they laid him. Within a short time all trace of his grave was lost.

One hundred and fifty years later, the world of music is still paying honor to this man, buried so ignominiously at the early age of thirty-five. To mark the 150th anniversary of his death in December, 1791, symphonic orchestras throughout America are featuring his music, and delighting audiences who have learned to love the sparkling beauty of his compositions. For to hear Mozart, is to love him. As a composer of sheer, singing loveliness he has never been surpassed. There is a melodious charm about his work that is peculiarly his own.

It seems strange that these joyous melodies were written by a composer all too familiar with poverty and want, illness and disappointment. Yet, in the midst of crushing domestic difficulties and debts, unable to obtain financially rewarding musical employment, this mighty musician created music which still sings in the hearts of men, and shall so continue as long as loveliness is appreciated upon this earth. Someone has declared: "The test of a composer is, Can he exult?" In the case of Mozart, this may be answered with an unreserved yes. Be they symphonic, operatic, religious, or instrumental, his compositions, so staggering in number, are characterized by exultant joy of living.

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart was born in Salzburg, Germany, on January 27, 1756, of parents who, at the time of their marriage, were said to be the handsomest couple in the city. Herr Mozart was a musician who had written the first good book on how to play the violin. He was quick to recognize the talent of his small son. The little Mozart would listen intently while his sister Nannerl, seven years older, was given her harpsichord lesson. As soon as it was over, the boy, scarcely big enough to reach the keys from the floor, would play stumblingly what he had heard.

At the early age of four, father Mozart gave him lessons, and the precocious boy composed tunes which the father copied down. Two years later the Mozarts set out on a concert tour which led them to Munich and Vienna. When the boy was seven, there was a triumphant tour to England and France, where he played for royalty.

But disease caught up with them as they traveled across Europe day and night in horse-drawn carriages. Weak and tired from travel, they were

ready victims for the dread smallpox. Mozart was temporarily blinded, and the frightened father took them home to Salzburg. Then followed ten years of intensive study, hard work, and frequent disappointment. For, as Mozart grew into manhood, the very feats of musicianship which had won him public favor, were the cause of deep jealousy among musicians, particularly in court circles. He was more brilliant than they, and they did not like it. Wherever he searched, Mozart could secure no sustaining appointment.

About this time he fell in love with Constance Weber of Vienna, and despite parental opposition, they married. Recalling the similar parental disapproval braved by Elizabeth Barret and Robert Browning, and Clara and Robert Schumann, we must conclude that parents of talented children were hard to satisfy in those days.

From the time of his marriage until his death nine years later, Mozart's life was marked by continual struggle. The little he made from teaching, composing and giving concerts, was mismanaged by a wife sadly lacking in domestic ability. Illness harassed the little family which was often in actual want. During this period, the operas, "The Marriage of Figaro" and "Don Giovanni", still so popular in opera houses today, were written. Although well received, they yielded small financial return.

Never physically strong, as a probable result of the tours as a child, in 1791 he fell ill with what proved to be a fatal attack of typhus fever. Nevertheless, two of his most beautiful works were written as he lay ill, "The Magic Flute" and the immortal "Requiem." In July, he had been commissioned by a somberly garbed stranger to compose a requiem, and was given part payment. As the sick composer worked at it, the conviction haunted him that it was being written for his own death. This proved only too true.

It seems sad that such a great composer should have lived so tragic a life, yet history shows that men of genius invariably walk a stony way. It may be, that the sheer force of Mozart's difficult circumstances moved him to musical utterance which would not have reached the heights it did, had his path been easier. Greatness is usually the product of pain.

Though his life was devoid of ease, certainly Mozart lived a full life. He made the utmost use of his talent, the result of which has brought joy to millions. I think Mozart himself would have asked for no greater reward, judging by a letter to a freind in which he stated: "The greater the talents we have received from God, the greater our obligation to make use of them. The Gospel teaches us this usury of talents."

Mozart walked humbly before God and man, and both as man and musician, is worthy of the honor being paid him today. And as we listen to his immortal music our own souls are blessed and strengthened by this voice from the past.

SQUARE PEG

By Ernest L. Thurston

Terry Courtney stood by the bus sign near the County Highway Garage while the winter gale buffeted him, and two busses passed him displaying "FULL" signs. He was scowling fiercely and thrashing his arms for warmth when a little coupe skidded to a stop beside him. The girl at the wheel opened a door.

"I'll take you home, Terry," she offered. Terry swung in beside her. All at once he felt warm and happy. Elsie Parker had that effect on him.

"You saved my life," he told her. "I'd have frozen into a statue in five minutes more." He flashed a smile at the small, dark-haired girl. "You're just back from Rodney, I suppose. How does it feel to be out of Normal and into real teaching?"

"Grand!" Elsie's voice sounded as if she meant it.

"I can't imagine any fun in holding down thirty michievous youngsters."

The girl's laugh rippled. "You're not the oldest daughter in a large family, as I am. I thought I knew children, but I'm learning something new every day about what makes their minds tick. And there's so much good in them when you get inside of them." Her dark eyes swept a swift glance over his wind-chapped face. "You look as if you had been sandpapered, Terry. Hard day?"

"I'll say!" His scowl returned. "These storms simply won't let up. I tell you, it's no joke working one of those great Snow-master plows. Except for Tom Baker, of course. He just sits behind the wheel in a cozy cab and orders us in and out. So we handle wing levers in the open, dig out cars, cut away fallen trees; and the worse the weather, the longer we work overtime."

"But it's a great public service, Terry. Think of what your work means to those who travel, to country physicians, to transportation."

"Let someone else do it. I've had enough. It's just a square peg job, when I really want to fit into the round hole of a highway engineer, for which I was trained."

Elsie was silent a moment. When at last she spoke, her voice was serious. "If my count is right, Terry, this is the fourth job you've held in the brief time since you left engineering school. You didn't really master one, before you sought another. Granted they were square peg jobs,—No, I'll stop preaching."

Terry shrugged his shoulders in irritation.

"Tell me one way in which work on a snow-shovel gang prepares me for highway engineering,"he challenged.

"Well—for example—learning how to handle a gang on a big road machine. In road building, you'll have concrete mixers, scrapers and other big machines to handle and oversee. Both building highways and keeping them open are public services. You ca—"

"Enough." He forced an unwilling grin "I'm too tired to argue. Been on duty since four this morning."

She giggled. "Go to sleep. I'll wake you at your gate."

He refused her invitation. So Elsie swung the talk to a recent school reunion, and then skipped on from one subject to another, keeping him interested until she pulled up at his home.

"Thanks again, Elsie," he told her gratefully.

He clumped wearily into the house. Every bone in his body ached. He was hungry, yet too tired to eat much. Twelve hours he had had on this stretch—most of it in the bitter gale, while Tom had it easy behind the wheel. "The roads must be kept open!" Bah! If he were not so tired, he would write his resignation now. Only it would be best to locate another position first. Despite his explanation, he had found that employers were not partial to employees who changed jobs too frequently.

After supper, he tried reading. No go. He turned on the radio; but when the weather report told of a new storm sweeping east, he gave up with a groan and toppled into bed. Before he dozed off, he was conscious of a rising wind whistling under the eaves, and of ice pellets playing a tattoo on the windowpanes.

The branch phone on the stand beside him roused him at six o'clock. It was still dark. He groaned at the pains that shot through arms and shoulders as he reached for the receiver.

"We're called for duty at seven o'clock," came Tom's voice, hoarse and tired.

"I don't think I'll be able to—" began Terry.

"We're working out Highway 16," interrupted Tom. "We'll pick you up on the way." He rang off.

From the kitchen below came the rattle of pots and pans. Terry knew his mother had recognized the meaning of that call and was preparing a hot breakfast. He nursed his grouch as he dressed. Had they no mercy on a fellow? He ate in silence forgetting to express any appreciation for a hot and tasty meal.

When the great V-plow rumbled up, he tramped out scowling and crowded into the cabin with the others. Tom headed out into the country. Stealing a glance at him, Terry noted that he looked white and worn. He wondered why. The young boss certainly had the easy job.

Highway 16 was an exposed road, open to the cutting wind. Old snow, as well as new, was drifting into mean diagonal ridges across the right of way. The men had to stay at the win and scraper levers with only brief rests to thaw out. Tempers frayed; more than one sharp interchange took place.

The hours dragged. The only real breaks in the monotony came when they passed field crews of the telephone and telegraph companies, striving to keep up communication, often working high in air on slippery poles. Terry had to acknowledge to himself that these men had a harder job, but they invaribly waved cheery greetings. Open roads made a big difference to them.

Then there were the great through busses and big freighter trucks, whose drivers always blew salutes and raised hands in friendly gestures. It occurred to Terry that being a passenger bus

driver on a through line had its good points. He might try for a place on one.

On the way home, in late afternoon, the plow passed a school bus. Terry waved and grinned. The driver, Dick Barstow, had been an engineering classmate. He had taken his job instead of joining up with Terry on snow service.

The day ended after long overtime. The next day was about as bad, with some heavy work clearing back roads. After that, for days on end, they were back on regular hours and had chances to catch up on sleep. Tempers improved. Even Terry felt better. He postponed looking up a bus job. Just why, he could not say. Perhaps what Elsie had said kept him in check. Too, he had time to think about highway engineering. He found himself studying the layouts of the roads they cleared, the drainage and culverts, the grading and slopes. Here was interest.

They were running this morning from the home town of Clayton out the Rodney Road. This was a lonely highway, bordered by woods and scattered highways. Now and then it passed through a small village. The crew's assignment was from Clayton to Stantonville, from which point another plow carried on to Rodney. Running easy round trips, they kept the road clear without difficulty until the snow ceased in early afternoon. They were back in Clayton before four o'clock.

"Looks like we can turn in early for once," said Terry.

Tom was eying the smoke from chimneys and the cloud wrack. "I'm not so sure," he said. "I'll phone the boss from this diner ahead."

"Forget it, Tom," snapped Dave Wright, a more experienced member of the crew. "The snow's over."

Tom shook his head. He went into the roadside restaurant and was gone for some time. When he came back his expression was grave.

"Pile out and get a hot meal, fellows," he said. "We're in for it. The blowoff. A high gale is due to break any minute. You know what the wind will do to this snow. And the school bus has already left Rodney. It may be caught in some exposed spot.

They trooped into the diner and ate without appetite. While they dined Tom had sandwiches prepared and coffee containers filled. The crew eyed him gloomily. These signs pointed to a long night ahead.

When they tramped out fifteen minutes later, it was into a changed world. Flying clouds of stinging snow and grit lashed their faces. The gale was beginning to talk. No doubt about it; hard work lay ahead.

It was astounding what even a few minutes of such wind could do to dry snow. Staring ahead along the beam of the cabin searchlight, it seemed to Terry that the drifts rolled up like waves before his eyes. He saw Tom straining at the wheel and felt the shock of resisting snow mounds before they were two miles out.

Now the gale was roaring. Even the heavy plow shook in the heaviest blasts. They fought on. Time and again, they had to back and charge to break through heavy drifts. Here and there, they turned out to free cars or trucks, which followed on to the nearest village. Sometimes they simply picked up drivers and passengers, leaving cars half buried.

In his scant minutes in the cab, Terry thought of many things. He dismissed his growing fag. This was a fight, and he was responding to it. How long would Tom and the crew last? How much help had they already given! How much lay ahead to do? Where was the bus? Well, Dick would do his best. And Elsie. He hoped she had had sense to stay in Rodney or stop at some farm—

"Duck!" screamed Tom, braking hard.

The shriek of rending fibers almost drowned the warning. There followed a crash, a terrific jolt, the tinkle of breaking glass, a wave of icy air that wiped out the inner heat.

Terry picked himself up to find Tom slumped over the wheel. He saw the spike of a pine driven through the broken window.

"You're hurt!" Terry cried.

Tom straightened. "I'll make out," he gasped. "Get out and help cut away that tree. Get going."

Yielding to the other's driving will, Terry seized an axe and leaped out. Dave was already aiming his first blows at the spike pine that had toppled over from the edge of a cut, and had dented the plow and cracked the corner of the cab. The crew made short work of clearing away the wreckage. Then they piled back into the cab. Tom was lying back, his cheeks drained of all color.

"Take over the wheel, Terry." Tom forced a grin. "Yours is the easy job now. My arm's gone."

"Wood splinters," snapped Dave, "and the first aid packages." Expertly he strapped up the arm. Then he turned on Terry. "We must get him to a doctor at Stantonville. You had your orders. Get going."

Terry slid behind the wheel. The motor responded to his touch. He backed away; then he shifted to "forward" and lunged at the first drift. The plow struck. Snow flew high. The plow broke through, then yawed dangerously. Terry felt pains shoot to his shoulders as he fought for control. In that instant, much was made clear. Tom, there at the wheel of a tremendous machine, had had the real work.

He looked into Tom's pain-filled eyes and grinned. "I take back all I thought, Tom," he said. Then he set his jaw.

He thought he would not last the first quarter mile. Then he was doubtful about the mile. Only he couldn't let this conquer him. Once he slid off the road, but the crew cheerfully helped him back. Only twice did they have to stop to free travelers, but he was rocking at the wheel when he drew up at the doctor's house in Stantonville. Fortunately the doctor had just come in. He set Tom's arm and put him to bed.

"Any word of the other plow or the bus?" asked Terry then.

"The plow broke down outside of Rodney. The bus is thought to be trapped in the wilderness, a few miles out from here."

"County lines end here," said Terry. "I'll have to get orders to go on."

"Wires are down," said the doctor.

Terry looked over at his weary crew members. He stiffened his sore shoulders. "What are we waiting for?" he demanded.

The others followed him out. At the village store, they called for two

volunteer helpers. Then they headed out.

The fight began again. Charge—butt—break through—fall back—charge. Shock on shock. Terry had to have Dave help hold the wheel at times, but on they struggled, eyes always peering eagerly ahead. Finally an outside man yelped, pointing to a dim glow. They rounded a curve, and the searchlight picked out a stranded bus and a small fire surrounded by a few figures. They plowed alongside.

"Great work, Terry," croaked Dick. "We've got the youngsters wrapped up as well as possible in the coach. We bring out a few at a time to warm at the fire. Elsie's kept 'em happy and—"

Terry leaped out and lumbered forward through a drift. Elsie smiled at him from before the fire. She was sheltering a child.

"How did you get here?" he demanded. "And where's your coat? You'll freeze—"

"I'm all right," laughed Elsie. "I caught up with Dick and abandoned my car to help him. The coat? Oh, we have to keep the children wrapped. I'm all right. I come out here at intervals to turn myself like a roast on a spit to warm up. We only had a hatchet to cut wood."

Terry and his crew stripped off their outer jackets.

"Take these," Terry said. "The men will shovel the bus clear while I back down to a good turning point. Then I'll lead you in. The folks at Stantonville will house everyone for the night. Then I'll take the bus back to Clayton and have news radioed as to the safety of the children. Wires are down, you know."

The trip back to Stantonville was easy; but the trip on, for Terry and his crew, was another fight. The snow was still drifting. They rolled into Clayton, to find reporters and cameramen awaiting their arrival.

As quickly as possible, Terry gave the news, spoke of Tom and Dave and Elsie, and their work. Then he struggled home, and toppled into bed.

The telephone roused him at eight o'clock.

"Equal to work today?" came the voice of the boss.

"Be right down, sir," responded Terry before he thought.

It was two days before he was able to see Elsie, who had been fighting cold and exhaustion. She would say little.

And all Terry said was, "I'm sticking, Elsie. Somehow this square peg has been whittled to fit the situation."

"I'm happy, Terry," Elsie responded.

In the hall the telephone bell rang. Presently Mrs. Parker lookekd in to say, "A call for you, Terry. It was switched here."

Terry was gone for a long time. When he came back, mixed feelings were struggling for mastery over his expression.

"Elsie," he said, "I take that back about sticking."

"Amend it to read, 'I'll stick until winter is over.' That was a state engineer. For some reason, he thinks I'll do for his staff. Lady, behold a highway engineer."

"Probably he reads the papers," laughed Elsie.

BRITAIN

Traduis Quinn

When Julius Caesar had conquered nearly all of the known world of his day, he turned to conquer the unknown. The winds filled the bellies of his sails, and as God demanded, brought Caesar and his navy to the southern tip of the British Isles.

Great interest and yet fear filled Caesar's heart, and his men trembled, for they imagined they had come upon the part of the world which was about to explode. Before their very eyes they believed they saw hundreds of small volcanoes; each alive with sparks and flame issuing therefrom.

The following morning, when the sun began to rise, Julius, with a great and iron heart, sent several of his men to shore to investigate these small hills of puffing flame.

"Ecce," cried Julius, when he saw his men dipping the golden waters as they rowed beneath the evening sun, "what new tales will we hear when they tell of this grorious; yet hellish Isle."

"Violete! Volete!" cried the sailors as they clamored over the ships side, their faces full of grins and smiles as their lips promulgated the story of their findings upon this unknown Isle. "The fires we see from here are not volcanoes," reported the sailors nearest to Julius, "but are forges set upon the hilltops where the strongest breezes blow and are most steady to serve as a blast. The men we found there, heat their iron ore and fuse it together, they beat this iron with heavy hand hammers, and they make sharp heavy knives, heavy axes, and heavy long spears. We believe you can count their weapons by the number of forges on the hilltops."

"If you are right, as no doubt you are, we shall battle with brave and fearless people; people who will make the day of battle honorable and shall not be forgotten."

Adolf Hitler cannot sail his ships close enough to see the forges on the hills, but he knows that forges are still there. He knows too that he is battling with a great and fearless people.

Unlike Julius Caesar, Adolf Hitler is not happy to do battle with these people for he knows the fate of all those who have met "those who cannot be forgotten." He is afraid history will repeat itself.

———:———

The angels, from their thrones on high,
Look down on us with wondering eye,
That where we are but passing guests,
We build such strong and solid nests;
But where we hope to stay for aye,
We scarce take pains one stone to lay.

—Old English.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Mr. Wade Cashion, of Raleigh, director of the division of institutions and correction, State Board of Charity and Public Welfare, called at the School last Wednesday afternoon. He was on his way to visit his sister in Charlotte.

—:—

The feature attraction at the regular weekly motion picture show in our auditorium last Thursday night was "The Devil's Pipe-Line," and the short comedy shown at the same time was "Andy Panda's Crazy House." Both are Universal productions.

—:—

Mr. J. E. Adams, officer in charge of the Receiving Cottage, was seen walking about the campus the other day for the first time since undergoing an operation at the Cabarrus County General Hospital about five weeks ago. He stated that he was feeling fine and hoped to be back on the job in a short time.

—:—

Mr. J. Lee White, our farm manager, recently informed us that the total amount of lespedeza seed realized from the threshing of last season's crop was 30,000 pounds of very fine seed. A quantity of 17,000 pounds was sold a short time ago to the Hall Johnson Seed Company, Charlotte. It is estimated that a smaller portion will probably be left for the market after seeding about three hundred acres of our farm land.

—:—

Due to the fact that the auditorium floor had been recently re-finished, there were no religious services held in that building last Sunday. The Sunday school lesson was not overlooked, however, as classes were conducted in the cottages, but it was necessary to call off the rugular afternoon church service.

—:—

A survey made of the School property following the recent cold wave which visited this section revealed that very little damage was done to water pipes on the campus. It was found that just a few pipes had been frozen, but Mr. Wyatt and his group of helpers quickly made repairs. On one morning during the cold "spell" the thermomter registered close to the zero mark, but we are glad that the cold weather did not last very long.

—:—

That our little weekly magazine covers more territory than most of us realize is evidenced by the receipt of the following letter from Mr. John O. Waltner, Wallace, Idaho, who is Chief of Probation in the County of Shoshone. in which he has this to say: "Will you please add my name to your mailing list so that I might regularly receive copies of The Uplift?

If the publication is not distributed free, please let me know how much your subscription price is." We are adding Mr. Waltner's name to our list, beginning with this issue.

—:—

Jeff Blizzard, a former member of the Cottage No. 4 group, was a visitor here last Wednesday afternoon. He was admitted to the School, January 4, 1924, coming from Mt. Airy, and was allowed to return to his home, January 11, 1926. This was the first time he had been back to see us since leaving the institution. Jeff, who is now a young man of thirty-two years, stated that he had been employed in a hosiery mill in Mt. Airy practically all of the time for the past sixteen years. He also told us he had been married eleven years and had three children. In conversation with some of the School officials, Jeff spoke quite highly of what his stay of two years at the institution had meant to him. He said the training received here had given him something for the betterment of his life that he could not have possibly received elsewhere.

—:—

Shortly before Christmas it was our privilege to see the largest Christmas card we had ever seen. It measured 22 by 28 inches, and upon it the boys of the printing class had drawn with colored crayons, the stable at Bethlehem with the bright star shining overhead; shepherds in the fields with their sheep; and other scenes representing events on that first Christmas night. These lads had done all this without the knowledge of the printing instructor, and had addressed it to his mother, Mrs. Lillian M. Buckman, Flemington, New Jersey. A few days ago, there came a parcel post package addressed to the boys of the printing department, in which was found a note of thanks from Mrs. Buckman, expressing her appreciation for the huge Christmas card, and, better still, several pounds of candy, some of it being of the home-made variety. It is needless to say the lads thoroughly enjoyed this treat, and we have heard whispers that they are going to make a larger card next year.

—:—

We recently received a note from Miss Ethel Longhurst, of San Francisco, California. It will be recalled by many who met Miss Longhurst when she visited the School last July, that for many years she was employed by the Paris branch of a large New York banking institution, and that she was able to make her escape, with some of her belongings tucked into a small traveling bag, just two days before Hitler's gangsters captured that city. Being a British subject, she was unable to return to her home in England, and, after much delay in Vichy, France, and in Lisbon, Portugal, she finally managed to secure passage to the United States. After spending some time with relatives in Concord, she went to San Francisco. Now that we are at war with Japan, and black-outs and others defense measures are in

order all along the Pacific Coast, Miss Longhurst writes: "It seems that I haven't chosen the right spot for a refuge, as I've just exchanged Hitler's minions for the Japs. Anyway, after all I had to go through in Vichy, it takes a lot to frighten me now, so I'm keeping calm, waiting for the day when the Axis powers will be completely wiped out." We were glad to hear from "Aunt" Ethel, and hope she will find it convenient to visit us again.

———:———

OLD GOURD MAY FIND ITSELF AGAIN

There was a time when the old water gourd occupied a conspicuous place in many homes, particularly in rural areas where the gourd vine furnished a goodly supply throughout the year. It was quite an art to know how to cut just the right opening and to scoop out the seeds and soft interior, leaving a useful receptacle with curved handle. Civilization then provided tin dippers and cups and the gourds were relegated to the wash house where they still are used for dipping water from the wash pots or for holding home-made lye soap.

It looks now as if the old gourd might again be found hanging on a nail beside the water bucket to replace the tin utensils the manufacture of which has been banned due to the loss of vital tin imports from the Far East. More than 80 per cent of the nation's tin supply has come from the alluvial deposits along British Malaya, the southernmost tip of Asia, and with shipping so hazardous in that war area, the OPM has already ordered sharp reductions of civilian consumption of articles made from tin. After March 31, the manufacture of 29 commodities using tin will be prohibited entirely.

The 29 commodities in which tin must not be used include: advertising specialties, toys, art objects, automobile solder, musical instruments, beverage dispensing units, buckles, some building supplies, buttons, chimes, bells emblems and insignia, eyelets, fasteners, household furnishings, jewelry, novelties, ornaments, refrigerator trays, seals and labels, slot and vending machines, and tin coated paper.—Smithfield Herald.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending January 11, 1942

RECEIVING COTTAGE
Wade Aycoth
Carl Barrier
Richard Kye
Paul Matthews
Edward Moore
Robert Padgett
Weaver F. Ruff
Edgar Simmons
Charles Wootton

COTTAGE NO. 1
Doris Hill

COTTAGE NO. 2
John Crumpler
Bernice Hoke
James McGlammery
Charles Tate
Newman Tate

COTTAGE NO. 3
John Bailey
James Blake
Robert Coleman
Kenneth Conklin
Jack Crotts
Robert Hare
Jerry Jenkins
Dewey Lanning
Jack Lemley
Robert Quick
William T. Smith
John Tolley
Jerome Wiggins

COTTAGE NO. 4
Donald Hobbs
Thomas Yates

COTTAGE NO. 5
Theodore Bowles
J. H. Peek

COTTAGE NO. 6
Elgin Atwood
James Burr
Earl Hoyle
David Howard
Robert Jarvis
Edward Kinion
John Linville
Durwood Martin
Vollie McCall
Reitzel Southern
Emerson Sawyer
Wesley Turner
Houston Turner
William Wilkerson

COTTAGE NO. 7
John H. Averitte
Hurley Bell
Henry B. Butler
William Butler
George Green
Carl Justice
John Mazoo
Arnold McHone
Ernest Turner

COTTAGE NO. 8
Samuel Kirksey
Max Shelley

COTTAGE NO. 9
Gerald Amos
Leonard Church
David Cunningham
James Hale
Edgar Hedgepeth
Grady Kelly
Daniel Kilpatrick
Alfred Lamb
Isaac Mahaffey
Marvin Matheson
William Nelson
James Ruff
Glenn Wilcox
Horace Williams

COTTAGE NO. 10
Arcemias Hefner
John Lee
Charles Phillips
Jack Warren

COTTAGE NO. 11
J. C. Allen
Marvin Bradley
Ralph Fisher

Robert Goldsmith
Earl Hildreth
A. B. Hoyle
Everett Morris
Henry McGraw
Sam Stewart
Fred Stewart
Canipe Shoe
James Tyndall

COTTAGE NO. 12

(No honor roll)

COTTAGE NO. 13

James Brewer
Otha Dennis
Vincent Hawes
James Johnson
James Lane
Charles Metcalf
Randall Peeler
Fred Rhodes
Paul Roberts
Alex Shopshire
Ray Smith
Earl Wolfe

COTTAGE NO. 14

Robert Caudle
Robert Deyton
Henry Ennis
Audie Farthing
John Ferguson
John Hamm
William Lane
Roy Mumford
Charles McCoyle
John Maples
John Robbins
Charles Steepleton
J. C. Willis
Jack West

COTTAGE NO. 15

(No honor roll)

INDIAN COTTAGE

Raymond Brooks
Frank Chavis
James E. Hall
Cecir Jacobs
Ernest Jacobs
John T. Lowry
Varcie Oxendine
Louis Stafford

GOD IN NATURE

There's nothing bright, above, below,
From flowers that bloom to stars that glow,
But in its light my soul can see
Some features of the Deity.

There's nothing dark, below, above,
But in its gloom I trace Thy love,
And meekly wait the moment when
Thy touch shall make all bright again.

The light, the dark, where'er I look,
Shall be one pure and shining book,
Where I may read, in words of flame,
The glories of thy wondrous name.

—Thomas Moore.

JAN 26 1942

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXX CONCORD, N. C., JANUARY 24, 1942 No. 4

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HOW TO LIVE

Let me live and serve my fellow man,
Let me help with his burdens that crush;
Let me speak a kind word of good cheer to
the man
Who has fallen behind in the rush.

There are wounds I might heal, there are
breaks I might mend,
There's a cup of cold water to give;
And the one who has learned to serve his
fellow man
Is the one who has learned how to live.

—Selected.

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The Uplift

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

BROTHERHOOD

It's the kindly hearts of earth that make
This good old world worth while;
It's the lips with tender words that make
The care-erasing smile.
And I ask myself this question when
My goodly gifts I see—
Am I a friend to as many men
As have been good friends to me?

When my brothers speak a word of praise
My wavering will to aid,
I ask if ever their long, long way
My words have brighter made.
And to my heart I bring again
This eager, earnest plea—
Make me a friend to as many men
As are good friends to me.

—Selected.

ECONOMY A NECESSITY

Hardly did we realize how far the automobile business extended out into the life of the nation until the announcement was made relative to the curtailment of cars and the necessity of conserving rubber. These conditions seriously affect the automobile salesmen and other business dependent upon motor cars for a livelihood. Furthermore, the social life will feel this drastic but necessary shortage of vehicles and people will begin to walk while their cars are parked in garages. We have already heard echoes of parking cars if for no other reason than to save tires. If often takes misfortunes of one kind or another to make one realize the countless blessings enjoyed. They usually prove blessings in disguise.

There has been much joy-riding indulged in by all classes, es-

pecially among people not financially able to meet the necessary demands for human needs. In cases of this type the curtailment of "joy-rides" perhaps means better living conditions in thousands of homes. Moreover, the allowance of a certain number of tires to relative districts means not only rubber is conserved for national defense, but gas is saved for the same purpose. We write charitably when we say we accept the war as an ill wind, but in all such instances, ill winds or what-not, something good will be realized, if nothing more than a better understanding of economic conditions.

From the many appeals for conserving oil, rubber, and different metals, it is easy to see that our country up to this time has not been self-sufficient to meet emergencies. It is not unusual to see students of history and geography looking over maps to refresh their memories concerning the places referred to by news analysts, and reviewing history so as to have a better understanding of mineral resources of all countries involved. One of the greatest lessons learned from this terrible maelstrom into which we have been drawn, is that no one nation is solely independent of others, neither can one person, one family live happily or successfully alone. There must exist reciprocity and good will among all peoples if peace is to be enjoyed. It is true that rubber, oil and metals are needed for a mechanized army to meet the enemy, but the greatest need is man power, with courage and fine spirit, wearing the whole armor of God.

* * * * * * * *

HOUSEWIVES' PART IN WAR

This war, like the last one, brought to the attention of the American people the fact that we are undernourished. Not eating the right kind of food has been responsible for a large per cent of the selectees who have been disqualified from military service.

Realizing the importance of keeping Amercans strong, the Office of Defense Health and Welfare Services has begun a nutrition campaign. The first poster issued in this campaign listed seven foods that should be eaten every day to enable the average man, woman and child to keep in good health:

(1) Milk—at least a pint for everyone, more for children—or cheese, or evaporated or dried milk.

(2) Oranges, tomatoes, grapefruit or raw cabbage—at least one of these."

(3) Vegetables—green, leafy and yellow—one big helping—some raw, some cooked.

(4) Potatoes and Apples—and other vegetables and fruit.

(5) Lean Meat, Poultry or Fish—or sometimes dried beans or peas.

(6) Eggs—at least 3 or 4 a week, cooked any way you choose or in 'made' dishes.

(7) Bread and cereal—whole grain products or enriched bread and flour.

Every housewife in Johnston county should study the above list, which is based on the research findings of the government, industry, and educational institutions, in order that she may be able to serve meals with the needed vitamins. The health of our nation depends upon the housewives of our nation.—Smithfield Herald.

* * * * * * * *

USEFULNESS OF THE DAIRY COW

Usually when one deplores the dearth of cows on our farms, we think of the usefulness of cows in terms of health. And providing milk to build healthy bodies is a major usefulness of dairy herds. More milk producing cows would surely make people stronger physically, mentally and spiritually and would cause much of the poverty to vanish.

But the cows can mean more to rural Johnston county than a producer of health. Fred M. Haige, professor of animal husbandry and dairying at State College, observes that the cow plays an important role in achieving this balanced farming about which we hear a great deal.

Mr. Haige says any farmer who keeps five to ten cows and pays strict attention to their feeding, breeding and management will clearly understand the meaning of balanced farming and permanent security.

The State College professor deplores the lack of cows on North Carolina farms, especially the total absence of cows from many of the cotton and tobacco farms. He advocates the addition of a few cows on the cotton and tobacco farms as a sideline to the cash crop

income. On thousands of these farms, he asserts sufficient feed for five to ten cows could be raised without interfering with the production of the regular cash crops.

And getting down to the point, Professor Haige explains that the dairy industry is closely related to the maintenance of soil fertility, which the farmer must consider as an indirect profit. The livestock farmer gives back much of what he takes from the land. And he anchors the soil. Valuable top soil does not wash or blow off in dust from hillsides where grass is green and cattle graze.

This indirect profit which cows help to produce can often mean the difference between security and poverty or near-poverty.

—Smithfield Herald.

* * * * * * * *

FRANKLIN AND LEE

Two famous Americans were born during this month, on January 17 and 19. First that of Benjamin Franklin a scientist, inventor and statesman, the second a military genuis and a greatly renowned soldier. Franklin was like Lincoln in being a self-made man who reached the heights, a famous humorist and capable of exceptional tact. He took part in the drawing of the Declaration of Independence. Due to this fact he was a decided help in ironing out matters of state. All will remember his humorous remarks from "Poor Richard's Almanac."

Then rises the figure of Robert E. Lee, the great general of the Civil War, respected by the northland and beloved by the southern states. We have long past the bitterness that came with and followed the war and have rightly recognized the worth of those men who fought in a battle for a cause in which their heart told them they were right. Be it south or north, there is no boundry line in the naming of real Americans, especially such as Franklin and Lee.

—Mooresville Enterprise.

* * * * * * * * *

Husbands and wives in Hawaii are to be peaceable and content —for the duration of the war! That is the inner substance of a decree issued by the Hawaiian Territorial courts at their recent re-

convening. The courts will refuse to take any time to listen to the complaints of disappointed couples. If they must fight, let them do it in defense of their country. That at least will give them a more dignified outlet for their feelings. It is possible the judges think that battle against a common foe will heal the wounds inflicted on their marital unity. The decree is said to go even farther and to include the dropping of all lawsuits for which jury trials must be held, jurors chosen and witnesses subpoenaed. Here again strife is to be turned only upon the invader. Consider this one form of war waged to make peace, and it has certain merits that must be approved.—The Lutheran.

* * * * * * * * *

IF IMPOSSIBLE TO LOVE—TEACH TOLERATION

Hard as it may be, we should at least tolerate our enemies, if not possible to love them according to the teachings of the Scriptures, so as to keep from kindling the spirit of hate in the bosom of the youths of the nation. This short excerpt, taken from an exchange, shows a spirit of revenge:

> "Among some of the young people there is a bitter feeling toward children who are not responsible for their forebears. At least, we of maturer years should teach tolerance if we find it impossible to 'love our enemies'. Moreover, America is the melting-pot for all nationalities, and there is nothing for us to do but accept conditions with as much grace as possible. Let us not inspire the spirit of hate in the hearts of young people of any race, regardless of color or creed. We must practice peace at home if order is to be established in the world."

This is an example of some existing conditions in the United States today which should be discouraged.

LOOKING FOR THE BEST

By Dr. Holland, in The Farmer

What do you look for when you look at other people? Do you see their weaknesses? Their little faulty ways of thought and action? Or do you see them as "brothers and sisters" striving, like yourself, for the unattained? Do you see their unformed wings or their well-formed horns? Madame De Stael said the more she studied dogs, the better she understood men. All of which shows she ran around with the wrong kind of men.

Nothing is sillier than to set ourselves up as judgement-seat prigs, self-appointed to dispense our faulty judgments upon our fellows. I like the higher ways of looking at people. When someone falls below our set standards of conduct, we cannot judge how much was resisted, or how hard they tried. This is not to condone the faults or sins of another, but is a search for the good he failed to achieve. We, too, often forget that none of us is so very good, and that there is some good in the worst of us.

Emerson said that he never read of the miscreant deeds of another man but that he felt within himself the ability to have done the same thing. It has been often reported that John Bunyan, seeing another man being led past his prison window, going out to be hanged, said, "There goes John Bunyan, but for the Grace of God."

Every follower of Jesus, even the admirers of Jesus' character, have before them the constant example of the Divinity that looks for the divine in each human being. America is a mixture of various races in various stages of enlightenment. We are a diverse lot of folks. How inane it is for us to sling our epithets at each other. Such names as "Dago," "Wop," "Nigger," "Chink," and "Hunyock" are a disgrace to us. We forget that God is the father of all Mankind, and not one kind of man. Every herd of cattle affords a few scrubs, but we do not judge a breed of cattle by the few scrubs it produces. No more should we misjudge our fellows by pointing out the inferior individuals.

Mud-slinging may blacken the people at whom we throw our dirty sarcasm but the mud-slinger always has dirty hands. A slight glance at people will reveal that from the hovels, from the under-privileged, has risen many of the great leaders of our race.

When Peter was being trained in world-wide ideas, after a vision of all sorts of beasts seeming to be let down from heaven, he heard this, "Henceforth, call thou no man common or unclean."

THE OTHER MAN

'Perhaps he sometimes slipped a bit— Well, so have you.
Perhaps some things he ought to quit— How about you?
Perhaps he may have faltered— Why? Well, all men do, and so have I,
You must admit, unless you lie, That so have you.
Perhaps if we could recollect, Perfection we would not expect,
But just a man, part way correct, Like me and you."

CASEIN PLASTIC DEMAND GROWS

(Selected)

Announcement of greatly increased Argentine production and shipment of casein, important "miracle" plastic, comes at a time when commercial uses of the skimmed-milk product are multiplying in the United States.

"Casein actually is pulling the rabbits out of felt hats," says a bulletin from the National Geographic society. "Among the product's multitude of uses is that of serving as a replacement for rabbits' fur, once used in making felt but now restricted for wartime needs.

"What is casein? It is a dry white powder made from the curd in skimmed milk, composed of hydrogen, carbon, nitrogen, sulphur, and phosphorus. It has a food value comparable to that of the protein in meat. It does not dissolve in water.

"The process of making skimmed milk into casein and thence into such things as plastic ornaments is a lenthy one. The milk is curdled by the use of rennin or hydrochloric or sulphuric acid. The whey is drained off, leaving pure casein ready for processing.

"The casein is ground to a fine powder, and then mixed with water into a plastic dough. The dough is molded under pressure to any desired shape. Molds thus obtained must be hardened and rendered as waterproof as possible by soaking in formaldehyde. After a period of drying and seasoning, the plastic article is ready for use.

"Many types of articles are made from plastic casein. Combs, beads, buttons, cigarette holders, manicure sets, and umbrella handles are a few of them.

"Other uses for casein include waterproofing and sizing paper, making cold-water paints, cements for porcelian and glassware, and glues for bookbinding, woodwork and airplane construction. Casein forms a base for cosmetics, and is used as a major ingredient of special foods and confectioneries.

"Casein plastics are easily machined and polished, and can be produced in a variety of colors. They are fireproof, durable, and can be substituted for celluloid in many products.

"Newest use for casein is in the manufacture of a filber to make blankets, draperies, upholstery, dresses, and other products now made from wool or rayon. This is produced by treating casein with chemicals, heating it into a thick syrupy emulsion, and then forcing it through a machine under hydrostatic pressure from which it emerges as thousands of strands of thin filbers.

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God grants liberty only to those who love it, and are always ready to guard and defend it.—Daniel Webster.

FEEDING THE HUNGRY IN CHINA

(Zion's Herald)

It is the misguided opinion of certain smug creatures like myself that only a dyed-in-the-wool author can write vividly about China and the strange story of what American help is doing there. Missionaries and relief workers? Oh, no, they can't write! They're half angels, but they will never learn to describe the human little details that people like to know about.

Well, well! Let me introduce to you the nurses of the Tinghai American hospital on the far-off island of the Checkiang coast called Chusan. In recent months, their hospital and relief work has been cheered to the skies and doubled and trebled by the arrival on Chunsan of supplies and wheat, precious as gold from America —part of the four million odd dollars' worth of life-giving food and medicines which have been sent to China during her war by the American Red Cross. I quote the nurses, exactly as they have written home to this country. For their words speak so simply but so perfectly that one can almost place one's finger upon the printed page and touch the heart of China.

"Every day," they write, "between 10 and 11 o'clock, a big bowl of cooked cracked wheat from the American Red Cross, thick with vegetables and salt in it, is served to any starving man, woman, or child who comes to the door. The meal is much appreciated. It is hot and good in taste and, as our guests say, "This wheat is so filling, it keeps us from feeling hungry for a long time."

"Early in the morning, they are waiting in the narrow street outside, with their bowls and chopsticks in hand. Their bowls—few indeed have a real rice bowl. Old milk tins, wooden pots, but they prefer to use them because they are their own. Old men, sick men, and poor mothers with children, and beggars of all ages and kinds. The beggars were rather tiresome at first, but now they have settled down to obey the few simple rules of order and good behavior required. They eat slowly, enjoying each mouthful. At present, cabbages are too dear, so the Chinese cucumber "bou," is chopped and cooked with the wheat. This is much to their taste.

"Little, by little, clothes, made from the empty rice and wheat sacks are being distributed to these poor guests. Some are dyed dark blue, but the majority are white with the red cross and writing in full evidence. They don't mind, they turn the coats that side and seem rather proud of the red cross.

"The numerous little beggar boys have short pants (which delight them) and little white coats. It is quite interesting to see how respectable our daily dinner party grows in appearance as the clothes are distributed. It was found that by very vigorous washing with plenty of soap and soda, the red dye of the red cross passed into the rest of the stuff, turning it a brilliant pink. This pink is used for the clothes of the

little girls, and their joy is touching to see "Mama, please give me a pink coat," we hear on all sides.

"We tell the little beggars that they look so nice in their clean coats and that if their faces were washed, it would be better still. Now we cut sacks in four places and distribute them as wash towels. Our little friends laugh, they can't see the use of that, but with the charm characteristic of the Chinese, they are so anxious to please you that they run away to the river to wash themselves thinking it all a huge joke."

They say, who know best, that at least four million Chinese have been helped by the relief sent through the American Red Cross in recent years by the men and women of this country, who cannot help sending the relief because they are Americans. Of that four million, how many have been saved from actual and imminent death? No one will ever know. Perhaps a million, perhaps three. An army of them, anyway—a multitude of men and women and children who have been given back their lives and their hopes, their laughter and their tears. The death sentence has been commuted, because the people of America and the Red Cross of America would not let them die. It is a hard thing to describe in flesh and blood—this strange reprieve. Again, those anonymous nurses of Chusan

"A few days ago," their letter goes on, "a tall, haggard-faced woman, not very old, came to our door carrying a tiny wasted baby. It was a common sight these days, and we know what we should hear. "Moma I have nothing to eat and my baby is starving. I beg you to take it into your House of Mercy and help me." How old is your baby? we asked Fourteen months old, came the reply. One could hardly believe it—the poor mite was not the size of a new-born baby and hardly weighed a few pounds. A man accompanied them. He had a huge protruding abdomen, flat chest, and wizened face like that of an old man. The story was a sad one. In the first moon this year, the husband and father had died of typhoid. "Ah," said the woman weeping 'if I had only known of your house and hospital. I could have brought him here and he would have been cured. He was a boatman and we just managed to live, though, in these hard days, food was more scarce then before. But when my husband died, I had nothing. My little boy of twelve and I gathered wood on the mountain and sold it, or I did servant work by the day in houses and then my little baby was cared for by her big brother.

"They had walked from Senkang, forty li (fourteen miles) away, and all were exhausted. At once the lad of twelve was put into the Men's Hospital and examined for treatment; the mother and her baby found room in the Nursery No 3. At the end of the second day the mother was rested, well fed, her clothing changed and washed, but another outfit (made of Red Cross empty sacks) given to her. The little lad in the hospital was to stay for at least another two weeks for his treatment, and the mother, with a small sack well filled with wheat and rice of the Red Cross and a money alms in her pocket, went away smiling. She came back

in two weeks but again the doctor urged another two weeks' rest and good food for her boy. The tiny wasted baby she found lying in a comfortable crib in a cool corner of the veranda, no longer fretful, but as frail as could be. In spite of strengthening remedies the little heart was beating feebly. So very many that are brought can only be made clean and comfortable, for they are too far gone. But this one? We shall pull her through. We are sure if it."

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REMEMBER PEARL HARBOR

Remember well, Pearl Harbor
In December-forty-one.
Remember war with Nippon
At the time, had not begun.

When on the peace and quiet
Of Oahu by the sea,
There came the hordes of fury,
And of Hell's iniquity.

They came on Sabbath morning,
When all was calm and fair,
And there was neither warning
Nor disturbance anywhere.

Until the bombs came bursting,
Over land and over sea,
And left their bloody victims
In a land at peace and free.

Nor force nor God can save them
From a retribution strong,
In the battle of the future,
Be it short or be it long.

L'Envoi

Remember then, Pearl Harbor,
And those who lie there dead.
In a clarion call—
To Americans all—
For the days that lie ahead.

—William Franklin Atwood.

FRANKLIN DISCOVERS A NEW SCIENCE

By Pearl H. Campbell

Did you have toast for breakfast made on an electric toaster this morning? If so, perhaps you thought of how much electrical appliances add to the comfort and convenience of our homes. It made you realize again the great debt we owe to the wizard Edison for his discoveries.

Edison's work was based on the foundations laid by a pioneer in the field, one of the greatest and most colorful characters America has ever produced, Benjamin Franklin. Although he was born more than 200 years ago, a leading scientist recently said of him, "He may properly be regarded as the most distinguished man of science this country has ever produced."

Ben Franklin should be an inspiration to every boy in America, particularly to boys who think they haven't a chance because their parents are poor and they have to leave school when the times demand educated men. Franklin was poor, too, during his early years. His schooldays ended when he was only ten years old, but that did not stop him from getting an education.

Franklin was born in Boston on a Sunday morning in January, 1706. Because he was the tenth child his father thought it would be fitting to dedicate him to God and to educate him for the ministry. He wasted no time about it for that very day he took the little fellow across the street in the snow to the Old South Church and had him baptized. Such a tiny little mite he was, with wee pink fists and a puckered face. No one who watched the solemn and beautiful ceremony could have had any idea of the part those helpless baby hands would have in shaping the destiny of the nation. Not even his father could have foreseen that his son's name would be signed to all four papers that brought about our independence from the mother country.

As a small boy, Benjamin showed the love for books that he kept throughout his life. He learned to read at such an early age that his father was certain he would be a great success as a clergyman. Unfortunately there were no free schools at that time, and though father and mother did their best to give him an education, they could pay his tuition for only two years. During that time Benjamin had learned to write fairly well, but he hated arithmetic and failed in it.

Schoolroom doors closed behind him when he was ten years old. He came home to help his father make soap and candles; cutting wicks, running errands and sometimes waiting on customers in the little shop. The work was tiresome and uninteresting. Benjamin's mind was full of wild dreams and ambitions. He read all of the books in his father's little collestion, The Bible, Plutarch's Lives, even to the dull books of sermons that filled the shelves. Whenever he had any

money to spend he bought books, beginning with Pilgrim's Progress. He liked this so much that he bought the rest of Bunyan's writings, selling them a little later to purchase forty little books of travel, adventure and history.

Yet even books could not satisfy his craving for excitement. Into Boston harbor came ships from far-off ports, bringing all sorts of strange and interesting cargoes. Benjamin, who could swim like a fish and manage a boat almost as well as his elders, found the waterfront very fascinating. He would be a seaman, he announced at home, and sail away to find adventure in one of those beautiful white-winged boats bound for China or India.

An older brother had done this very thing and never returned. Josiah Franklin could not bear to lose another boy in this way, especially a boy who had been dedicated to God. So father and son took long walks, watching men working at many trades, as carpenters, masons, potters. The father thought that in this way the young Benjamin would find work to do that he really enjoyed. He was a good boy, not lazy nor disobedient. He was full of pent-up energy, fond of working with his hands and with a bright inquiring mind, eagerly reading every book and pamphlet that came his way.

Finally Josiah decided he should be a printer. The nine years he would have to serve as an apprentice would keep him from running away to sea and might cure him of the desire altogether. His elder brother James had a shop and a press of his own and was doing fairly well. He could make use of the boy, he told his father. Somewhat reluctantly, Benjamin signed the agreement to serve his brother as an apprentice until he was twenty-one, nine long years away.

Benjamin did, indeed, find much to interest him in his new work. He liked to listen to the writers who frequently came in to talk to James when they brought articles for his paper. He thought it would be great fun to write for the paper. He knew that James would refuse to print anything he wrote, so he used to write short articles, carefully disguising his handwriting, then slipping them under the door so that his brother could not guess their source. James thought they were very good; so did his friends. Fourteen-year-old Benjamin laughed in his sleeve as they tried to guess what learned man was the author of the papers.

Still, the two brothers were never good friends. James was stern and overbearing, Ben sometimes impudent and perverse. They quarreled frequently. At last Benjamin rebelled and ran away to Philadelphia where he spent his last pennies for three loaves of bread and walked down the street with one under each arm as he ate the third. Pretty Deborah Read saw him as he passed her father's house and laughed, not dreaming then that he would one day be her husband.

He soon found work as a printer. He was a good workman and very industrious. The hardships of that little home in Boston had taught him the value of thrift. As a result, all through his life he lived simply, never wasting his money, buying only things that were worth while, yet he was always

generous and ready to help those in need.

He was only eighteen when he was induced to go to London where he found work in a well-known printing house in Bartholomew Close. Here he was known as the "Water American" because he drank water instead of beer. He tried in vain to convince one of the workers that there was more flour in a penny loaf of bread than in a pint of beer and therefore more power to give strength. The man only laughed at him and continued, as Franklin said, "to spend money for the cursed beverage which kept him in poverty."

Back in America after eighteen months, he married Deborah Reed and was soon in business for himself. In his little shop there was a curious assortment of things: paper, ink, books, legal blanks, quill pens, soap, feathers, even groceries. Later he started the Pennsylvania Gazette, the best newspaper in the colonies, and began to publish his famous "Poor Richard's Almanac." Its fame spread over the whole civilized world, for in those days when books were few and costly, almanacs were the literature of the masses.

So well did he follow his own rules for thrift and industry that he was able to retire with a comfortable fortune when he was only forty-three years old. Before retiring he began his experiments in electricity. He was the first man to make electricity useful, the first to provide ways to control its mighty power.

Until Franklin's famous experiment with a kite, the world believed that lightning was caused by poisonous gases explodong in the ais. Franklin wanted to prove that electricity could be drawn from the clouds during a thunderstorm and that it had all the properties of ordinary electricity. In order to avoid the ridicule of his neighbors, he slipped out to a secluded spot in Philadeplphia with his son William on a hot day in June, 1752. He flew a kite during a thunderstorm, insulated the twine leading up to the kite with a silk ribbon, and attached a key to the end of the twine. Standing in the doorway of an old barn, with William watching eagerly at his side, when a thunderstorm passed over the kite, he was able to get electric sparks from the key and to charge Leyden jars with it.

Franklin had discovered an entirely new science. A great force in nature, which had frightened and mystified men for thousands of years, was about to become their servant. If only Franklin could have had a glimpse of a modern home how his honest face would have shone with happiness. How brilliant and beautiful our lights would have seemed in comparison with the candles he made as a little boy in his father's shop.

Franklin was the first to discover that a current of electricity can magnetize a piece of steel. He found that a wire carring a current of electricity and wound around a piece of iron makes the iron a magnet. The telegraph, telephone and electric motor are based on this theory. His discoveries laid the foundation upon which Morse, Edison and others built. A celebrated Frenchman said of him in later years: "He snatched the light ning from the skies and the scepter from tyrants."

Although we honor him as a

scientist and philanthropist, he is greatest of all as a patriot. Other men would undoubtedly have found out the secrets of electricity in time, but he did a unique service for his country. During the last years of the War of the Revolution the young nation was in dire straits for money. "We must have one of two things," Washington said despairingly in 1780, "peace or money from France." Franklin, through the love the French people had for him, provided it as by a miracle.

His name was signed to the Declaration of Independence, the Treaty of Alliance with France, the Treaty of Peace with England, and the Constitution, truly a splendid record for one man. His last great work was done in the Constitutional Convention in 1787, when he was eighty-one years old.

Several times the delegates broke up to return home without accomplishing anything, but Franklin got them together and persuaded them to continue their work. At one time, when it seemed as though the convention would end in failure, Franklin rose and offered his famous resolution for prayers. "I have lived, sir, a long time," he said in closing, "and the longer I live the more convincing proofs I see of this truth; that God governs in the affairs of men."

The resolution was not adopted, but prayers are now offered in both Houses of Congress and in all our state legislatures.

When he died, three years later, the government owed him several thousand dollars, but he declined to press the payment. He left an estate of $150,000, quite a fortune for the times. His will provded for bequests to the cities of Boston and Philadelphia, gracious, kindly gestures of a warm and loving heart; of a man dedicated to God on his birthday and serving faithfully throughout his long life.

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MACHINE WEIGHS DOTS

What is the weight of a dot made with a pencil on a piece of paper? This is a question answered by the X-ray spectroscopic method for analyzing rare elements and is a discovery of the Geological Institute in Moscow, Russia. It detects quantities as minute as one five-millionth of a gramme of a substance, which is less than the weight of a pencil dot. An X-ray spectrograph for making such analysis has been designed by I Borovsky of the laboratory and M. Blochin. The method is important to mining and manufacturing industries.—Selected.

A SOLDIER OF WAR AND PEACE

By Mary Machin Gardner

Robert E. Lee was born on January 19, 1807, at Stratford, a stately old mansion in Westmoreland County, Virginia.

This little boy's ancestors—the Carters and the Lees—were two of the proudest and most illustrious families in that "cradle of genius," the Northern Neck of Virginia. His father was Light-Horse Harry Lee—General Henry Lee—of Revolutionary War fame, friend and neighbor of Weorge Washington. During his one term in Congress Light-Horse Harry Lee gave the immortal eulogy of Washington—"First in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen." His mother, Ann Carter Lee, was a descendant of the famous "King" Carter of colonial Virginia.

Stratford belonged to Light-Horse Harry Lee's first wife (who was also a Lee of the older line) and when Robert was about three years old, the estate was turned over to his half-brother, Henry Lee, Jr., according to the mother's bequest. Consequently Light-Horse Harry moved his family eaight-five miles up the Potomac to Alexandria, where they lived very modestly in the Cameron Street home, for their only income was the interest from a trust fund left Ann Carter Lee by her father. For the next decade and a half, Robert E. Lee lived in the "home town of George Washington," the man with whose name Lee's was often associated in the future years.

Light-Horse Harry Lee died in March, 1818, on his way home from Barbados where he had gone five years before in hopes of regaining his health. Thereafter, the entire care, support and training of the five Lee children devolved upon their mother, whose health was failing even before their father left for Barbados. Ann Lee early instilled in Robert a deep religious consciousness and the fundamentals of the code of a Virginia gentleman: self-control, self-denial, and the strictest economy in all financial matters. A code which half a century later Lee, as president, passed on to the students of Washington College.

Living as the Lees did in the "home town of George Washington," young Robert grew up in a Washington atmosphere—both outside his home and in his home, where Washington was revered next to God. Playing along the streets Washington surveyed, he saw the fire engine Washington gave the city and the place from which Washington left with Braddock's troops to fight the French and Indians. Robert attended Christ Church where Washington had worshiped and heard the Scriptures read from the family Bible used at Mount Vernon. He also saw on the wall a memorial tablet to George Washington, beside which, years later, his own memorial was to be placed.

It is not surprising, therefore, that the life of Washington influenced the boy Lee more than any other, but it is surprising that Lee's life showed so many similarities to that of Washington.

Born at spots only five miles apart in the same section of Virginia, each as a small child moved up the Potomac —Washington to Hunting Creek, later named Mount Vernon, and Lee to Alexandria, a distance of some five miles again separating the places which were their homes. Each had an older half brother who inherited the birthplace Augustine Washington, Wakefield Plantation; and Henry Lee, Stratford—which is now a national shrine. Each in time of rebellion forsook a greater loyality for love of his native state—Virginia.

Robert attended the Carter family school for boys and at the age of thirteen entered Alexandria Academy, which had been established in 1785 with George Washington as one of its trustees. During the three years in the academy Lee received the rudiments of a classical education, winning special honors in mathematics. Ann Lee was unable to finance a college education for Robert and, since a brother had gone into the Navy, it was perhaps natural that Robert decided to try for an opporintment to West Point. Receiving the appointment, Robert E. Lee entered the United States Military Academy in July, 1825. Fifty years later Lee regarded this trip in taking a military education as the greatest mistake of his life.

Upon the completion of the four years' course at the academy, Lee had gained 1,966½ out of a possible 2,000 points, had acted as assistant professor of mathematics and in his last year, 1828-29, had received the highest honor at the academy—adjutant of the corps.

Stratford was sold during Robert's last year at West Point to satisfy the debts of his half brother. Henry—the last of the Lees to possess the famous old plantation. In recent years the old mansion and grounds are being restored and Stratford now shares homage with the near-by restored Wakefield Plantation where George Washington was born.

Lee's mother, who had been living in Georgetown, died a few weeks after his graduation from West Point, at Ravenswood, the home of Carter relatives.

In June, 1831, Robert Edward Lee married the daughter of George Washington's adopted son (his wife's grandson), Mary Ann Randolph Custis. Henceforth Arlington, across from the City of Washington was home to the Lees, no matter where the life of an army engineer might lead them. Lee himself never owned Arlington, thought his wife inherited it from her father, George Washington Parke Custis. Custis Lee, who was next in line after his mother to inherit Arlington, never received his inheritance, for the estate was confiscated and the masion used as a hospital by the Northern forces during the War Between the States. Years later Congress partially reimbursed Custis Lee for the loss of his grandfather's home. Arlington is now the country's most revered national cemetery and the mansion has been restored as it was in the days of the Robert E. Lees.

As an officer of the engineering corps Lee worked on Atlantic coast and Mississippi River projects, served in the Mexican War and at Texas army posts. In 1852 he was appointed superintendent of the Military

Academy at West Point where he served for three years.

Feeling that promotion might come faster in the cavalry than in the engineering corps, Lee accepted the commission of Lieutenant Colonel in the Second Cavalry, which was organized in March, 1855. The greater part of the next half-dozen years was spent at lonely army post in frontier Texas.

Lee believed when he left Texas early in 1861, that the differences between the North and South could be settled without war and was, therefore, surprised at the growing bitterness and seething animosities he encountered on his way to Washington.

Immediately upon his arrival in the Capital, Lee was offered—at the suggestion of President Lincoln—the command of the new United States Army soon to be put into the field. Bewildered by the chaotic conditions around him and torn between loyalties—the army and his native state, Virginia—Lee asked for time to consider the offer.

At his beloved Arlington, Lee learned two days later that Virginia had seceded. Robert E. Lee had found his answer! Like Washington he was forced to make a choice between loyalties, therefore, on April 20, 1861, Lee resigned his commission as Colonel in the First Regiment of Cavalry in the United States Army.

The following day, Lee went to Richmond in response to a message from the Governor of Virginia. Here, he was offered the command of the military and naval forces of Virginia —a post to which he had been elected by the State Convention without his knowledge before he resigned from the United States Army—and on April 22, 1861, Robert E. Lee became commander-in-chief of the forces of Virginia

Four long, hard years to Appomattox, years filled with sorrow and discouragement, during which Lee labored against insurmountable obstacles to bring victory to the South.

Always a modest person, Lee shunned crowds more than ever after the war and rarely did he mention or refer to it in any way except to counsel all who sought his advice to forget the past and build anew the agriculture and business of the South.

An unusual opportunity to help in the upbuilding of the South, and especially his beloved Virginia, was given Lee when scarcely three months after Appomattox he was offered the presidency of Washington College which was situated at Lexington.

In the five years that Lee served as president of Washinghton College, the buildings and equipment were improved and the enlarged curriculum and faculty brought a noticeable increase in enrollment. Lee's consideration for others and his understanding of their problems made him beloved by his boys in college as he had been by his soldiers in the army.

The first building erected on the campus after Lee became president was a chapel, in the basement of which he established his office. Of a deeply religious nature and with a simplicity of faith rarely found except in great men, Lee's life was an inspiration to the students at Washington College. His conduct in those bitter days of the late 1860's exemplified his oft-repeated statement to

the students that the foundation of manly character is obedience to lawful authority.

Lee's health, undermined by the exposures and deprivations of war, gradually failed and early in October, 1870, he became unable to carry on his duties. A few days later, October 12, he died, murmuring, "Strike the tent"—a fitting farewell for a soldier of war and peace.

A few years later his name was appropriately linked with his revered Washington's when Washington College became Washington and Lee University.

The small city of Lexington is the proud custodian of one of the world's great military shrines—the little chapel where Virginia's beloved son, Robert E. Lee, lies buried—and of one of the world's most beautiful and inspired memorial statues—Valentine's Robert E. Lee, the soldier, at rest.

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THE FLAG

I did not know it was so dear,
Till under alien skies
A sudden vision of it near
Brought tears into my eyes.

To wander down the crooked street
Of some far foreign town;
No friend amid the crowd you meet
Strange faces peer and frown;

To turn a corner suddenly,
And ah! so brave and fair
To spy that banner floating free
Upon the foreign air!

Oh, that will catch the careless breath,
And make the heart beat fast;
Our country's flag for life and death!
To find our own at last!

In those far regions, wonder-strewn,
No sight so good to see—
My country's blessed flag, my own,
So dear, so dear to me.

—Selected.

UNDERWEIGHTS GAIN BY USE OF INSULIN

By Dr. James W. Barton

One of my friends who has a large family practice told me recently that he was having "good luck in fattening up some of his skinny patients by the use of insulin." "I used to tell these thin patients that they were race horses' and would always be thin, that they should be glad they were not overweight, and that they would outlive all their overweight friends, and most of their friends of normal weight.

However, some of them were very anxious to put on some weight and I know that others would feel stronger with an additional 5 to 10 pounds. So I began giving them insulin injections in about the same dosage as for my diabetic patients and the results have been very satisfactory. The little extra weight has added to their happiness and also in some cases to their health.

There is just one difficulty and that is that when I stop using the insulin they seem to lose some of their appetite and they begin to lose weight. I am working out a diet that will be fattening and expect to show them how to inject the lowest amount of insulin necessary to maintain their weight."

In what way does insulin increase weight? I have spoken before of the work of Drs. Cary Eggleston, New York, N. Y., and Sonia Welss, Boston, which was reported four years ago in the American Journal of Medical Sciences. These physicians stated that insulin can be used to increase weight of thin but otherwise healthy individuals. They pointed out that when the amount of sugar in the blood is slightly below normal, the healthy individual becomes hungry and wants, and eats, more food. Ten units of insulin was given three times a day about a half-hour before meals. A good all-round diet was given. "Individual injections of insulin were increased in number and dosage until a satisfactory result was obtained.

All cases reported gains in weight but when the insulin was discontinued, the weight came down to its original level.

Why, then should not insulin be used in all cases of underweight?

All the cases treated by Drs. Eggleston and Welss were healthy. That insulin may be used safely and with success when the individual is not healthy, or has some infection, remains for future investigation although cases of tuberculosis and dementia precox (day dreaming) have shown a gain in weight with use of insulin. However, it is best in cases of underweight to try to find the cause before using insulin.

One of the commonest causes of underweight is infection. The removal of infected teeth and tonsils and stimulation of liver and gall bladder and large intestine to act more vigorously and promptly has increased weight in individuals who have thought that

they were doomed to be always "skinny."

Another cause of underweight is lack of rest by day and of sleep by night. Getting more rest and more peaceful sleep is a large factor in increasing weight.

After all, however, the appetite is the biggest factor in both increasing and decreasing weight. The wonderful success of benzedrine sulfate in reducing weight depends more on its dulling of the appetite for food than on its stimulating the body to work or exercise. I have spoken of two outstanding cases where as much as 150 and 200 pounds were lost due to this drug which dulls the appetite.

In the same manner these thin, healthy individuals whose weight could not be increased otherwise, were able to gain weight in a pleasant way because their appetite was increased by insulin.

The thought then is that when no cause for underweight can be found in a healthy individual, he is justified in consulting his physician about the use of insulin in his particular case.

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PEACE WILL COME

When life seems hard to understand
I turn to something right at hand;
A kindly deed or simple task
Somehow brings me the peace I ask.

From thought, I know life's joys must come,
And not from any trail I roam;
If I can keep love blossoming
My heart will never cease to sing.

I drop the fears of yesterday,
I dread not what shall come my way,
I meet each hour in bravest mood,
And welcome all which I find good.

—Selected.

ARCTIC PRIEST PRAISES ESKIMOS

(Selected)

Returning from an 8000-mile exploratory trip into the Canadian Arctic, Father Artheme Dutilly, of the Catholic University of America, described the Eskimos of the country as "very intelligent and happy" and said that the most civilized person from this country would find himself living, eating and traveling exactly as the Eskimos do if placed in a similar environment.

"It is not a matter of civilization that determines living conditions, but rather it is the climate, soil and general habitat that necessitates the so-called primitive way of life," the priest-naturalist said in an interview with the United Press.

"The Eskimos are a very intelligent people, and any intelligent person would adapt himself to his environment in the same way.

"There are no trees. Hence, one must use the only other available building material for a home—snow.

"Dogs are as important and necessary to them as a tractor or a team of horses to a farmer; kayaks are ideal for maneuvering among the ice blocks in searching for and harpooning seals; food is not cooked because they cannot afford to lose any of the vitamin content and still survive the rigorous winters."

Father Dutilly left the United States last July, traveled 8000 miles in four months by schooner, motor boat and steamship, and touched at 18 stations on the Hudson Bay shores and Greenland to gather specimens for his study of the habitat of the Eskimo.

He explained the lack of communal life during the winter as "another condition imposed by nature." The Eskimos must spread out in winter in order to seek out animals and do their hunting. In summer, they gather at trading posts and form a happy congenial community.

"If they have food to eat, they are 'millionaires,' the happiest people on earth."

Father Dutilly explained that the Eskimos have a very specialized economy that is of importance to the United Stats. "Fur is their primary industry, and its import is of considerable economic value." Silver, white and blue foxes, bears and seals are the more profitable animals hunted.

The Eskimos are vaugely aware of the conflict raging among the white men, the explorer related, but do not comprehend the extent of the war nor the magnitude of the implements being used. "They have radios and listen to newscasts at the trading posts but these must be interpreted for them."

Father Dutilly returned to Wash ington with a variety of rare botanical and geological specimens. He brought back to the university upwards of 2000 sheets of arctic plants, an assortment of arctic birds' eggs, portions of Eskimo food, and samples of parasites from dogs, salmon, trout and other fish native to the region.

He began his series of yearly expeditions in the arctic region in 1933, and has now conducted explorations in 165 separate stations, traversing a total of 75,000 mlies by land, water and air transport.

CHALLENGE TO LEADERS

(Greensboro News)

It must be exceedingly disconcerting to conservationists, who should include all of us as national security, in its broadest conception and deepest application, becomes essentially a matter of conservation, to note how North Carolina, under the impetus of defense or an erroneous idea of profits and prosperity, is depleting its forests.

R. W. Graeber, extension forester of North Carolina State college, reveals what is taking place with citation of stark figures. This year alone an estimated 147 million board feet more lumber is being cut in Tarhelia than will be produced by the growth of the trees. "The most distressing fact," Mr. Graeber emphasizes, "is that about 20.6 per cent of the trees being cut for fuel wood are of sawtimber size and quality. This is a big mistake chargeable to farmers and should be avoided. The same thing should apply to pulpwood cutting. The cutting of pulpwood material for fuel wood is very pronounced in the Piedmont and very southern coastal plain."

Surely these figures speak for themselves as there is no need to emphasize the seriousness of the situation, with its implications for the future, when timber is being cut so much more rapidly than it is grown. Reference to the cutting of pulpwood is especially perinent as that industry is just coming into North Carolina and its supplying on an intelligent basis offers a new crop to bolster the prevailling farm economy. The industry's future too, as it obtains hereabouts, rests primarily upon its sources of supply.

When Mr. Graeber touches upon these problems, especially the mistake which they represent, he is issuing grave challenge to the educational forces which are commotted to guide and assist Tar Hell agriculture. To the Daily News it appears that this is a field to which farm agents and their staffs should give primary attention, as tree sare a crop and our changing economy is going to be affected substantially, involving both human and natural resources, by what happens to them. Forests, trees, timber, pulpwood offer far more of opportunity, of permanence and of translation of the life more abundant into practical living than does agricultural politics with which so many of these leaders are prone to busy themselves.

That is true today as it was when Alexander Pope penned the words, "It is with narrow-minded people as with narrow-necked bottles: the less they have in them the more noise they make in pouring it out."

INSTITUTION NOTES

Last Wednesday, the day on which the boys regularly receive visitors, we noticed there were fewer visitors present than on any visiting day in the past several months.

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Whenever weather conditions have been favorable during the winter season, the boys of the barn force have spent most of their working hours hauling dirt on a new road leading from the barn buildings to the farm.

—:—

"The Saint Takes Over" was the feature attraction at the regular weekly motion picture show held in our auditorium last Thursday night. A short comedy, "Hunting Hounds," was shown on the same program. Both are R-K-O productions.

—:—

On the east side of the School property, that part of the grounds adjoining the Southern Railway, the members of the outside forces have been doing considerable cleaning up during the past two weeks. This work has consisted of clearing away grass and weeds, cleaning out ditches and otherwise improving the appearance of the territory.

—:—

Superintendent Boger recently received a letter from Giles E. Greene, a former member of the Cottage No. 7 group, who left the School several years ago. This lad has been a member of the United States Army more than two years and has been stationed at Schofield Barracks, Honolulu, The Hawaiians, most of the time. In his letter, headed "Somewhere in Hawaii, January 8, 1942," he wrote:

"Just a few lines to let you know that I am safe. Received your letter, also the copy of The Uplift. So far as I know, all of the boys of your acquaintance, stationed here, are safe.

"Sorry to hear that you lost the annual Thanksgiving Day football game with Eastern Carolina Training School. Better luck this year. I trust the boys had a grand Christmas and a Happy New Year. We are all looking for a Victorious New Year.

"Please give my best regards to all my acquaintances there. I'll make a visit to the School as soon as the war is over and I return home."

There are several former Jackson Training School boys in their country's service who are stationed in Honolulu, and we were very glad to hear there had been no casualties among them during the Japanese attack on The Hawaiians.

—:—

Edward Thomas, one of our old boys, who left the School in July, 1922, called at The Uplift office one day last week. Upon leaving the institution he returned to his home in Roanoke Rapids, where he was employed in a cotton mill for several months. In January, 1923, he enlisted in the United States Army and was assigned to the 61st Coast Artillery. During most of the time spent in the service he was stationed at Fort Monroe, Virginia.

Receiving his discharge from the army in 1930, Edward again took

up textile work, and since that time has been employed in various cities in the state. For the past seven months he has been working in a cotton mill in Burlington, but stated that he had secured a position with the Cannon Manufacturing Company, Kannapolis, and would move to the "Towel City" in a few days.

Edward, who is now thirty-six years old, told us that he had been married about eighteen years, and had three children, two girls, aged seven and five years, and a boy, three years old.

As it had been many years since this young man had visited the School, he seemed to enjoy going around among members of the staff, seeing how many of the "old timers" remembered him. He expressed his delight at the growth of the School and was interested in noting the many changes and improvements made since he was one of the boys here, adding that the training received at the institution had been of great benefit to him.

—:—

We received a letter the other day from Clyde A. Bristow, a former member of our printing class, who left the School, April 1, 1927. Having become quite proficient in the operation of a linotype while here, he followed that profession for several years after leaving us. He then enlisted in the United States Marine Corps, spending most of his period of enlistment in Nicaragua, Central America. After receiving an honorable discharge from the marines, Clyde was employed as driver of a large transfer truck for several years. For the past two or three years he has been working for the Sprinkle Oil Company, and for more than a year has been manager of that company's service station at Cary, N. C. He writes that he has been permanently transferred to the Raleigh station, and in a few days, he and his family, consisting of a wife and six months' old son, will move to that city. Clyde and his wife enjoyed a two weeks' vacation period during the Christmas season, most of which was spent at historic Coggins Point, near Hopewell, Virginia. His description of that place is so good that we are passing part of it on to our readers. Here are excerpts from his most interesting letter;

"Coggins Point is on the James River, in view of City Point and several other places of interest in Virginia. This place was built back in slave days. It is a large plantation of about 400 acres, complete with an old-time stable which had sleeping quarters for the colored 'hands' on the second floor. Many other buildings were here at one time. The old cistern with its recently installed mechanized water system, looks decidedly out of place.

My wife and I went into all the buildings now standing and over many of the fallen-in places, where we saw beautiful old mantel-boards and much other evidence of carpentry back in the days when nails must have been scarce. Several pieces of this fine old wood-work have been rescued by our friends, who have charge of the estate, and are being carefully stored away.

"We found a couple of old coins, and down in the 'hollow' by the river, came upon an almost buried

skeleton of what must have been a giant shark. I brought back a couple of large teeth and several large pieces of bone, which were petrified. When struck against one another they ring like steel.

"Have been enjoying The Uplift and can keep 'tabs' on things as they occur, via the Institution Notes. I usually read the whole thing, then, together with other literature, I get up a stack of reading material and send it to my youngest brother, Freddie, who is attending an army mechanical school in Louisiana."

Clyde has been one of the most consistent correspondents among our old boys, and we certainly were glad to hear from him and to learn of his recent promotion. He enclosed two dollars, requesting that his subscription to The Uplift be renewed. We have his promise to bring his wife and baby over to see us at his earliest opportunity.

—:—

The service at the Training School last Sunday afternoon was conducted by Rev. H. C. Kellermeyer, pastor of Trinity Reformed Church, Concord. For the Scripture Lesson he read the 15th chapter of St. John's Gospel, and as the text for his message to the boys, entitled "Friends," he selected the words of Jesus, as found in the 15th verse: "Ye are my friends."

At the beginning of his remark Rev. Mr. Kellermeyer annouced that this would be the last service he would conduct at the School, because of the fact that he and his family were going to move to Upper Sandusky, Ohio, the following week. He stated that it had been his privilege and pleasure to make regular visits to the Training School during his stay of thirteen years in Concord, and that he had come to consider both boys and officials of the institution as real friends. He especially complimented the boys in the way they had always been attentive to what he had to say to them and for the very fine manner in which they sang at the services. In his many visits to the School, noting the splendid work being carried on here—that of developing manhood, the speaker said that he would always have a very warm spot in his heart for this institution.

In referring to the words of the text Rev. Mr. Kellermeyer said that nowhere in all literature do we find a better picture of affectionate friendship than in this chapter of St. John's Gospel. Here we see the feeling of love that existed between the Son of God and his earthly companions. Jesus required that his disciples love one another. The basic rules of Christian fellowship today are: (1) That we love God; (2) That we love one another; (3) We should share our blessings with others.

The background of this story, continued the speaker, was very simple. Jesus and his disciples met in a plain room, probably furnished with rough tables and crude stools. These men were of a plain type. They were not richly clad nor highly educated. But the inside picture of this group is beautiful. The plain room at the time housed the greatest character the world has ever known, and deep down in the hearts of these plain-looking men was the love for their Master and for one another. We see many beautiful churches and cathedrals in the world today, but unless

the people worshipping therein have that love for God and for each other, they are of little value. The greatest need of the world today in love. That particular requirement of the Master many years ago, will have to be met by people of this day before the world will know true happiness. We must recognize the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of men.

One reason why people aren't more friendly today, said Rev. Mr. Kellermyer, is that they look for others' faults rather than their good qualities. In studying the Scriptures we see that Jesus always saw the god in people, no matter how bad they were. This example should be followed by those of us who call ourselves Christians.

In speaking of sharing our blessings with others, particularly those who are less fortunate than ourselves, the speaker stated that we could do no better than to pattern our lives after that of the Master. We read where he was constantly doing something for someone. The Bible tells us that he went about the country doing good. Although he was the Son of God, he was ever ready to help those in trouble, as is evidenced by his curing of the lepers, causing the blind to see and the lame to walk, even raising people from the dead. If we would learn the secret of true happiness, we should seek those who are in need and help them to the best of our ability.

In calling attention to the fact that Jesus looked for the good in men, Rev. Mr. Kellermyer told how Peter was an ordinary fisherman; an impetuous fellow; uncertain at times, even denying Christ. While men would have considered it impossible for Peter to really amount to much, Jesus saw in him something that would eventually cause him to be a most useful Christian later in life. Another character was the Apostle Paul. Here we see a man known as Saul, trying his best to stop the growth of the Christian church. On the road to Damascus he realized the power of God and became a great leader in carrying out the wishes of the Master. Paul later wrote to his people to be kind and love one another. When Jesus met these and many other people, they became changed. It is the same today. When we learn to love Jesus, we are changed.

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Kellermyer urged the boys to study the Bible; to acquire the habit of prayer; attend Sunday school and church. That is the only way to learn to love God and our fellow men. He asked the lads to make every day spent at the School count for something good, and, upon returning to their homes, if their parents and other relatives were the kind who do not attend church and try to live Christian lives, to set them a good example, that through them, they might be shown the way to a better life.

On this visit to the School, Rev. Mr. Kellermyer was accompanied by his little son, David, a bright lad of nine years. Now David is one of the kind of chaps, who, having something good, wishes to pass it on to others. Despite his age, together with the fact that he has had no training, he is quite adept at playing the piano. This is something he

just "picked up." He hears a tune that strikes his fancy and simply goes to the piano and plays it. He asked his father to let him come out and play for the boys at the School. In due time he was given this opportunity and, seating himself at the piano, calmly went about the business of rendering "The Londonderry Air," in a manner that would have done credit to one much older and who had studied music for several years. He has the touch and manner of a born pianist, and as he played this familiar number, we had visions of some day seeing him on the concert stage, for a lad possessing so much ability this early in life is certain to become a real musician in later years. We thoroughly enjoyed having this youngster play for us, and as he leaves us, our very best wishes for continued success along musical lines go with him.

It is with regret that we think of severing our contact with Rev. Mr. Kellermyer. For thirteen years he has been most faithful to the Training School. His messages to the boys have always been highly inspirational, and he has ever been ready when called upon to render them a service. By his most pleasing personality he has made many friends among both the boys and the members of the official family of the institution. As he takes up his work in another section of the country, we hasten to express the wish that he may be successful in his new field of labor.

———:———

TRY SMILING

When the weather suits you not,
Try smiling;
When your coffee isn't hot,
Try Smiling.
When your neighbors don't do right,
Or your relatives all fight,
Sure, 'tis hard, but then you might—
Try smiling.
Doesn't change the things, of course—
Just smiling;
But it cannot make them worse,
Just smiling.
And it seems to help your case,
Brightens up a gloomy place;
Then, it sort o' rests your face—
Just smiling.

—Anonymous.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending January 18, 1942

RECEIVING COTTAGE
Wade Aycoth
Carl Barrier
John Hogsed
Richard Kye
Paul Matthews
Edward Moore
Robert Padgett
Weaver F. Ruff
Malcom Seymore
Edgar Shell
William E. Simmons

COTTAGE NO. 1
Doris Hill

COTTAGE NO. 2
John Crumpler
Richard Parker
Charles Tate
Newman Tate

COTTAGE NO. 3
John Bailey
James Blake
Jack Crotts
Robert Hare
Jerry Jenkins
Dewey Lanning
Robert Quick
William T. Smith
John Tolley
Jerome Wiggins

COTTAGE NO. 4
Plummer Boyd
Donald Hobbs
Robert Jones
Thomas Yates

COTTAGE NO. 5
Theodore Bowles
Monroe Flinchum
John Gardner
J. B. Howell
Charles Hayes
J. H. Peek

COTTAGE NO. 6
Elgin Atwood
James Burr
Earl Hoyle
Robert Hobbs
Gerald Kermon
Edward Kinion
Marvin Lipcomb
John Linville
Durwood Martin
Vollie McCall
Wesley Turner
Houston Turner
William Wilkerson

COTTAGE NO. 7
John H. Averette
Laney Broome
Henry B. Butler
William Butler
George Green
John Mazoo
Albert Newton
Edward Overby
Wilber Russ
Durham Smith
Ernest Turner

COTTAGE NO. 8
Martin Crump

COTTAGE NO. 9
Gerald Amos
Leonard Church
David Cunningham
Riley Denny
Eugene Dyson
Robert Dunning
James Hale
Daniel Kilpatrick
Alfred Lamb
Isaac Mahaffey
Marvin Matheson
William Nelson
Leroy Pate
James Ruff
Glenn Wilcox

COTTAGE NO. 10
(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE NO. 11
J. C. Allen
John Allison

Bert Barnhardt
Marvin Bradley
Robert Goldsmith
Earl Hildreth
Henry McGraw
Sam Stewart
Fred Stewart

COTTAGE NO. 12

Jay Brannock
William Broadwell
Jack Bright
Leroy Childers
William Deaton
Treley Frankum
Eugene Hefner
Marvin Howard
William Lanning
Tillman Lyles
James Mondie
Daniel McPhail
Simon Quick
Jesse Smith
Charles Simpson
George Tolson
Brice Thomas
Carl Tyndall
Eugene Watts
J. R. Whitman
Roy Womack

COTTAGE NO. 13

Bayard Aldridge
James Brewer
Vincent Hawes
James Lane

COTTAGE NO. 14

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE NO. 15

Hiram Atkinson
William Barrier
Fred Jenkins
Lawton McDowell
Wade Medlin
Marvin Pennell
Ventry Smith
Donald Sides
Basil Wetherington
David Williams

INDIAN COTTAGE

(No Honor Roll)

WE NEED THEM

Should commerce be shut off with the islands let us consider what would be the economic importance of loss of trade with the Philippines. The first three imports of importance to the United States are sugar, manila hemp and cocoanut products. The importance of the cocoanut oil is great enough that shutting it off would cause despair in the soap business since they depend upon this oil to make the lather. As a starter you might consider the amount of cocoanut that comes in butter substitutes, confections and explosives. Almost all of the cocoanut oil used here comes from the Philippines. Take the case of manila hemp. Since this makes the strongest rope and since rope is used in all the important industries, we would miss the loss of 90 per cent of the manila rope coming from the Philippines. We might not be inflicted with such a hardship if we lost the 14 per cent of sugar importation which was the amount used by the United States from the islands.—Mooresville Enterprise.

FEB 2 1942

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXX CONCORD, N. C., JANUARY 31, 1942 No. 5

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SERVICE

When we try to serve the world (or to understand it) we touch what is divine. We get our dignity, our courage, our joy in work because of the greatness of the far-off end always in sight, always attainable, never at any moment attained. Service is one of the ways by which a tiny insect like one of us can get a purchase on the whole universe. If we find the job where we can be of use, we are hitched to the star of the world and move with it.—Richard Cabot.

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The Uplift

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

IMMORTAL WAR SLOGANS

War slogans have played an important part in American history. Stirring phrases seem to produce an emotional disturbance in man and to instill in him the determination and courage to overcome obstacles.

The first war slogan coined since hostilities with the Axis powers started was used recently by the Office of Production Management. It is "Remember Pearl Harbor." Immediately the phrase was snapped up and is being used on the air, in the press and is sweeping across the land.

Many other famous slogans have been used by Americans in times of national crisis. Some of them are:

Give me liberty or give me death. Patrick Henry in the Virginia Provincial Convention, March 23, 1775.

Taxation without representation is tyranny. This saying was in common use during the period preceding the outbreak of the Revolution.

Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute. Attributed to Robert Goodloe Harper, Congressman from South Carolina, at a dinner given in Philadelphia on June 18, 1798, in honor of John Marshall's return from a diplomatic mission to France. The naval war with France followed soon afterward.

Don't give up the ship! Immortal words uttered by James Lawrence, commander of the American frigate, "Chesapeake," after falling fatally wounded in an engagement with the British, June 1, 1813.

We have met the enemy and they are ours. Oliver Hazard Perry's dispatch to Washington after the engagement with the English at the Battle of Lake Erie in 1813.

Our country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be right; but our country right or wrong. Stephen Decatur in a toast given at Norfolk, Va., April, 1816.

Remember the Alamo! Battle cry of the Texans in memory of the massacre at the Alamo, San Antonio, Texas, March 5, 1836.

Fifty-four-forty or fight. William Allen used this phrase in a Senate speech in 1844 in connection with a boundary dispute with England.

Damn the torpedoes! Go ahead! Reply by Admiral Farragut to a warning of the danger of submerged torpedoes (now called mines) at a critical juncture of the Battle of Mobile Bay in 1864.

Remember the Maine! Battle cry resulting from the sinking of the United States battleship "Maine" in Havana Harbor, February 15, 1898, which precipitated the Spanish-American War.

Fire when you are ready, Gridley! An order given by Admiral Dewey to Captain C. V. Gridley at the opening of the Battle of Manila Bay, May 1, 1898.

Make the world safe for democracy. Taken from President Wilson's message to Congress asking for a declaration of war against Germany, April 2, 1917.

Lafayette, we are here! From speech by Colonel Charles E. Stanton at the tomb of Lafayette, in Paris, France, July 4, 1917.

BIRTHDAYS OF GREAT MEN

The month of January is accepted as the birth-month of men who are outstanding in American history. The first to be mentioned is that of the present Chief Executive of the United States, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, who was born at Hyde Park, N. Y., January 30, 1882. He has lived a conservative life and has made an enviable record in every position held, reflecting a consciousness of duty to the nation and to his fellow-men.

Our President has proven himself deeply interested in humanity of all types. This fact is evident because in choosing his co-workers he has selected men of the same calibre. His sixtieth birthday finds him still a "Happy Warrior," facing his titanic task confidently and cheerfully. A leader of such vision cannot fail.

Another birthday celebrated this month was that of General Douglas MacArthur, an illustrious son of an illustrious father, born in the spirit of the army, at Little Rock Barracks, Arkansas, January 25, 1880, who is now making history by his wonderful defense of the Philippines. Before going to the Philippines he was a renowned instructor of military tactics in America, and for a number of years was chief of staff of the United States Army. He was recognized as an expert strategist in all his teachings, and for that reason was appointed chief of staff, a position he held from 1931 to 1935. Since that time he has been organizing and training an army of native Filipinos, and the value of his work has been sustained, proving of great worth during the Battle of Manila, now raging. Elsewhere in this issue we are carrying illuminating articles relative to the lives of these two great Americans.

THE AMERICAN SPIRIT

The government expects all wheels of factories to turn without a halt if production measures up to the quota necessary for a march to victory in this war that encircles the globe. In order to reach the goal of production the schedule so planned by the government is that two ships be built daily, an airplane every five minutes and a tank every seven minutes. Such a program, to the lackadaisical person who always says "it can't be done" when something out of the ordinary is suggested, is staggering. Those who for years have permitted themselves to run in grooves will have to arouse from their lethargy and admit they have seen impossibilities become possibilities.

It is quite true that the demands at this time to meet the emergency call has not only made the wheels of factories hum, but the wits of all people have been sharpened to the extent that the least of us want to contribute in some way to national defense. We learn from every source of information that there are a few indifferent ones, but on the other hand comes the news that the greater majority of people, including the aged, the young and the youth of the land understand the precarious conditions confronting our nation and are both alert and resourceful. Peace is preferable to war at all times, but the mettle of our American citizens is quickly displayed when the question of rights is involved. A majority of those who have enjoyed the privileges of a democracy and have considered the rights of the people, continue to have the spirit that the United States as a whole stands steadfast for all that is symbolized in "Old Glory"—life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. The American people will remember Pearl Harbor!

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N. C. E. P.

It is difficult, in fact it is impossible, to fully realize, the amount of work sponsored by our national government to adjust unsettled conditions in the nation so that things may move off on an even keel . We feel at times that we have a fair knowledge as to activities and by the time we are complacent, another piece of information is transmitted that makes one feel they know not the A B C of anything.

The other evening a radio broadcast told of the program of the N. C. E. P. Our first thought was concerning the significance of this alphabetical title. Within a few moments the story was told of work accomplished by the National Citizen Educational Program, an organization known locally as adult education, which we understood simply meant teaching the illiterates of maturer years how to read and write. From this broadcast we learned the program touched practically every phase of information, including reading, writing and civil government to aliens who have come to our shores. In this work of the N. C. E. P. there are employed 7,000 teachers who instruct 650,000 of the 5,000,000 aliens in our midst. The news of the volume of this project was staggering. We had no idea that it had attained such huge proportions.

* * * * * * * * *

Switzerland, justly proud of her eminence in Europe's cattle industry is faced with the necessity of sharply reducing the sum total of her livestock. The reason rests with the embattled walls that now surround unhappy Switzerland on all sides. During the decades of her prosperity she was accustomed to trade her cattle for the food products of other countries, a process by which both profited in peace. The war has changed all that. Her commerce has been limited, and some of it commandeered; her profits destroyed; her former cattle customers unable to buy or offer any exchange. So Switzerland has been forced to consider radical changes in her domestic economy, if her people are not to starve. Swiss experts have pointed out that it takes 2.5 acres of cattle land to feed 2.4 persons, while the same acreage in cereals would feed 6.6 persons, and in potatoes it would support 16.4 persons. Therefore the cattle must give way to cereals and vegetables. At least, for a temporary test, Switzerland's 910,000 cattle must be reduced to 700,000; the oxen, the Swiss beasts of burden, from 785,000 to 554,000; the pigs from 1,000,000 to 500,000. That means for the rest of the world a serious reduction in the supply of Swiss and Gruyere cheese. Unfortunately it means a drastic lowering for the Swiss of their diet standard.—The Lutheran.

RESOURCES OF THE ALLIES

The experts tell us that the allies possess 64 per cent of the total production of the world's iron, against the axis possession of 27 per cent. We have 67 per cent of all the coal of the world while the axis have only 29 per cent. The allies control 86 per cent of the world's patroleum while the axis controls 3 per cent of the world's petroleum resources, which in itself should be a deciding factor. So much for iron, coal and oil, which are the modern sinews of war.

How about food? The allies produce 69 per cent of all the wheat produced in the world, and 70 per cent of all the sugar. The man power, percentage of the allies is 65 and the axis 15 per cent. By allies we mean the Uuited States, British Empire, Russia, China, and the Dutch Empire. These figures of the experts tell us that we have the resources with which to win if we use them aright. But it goes without saying that these resources must be effectively employed in a manner that will win victories.—Selected

* * * * * * * *

The idea of a floating school to train seamen for service in the merchant marine was first proposed in Charleston, S. C., the suggestion originating with the Rev. W. B. Yates, chaplain of the Charleston Port Society for promoting the gospel among seamen. Nearly $15,000 was raised by appropriations from the state Legislature, the city council and by contributions from private and other sources, out of which sum was purchased the brig "Lodebar." The actual inauguration of the Marine School of Charleston, the first floating marine school of the nation and possibly of the world, took place on May 23, 1859.

AT SIXTY HE IS STILL THE HAPPY WARRIOR

By Anne O'Hare McCormick in the New York Times

When he was a candidate for the Presidency in 1932, Mr. Roosevelt named for a curious interviewer the characters in history he most admired. On the eve of his sixtieth birthday the same interviewer, still curious, ventured to recall to the President that ten-year-old question. Without hesitation or prompting, although he had not thought of the matter since, he named the same all-American list—Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson, Benjamin Thompson (a little-known genius of Revolutionary times) and Theodore Roosevelt.

But whereas the reason he gave ten years ago for his admiration was that his heroes were versatile men, of wide-ranging and universal minds, this time he added another. They were all happy men, he pointed out, happy because they were always interested, eager for new experience. Any one of them would have found plenty to excite him on a desert island.

Facing the desk in the Executive Office is a big, brightly colored map of the world, and as he talked his eye followed the line of his thought as it traveled from Mozhaisk to Singapore, from Corregidor to the coasts of West Africa. Under his hand were a few sheets of notepaper on which were written the agreements he had just reached with Mr. Churchill during lunch in the White House study. He was absorbed in the crushing problems of the present, although he remarked that since Dec. 7 he often has the sensation that he is living in a previous existence, wrestling again with the same questions that came up when he was Assistant Secretary of the Navy in the last war.

Compared to the global dimensions of the present struggle, that old war was not a world war at all, but a local and limited conflict. Everything has changed in scale in the cataclysmic decade since Mr. Roosevelt first ran for the Presidency. His own position has vastly changed. At 60 he is at the apex of a career that is already projected into history. Whatever happens hereafter, his place is fixed in the compendiums where epochs take the names of men and only the momentous dates are recorded.

There are leaders who fail to perceive the proportions of the drama in which they play decisive roles, but he is not one of them. His sense of history is his sixth sense. When the chronicler of the future seeks the key to the Roosevelt policies, domestic and foreign, he may find it in the fact that the President consciously rides the currents of time in the direction in which they are going.

He is quite aware that he is the first third-term President of the United States because the war elected him. During Winston Churchill's stay in the White House some one remarked that Mr. Churchill could never have become Prime Minister

if a spureme emergency had not pushed him to the top. The President was quick to reply that Churchill was chosen because he was prepared to take the lead, the one man in public life in England who knew the world well enough to understand the crisis; and it may be inferred that Mr. Roosevelt considers his own leadership equally inevitable, and for the same reasons.

His sixtieth birthday finds him facing tremendous new tests and experiences. He has to run the biggest war in history, a war of uncertain course and unpredictable consequences. He has to work in close partnership with the head of another government, in cooperation with Oriental minds like those of Joseph Stalin and Chiang Kai-shek, in the interests of more than twenty other assorted nations, and with constant reference to the special problems of this hemisphere.

It is a titanic responsibility, an Atlas load of headaches and heartaches laid upon the shoulders of a man who detests, he says, being a war leader. Mr. Churchill, in his youth a soldier who went looking for good fighting as far afield as Cuba, India and South Africa, may derive a certain grim enjoyment from the war command, but Mr. Roosevelt declares that the job "sickens" him. Until he ordered troops to take over defense plants last year, his proudest boast was that in eleven years as Governor and Chief Executive he had never called out the Army or the National Guard except on errands of mercy.

Yet he is cheerful still, the image of the happy warrior. He sits at a desk piled up with somber or nagging reports from many fronts, as calm and confident as the candidate of a decade ago. The years have thinned his hair, drawn lines around his eyes, set his jaw more firmly, but neither time nor the hammer blows of defeat in the Pacific have shaken his steady self-assurance. Mr. Roosevelt is more at ease in all circumstances, more at home in his position, than any leader of his time. His nerves are stronger, his temper cooler and more even. If he worries, he gives no signs of it. If any doubt of victory ever stirs in the recesses of his mind, it never gets to the surface.

At 60 the President looks as well as he did at 50. He can be haggard and hollow-eyed at the end of a hard day and come up brisk and smiling after a good night's sleep. But his physical rebound is less remarkable than his mental resilience under killing strains. Maybe because the uncertainties are resolved and the great debate is over, his mood seems brighter, if anything, than it was a few months ago.

Mr. Roosevelt has reached the chronological but not the psychological age when men begin to look backward. Despite his keen interest in the public record, evidenced in the accumulating mass of documents in the Hyde Park library, he will probably never write his private memoirs. He is not a reminiscer, even on anniversaries, as one discovers in trying to focus him attention on the personal past.

He describes himself truly as "the least introspective man in the world." He is likewise one of the least retrospective. He never has time, he says, to survey the road behind and speculate on what he might have

done if he had not devoted his life to politics, or what he would do in any given set of circumstances if he had a chance to do it again. In nine crowded years in the White House he has presided over a period he considers as revolutionary as the struggle for independence or the Civil War. But now it is all just background, interesting only as related to the overwhelming present. All other reports to the contrary, one feels that in the mind of the No. 1 New Dealer even the New Deal has become like a "little business," pushed aside by the great and urgent priorities of today.

As soon as this country became a full participant, however, strategy on a world front became the business of Washington. The arrival of Mr. Churchill signified that the headquarters of the conflict was transferred from the Thames to the Potomac. Thereupon Mr. Roosevelt resigned the lesser job to devote himself to the bigger business of Grand Strategy.

Here enters the highly interesting question of the relations between the two Grand Strategists. It is a vitally important question, besides, since never before have great issues and events been more dependent on a few persons and the way they get on with one another. For the best part of three weeks Franklin Roosevelt and Winston Churchill worked together long hours every day in the White House. They had to make the most difficult and delicate decisions two men have ever had to make in the name of two great nations, the most sensitive in the world regarding their independence and their sovereign dignity.

People who talked to the two men in Washington got the impression that if there is any division of labors, the emphaiss is on Churchill as military leader and Roosevelt as political leader. For the duration of the war that distinction will be largely academic, since the stake of both countries in every major operation is so great that there must be joint decisions.

But the President, though he speaks with a grimace of 60 as "the dark age," is nearly eight years younger than the Prime Minister. He has more chance, perhaps more inclination, to be the peace leader. His answer to critics of the war production program to date is that it moved faster between Dec. 7, 1940, and Dec.7, 1941, when we were not at war, than it did between April, 1917, and April, 1918, when we were at war. He is determined that it can and will reach "the sights" he set in his message to Congress on Jan .6.

But how he would enjoy reconstructing the world! His eye lights up when he turns for a moment from the dreary planning for war to speak of a world without passports, of a Europe with federalized public services, of the ever-normal granary on a world scale, of international control of rubber and other essential raw materials, of a world police force. In answer to complaints that the Atlantic Charter is an inadequate and out-dated program, he insists that he would write it again in the same words.

"You can't have a finished plan for a building and subdivide the floor space into rooms," he argues, "until

you know when and how it will be occupied."

As long as he lives Mr. Roosevelt will continue to look forward and avoid looking back. He saw the war coming before most statesmen and he is now searching for the outlines of peace. His place in the record will be in the line of our war Presidents, but the role he covets is that of the great peace-maker.

Looking back, it seems clear that this has been in his mind ever since he took office—coincidentally with Hitler—and began to envisage the shape of the struggle that lay ahead. Talking to him after returning from Germany in that year, this writer saw crystallizing in his mind the idea that the basic conflict was between Hitler's solutions and his own.

After his second inauguration he made a trip to South America to dramatize the Good Neighbor policy, and what impressed him most on that trip was that the crowds he met did not shout "Long live Roosevelt!" or "Long live the United States!" but "Long live democracy!" The South Americans greeted him as a symbol, and that helped to deepen a feeling that he was called upon to assume the leadership of the democratic cause. From that point, as the storm broke, it was a short step to the conviction that he is responsible for a democratic peace. Our entry into the war, followed so swiftly by our election to war leadership, has given substance and reality to that belief.

Of course, it means winning the war first. Since his talks with Churchill, underlined by the disasters of the Pacific, Mr. Roosevelt has a heavy realization of the cyclopean job that will be. He does not flinch at the prospect because he never for a second doubts the end. But he is already looking beyond.

Years ago, asked why he aspired to be President in a crisis, his answer was: "Some one has to!" When the war ends some one has to work out a New Deal for the world, and it would not be surprising if he feels that he will be elected to that job too.

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LIBERTY BELL TO STAY IN INDEPENDENCE HALL

The Liberty Bell will remain in Independence Hall for the duration of the war because it "is a great comfort and a reminder of our American heritage at a time like this," Walter Alessandroni, secretary to acting Mayor Bernard Samuel, of Philadelphia, said recently.

Commenting on reports that the historic bell might be sent to Fort Knox, Ky., for safekeeping, Alessandroni declared:

"It was safeguarded in its shrine during the last war and we are determined to keep it safe this time."—Selected.

DEFENDER OF THE PHILIPPINES

By Cal Tinney

The familiar expression "They laughed when I sat down at the piano" comes in a new version now—"They laughed when I came out to organize the Filipino army. My cronies in the U. S. Army called me 'D'Artagnan of the A. E. F..' I took more kidding than Papa Dionne." The way it has turned out for General Douglas MacArthur, however, is that "he who laughs last" gets to defend the Philippines.

Let's admit the going is tough for the U. S. forces against the Jap invader of the Philippines today. It would have been much tougher if Doug MacArthur had not gone out there in 1935 and built the present Filipino army up from practically nothing but a water-boy.

Let's also amit we may lose the Philippines. But the battle there is a mighty fine delaying action. This battle forces these Oriental Aryans, sometimes known as Hirohito's heelflies, to split up their strength. If there weren't two outposts of British-American resistance in the Far East, one at Singapore and the other in the Philippines, the Jap generals might have won more victories than they have with the human nickles they have put in the slot.

MacArthur wanted five years to prepare to defend the Philippines. He was vouchsafed five. But his preparations, incomplete though they were, may take two years off the length of the war.

If he doesn't have enough U. S. soldiers to put in the field alongside his Fillipinos now, it isn't because he did not ask for them. Last July, when we incorporated the armed forces of the Philippines into the army of the United States, and made MacArthur range boss of the whole spread, "Send me troops" was the first thing he asked Washington. "Send me airplanes, send me trucks, send me tanks, send me guns, send some French-and-Indian tomahawks if you can't spare anything else."

They didn't come—not in the stream in which MacArthur wanted them. But that's all past now. Luckily, the general did not lean altogether on Washington. He immediately asked Filipino President Quezon to call ten regiments of the Philippine army to active duty. This was done. He put on black-outs and air-raid drills. He built shelters for Manila's civilian population.

MacArthur knew the war was coming The day before the Pearl Harbor attack he called reporters to his headquarters in Manila and told them, "It's here," or words to that effect. "Make no mistake about it," he has been telling his friends for years, "the Japs are coming."

He doesn't look like a fortune teller. As a matter of fact, he looks like the movie hero, Don Ameche, who has been Alexander Graham Bell on the screen, and may yet live to be Douglas MacArthur. And the heroic exploits in the picture won't come out of some Hollywood scenarist's cerebellum, for MacArthur has already lived more adventures than his cinematic biographers will know what to do with.

For Doug MacArthur is tough. What else would you call it if a chap is a major general on the French front in World War No. 1 and, instead of enjoying the safety of headquarters, persists in going out and capturing enemy soldiers himself? You see, the usual custom in all wars and all armies is that if a general wants a prisoner for questioning purposes he issues an order, which is passed down from the brigade headquarters, through regiment, company and platoon, demanding that a raiding party be sent out to bag one. But General MacArthur didn't work it that way on the western front. He just stole through the barbed-wire alone, dropped into a German dugout, and came back with a Heinie under his arm, as calm about it as if he had just been to the corner newsstand for a copy of the afternoon paper.

Tall, lean, dark-haired, General MacArthur might be 40 years old by his looks. Actually, it has been 62 years since he was born at Little Rock Barracks, Arkansas. His dad was Lieut-General MacArthur, with a great military record.

Young MacArthur became famous at West Point as the only cadet ever to get engaged to eight girls at once. That is quite a trick if you also hang up the academy's best scholastic record in twenty-five years, the while the courting is going on. MacArthur did.

In France with the famous Forty-second (Rainbow) division in World War No. 1, he took part in all its offensives. In one battle he was burned by gas but kept scrapping. Another time he was wounded, but continued at the front. Secretary of War Newton D. Baker called him "the greatest fighting front-line general of the war."

Of course he received medals. How many? Listen, his medals, melted down, would make a good-sized cruiser, and they will be put to that purpose if it will help lick the Axis.

But it taken more than medals to make senators and congressmen listen when a general, in peace-time, wants the American army's strength kept up. MacArthur became chief of staff of the U. S. army under President Hoover, and pleaded for funds until he was blue in the face. "Give me," he once begged, "just 44,250 privates." For that he was called a wild-eyed radical.

He went to Europe, saw how hopelessly outclassed the American army was by the armies coming off the totalitarian assembly lines. But that was when congressmen thought mechanization just meant that soldiers were given an opportunity to play with mechano sets.

In 1935 he had served his fifth and last year as chief of staff, and might have been expected to retire. But his old friend, President Manuel Quezon of the Philippines, asked him to come out and organize the Philippine army. That's where he was when the present war found him.

He has been married twice. By his present wife—a Tennessee girl—he has a three-year-old boy. What's more, mother and son are in Manila, or nearby. Isn't that proof enough that the defense of Luzon is going to last much longer than the Japs expect?

PRINTING LIBRARY GOES TO COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

(New York Times)

Columbia University has acquired one of the world's most famous collections of library and museum items dealing with printing and the allied graphic arts. Known as the American Type Founders Library, the collection is the largest and the most complete in this country, and probably in the world.

The library was gathered after many years in a world-wide hunt for precious items and at a cost of more than $400,000. It has been valued by some authorities at a figure in excess of $1,000,000. It contains more than 80,000 items, including magnificently prepared religious books 500 years old, examples of the first printing press used in this country, letters of famous men, and such oddities as miniature books only half an inch in size.

The addition of this outstanding collection to the libraries already in its possession is expected to make Columbia University the center of information and research in the field of the typographic arts, according to Dean C. C. Williamson, the director of the Columbia library, who sponsored the new acquisition. New courses of study, particularly in the School of Journalism, are expected to be built around the collection.

The principal result hoped for from the new library, however, is that it will provide the inspiration and the tools to elevate American standards of printing and illustration. Henry Lewis Bullen was curator of the typographic library and museum, as it is also known, when it was owned by the American Type Founders Company. He died in 1939 after devoting his life to the gathering of the precious items under his care. He once said that the collection was designed to stimulate American printers to achieve and surpass the standards of excellence prevalent abroad.

The collection, with the exception of two examples of the first American printing press, is now housed in three special collection rooms and galleries on the sixth floor of South Hall on the Columbia campus. It is hoped eventually to move it to the west wing of the Low Memorial Library, where other closely related collections, including the prniting presses, are housed.

The scope and variety of the typographic collection is "surprisingly broad," according to Dr. Williamson. It touches upon the artistic, technical and economic aspects of printing. It considers also such subjects as the liberty of the press and the regulations imposed by governments on printing and publishing.

The collection is so vast that it will require several years of painstaking work by Miss Dorothy Eggert, who has been put in charge of it, to catalogue all of the items. However, Columbia University authorities, dipping into their new acquistion in the spirit of explorers of a treasured attic and

its long-locked chests, confidently predict that economists, politicians, authors, literary historians and bibliographers, as well as students of printing and the graphic arts, will obtain from it "a wealth of clues and new ideals."

A recent visitor to the library, Carl Van Doren, biographer of Benjamin Franklin, is said to have predicted that many heretofore unknown items of considerable historical interest would be foundamong the collection of more than 500 letters included in the library. Several dozen letters by Benjamin Franklin and other members of the famed Colonial's family are included. There are also letters by other famous men of letters, including Balzac and William Morris.

The printed material alone in the new library comprises 16,600 items, including 6,500 books, 3,500 volumes of periodicals, 5,000 pamphlets, 200 scrapbooks, 500 portfolios and boxes and at least 1,000 miscellaneous items.

There are also examples of all varieties of type and typesetting devices and woodcuts, 300 portraits, 227 medals, various sculpture, typecasting and binding implements and a wide variety of miscellaneous printed and manuscript material. Some of the incunabula and other items are described as "unique" and have never appeared for public sale.

Among the most highly prized items is a copy of the fabled Canon Missae, printed in 1458 by Gutenberg's one-time partners, Fust and Schoeffer. It is the only copy in the United States and only one other is known to exist. Some experts consider it to be more important in the history of printing than the famous Gutenberg Bible.

The Columbia copy of the Canon Missae is in a fine state of preservation. Containing the types and ornamented initials of the Psalter of 1457, its design and execution are said to show "a remarkable advance" over the Gutenberg Bible, first published several years earlier. In the Gutenberg Bible the initials were not printed. They were put in carefully by hand after the main body of the volume was printed. In the Canon Missae, a religious book approved by the Pope for use in the ritual of the mass, both initials and the regular reading matter were printed for the first time.

A single page from the Gutenberg Bible is also in the collection.

Vieing with the Canon Missae in interest is a gigantic Fifteenth Century Antiphonal, or religious music book used by the large choirs in the cathedrals of the Middle Ages. The pages of this volume are beautifully done by hand and include colored portrayals of the saints and other revered figures. The pages are of indestructible vellum and the binding of wood three-quarters of an inch thick. It is edged with metal along its length of forty-two inches and width of thirty inches. It was issued about 1450.

In all the new library contains sixty-nine of the coveted fifteenth century books, many of them very rare. Columbia University already owned 330 such incunabula, so that the new addition makes its collection one of the largest in the world.

There are many examples of the illustrated book from the fifteenth to the twentieth century in the Typographic Library. Among the famous

examples of early book illustration is the beautiful Tewrdannokh, believed published in Nuremberg in 1519. There is also a copy of Tory's Book of Hours, published in 1525 in Paris. There are also a number of books illustrated by Durer. Some of these are so fine in their beauty of lettering and coloring of illustration that the pages appear to glitter like diamonds. This part of the collection is considered particularly valuable because it is believed to have been the basis of the first type faces.

The Typographic Library is also strong in its unusually large collection of reference books on wood engraving, the woodcut and the various printing processes used in book illustration. The collection of periodicals relating to printing and the allied arts, including complete bound sets of all the more important European and American journals, is said to be the most complete in existence.

These periodical sets were described by Dean Williamson as "indispensable" in the study of every subject having to do with printing, including the art of the engraver, the machinery and appliances of the printer, the printer's materials and his business organization and methods. Dr. Williamson explained that these periodical sets, and the collection as a whole, are of value not only to those concerned with printing but to scholars in other fields, especially in history, English and American literature, the Greek and Latin classics, and paleography. There are many fine editions of the works of important authors in these fields, as well as in French Italian and German literature.

About a thousand type specimen books issued by type founders and printers of the United States, various European countries, Great Britain and its colonies, China, Japan and by mission presses in out-of-the-way parts of the world comprise another strong feature of the Typographic Library. The earliest type specimen book in the library is the Indice de Caratteri of the Vatican Printing Office. This was issued in 1628. There is also Fournier's specimen of 1742. with his proposed "point system." In the Bodoni material is the specimen book praised by Benjamin Franklin.

The two printing presses include an example of the celebrated Ramage Press. Ramage was the first to engage in making printing presses in this country, having started in business in Philadelphia in 1796. The other press is a two-pull torsion screw hand printing press, which first gained vogue in Holland during the seventeenth century.

The nucleus of the Typographic Library was founded about forty years ago by the merging of several libraries owned by leading type foundries. The collection took on its present form when Henry Lewis Bullen, under the encouragement of the late Robert W. Nelson, former president of the American Type Founders Company, began a search of the book markets of the world to establish as complete a library as possible.

The typographical library of Theodore Low De Vinne was purchased after his death in 1914. More than a thousand rare volumes were selected from the library of the Typothetae of the City of New York before it was sold in 1924. Five years later, the extensive library of the Franklin

Typographic Society, established in 1824, was bought by Mr. Bullen. Other lesser private collections were added to the Typographic Library under Mr. Bullen from time to time and placed in a sumptuously housed, air-conditioned museum at the plant of the American Type Founders Compan in Jersey City.

"There is too general an impression in this country that we have little to learn from Europe in the field of graphic arts, Mr. Bullen once wrote. "But I am convinced that in many respects the Europeans are ahead of us, a condition due largely to the opportunities of expert instruction.

"Europe excels us especially in the use of design and color in art printing, although we are the leader in black and white. The printer here is a builder, rather than an artist."

A few years before his death in 1939, Mr. Bullen began negotiating with Columbia University. He offered the University the collection at a small fraction of its cost and value, believing that the collection would have its greatest research value under Columbia auspices. New York City, Mr. Bullen emphasized, had long been the leading center of printing and its allied industries and arts, so that the Typographic Library at Columbia would be a source of easily accessible and constant research and stimulus. Dean Williamson ultimately was persuaded and recommended the purchase to the trustees of Columbia University.

Only two other collections in the world are comparable to the Typographic Library. These are at St. Bride Foundation Institute in London and in the Deutsches Museum fur Buch and Schrift in Leipzig. Everything necessary for preserving and using the Columbia collection came with it, including dust-proof and fire proof bookcases, filing cases and exhibition cases of special design.

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HELPING

God never called a lazy man to do a task for Him—
He's looking for men who work with energy and vim.
For men like that are sure to win a cause they undertake.
He doesn't want the lazy kind, He wants men wide-awake.
So if you're called to do a task, to help Him right some wrong,
You just be proud you're big enough to help His cause along.

—Kessler

AMERICAN TAVERNS AND INNS

By Mrs. C. M. Abernethy in Charlotte Observer

(For some time I have been interested in the history of American inns and taverns. After reading an article by Dr. Archibald Henderson in The Charlotte Observer last February, I decided to accept his challenge and write a paper on the subject. I have collected data from two books—"Stage Coach and Tavern Days" by Earle and "Early American Inns and Taverns" by Lathrop. Through the chambers of commerce in various towns I have gathered additional information. As I toured North Carolina last summer I received much helpful information in conversation with the natives of many of the locations mentioned.)

North Carolina is rich in tavern history.

In the old town of Edenton, which was originally one of the several capitals, stood the famous old tavern known as "Hornblow's." The modern hotel, Bay View, now occupies the site.

At Hertford was an old inn, the Eagle, which was a long, two story frame house, with a porch extending the entire length of the front. This inn has been burned.

The Stuart House, located at Southport, was built in 1842. The lower part of the house is brick, which are shown by records to be one hundred and thirty-four years old.

Mrs. Mary E. Stuart, the first landlady of the Stuart House, came to Southport from Tennessee, after her husband had been killed in the Battle of New Orleans. Mrs. Stuart died at the age of 89 years, leaving the Stuart House to her daughter. This has ever been a stopping place for judges and lawyers.

"Ships coming into or leaving the harbor often salute Miss Stuart and dip their colors." This custom originated from the daughter of the sea captain was swimming in the river and the current almost swept her away. Miss Stuart who was then almost 60 years old, plunged in and rescued the child.

In Raleigh is located Peter Casso's Inn, which is still in use. Jacob Johnson, father of the President, was employed by Peter Casso as a hostler.

His wife, Betty, was the family weaver. Their son, who became a future President of the United States, was born in this old inn.

"Pretty Peggy Cassa," daughter of the owner of the inn, gave the Johnson baby his famous name, "Andrew," on her wedding night.

Salem Tavern at Winston-Salem is one of the state's oldest taverns. In 1772 a frame house was built and was operated by the Moravian church, under very strict regulations. The landlord was instructed to treat his guests with "kindness and cordiality" and not encourage them to spend lavishly nor to be intemperate in any form.

This tavern was the scene of many bitter quarrels and combats between the Patriots and Tories. Drinking and fighting among the soldiers became frequent.

George Washington was one of the many distinguished gentlemen who

visited this tavern. The originalsocial, political and military life of frame building burned in 1784, but was replaced by a brick structure, built on the same site which is still operated as a hotel.

The McCanless hotel is still in use in Danbury. This hotel was built by a prominent merchant, Nathaniel Moody. Later it became the property of Dr. McCanless, who lived to an advanced age. Dr. MsCanless' son is the present landlord, and is now an eldery gentleman. In two of the sides of the hotel live swarms of wild bees which swarmed down from the mountains. Two North Carolina governors, Robert B. Glenn and thomas W. Bickett, boarded in the hotel at the time they began their practice of law.

Steele Tavern in Salisbury was run by Elizabeth Maxwell Stelle who gave her savings to General Nathaniel Greene when we were fighting for our independence. General Greene was discouraged, penniless, and felt that he had no friends, but Elizabeth's act of kindness convinced him otherwise.

Steele Tavern stood about where the Wachovia bank is now lcoated. In one room hung a painting of King George. Tradition is that General Greene approached the picture one day, turned it so that it faced the wall and said, "Oh, George, hide thy face and mourn."

The study of the tavern denotes many sad domestic changes. Many cherished, happy homes which have known prosperity and privacy have climaxed their services as taverns. The tavern is an historical institution, having played an important part in America.

Tavern history in America began in 1642 in New York, terminus of one of the of the oldest and most used highways the Boston Post road.

New Amsterdam was the location of the first Dutch settlers and it was here that our interesting tavern history had its origin. Characteristic of the old Dutch houses were the enormous stone fireplaces, large enough to roast an ox whole. In the corner cupboards the housewife displayed her pewter and silver and odd pieces of china—mugs and pitchers—bearing historic scenes and friendly inscriptions.

Along the East river turtle feasts were often celebrated. Each sea captain who sailed to the West Indies was expected to bring home a turtle on his return trip. There were usually 30 or40 ladies and gentlemen in attendance at these celebrations.

Fraunces Tavern, which still stands on its original site, on Pearl street, N. Y., was the scene of many important events of history. Among the many celebrities entertained here was George Washington who was a guest of the Tavern on many occasions. In 1776 he and his corps of attendants were entertained at an elaborate dinner.

It was in the same room in 1785 that Washington bade farewell to his officers, after the close of the Revolution. The Fraunces Tavern was the meeting place of the Sons of Liberty and the Vigilance Committee in 1774 when they made plans to attack the ship London which resulted in the breaking open of her cargo of tea

chests and throwing them overboard into the water of the bay.

The Puritans were noted for their hospitality as well as for their piety and religion. The establishment of the Puritan Ordinary, later known as the tavern, for the entertainment of settlers, was secondary to the church in pioneer days.

Interesting inducements were offered those who would agree to keep an ordinary, but the owner must have a license; and there were certain restrictions in regard to reverence and order. The Puritan ordinary was often the scene of weddings and wholesome amusements. Noise and disorder, dancing and vain singing were prohibited. The old town records were filled with warnings against misconduct: however, there were occasional scenes of human misbehavior.

The taverns and the meetinghouse in New England enjoyed a close relationship. The colonists were glad to have a tavern near the place of worship, particularly during the winter months, because there was no heat in the crudely built meetinghouse. "Church goers" would flock to the cheery tavern to "thaw out" between services. During the days of Roger Williams, religious services were often held in the tavern, while a meeting-house was being constructed.

The middle colonies were as much interested in establishing taverns as the New England colonies had been. In the southern colonies the methods of settlements were different. There were very few villages and towns. The plantation owner opened his home to the traveler. No charges were made to the visitors who chanced to stop over for the night at one of these plantation homes.

The entire family made him conscious that his presence was an honor. He was given the "company bed" in which to sleep. The meals that were served to him were both bountiful and appetizing. Hence the South became known for her hospitality early in history.

As the years passed, taverns were built and lodging fees were charged.

Some of the most desirable taverns of America were found in the South. Picturesque wall paintings in the parlors were scenes from tropical forests or a fox hunt with mounted huntsmen and their fox hounds. The rich colorings of reds, blues and browns were predominant. An open fireplace giving out its flames and cheery warmth enhanced the beauty of the formal furnishings.

The fox-hunting scenes were typical of the life of the British visitor and the Southern planter of Virginia. Many hunts were staged in the South by gentlemen mounted on handsome horses, followed by their adoring hounds.

Their place of assembly was generally at a tavern. On one occasion a hunt was indulged in which guns, bayonets, clubs, poles and pitch-forks were used.

According to an article in a Pennsylvania newspaper in December, 1818 —"Nearly 700 men participated in this hunt. They prey amounted to five bears, nine wolves, 14 foxes and 300 deer. There followed a great celebration at the tavern."

The most frequent tavern guests during colonial days were Benjamin Franklin, Washington and LaFayette.

Franklin's post office duties kept him steadily on the road. George Washington was a gentleman of social, military and political affairs which necessitated his constant traveling. He recorded in his diary the names of taverns at which he had stopped, and they were numerous.

LaFayette toured the states in 1824. His journal is preserved in Paris, in which he proudly wrote of seeing "The Landing of LaFayette" plates and dishes at a tavern in a western New York town.

Among the important statesmen of the South who stopped at taverns on the old national road, according to records, were Harrison, Houston, Taylor, Polk, David Crockett, General Jackson and Henry Clay.

The stage coach came into existence much later than the tavern, but they reached their height of glory together. Originally the word "stage coach" applied to a coach which was drawn from station to station. The early American drivers were men of ability, dignity and intelligence. They carried from country to town and from house to house the news of the health and activities of loved ones.

The stage coach traveler had the advantage over the modern traveler in that he had time to view the scenes around him. "He saw the timid flight of the wild creatures—rabbits and wood chuks, and squirrels and foxes." At night he heard the strange sounds of the owls in their haunts and the frogs in the bogs. In the day time he could see into the old gardens and inhale the odor of the fllowers.

Some of the quaintest old Southern ordinaries were found in Virginia.

The Carlyle Mansion at Alexandria, Va., was built in 1752 and is kept as a museum filled with antique furniture. Each room is named. The Blue Room was the place where the conference between General Braddock and the governor of the five colonies took place. Washington, then a lieutenant, was present.

In Fredricksburg, Va., a Revolutionary tavern is being preserved as a museum in which antiques are stored. It was originally known as "The Rising Sun." Charles Washington, the brother of the President, built this tavern in 1760. It was a meeting place for the patriots and was a center of social and political life. Both George Washington and LaFayette spent much time here.

The Swan, a tavern which is still in existence in Richmond, Va., was kept by Major Morse, a Revolutionary officer. Edgar Allan Poe stopped here on his last visit to Richmond.

In Charlottesville, Va., the "Old Colonial Hotel" is still in operation. This was built before the time Thomas Jefferson was making plans to build the University of Virginia for he occupied a room in this building. Patrick Henry and James Monroe were also guests in this hotel.

Among the names found in the old Eagle Register at Charlottesville, Virginia, are: Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Patrick Henry, Edgar Allan Poe, Jackson and Lee, Woodrow Wilson and Theodore Roosevelt.

BATTLE OF RAMSOUR'S MILL

By Thomas R. Davis

Much has been written concerning the Revolutionary battles fought at Moore's Creek, and at Guilford Courthouse. But little consideration has been given to that fought between the Whigs and the Tories at Ramsour's Mill near Lincolnton on June 20, 1780. That the action was indecisive renders it none the less important, as its results teach lessons that should be valuable even at the present hour.

In 1780 the British army was advancing in force upon North Carolina, and the numerous Tories were everywhere becoming active. In June 1780, a force of these assembled at Ramsour's Mill amounting to nearly thirteen hundred men; and the Whigs, who were commanded by General Griffith Rutherford, resolved to attack them. With this end in view, General Rutherford marched his little army from his camp South of Charlotte to the Tuckaseigee ford over the Catawba, twelve miles nearer to Ramsour's. That same evening he sent a message to Colonel Locke, of Rowan, advising him of this movement and directing Locke to join him immediately. The bearer of this message was captured, and it therefore failed to reach Colonel Locke, a fact which accounts for the erratic movements which followed—General Rutherford delaying his advance, expecting Locke's force to join him any hour.

Locke's Advance

Meanwhile, Colonel Locke, not having received the message above referred to, and obeying the orders which had previously been given to him, was collecting together all the troops he could with the intention of himself advancing against the Tory position. Small reinforcements reached him under Major Wilson and Major MacDowell. Locke's force now passed up the Catawba at right angles to the position held by the Tories, so as to unite with small detachments of Whigs who were gatherig at the upper fords. At McEwan's ford they were joined by a company under Captain Falls, and continued their advance up the east bank of Mountain Creek until all the Whig forces were united in one body. The whole Whig force now amounted to four hundred men. That night they camped on Mountain Creek sixteen miles from the Tories at Ramsour's Mill. Here the officers held a council of war and were unanimously of opinion that it would not be safe to remain in their present position, as they were exposed to attack by the Tories who, far superior in numbers, they thought would advance upon them as soon as their presence was discovered.

On to Ramsour's Mill

Notwithstanding the great disparity in their force, it was determined to advance to the attack at Ramsour's Mill the following morning, and Colonel Johnston was sent to acquaint General Rutherford with this intention. Late that day the little force began its march from its position on Mountain Creek, but soon halted for an hour, so that the officers could

discuss the dispositions to be made for the impending attack. It was agreed that the mounted companies commanded by Captains Falls, MacDowell and Brandon should march in front and act as cavalry and that the infantry should follow. No further plan was agreed upon, as it was thought best to await developments after the troops reached the scene of action.

The Tories were camped upon the summit of a long ridge three hundred yards east of Ramsour's Mill and some half a mile north of the present town of Lincolnton. The Whigs now formed for action: the mounted companies under Captains Falls, MacDowell and Brandon in advance; the other troops under Colonel Locke being arranged along a road, two deep. Without any other organization this force now advanced to the attack. When the advance of the Whig cavalry came within sight of the Tory pickets, they saw their approach had not become known for the pickets fired once and then fled. The Whig cavalry pursued, and turning to the right, out of the road, they came within thirty steps of the Tory line and fired upon them. The Tories were so confused by the discovery of the approach of their enemy they had not had the time to form in line of battle. But when the Tories saw they were confronted by only a few men, they quickly recovered from their alarm and poured in such a destructive fire that the Whig cavalry was forced to beat a hasty retreat. In doing so they fell into confusion, passing through the ranks of Locke's infantry and disorganizing his line. Once in the rear, however, most of the cavalry rallied and returned to the attack. The infantry now became anxious to keep near the cavalry for the benefit of its protection, so that they became separated into small bands.

Seeing the effect of their fire, the Tories advanced down the hill and the action was renewed, with heavy firing upon both sides. In a short time the Tories began to retire to their former position at the top of the hill, and their fire became so destructive that the Whigs fell back. At this critical moment, Captain Harden came upon the field with a small company of Whigs, whom he posted behind a fence, from which position he kept up a galling fire upon the right flank of the Tories. They continued an oblique advance until they turned the left flank of the Tories; and the Whigs maintaining a heavy fire in the center, the Tories now began to retreat. They found that a small party of Whigs the action became close, and as the the action became close, an das the muskets had no bayonets attached to them, fighting became hand to hand, the men using their muskets as clubs.

The Tories now finding the left of their position in possession of the Whigs and their center closely pressed, retreated down the ridge toward the road, exposed to the fire of Captain Harden's company from behind the fence. The Whigs pursued until they gained possession of the ridge, when they discovered to their astonishment that the Tories had collected in force on the other side of the creek just beyond the mill. They expected the fight would be renewed, and attempted to form a line but only eighty men could be collected. Some had scattered during the attack; others were

attending to the wounded or looking after the dead; and after every effort had been made a total of one hundred one hundred in wounded.

It is now resolved to send Major Wilson to acquaint General Rutherford with the situation and to urge upon him to send forward reinforcements. Rutherford's small army was fortunately only seven miles away, and upon the delivery of Major Wilson's message, Rutherford immediately ordered Major William R. Davie to go forward with his cavalry. Davie put his force forward at a gallop, but along the way they were met by some retreating from the field who informed Davie that the Tories had dispersed and left. Therefore when Davie's cavalry reached the scene of the action, they found no enemy, but only the dead and wounded upon the field.

As there was no regular organization by either party, the loss in the battle could not be ascertained with any degree of exactness. Fifty-six Tories lay dead upon the ridge and others scattered along the slope. It was estimated that the dead on each side amounted to seventy-five; and that each party lost approximately one hundred in wounded.

On the Whig side Captains Falls, Dobson, Smith, Bowman and Armstrong were killed; while Captains Houston and McKissick were wounded. On the Tory side, Captains Cumberland, Murray and Warlick were killed and Captain Carpenter was wounded. It was only a few days later, while skirmishing with a party of British on the east side of the Catawba that the gallant Whig commander, Colonel Locke, was to be killed.

———:———

SITTING BULL JUST SAT, SAYS INDIAN AGENT

Military history to the contrary, Sitting Bull did not win the battle of the Little Big Horn—better known as Custer's last stand.

So says Clarence M. Groshell, a Salt Lake man whose hobby for years has been Indian research.

Groshell says Sitting Bull was a mediocre fighter. Not only that—he arrived on the scene of the massacre when it was nearly over. The chief really responsible for the Little Big Horn debacle was named simply Gall, Groshell says. But he had able assistance from Red Cloud and Rain-in-the-Face.

Chief Sitting Bull's role was not unimportant, however. The old chief was a wily politician and strategist, and he kept the Indians at fighting pitch.

But when the actual bullets began to fly, Sitting Bull was doing just that—sitting.—Selected.

PROTECT THE FOOD SUPPLIES

(N. C. Christian Advocate)

We are told that America will be expected to feed the world for several years following this war. Are we going to see to it that the farmers are to be given a chance to keep the food supply at the brim? We are assured that the draft boards are set to disturb as little as possible the business life of the nation, all of which is evidently wise.

Surely the utmost care will be given to see that the boys on the farms are allowed to remain and carry on. There is going to be a shortage of labor leaves the farms it is not easy to bor in the country, especially on the farms. Once labor leaves the farms it is not easy to get back. Last week a gentleman told us that hundreds of men were around the ship yards at Wilmington trying to get high priced jobs. Many of these men were from the country where there was a need for labor but no such price could be paid. Evidently the draft boards should exercise the utmost care in allowing boys at work on the farms to remain. 6very one acquainted with country life knows that it should be disturbed as little as possible if the farms are to continue to produce. The population of industrial communities shifts quickly, but not those of agricultural life. A youngster well placeed on a farm can be worth tenfold more in rendering service to the country than as a private in the ranks.

For the last decade we have had a philosophy of scarcity in America, but we will hear little of this with four millions of men under arms and the nations for which we may be responsible on the verge of starving.

Our plea is for the farming interests right here in North Carolina to be disturbed the least possible as we are sending the boys to the war. Many youngsters would prefer to go to the camps than to labor in the fields in order to conserve the food supply of the world. We often recall a remark of the late Henry Page who was doing his best to care for food supply during the first world war: "Unless we are careful," said he, "we will have our pockets full of money with little in our stomachs."

Joy wholly from without, is false, precarious, and short. From without it may be gathered; but, like gathered flowers, though fair, and sweet for a season, it must soon wither, and become offensive. Joy from within is like smelling the rose on the tree; it is more sweet and fair, it is lasting; and, I must add, immortal.—Young.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Both boys and members of the staff enjoyed a fine chicken dinner last Sunday. The chickens were products of our own poultry yards.

—:—

Superintendent Boger and Mr. J. H. Liner, our athletic director, spent last Thursday at the Morrison Training School, near Hoffman. A meeting of superintendents of all similar state institutions was held at that place.

—:—

In strolling over the farm recently we noticed that driveways, terraces and creek banks, which were so badly infested with that farmers' pest known as "Johnson grass," are now neatly cleared up, and the grass and weeds dried and burned.

—:—

Mr. W. M. White, our purchasing agent, went to Gastonia last Tuesday, for the purpose of selling several bales of cotton belonging to the School. The sale was made and the cotton delivered in Charlotte last Thursday, where it was picked up by the Gastonia buyer.

—:—

The following boys were taken to the North Carolina Orthopedic Hospital, Gastonia, last Tuesday afternoon: James Brewer, Eugene Cline, Monroe Flinchum and Winley Jones. These lads had previously received treatment at the Gastonia institution, and this visit was for the purpose of observation. Monroe Flinchum was given his final discharge by the doctors there, and the other boys were reported as progressing quite satisfactorily .

The drive for funds for carrying on war relief work was not unheeded at the School. Members of our staff of workers contributed about $125.00, and a collection was taken among the boys which netted 10.23. This money was turned over to the Concord chapter of the Red Cross. The goal set for this drive in Cabarrus county was $20,000. At this writing we have not learned whether it was attained or not, but feel sure the good citizens of the county "Remembered Pearl Harbor" and have exceeded their quota.

—:—

We recently received a very good report concerning Lonnie Roberts, formerly of Cottage No. 9 and a member of our laundry force. This lad left the School July 11, 1940; attended high school last year, completing the eighth grade; he re-entered high school last fall, being promoted to the ninth grade. Favorable reports on Lonnie's efforts to make good have been reveived from time to time since he left the School, the latest one stating that he had enlisted in the United States Navy, and is now stationed at a Naval Training School, Norfolk, Virginia. Prior to his enlistment, Lonnie had been living with his father, near Fort Caswell.

—:—

A letter came to this department last Thursday, telling us that Clyde Kivett, a former member of our printing class, is still on top of the sod down in the Panama Canal Zone. Clyde left the School April 8, 1936, and for more than a year thereafter operated a linotype for the Herald-

Observer, Concord. After following the same occupation in different parts of the country, he enlisted in the United States Army in 1940, becoming a member of the 72nd Coast Artillery, stationed at Fort Randolph, Panama Canal Zone, and was employed on the staff of the Regimental Press. He has been transferred to the infantry, his present address being P. O. Box 9, Fort William D. Davis, Canal Zone. Clyde writes as follows:

"Thanks a million for the Christmas card. It was very nice of you to remember me at this time Sorry I didn't send any this year, but was rather busy and did not get around to it. How are all the boys in Cottage No. 2 getting along? Give my regards to Mrs. Lee and to Mr. and Mrs. Barber.

"You should see the sun-tan I now have. I look almost as dark as the natives here. Am in the Infantry now. Two other old J. T. S. boys—Glenn L. Collins, of No. 10 and John Henry Evans, of No. 11, are in the same company.

"I will write again real soon and once again I wish to thank you for the card. Give my regards to Mr. Boger and Mr. Fisher. Will close with best wishes for your health and happiness."

We were glad to hear from Clyde again and trust he and the other lads in the service will be able to come through the present conflict safely.

—:—

Bruce Moser, a former member of Cottage No. 7 group and of the shoe force, who left the School in 1926, called on us about a week ago. Going back to his home in Graham, he worked in a cotton mill for about eighteen months. He then operated a service station in that town for three years. Bruce's next move was to enlist in the United States Army, being assigned to the 52nd Coast Artillery, and stationed at Fort Monroe Virginia. He was later sent to China, where he remained nearly three years, returning to New York in 1938, receiving an honorable discharge. For the next eighteen months Bruce stayed in the big city, working for a food commissary which operates a chain of cafeterias. He then became a salesman for a large photographic studio in Hackensack, N. J., and followed that line of employment for about a year, after which he returned to his home town and secured a position in a rayon mill, where he was still employed at the time of his visit to the School.

After the Japanese bombing of Pearl Harbor, Bruce stated that he wrote the War Department at Washington, stating his former service in Uncle Sam's armed forces and signified his willingness to serve again. Soon thereafter he received a reply advising him to go to Charlotte and re-enlist. He did this, and was on his way back from that city, following his physical examination, when he stopped in at the School to see old friends among the members of the staff. While here he talked most interestingly of the time spent in China, the Philippines and other military stations in the Far East. The manner in which he described the customs in those places showed that he was a very close observer, not merely one of those travelers who visit many

places, see many things, yet are unable to tell anything about them. Bruce is now a husky fellow of thirty years and has the appearance of one able to hold his own under any circumstances.

Bruce gave us some information concerning his brother, James P., who is now twenty-seven years old, and who was a member of the group in Cottage No. 7 for quite a while after his older brother left us. Bruce proudly told us that James was a foreman in a silk throwing plant, a position he has held for four years, and that he was getting along just fine.

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Mr. A. C. Sheldon, of Charlotte, had charge of the service at the School last Sunday afternoon. Following the singing of the opening hymn and Scripture recitation, he presented Mr. Stanhope Lineberry, chief of the Mecklenburg county police force, as the speaker of the afternoon.

Since everyone is now more or less war-minded, Chief Lineberry said he thought it would be appropriate to talk to the boys on civilian defense, especially about black-outs for air-raid protection. He told of two F. B. I. officers who had visited London and how they spoke of the impressions they received while over there during German air-raids last year.

The speaker first called attention to the manner in which citizens of the world's largest city responded to these attacks. They first used subway tunnels as air-raid shelters. At the beginning practically all of the people would rush to shelters every time a warning signal was sounded, and from 85 to 90 per cent of them would stay in there all the time. It was soon learned that these shelters were very unhealthy, and the people gradually became accustomed to the raids, and before long only about 25 per cent stayed in the shelters. Today most of them go about their business, paying scarcely any attention to possible air-raids.

Mr. Lineberry told of one instance when a huge bomb, weighing several thousand pounds, dropped in one of the principal streets of London, the terriffic explosion damaging a large water main, causing the subway tunnel to be flooded, more than three hundred persons losing their lives by drowning. At another time the visitors from the United States noticed an old lady who lived in the center of the city, and how she responded to the danger signals. She was very deaf, and sometimes would hear but one blast of the siren and was unable to tell whether it meant an air-raid was or the all-clear signal was being given. A family living near her had a dog that had learned what the signals meant. If the old lady heard but one signal she would watch the dog. Seeing him going into the shelter, she hurriedly accompanied him, but if she saw him coming out, she knew the all-clear signal was the one she had heard, and would go on about her household duties.

The speaker then explained some of the signals being used in London to the boys. The siren is used only to let people know an air-raid is on; the blowing of police whistles tells them to put on gas masks; while the ringing of church bells is the signal used to warn them against an enemy invasion. At present church bells are not

rung in England at any other time, so the people have to depend upon their watches and clocks in order to get to church services on time.

At the conclusion of his talk to the boys, Chief Lineberry told them if they wanted to go places and do things it would be necessary for them to pay attention to some signals. Man cannot go very far by himself, but must have help from others. He further stated that the best way to get through life's difficult spots is to help someone else, adding that when this is done, we will find someone always ready to help us.

We have known for a long time that Chief Lineberry was a good police officer, but on this trip to the School he clearly showed that he was quite capable of presenting a genuinely worthwhile message to boys, and we trust he may find it convenient to be with us again.

———:———

TOTING A LOAD

I'm toting a load on the highway of men,
I've carried it long, and must carry again,
There's loads that you take to the market in town,
And then there are loads that you never put down.
And many a man, I imagine, like me,
Is toting a load that the rest never see,
Yes, many a person you pass on the road
And never may notice he's toting a load.

He's toting a load, yet you needn't inquire;
A man may sit down by the side of your fire,
And take off his pack, and unloosen his shoes,
But, when the heart hurts, men don't gabble the news.
Yet find a place by the fire for the man,
You may not do much, do the little you can.
No star out of heaven as bright ever showed,
As kindness to him who is toting a load,

We're toting a load, many folks, many times,
Some fault of our own or some other man's crimes.
The load on your back isn't heavy to bear,
But hard on the heart is the burden of care
If men only knew what their brothers endure,
Not hatin' the rich and not hurtin' the poor,
We'd travel together this troublesome road,
Where many a mortal is toting a load.

—Douglas Malloch.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending January 24, 1942

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Wade Aycoth
Carl Barrier
John Hogsed
Richard Kye
Paul Matthews
Edward Moore
Robert Padgett
Weaver F. Ruff
Edgar L. Shell
Edgar Simmons
Malcom Seymour

COTTAGE NO. 1

Thomas Barnes
N. A. Bennett
Charles Browning
Ralph Harris
Joseph Howard
James Pitman
Jack Ray
Leonard Robinson
Kenneth Tipton
Everett Watts

COTTAGE NO. 2

John Crumpler
James McGlammery
James C. Stone
Newman Tate
Clarence Wright

COTTAGE NO. 3

John Bailey
Charles Beal
Kenneth Conklin
Robert Coleman
Robert Hare
Elbert Russ
William T. Smith
John Tolley
Jerome Wiggins

COTTAGE NO. 4

John Fargis
Donald Hobbs
William Morgan
Eugene Puckett
John Whitaker
Woodrow Wilson
Thomas Yates

COTTAGE NO. 5

Theodore Bowles
Sidney Knighting
Ivey Lunsford
Allen Morris
J. H. Peek

COTTAGE NO. 6

Elgin Atwood
James Burr
Robert Hobbs
David Howard
Gerald Kermon
Edward Kinion
Marvin Lipscomb
John Linville
Durwood Martin
Vollie McCall
Jesse Peavy
Reitzel Southern
Emerson Sawyer
Houston Turner
Wesley Turner
William Ussery
William Wilkerson

COTTAGE NO. 7

Kenneth Atwood
John H. Averitte
Hurley Bell
Laney Broome
Henry Butler
William Butler
George Green
Edward Loftin
John M. Mazoo
Arnold McHone
Wilbur Russ
Durham Smith

COTTAGE NO. 8

Martin Crump
Samuel Kirksey
James C. Wiggins

COTTAGE NO. 9

Gerald Amos
David Cunningham
Riley Denny
Robert Dunning
Daniel Kilpatrick

Isaac Mahaffey
Marvin Matheson
Lloyd Mullis
William Nelson
Leroy Pate
James Ruff
Lewis B. Sawyer
Hubert Smith
George Strayhorn
Glenn Wilcox

COTTAGE NO. 10

Roy Barnett
Amon Drymon
Delma Gray
Arcemias Hefner
Charles Mills
Charles Phillips
Robert Stephens
Jack Warren
Joseph Willis

COTTAGE NO. 11

J. C. Allen
Bert Barnhardt
Ralph Fisher
Robert Goldsmith
Earl Hildreth
Henry McGraw
Samuel Stewart
Henry Smith
Canipe Shoe

COTTAGE NO. 12

Jay Brannock
William Broadwell
Jack Bright
Leroy Childers
William Deaton
Treley Frankum
Eugene Hefner
Marvin Howard
William Lanning
Harry Lewis
James Mondie
Daniel McPhail
Simon Quick
Jesse Smith
Charles Simpson
George Tolson
Eugene Watts
J. R. Whitman
Roy Womack

COTTAGE NO. 13

Bayard Aldridge
James Brewer
Otha Dennis
Vincent Hawes
James Lane
Carl Moose
Randall Peeler
Fred Rhodes
Paul Roberts

COTTAGE NO. 14

Robert Caudle
Audie Farthing
John Hamm
Feldman Lane
William Lane
Charles McCoyle
John Maples
Charles Steepleton
J. C. Willis

COTTAGE NO. 15

Hiram Atkinson
Robert Chamberlain
James Deatherage
Horace Deese
John Gibson
Clarence Medlin
Ennis Miller
Paul Morris
Lawton McDowell
Floyd Puckett
Ventry Smith
Basil Wetherington
David Williams

INDIAN COTTAGE

Raymond Brooks
Edward Hall
Cecir Jacobs
Ernest Jacobs
Herbert Locklear
John T. Lowry
Leroy Lowry
Lester Locklear
Louis Stafford

———:———

A husband can stop his wife from spending too much on gloves by buying her a diamond ring.

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THE [illegible]LIFT

VOL. XXX CONCORD, N. C., FEBRUARY 7, 1942 No. 6

IF I COULD MAKE A FRIEND

If I could make a friend today
I would not ask for greater store;
If just one soul would come and say
We shall be comrades evermore,
I would not need to count my gold
Tonight when busy labors end—
My heart a greater wealth would hold,
If I could say, I made a friend.

If I today a friend could find
Amid the labor and the stress,
Some toiling brother, kindred mind,
Some hand to clasp in tenderness;
It would not matter what reward
The hours had brought me on the way,
If I could say, I thank Thee, Lord—
I know I made a friend today.

—Selected.

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The Uplift

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

THE ACCEPTED TIME

There trudged along a Scotch highway years ago a little, old-fashioned mother. By her side was her boy. The boy was going out into the world. At last the mother stopped. She could go no farther. "Robert," she said, "promise me something?" "What?" asked the boy. "Promise me something?" said the mother again. The boy was as Scotch as his mother, and he said: "You will have to tell me before I will promise." She said: "Robert, it is something you can easily do. Promise you mother?" He looked into her face and said: "Very well, mother, I will do anything you wish." She clasped her hands behind his head, pulled his face down close to hers, and said: "Robert you are going into a wicked world. Begin every day with God. Close every day with God," Then she kissed him, and Robert Moffat says that that kiss made him a missionary. And Joseph Parker says that when Robert Moffat was added to the kindom of God, a whole continent was added with him. These are critical times in the history of souls. "Now is the aeccpted time; now is the day of salvation."—J. W. Chapman.

THE STORY OF FEBRUARY

February, the second month of the calendar year, is also the shortest. It has twenty-eight days, except in leap year, when it has twenty-nine. The name February, no longer significant in any way, at one time meant much to the ancient Romans. Coming from a word meaning to purify, this was the month in which people were purified for various religious festivals of the following months. The special flower for February is the primrose and its gem is the amethyst.

February was not one of the months of the earliest calendar drawn up by Romulus. We are told that Numa Pompilius added Februaris but made it the twelfth month of the year, and it was

not placed after January until centuries later. It has not always been so far short of its sister months in the number of days. It had thirty days up to the time of Julius Caesar, who took one from it to lengthen out the one named in his honor—July; and when Augustus named the eighth month for himself, he also took from February the extra day needed to give his honor month—August—distinction equal to that of Caesar's. This left February twenty-eight days except when leap year adds another.

In the north temperate regions February is cold and stormy. Frequently the heaviest snow-storms of the year occur in this late winter month, while at other times it is quite likely to have occasional warm, sunny days, indicating that spring is not far distant.

There is an unusual number of days of peculiar interest in the month of February, most of them being birthday anniversaries. Washington, Lincoln, Dickens, Lowell and Longfellow are but a few of the great men whose birthdays fell within this month. Every one of them were noted for their character and determination to achieve high ambition, making the study of their lives most inspirational.

St. Valentine's Day, the fourteenth, was named for a Catholic Saint, but in later years has been given over to much of a kind of sentiment which must not be taken too seriously. Candlemas Day, the second, is a Roman Catholic church festival, during which the candles to be used in services throughout the year are consecrated.

On another page in this issue of The Uplift may be found a list of holidays, birthdays and memorable events occurring in the month of February.

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THE AMERICAN RED CROSS

The nation-wide appeal for funds to be used by the Red Cross has reached the ears of all citizens, and there is not a doubt abou fifty million dollars being raised in the nation. The officials of this splendid organization always have a perfect set-up. In this campaign every community, including cities, towns, hamlets and rural districts put out canvassers sufficient to solicit every home. Our forecast is that the goal will be realized. Since the ruthless attack at Pearl Harbor, December 7, 1941, the people are thoroughly aware

of their responsibility, knowing that in the trail of every cruel war there are victims, and the Red Cross nurses will be on hand to meet any emergency. Moreover, if our young men in the "flower of manhood" answered the call to the battle fields, those of us at home, living in peace and security, cannot afford to do otherwise than contribute to so worthy a cause as the Red Cross relief fund, let the amount be large or small.

January 28th was the day set apart to make the canvass for funds in Cabarrus county, the goal established was $20,000.00. The spirit of people at home is the same as the morale of the soldiers, ready to fight for their freedom, therefore, not a stone will be left unturned, with the hope of wiping out every thought of dictatorship. Happy are we to record that Cabarrus county, like every other county in the state, met the request of national officials for Red Cross funds, and raised more than the assigment of $20,000.00, with reports yet to come in from some smaller districts. There were approximately five hundred canvassers in this county, in order that even the most remote corners of rural districts could be visited. From one who was soliciting funds in far removed rural homes, comes this report: "The response was pleasing and most generous."

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GROUND-HOG SUPERSTITION

Every one is familiar with the superstition that lurks around the date, February second, ground-hog day. There are few who will admit they attach any faith in the ground-hog, but have you taken the time to note the satisfaction written in the faces of people if the mysterious little animal sees his shadow on that date, goes back into his den, and the wintry blasts continue for six weeks.

The masses of people never admit they have the least degree of superstition in their make-up. Believe it or not, every person has a tinge of it whether they admit it or not. Actions speak more forcibly than words. Those of us, especially the Southerners, have had many signs of good or bad luck passed down from slavery days, and to tell the truth, they have left impressions. We say we do not believe in the ground-hog, but honestly, we wish he had stayed in his den last Monday.

JUSTICE HERIOT CLARKSON

The announcement of the death of Hon. Heriot Clarkson, one of the associate justices of the North Carolina Supreme Court, was a source of sorrow to those of this institution who knew him. He was outstanding as a jurist, a loyal churchman, a splendid citizen, a warm friend, and a man who met the responsibilities of home-making with dignity and grace. His most gracious and pleasing manner marked him as a symbol of men of the old school. Feeling that the Jackson Training School has lost a most valued friend, we bow our heads in sympathy for the bereaved members of his family. The influence of such a noble citizen as Justice Clarkson will continue to bear fruit till the end of time.

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THE DEEPEST OIL WELL

"Know thyself" was the slogan of Socrates, ancient Greek philosopher. If people would learn to profit by the wisdom of scholars of the past, there would be a better understanding of one's limitations and thereby few mistakes would be made in choosing a profession. After reading an illuminating article relative to the rich resources of our country, one cannot refrain from suggesting a slogan for the people of the nation today—"know thy country." A better understanding of conditions on any subject creates a finer appreciation. This clipping from an exchange may be news to some: "The deepest producing oil well in the world is located in the Wasco district of Kern county, California, where oil is being pumped from 15,004 feet beneath the surface—or nearly three miles."

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The women's section of the American Farm Bureau Federation recently offered, through a public-speaking contest held in Chicago, a constructive program on behalf of democracy. The program is really the production of Mrs. Agnes W. Price of Van Hornesville, N. Y. Her winning speech voiced an appeal for "practical democracy" by the firm establishment of "the three R's" in the home. These, however, are not the classical three of the school, "readin',

ritin' and rithmetic," but "respect, responsibility and religion." Mrs. Price's comments are worth consideration and application in the home: (1) "Too often we say, "We must teach our children respect! . . .Is your child unconsciously learning disrespect for the laws of our democracy from you?" (2) "Just as respect is taught through attitude, so is responsibility. Do you take time to discuss intelligently current problems with your teen-age children—problems confronting us in every magazine and newspaper, if only we take time to digest them?" (3) "We Americans will do nothing concerning the state of dirty politics until our consciences dictate it. And consciences rise from religion."

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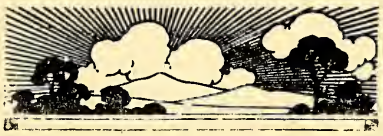
WHY THIS PANIC?

Our forefathers existed without sugar until the thirteenth century; coal fires were unknown until the fourteenth; buttered bread came along in the fifteenth; they did without potatoes or tobacco until the sixteenth; coffee, tea or soap until the seventeenth; puddings until the eighteenth; gas and electricity until the nineteenth; canned food until the twentieth. If our sturdy forebears, who blazed the way for the luxuries of life managing, in many instances, to get along without even the bare necessities, surely we can deny ourselves the non-essentials so as to contribute to the defense of our beloved democracy.



IMPORTANT DATES IN FEBRUARY

(Selected)

1—Victor Herbert born, 1859.
1—King Carlos of Portugal assassinated, 1908.
2—Ground-hog Day.
2—First Parliament of Great Britain and Ireland met, 1801.
3—Albert Sidney Johnston born, 1803.
3—Joseph E. Johnston born, 1807.
3—Felix Mendelssohn born, 1809.
3—Territory of Illinois created, 1809.
3—Horace Greeley born, 1811.
3—Sidney Lanier born, 1842.
4—Last day of hostilities in the Revolutionary War, 1783.
4—Mark Hopkins born, 1802.
4—Ebert, first president of Germany born, 1871.
5—James Otis born, 1725.
5—Zebulon Pike born, 1779.
5—Sir Robert Peel born, 1788.
5—Victoria Cross instituted, 1856.
6—Queen Anne born, 1665.
6—Aaron Burr born, 1756.
6—Treaty of Alliance with France, 1778.
6—Reconstruction Act brought forward in Congress, 1867.
7—Sir Thomas Moore born, 1478.
7—Charles Dickens born, 1812.
8—William T. Sherman born, 1820.
8—Mary, Queen of Scots, beheaded, 1587.
8—Inhabitants of Schnectady, N. Y., massacred by Indians, 1690.
8—Jules Verne born, 1828.
8—Temporal power of the Pope ended, 1849.
9—English gained control of New Amsterdam, 1674.
9—William Henry Harrison born, 1773.
9—Samuel J. Tilden born, 1814.
9—John Q. Adams elected President, 1825.
9—John A. Logan born, 1826.
9—Jefferson Davis chosen Confederate President, 1861.
9—Robert E. Lee took command of the forces of the Confederacy, 1863.
9—Nebraska admitted to the Union, 1867.
10—By Treaty of Paris, signed 1763, France surrendered Canada.
10—Charles Lamb born, 1775.
10—Marriage of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, 1840.
10—Upper and Lower Canada re-united, 1840.
10—Spanish-American War closed by treaty, 1899.
11—Alexander H. Stephens born, 1812.
11—Thomas A. Edison born, 1847.
12—Lady Jane Gray beheaded, 1554.
12—Settlement established at Savannah, Georgia, 1733.
12—Peter Cooper born, 1791.
12—Abraham Lincoln born, 1809.
12—Charles Darwin born, 1809.
12—Independence of Chile secured by Battle of Chacabuco, 1818.
13—Joseph Crosby Lincoln born, 1870.
13—First "long distance" telephone message sent from Boston, Mass. to Salem, Mass., 1877.
14—St. Valentine's Day.
14—Canada became a royal province, 1663.
14—Winfield Scott Hancock born, 1824.
14—Oregon admitted to the Union, 1859.
14—Yuan Shih-Kai made first President of China, 1912.
15—Galileo born, 1564.
15—Susan B. Anthony born, 1820.
15—Elihu Root born, 1845.
15—Battleship "Maine" blown up in Havana harbor, 1898.
16—Surrender of Fort Donelson. 1862.
16—Frigate "Philadelphia" destroyed at Tripoli by Decatur, 1804.
17—Treaty of Ghent, ending War of 1812, ratified by the Senate, 1815.
17—Dual government adopted by Austria-Hungary, 1867.
17—Suez Canal first opened to ships, 1869.

18—Queen Mary of England born, 1516.
18—Inauguration of Jefferson Davis as President of the Confederacy, 1861.
18—Germans began sunmarine blockade of Great Britain, 1915.
19—Ohio admitted to the Union, 1803.
19—David Garrick born, 1717.
20—William Prescott born, 1726.
20—Joseph Jefferson born, 1829.
20—Congress passed Reconstruction Bill, 1867.
20—Leo XIII became Pope, 1879.
20—Revolution began in Cuba, 1895.
21—John Henry Newman born, 1801.
21—Brander Matthews born, 1852.
21—Washington Monument dedicated, 1885.
22—George Washington born, 1732.
22—James Russell Lowell born, 1819.
22—Florida ceded by Spain to the United States, 1819.
23—George Frederick Handel born, 1685.
23—Battle of Buena Vista, 1847.
24—George William Curtis born, 1824.
24—American "Hornet" defeated the British "Peacock," 1813.
25—Charles C. Pinckney born, 1746.
25—Enrico Caruso born, 1873.
25—John Adams appointed first minister of the United States to Great Britain, 1785.
26—Victor Hugo born, 1802.
26—Napoleon escaped from Elba, 1815.
26—William F. Cody (Buffalo Bill) born, 1845.
26—British Test Acts repealed, 1828.
26—Treaty ending Franco-Prussian War signed, 1871.
27—Henry W. Longfellow born, 1807.
28—Texas annexed to the Union, 1845.
28—Upper Mississippi River exploration by Hennepin begun, 1680.
29—Marquis de Montcalm born, 1712.

While gold coins have been taken from us, it isn't against the law to possess a heart of gold.

THE LEGEND OF WAYAH BALD

By Judge Felix E. Alley

Hon. Gilmer A. Jones, attorney of Franklin and onetime solicitor of the Twentieth Judicial, several years ago gave me a typewritter copy of "The Legend of Wayah Bald," the particulars of which he had collected from time to time and woven into a beautiful story. Briefly, the substance of the legend is as follows:

In the long ago, before the white man came to these mountains, there lived with the Cherokees a very old man by the name of Coneheetah, who was everywhere acclaimed the wisest man in the Cherokee Nation. As he grew older he spent most of his time on the summit of the mountain which we know now as Wayah Bald, in Macon County. The old man had a grandson, then about twelve years

of age, who, on account of his acute sight, hearing, alertness, strength and activity, had been given the name of "Wayah," which, being interpreted, means "the wolf." Oftentimes Wayah went with his grandfather to the top of this mountain.

Message from the Stars

On night after the stars came out Coneheetah seemed to be talking to him, and he told Wayah that his reason for spending so many nights on top of this mountain was that he might the better hear and understand what the stars said to him. He said the stars had told him that in the years to come an enemy would descend from the North to conquer and destroy the Cherokees, and that Wayah was destined to become the greatest among the chiefs of his people, and that he alone could lead them to victory against this enemy.

He then told Wayah to go back to the village of his people and train himself to be the best archer, the swiftest runner and the most skillful wielder of the tomahawk in all the Cherokee Nation, and to make himself worthy to become the greatest chief of his tribe. He enjoined Wayah to teach the people of his tribe to emulate him and to do all the things that would make them clean and strong and brave.

The old man said that he would not again be seen in the village but would remain on top of the mountain where he could talk to the stars and hear what they had to say to him; and that as the years rolled on, if Wayah should ever need him, if he would come at night to the mountain's top, Coneheetah would tell him what the stars had said.

Wayah remembered and minutely obeyed all of Coneheetah's instructions; yet, as the moons continued to come and go, no enemy came down from the North.

At length, Wayah himself grew old and realized that if trouble came he would not be able to lead his people.

But finally the blow struck.

A runner came to the village of Wayah and brought the news of the attack of the Ironquois upon the Cherokee villages farther north; of the killing of their squaws and papooses; of the destruction of the buffalo and the deer, and of the threat of the Iroquois that they would kill the Cherokees to the last man or wrest from them every inch of their hunting grounds.

Wayah sent messengers to call out his braves to the warpath. But when they started across the mountain to meet the enemy, Wayah found that he could not keep up with his warriors; so he sadly turned aside and went to the top of the mountain where he last had seen Coneheetah.

Calls to Coneheetah

That night, when the stars hung their friendly torches in the sky, he threw himself down upon the very rock where he had last seen Coneheetah sitting, and cried out in his grief: "You taught me to be strong and courageous. You told me that I would be needed to drive back the tribes of the North, to lead my people and save them. But now they die like rabbits from the tomahawks of the Iroquois. My young men need me to lead them, but my body is bent

like the storm-beaten oaks about me. My braves go along to meet the in vader, and I, whom you so carefully taught, am powerless to help them. The bow will no longer bend for me; I can no longer wield the tomahawk, for the strength of my arm is gone."

And when Wayah had thus spoken, from the rock itself he heard the voice of Coneheetah saying to him: "My son, do you wish to have back your strength of arm and fleetness of foot? Do you wish to have returned to you your steadiness of eye and sureness of aim? Think well. You have given all these things to the young men of your tribe. What you once had, they now have. The spirit of the young Wayah is now burning in the hearts of your young braves. You have given them yourself, multiplied by thousands. You have led them, and your spirit breathes in them. If you had not first learned, you could not have taught them. There was work to do, and you did that work. Your people are saved and their villages still stand."

For a moment there was silence. Then Coneheetah spoke again very softly, more softly than he had been know to speak before: "Do not leave me again, my son. The stars have many things to tell us as they pass over our heads."

From this legend the mountain and the creek which rushed down the steep declivities of its rugged side, received their names. "Wayah" as applied to the mountain, means "The Mountain of the Wolf"; and, as applied to the creek, it means "The Creek of the Wolf."

Legend Teaches Lesson

In this legend of the savage Indian I see a lesson of profound meaning for all of us. It illustrates the great truth that the influence of a human life for good or ill will never die. Our minds and hearts leave some of their qualities and some of their characteristics in the minds and hearts of others, both while we live and after we are dead. We live in the services we have rendered to mankind, and our achievements will live, and rule, and sway some portion of the human race and the world, long years after our own wasted bodies have been consigned to the tomb.

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STRENGTH

All the strength and force of man comes from his faith in things unseen. He who believes is strong; he who doubts is weak. Strong convictions precede great actions. The man strongly possessed of an idea is the master of all who are uncertain or wavering.—James Freeman Clarke.

WOLFE'S MOTHER GIVES GLIMPSES OF FAMOUS WRITER

By George R. Andrews in Charlotte Observer

Everyone in Asheville may not agree that Thomas Wolfe is a great name in American literature, but most of them seem to know where he lived. Their casual directions to his home indicate that his reputation is an accepted part of the local universe. A man at the corner garage pointed out the house.

"Tom's mother lives there alone," he said, "but she'll be glad to see you."

The old rambling white house, halfway down the street, is just on the edge of the business district. Next to it is a garage, and across the street is a large funeral home. On the porch over the front steps hangs a sign, "My Old Kentucky Home." Another one to attract the occasional tourist stands in the narrow front yard. Behind the house a glimpse can be had of an ancient, mossy Chevrolet, and a small pile of kindling.

While waiting an answer to the ring of the doorbell, I glanced around at the prosiac surroundings. At the same time familiar phrases from Wolfe's writing came to mind, and with them an awareness of the transforming alchemy of a poet's vision—Peagram's cow next door wrenching the cool, coarse grass against the fence; the lonely silence of the street car's absence up at the corner when it had gone; the slam of screen doors; the wind and the rain in burly rushes against the house at night.

Inside a door opened and footsteps approached.

There is something strange in meeting a character long known through the pages of a book. You feel that you are really old friends. Yet the other has never even suspected your existence. It is necessary to begin as total strangers.

"Why, yes, now," Mrs. Wolfe said when she learned the reason for the visit. "If you'll come on out here to the sun parlor we can be more comfortable while we talk."

Was that stove there one in which Thomas Wolfe's father had stoked the roaring fires as he howled ominously in preparation of the morning tirade? Where in the house had the boy lain those countless nights when he heard the "far retreating wail of a whistle in a distant valley, and faint thunder on the rails"? There were a score of questions which could be asked.

Mrs. Wolfe lit a small oil heater, and sat down beside the table in the center of the room. The table top was piled with open letters.

"I'm afraid it would take a month to answer all these," she said with a rueful smile. "So many people write about Tom, and ask questions, or want to come here, that it's hard to get anything done."

In the course of an afternoon, and with no more than a very slight acquaintance, it is natural to see Mrs. Wolfe in contrast and comparison with the mother as Thomas Wolfe pictured her in his writing. Her hair is still drawn back rather tightly from

her high forehead, but it is more gray now than black. As she talks, she sits with her hands clasped across her waist in loose, reflective manner, pursing her lips in judicial consideration, glancing sharply and intently through her glasses.

She proceeds in the development of a thought with pleasant leisure, displaying a remarkable ability to weave together many threads of recollection and mellow observation without ever losing, or failing to come to the final point toward which she originally started.

Her whole air is that of a calm, patient, unperturbed person who has ceased to be surprised or troubled by anything.

But as she talks, occasionally leaning forward to emphasize a point with the loosely extended forefinger, there may be observed certain characteristics which are not apparent in Wolfe's books. Although Mrs. Wolfe remarks that she is unable to think of her son except as a little boy despite the fact that he grew to be six and a half feet tall and a famous writer, she doubtlessly has been affected by his rise to eminence. There is to be sensed in her a dignity and a quiet pride natural for a mother who has seen one of her children accepted and acclaimed by the world of men.

Further, there is a certain gentle human understanding which is both amusing and warming in its effect. "I remember one day after Tom's first book came out, a woman here in town called me on the phone. 'Mrs. Wolfe,' she said, and here Mrs. Wolfe began to talk in a quavering, plaintive tone mimicing the caller, " ' I knew Tom when he was a little boy and I always liked him.' 'Yes,' I said. 'And I know you've always tried to bring up your family the best you could. But Mrs. Wolfe—' 'Well, thank you,' I said. 'It's very nice of you to say that. Tom's doing fine ,and we're all well. Goodbye.' " She shook her head and laughed gaily. "I knew what she was trying to say, but I tell you, I just didn't give her a chance."

When Thomas Wolfe painted his characters he usually did so with such an abundance of superlatives that perhaps so modest and elusive a quality escaped capture. Or more likely, as Mrs. Wolfe said, "He just had to change things sometimes to make a story."

It is easy for her to fall into observations and reminiscences about her son, so that only an occasional question is necessary. She told how much he astonished people by starting to read at the age of three. At the age of four he started to school. From these very early days his main interests were books and writing.

Unlike many youthful prodigies he did not begin with Gibbon's Fall of The Roman Empire, nor conclude Shakespeare's plays by the time he was eight. Instead, he started on his career by an eager absorption of hundreds of Frank Merriwell, Dick Merriwell, Rover Boys books, only gradually working his way into more substantial fare.

In those days he was already demonstrating his ability to write abundantly. Mrs. Wolfe recalled a story he wrote in school on which the teacher had written before she returned it to him, "A very fine story by a very fine boy."

"It never did seem to me that he

grew up," she said. "But that's what all mothers say, isn't it? Why I remember," she went on, "the last time he was getting ready to go out West. That was the trip he was taken sick on, you know. He was going out on the stream-lined train, and he was just as excited about that as if he had been a little boy. Of course, he always was that way about trains, anyway."

Thomas Wolfe seemed to have had some premonition of an early death. At the end of his last novel occurs this prophetic statement: "Something has spoken to me in the night, burning the tapers of the waning year; something has spoken in the night, and told me I shall die, I know not where."

"And, said Mrs. Wolfe, before leaving on that last trip West, he told his editor that his mind was full of material for future work, but that he was afraid he wouldn't live to complete it.

Only for a brief moment did Mrs. Wolfe, to whom the realities of both living and dying seem unterrifying, refer to her son's death, and that was when she paused, then said sadly, "It was a very tragic case.

As she was showing some of the pictures that had been taken of her son during his life, she stopped and glanced thoughtfully at one which had been made during his college years.

"When Tom was up at Harvard," she said, "taking that play-writing course, Professor Baker told me Tom would be famous in 10 years. 'Ten years'! I thought. 'That's a mighty long time!' But you know, he was just about right."

"You might be interested in this," she said as she took The Hills Beyond off the old piano where numerous editions of her son's books were stacked, including some in a Scandinavian tongue. "It's a special copy of Tom's latest book which they made up specially for me. It came just the day after his birthday. You can see it's got a different binding. Mr. Aswell, Tom's editor, wrote in it here for me."

She turned idly through it as she talked, stopping at a selection entitled "The Return of The Prodigal."

"This is about the last time he came home," she said. "He got in earlier than we'd expected. I didn't let anybody know he was here because I knew if I did I wouldn't have any chance to talk to him. After his first book came out, you know, he didn't come back for a long time. He didn't want to see the people here because he thought a lot of them hadn't understood about the things he wrote in that book.

"I always told him what his father would have done if he'd written the book. He'd have walked down the street with his back straight and his cane swinging and he'd have said. The hell with them!" Mrs. Wolfe chukled with pleased remembrance of her husband. "Well, Tom lay on that couch over there, and I lay on this other one and we had a good, long talk."

She put her finger between two pages, holding the place.

"Tom described it all just about the way it happened. When he'd come in he'd ask, Have there been any calls?' and I'd say, Child, the phone's been going all day,' just as it's written here in the book. You

know, he always said I called him "child" but I don't remember that. I guess I must have, though."

Then with a smile, Mrs. Wolfe began to read aloud the lines which the mother speaks, and which were based upon the return to Asheville by Wolfe. It is not uncommon to hear an author read from his written works, but it is unusual to hear a character in a noval actually speaking the words attributed to her by the author. As she proceeded, she stopped now and then to explain how the real situation had differed slightly from the printed version, or what the real name of places and characters were which had been changed by her son. It was a moment of singular insight into the use of experience made by a writer who is exceptionally autobiographical in his novels.

As Mrs. Wolfe read slowly, she imparted a certain unnaturalness to the lines. But as soon as she stopped reading the part, she was at once natural in it.

". . . An' yes—that's so now— Fred Patton called up for the Rotary club an' wants to know if you will speak to them at lunch next Tuesday. I think you ought to do that, son. They're good, substantial men, all of them, with a high standing in the community. That's the kind of people you ought to be in with if you're goin' to keep on writin' books."

She laughed and looked up with a shrewd twinkle in her eyes.

"I did use to say to Tom they were good people and might help him get started.'

She read on through the several concluding pages of the selection Near the end, after saying." . . . oh yes, that's so—the reporter from the paper, he's there too. I guess he wants to write you up, so you'd better go right in," she explained that a young man had come down from the Asheville newspaper. and Tom had been reluctant to go in. He was apprehensive about what they might print about him.

"But I just told him to go along in," she said stoutly. "They'll just say you've come home for a visit with your mother, I said and that's all there'll be to it. And that's what they did say."

When she finished, she laid the book aside and looked up again sharply and humorously. The visit was finished.

She led the way back to the front hall, and there said goodbye.

"The next time you're in Asheville," she said, "I hope you'll come and see me."

She stood framed in the doorway for a few moments, her arms folded closely against her to ward off the evening chill. There might have been a faint wistfulness in her manner as she gazed across the familiar old porch and yard. But then she waved, called a final goodbye, and closed the door.

Some day the house may stand silent and empty, preserved as the birthplace of one of North Carolina's most distinguished men. But this is the way it was when Thomas Wolfe had been dead only three years, and his mother still lived there alone with her memories of a life which perhaps was "stranger than a dream."

THE FLORIDA CYPRESS GARDENS

By Alice Gilbert Duffill

In the very heart of Florida, not far from the city of Winter Haven, on the road to Bok Tower, lie the beautiful Cypress Gardens. With the hill and lake region of Central Florida as a setting, these gardens, located in an ancient cypress grove on the shores of lovely Lake Eloise, form one of the most enchanting spots in this "Land of Flowers."

Here the stately, tapering gray cypress trees, the gigantic live-oaks, the glossy-leaved bays, and the wild magnolias, each in draperies of gray moss, remain in their original places in all their natural beauty. Here thrive the native hollies with their blood-red berries, the graceful banana trees, and many varieties of palms. Beneath the trees is a luxuriant undergrowth of ferns, flowering shrubs, and creeping and climbing vines.

Tall cypress trees grow along the lagoons and far out into Lake Eloise. Their trunks are like slender columns, rising from oddly buttressed bases. Many of them growing in the water have "knees," either singly or in looping masses. Veils of Spanish moss that flutter with every passing breeze hang from their branches. Vines and strange air plants cling to their trunks. On still days the dark waters of the lagoons reflect perfectly, as in a mirror, gray cypresses and the brilliant colors of the azaleas and flame vine. On breezy days their reflections shimmer and dance in the water.

From tropical lands, far and near, the owners have brought many rare and exotic trees, shrubs, and flowers, and have set them in the gardens as if in their natural surrounding. The native trees and shrubs have been so trimmed and cleared out and the new plants so arranged as to show to the best advantage. Yet this has been done so skillfully that there is no appearance of studied arrangement. As you walk along the winding woodland paths, cross rustic bridges, or glide along the lagoons and lake shore in one of the silent electric boats, you seem in a natural jungle with trees, moss, vines, and ferns in a tangled profusion.

Here, as close neighbors to the native flora, are annuals blooming in mid-winter that will not bloom in Northern gardens until many months have passed. Here are plants growing luxuriantly out-of-doors that grow only as house plants in the North, and here thrive rare exotic specimens that are seldom seen except in botanical gardens, when not in their native habitat.

Among the rare and curious plants found in the gardens are ferns and cycads, forms of plant life that have survived from prehistoric ages; the pitcher plant, whose leaves attract insects only to devour them; the boa constructor palm; bulrushes from Egypt like those among which the infant Moses lay hidden; the wishing tree that makes your dreams come true; punk trees from Austraila; the schrimp plant; the monkey puzzle tree; lovely native orchids and air plants from the Everglades; the

commerical coffee bush; butterfly lilies, and daturas, tropical plants from which a mysterious poison is obtained.

One plant that attracts much attention is the Confederate rose. It has pure white blossoms in the morning that turn bloodred by evening. Another very interesting plant is the shell flower from India. It is a member of the ginger family and has long narrow leaves and all summer flaunts heavy terminal racemes of fragrant red and orange flowers. Clinging to the tree trunks with aerial roots, is the Monstera deliciosa, a vine from Mexico. Its fruit, resembling a long green pine cone, takes ten months to ripen. As its name implies the fruit is delicious for it tastes like a salad of mixed fruits,—peach, banana, melon, and pineapple.

Giant elephant ears, sometimes twelve to fifteen feet tall, with other caladiums in variegated colors, and long striped grasses are favorite plants.

The huge rock garden contains many varieties of cactus plants. These odd succulents with their grotesque foliage and fragile paper-like flowers in brilliant colors are of great interest to the thousands who visit the gardens.

Everywhere throughout the gardens one finds the hibiscus, "the theme flower of the tropics," in brilliant pinks, reds, and yellows and in white; the camellia japonicas in their almost artificial symmetry and clear coloring; the fairy-like azaleas in glowing shades of pink and rose and red; and the gardenias in pure white. The gardenias often known as "the perfect flower," their waxy white petals glistening against the shiny dark green leaves, grow in greatest profusion along the lake shore.

In early spring when "it's gardenia time" and these flowerss are at the height of bloom and are filling the air with their fragrance, while the mocking birds; cardinals, and other bird tenants are singing their best, the gardens hold carnival. Here, under a canopy of moss-hung trees, before a back-ground of lovely gardenias, the queen of the Cypress Gardens is ceremoniously crowned, surrounded by her court, during a pageant of music and dancing.

The gardens are lovely at all times, even at noon on a still summer day. The birds at this hour are silent; the gray moss and leaves hang limp; the blossoms are carfully hoarding up all their wealth of fragrance for the evening and morning hours. But it is at this time that the wholesome, invigorating odor of the pines is most prodigal. It is then that the hard shiny needles of the pine and the glossy green leaves of the bay glisten and sparkle with a thousand silvery shafts of light in the bright sunshine.

Some think the gardens are loveliest when the sun sets across the lake and the banks of red and gold clouds are reflected in the waters of Lake Eloise and against the tapering cypress trees, throwing long shadows into the gardens.

Perhaps the gardens are most beautiful at dawn on a misty morning, just as the heavy gray vapors that have enshrouded them during the night are melting away. Gradually, as the sun rises higher, the shapes of

the ancient cypresses and live oaks emerge. At the dawn of creation, the earth must have looked much like this when the mists first rolled away. Every tree and vine and shrub is bathed with dew, and immense dewdrops, hanging on the tips of the leaves or lying in the hearts of the flowers, sparkle like thousands of diamonds. The fragrance of the night lingers in the air, and all the birds of the gardens join in a morning hymn of praise to their Creator.

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A gentleman is one who can disagree without being disagreeable.

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CHEMISTRY CAN NOW MAKE ALL CLOTHES

(Charlotte Observer)

Although it still might be something of a stunt, today's young lady could walk down the street clad entirely in synthetic materials—with no part of her costume made of real silk, wool, linen, cotton, or leather, and with no genuine jade, ivory, or pearls for decoration. A bulletin from the National Geographic society outlines the extent to which modern man and particularly modern woman is learning to dress in fabries and substances of laboratory origin.

"Contributing to the 1942 wardrobe," says the bulletin, "are 'wool' from milk, 'silk' from wood pulp and cotton linters, jewelry from various resins, and 'leather' from rayon fabric coated with a laboratory 'magic' material called pyroxylin. Even glass has been used in fabrics and as an insulating, cushioning filler in shoe soles.

"Synthetic styles can provide the American girl with a hat of cellophane, and dress, underwear, and gloves of rayon. She can sport nylon stockings and imitation alligator shoes. Her 'jade' bracelets or 'ivory' beads would look like the real thing. Her. artificial leather handbag probably would have a plastic frame, Synthetic musk could perfume her artificial silk handkerchief.

"The whole world rapidly is growing synthetic-wise. Japan recovered from heavy losses in her silk trade by becoming one of the world's leading rayon producers. Italy makes large use of 'Lanital,' a half-wolf and half-casein cloth. And Japan is said to have a new dress goods made of seaweed. Germany has been depending on synthetic textiles for years.

"Now the very rocks of the earth's crust find their way into fabrics, via the intermediary steps of glass.

"Rayon, made of wood pulp or cot-

ton linters, is the 'big boy' of artificial fabric materials. Last year, the United States used almost 11 times as much rayon yarn as real silk for purposes that formerly demanded raw silk. Rayon filament yarn production was 388,729,000 pounds.

"In addition, as a substitute for wool and linen in suits, dresses and upholstery, this country used over 99,000,000 pounds of staple fiber rayon (rayon cut in much shorter strands than those of rayon filament yarn). United States rayon production in 1940 was surpassed slightly by that of Japan and considerably by Germany's.

"Rayon can be made finer than silk or coarser than horsehair. A thread a thousand miles long may weigh but a pound. It can be given any desired luster. Moths won't touch it. Heavy, oblong strands of rayon, which are formed into 'straw' hats that will service a thunder-shower soaking better than the real thing.

"Transparent velvet did not exist until rayon came along. Hosiery underwear, and dresses consume vast quantities of rayon, Much artificial leather is made of specially prepared rayon. Chemically treated rayon makes additional appearences in belts, necklaces, non-scuffing shoe heels.

"A newer entry in the artificial textile field is nylon, made of air, water, and coal. Already a popular material for hosiery, it now is finding expermental uses in knitted and woven dress goods. United States 1940 production of about 8,000,000 pounds of nylon shortly will be doubled by the output of a new plant just opened in Virginia. Strong, elastic, moisture and heat-resistant nylon furnishes more than a fifth of all women's full-fasioned hosiery.

"Wool is suffering competition not only from rayon, but also from fluffy casein fiber, made from the curds of skim milk. By next spring, many Americans will be wearing hats, dresses, slacks or blouses with a goodly proportion of milk fiber in the fabric. In felt hats, casein fiber is replacing part of the rabbit fur. Casein also is finding its way into such articles as combs, beads, buttons, buckles, and umbrella handles.

"Plastics more and more are sweeping the field of clothing accessories. Among these are plastic-tipped shoe laces, dress trimmings, eyeglass frames, zippers, and costume jewelery.

"The chemical laboratory also has had a revolutionary influence on dyes and fabric finishes, which contribute to the smart appearence and wearing qualities of clothing. Today's textiles would be short of color if artificial dyes were not available. The test tube also has produced the chemical mixtures which, when applied to fabrics, make them water-, moth- and mildew-repellent, as well as flameproof.

"The vesatility of plastics in the field of clothing is illustrated strikingly by one family of plastics, technically called 'vinyl esters.' They appear to be a cross between paper and rubber. This plastic group finds uses in women's shoes, golf jackets, aprons, capes, raincoats, half-rubbers, in shower caps, umbrellas, key chains and in cosmetic, shoe, and garment bags. Requiring no laundering, but simply a wipe with a damp cloth, plastics of this family can be made hard as board or pliable as cloth."

WHEN DICKENS VISITED U. S.

By Martha E. Bonham

The story is told that when the boat bearing the last chapters of "The Old Curiosity Shop" arrived in Boston, 4,000 people were at the wharf to get their copies as soon as they could be hustled down the gangplank. One impatient person, unable to stand the strain, shouted to the captain on the bridge, "is Little Nell dead?"

It is small wonder that the author himself was given a tremendous welcome when he made his first visit to America 100 years ago this month. He was 30 years old at the time and had won the hearts of American readers by his "Pickwick Paper," "Oliver Twist," "Nicholas Nickleby," and "Old Curiosity Shop."

In one of his speeches to his American admirers Dickens said, "At every new act of kindness on your part I say to myself. "That's for Oliver; I shouldn't wonder if that were not for Smike; I have no doubt that is intended for Nell."

Among those who welcomed Dickens to Boston were a number of young men who later became known to all the world: Longfellow, a youthful professor at Harvard; Oliver wendell Holmes, a young physician; James Russell Lowell, at the beginning of his career; and Charles Sumner, a brilliant lawyer.

The big event of Dickens' stay in Boston was an elaborate 12-course dinner. The tickets were $15 each. As the guests arrived, a full band played in the balcony of the hall. All the prominent Bostonians were present.

From the date of this dinner until Dickens returned to England, he was beseiged with invitations of all kinds from every part of the United States. In a letter to a friend, Dickens later wrote, "I shake hands every day when I am not traveling with five or six hundred people. Mrs. Dickens and I hold a formal levee in every town we come to and usually faint away (from fatigue) every day while we are dressing for dinner." Later, he gave public notice that, "being of mere flesh and blood" and having only "normal powers of digestion," he could accept no more invitations.

His main purpose in coming to America was not to be entertained, but to study our way of living particularly our public institutions and working conditions in various industries. Dickens was a humanitarian. Through his novels he had tried to better living conditions in hospitals, schools, prisons, and factories.

In his "American Notes," which he published soon after his return to England. Dickens gave his impressions of this country. A great part of his account deals with his visits to our institutions and factories. Frequently he gave America credit for having superoir methods.

From the East, Dickens' journey took him to Washington, D. C.; Richmond, Va., through Pennsylvania and Ohio, to Louisville, Ky., and St. Louis. When one considers the slow methods

of transportation, it is amazing that Dickens covered so much of our country in the four months of his visit.

Dickens criticized frankly many conditions he observed in America, and thus he won the disfavor of some of our countrymen of a century ago. Time has justified his criticisms, for the three matters he objected to most have been rectified.

One of these was the extensive practice of tobacco chewing and expectorating. No place seemed to be inviolate, not even the carpeled floors of Congress. Notices on the walls of hospitals requested that the students of medicine eject their tobacco juice into the boxes provided for that purpose and not discolor the stairs. Dickens was surprised to observe that even steady old chewers of great experience were not always good marksmen.

Another matter that greatly irritated Dickens was the fact that there was no international copyright to protect British authors in the American markets. American publishers brought out editions of British books and the authors received nothing.

It was in regard to slavery, however, that Dickens was most deeply concerned. He pronounced it a "most hideous blot and foul disgrace" upon the American civilization. He wrote, "Though I was with respect to it an innocent man, its presence filled me with a sense of shame and self-reproach." He had originally intended to see more of the South, but the idea of encountering slavery at every turn was repellant to him.

Before departing for England, Dickens made a short trip to Canada, visiting Niagara Falls, Toronto Montreal and Quebec. He returned to New York and sailed from there June 7.

Various tablets and memorials today mark many of the places associated with Dickens' visit. In Clark Park, Philadelphia, is perhaps the only statue of Dickens in this country. This represents Little Nell looking up toward the seated figure of Dickens. One of the few inns that has not changed much since Dickens' visit is "The Golden Lamb" at Lebanon, Ohio. This tavern has the distinction of having been in continuous operation longer than any other inn in Ohio. Of this tavern Dickens wrote in his "American Notes": "In point of cleanliness and comfort it would have suffered no comparison with any English alehouse, of a homely kind, in England.'"

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Self is the only prison that can ever blind the soul;
Love is the only angel who can bid the gates unroll;
And when he comes to call thee, arise and follow fast;
His way may lie through darkness, but it leads to light at last.
—Van Dyke.

CURE FOR HOMESICKNESS

By Mabel C. Stewart

Anne Driscoll dabbed her eyes again with an already damp handkerchief. "I never dreamed I'd be as homesick as this," she sniffed to herself. "All the plans I made for coming to college, and the way I looked forward to it and now—oh, I know I'll never pass that history test, and I want to go ho-ome." Anne's muffled tones died away in her throat, and the tears were fast soaking her handkerchief.

"Well, what in the world;" The door opened and Anne's dormitory roommate, Isabel Metcalf, came in.

Hastily Anne tried to pull herself together. She had not counted on being disturbed. She thought Isabel was busy in the library for the afternoon.

"What in the world's the matter?" repeated Isabel.

"Oh, nothing," replied Anne, rather shamefacedly. She was still just a little bit afraid of self-assured Isabel, her sophomore roommate. "This history test has got me jittery, and I guess I'm a little homesick." It was hard to keep her voice steady.

"Well how silly!" said Isabel in disgust. "You know you've been keeping up well in your work, and you don't need to worry about that test at all, even if it is your first one at Blainehurst. Prof. Davis has a heart. He's not too hard on you in exams. And Anne Driscoll," went on Isabel, "you ought to be ashamed of yourself, talking about being homesick. You are only fifty miles from home, and your folks come to see you nearly every week end, or else you go home. What if you were thousands of miles away from your folks, like Nora Drew is, with her parents missionaries in India?"

"Yes, I know, and I am ashamed," agreed Anne. "I went with Nora, you know, out to that little Sunday school mission at Crab Hollow ten days ago, when she talked to the youngsters there about India, and showed them some of the things she had brought from there. She told me then about her family, and how she had been sent home this fall to go to college, while her younger brothers and sisters stayed with her father and mother in India, I know I ought never to be homesick, when she is so brave, but I just can't help it sometimes."

"But Anne," Isabel continued more sympathetically, "are you sick? You look sort of funny."

"I feel a little funny. My head aches, and my jaw feels stiff. Oh, I guess it's nothing."

"Come on, let's go for a walk," suggested Isabel. "The fresh air will do us good, and you will feel more like studying."

"All right," assented Anne.

Soon the girls, in warm jackets and flying scarfs, were walking briskly through the campus toward the college woods. Most of the trees were bare of leaves now, except a few oaks which seemed loath to part with theirs, and the hemlocks and spruce trees which keep their greenness throughout the year.

"Listen!" said Isabel, as a strong, rich whistle came from a near-by tree. "Look, there it is! It's a cardinal ."

Sure enough, the brilliant red bird sat at the tip-top of a bare maple.

"A cardinal?" echoed Anne, wonderingly. "How beautiful! I never saw one before, except stuffed ones in a museum."

"Never saw a cardinal!" gasped Isabel. "But I forgot. You're from the city."

"I thought the birds would all have gone south for the winter before now," said Anne.

"Oh, no, lots of them stay all winter—cardinals, and nuthatches, and chickadees, and others. You'll have to watch them this winter," answered Isabel.

"I'd like to," said Anne. "Perhaps I can learn something."

The next morning Isabel looked at her roommate curiously. "What's the matter with you, Anne?" she asked. "Look in the mirror."

Anne looked. Her jaws had been hurting, but she was not prepared to see them so swollen as they now appeared.

"Have you ever had mumps?" asked Isabel.

"No, I haven't " replied Ann. "Do you suppose that's what's the matter with me now?"

"It certainly looks like it," Isabel said. "I think we had better call the nurse." Isabel giggled. "Excuse me, roomie, but you do look funny."

It was the mumps, and Ann presently found herself quarantined in the college infirmary.

"Oh, dear, I wish this had happened when I was at home," she fumed inwardly. "Then I could have stayed there. Now I'll he cooped up here for weeks." It was hard not to be sorry for herself.

Late in the afternoon the nurse came into Ann's room. "You are going to have company," she said. "Nora Drew is coming to share your room. It looks as if you had started something, young lady. I hope we are not going to have an epidemic."

Two cases of mumps hardly constitute an epidemic, and as it happened, there was no further outbreak at the college. Reports of cases from Crab Hollow gave room to the belief that Anne and Nora must have picked up the infection there. Unfortunately they were two of the few at Blainehurst who had not had the disease in childhood.

"Everyone thinks having mumps is funny," said Nora with some heat. "They wouldn't if they felt like I do."

"Me, too," agreed Anne. "I'mawfully sorry you've got them, Nora, but mighty glad to have company here. I didn't know whatever I'd do with myself, cooped up here alone throughout the quarantine."

"I wasn't looking forward to it myself," said Nora, "but it's not going to be so bad with you here. 'Misery likes company,' you know."

The acute stage of mumps does not last long, the girls were glad to discover, and after a few days they were finding their enforced retirement a good deal of a bore. Winter had come suddenly, but in earnest. Great fluffy snowflakes were falling silently, and the ground was white. Nora looked out of the window wistfully.

"How beautiful!" she exclaimed. "This is the first real snow I have seen in five years, when dad and mother were home on their last furlough."

"Really!" said Anne in surprise. "Oh, of course. I had forgotten you would not be seeing snow in India.

Well, it's just a shame you can't be outside enjoying it. This will make grand skiing, and there is a wonderful hill beyond the woods. But look, Nora, there's Isabel out there, waving something at us."

"What is it?" asked Nora. "Why, it's a big placard, and she's tacking it up against that tree."

"Yes, there she's finished. Look, it reads: 'H. T. A. Project No. 1. Watch Progress.' What on earth does that mean?" laughed Ann. "There, Isabel's waving good-by."

Soon, however, she was back again, and with her Jean Harvey, Nora's roommate, and Jack Burton and Dave Trench.

"What next?" wondered Anne. "It looks as if they are going to set up winter headquarters under our window."

"Yes, they have brought plenty of supplies, at any rate," agreed Anne.

Wonderingly, they watched from the window as Dave mounted a wooden box, and Jack handed him boards, and a hammer and nails. Before long, amid much shouted advice from the girls, a covered shelf was constructed, and fastened securely to one of the sturdy trees directely outside the infirmary window. Then Jean and Isabel were very busy for a while diving into a basket, and bringing out great lumps of suet, which the boys tied to the branches of the tree, and corn, and sunflower seed, and bread crumbs, which they scattered on the shelf.

"Look! Jean's holding up another placard," said Nora. "Birds' Restaurant! Continuous Service'," she read.

Gaily she and Anne waved goodby as the workers on "H. T. A. Project No. 1," gathered up their tools and left.

"I still can't imagine what 'H. T. A. stands for," said Anne.

"Nor I," said Nora.

Later in the day they found out. With their mail came a note from Isabel, and a beautifully illustrated book from the library entitled "Our Feathered Freiends." "H. T. A." she wrote, stands for Help The Affiicted, of which you poor shut-ins of the swollen jaws are too. So we are trying to do our good deed for each day by helping to amuse and educate you. You can learn a lot by studying this book and comparing the pictures with the birds which will come to the feeding station. It will be our job to keep plenty of food on hand for them. I hope you'll find fun in watching them."

"How interesting!" exclaimed Nora, turning the pages of the bird book. "I know nothing about birds in America."

"What kinds do they have in India?"

"I think as a rule most of them are more brilliantly colored than the ones I have seen here," replied Nora, "but they don't sing as much. Of course there are lots of parrots, and they certainly can make plenty of noise. They used to build their nests among the rafters of our verandas, and what a nuisance they were with their chattering! Then there are some very strange birds, too—the tailor-birds, which literally sew leaves together, and build their nests in the pockets made that way; and the weaver-birds which have curious hanging nests, dozens of them in one tree. A darling little sun-bird built its home

in a clinging rose bush right outside my bedroom window once."

"What are the sun-birds like?" asked Anne.

"They are very tiny, more like humming birds, I suppose, than anything else. They are a beautiful blue-black, with iridescent coloring in the sunlight. Oh, look, Anne! There's a beautiful bird eating some of those seed!"

"Well, I know that one," said Anne proudly. "That's my friend the cardinal. Doesn't he look artstrocratic, with his jaunty topknot? Listen to him calling 'chip, chip' between bites."

For some days the girls were kept busy keeping up to the birds which eagerly patronized the "Birds' Restuarant." They learned to recognize the slate-colored juncos, which, because the snow had buried their food supply and, meeting sociably with the busy chickadees and sparrows, fed on the crumbs which Jean and Isabel so abundantly provided. They found amusement watching nuthatches which scuttled down the tree trunk head first, industriously tapping the bark for hidden larvae, but chose gratefully, too, from the menu provided at the "Restaurant." The tattoo of woodpeckers often drew the girls' attention, as they drove their beaks into the branches and tree trunks in search of insects, then supplemented that fare from the ready prepared meal at the feeding station. Diligent little brown creepers came sometimes, silently making their way from the bottom of one tree trunk upward, conscientiously examining every crevice in the bark for grubs, then dropping to the ground they would begin all over again at the botton of another tree.

"It is fun to watch them, isn't it?" said Anne one day. "I don't feel quite so ignorant about birds now. But maybe I'd better study a little for that history test, I missed. It is pretty nice of Prof. Davis to let me take it now."

"Yes, and I have a theme to write for Freshman English, and not an idea in my head," said Nora. "What about your theme, Anne?"

"I'm waiting for inspiration," answered Anne. "Oh, here's the mail, and a fat letter addressed to both of us! You read it, Nora."

"It's from Jean," said Nora, as she opened the envelope. "She says: 'Dear Swollen jaws:' (I wonder if they are always going to call us that.) 'I'm in an awful jam, and am counting on you two to help me out. You know I'm chairman of the Y. W. bazaar, where we want to make money for the scholarship fund Everyone's so busy it's hard to gat enough things gathered together to have a bazaar. You have to keep up with your work, I know, but at least you have no outside activities these days. Can't you rack your brain and think up something you can make for the bazaar?

"This is H. T. A. Project No. 2. I'm the afflicted this time, and certainly would appreciate your help.

"In grateful anticipation,

"Jean.'

Well, that's something. Jean's jewel. I'd like to help her."

"I've a thought said Anne. "I can make some of those cute stuffed animal sand dolls I made for our guild bazaar at home last year. I'll write to mother to send me the patterns and materials."

"I'm pretty dumb at sewing, but I can paint a little, and I know a firm which used to send greeting cards ready to tint to mother. Do you think they would be acceptable?" inquired Nora.

"Oh, surely, they would be fine," encouraged Anne.

The remaining days of quarantine passed almost too quickly. With tests to be taken, and reading to be kept up, and themes to be written, there was scarcely enough time to watch the birds, for box after box was being filled with daintily hand-tinted greeting cards, and a mixed menagerie of stuffed elephants, and dogs, and camels, with dolls both long-legged and fat, and was taking up much valuable space in bureau drawers.

Now Anne and Nora were ready to leave the infirmary.

"Of course it's ever so nice to be out again," said Anne, "but I never would have dreamed quarantine could be so enjoyable."

"Being busy helped, and being together made a lot of difference," said Nora. "Best of all, I feel I've made a real friend," she added, shyly.

"So do I," said Anne, emphatically. "And Nora, I want you to remember that although your home may be far away, mine is near and is always open to welcome you. Can't you go home with me next week end?"

"Oh, thank you, Anne," said Nora, "I'd love to. I call Aunt Mary's my American home, but she lives too far away for me to go there often."

In their class in English a few days later two rather shy freshmen who sat side by side were surprised and pleasantly embarrassed to hear Professor Stevens, who had no reputation for flattery, announced: "In the recent assignment there were several very good themes handed in by members of this class. Two were, I think, outstanding, and deserve special commendation, first for originality of thought, and second because they were written under rather adverse circumstances. I shall read them to you. Their title are: 'My Bird Neighbors in India and America,' and 'A Cure for Homesickness, or, How To Be Happy Though Quarantined'."

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Not he who possesses much, would one rightly call the happy man, but he who knows how to use with wisdom the blessings of the gods, and to endure hard poverty, who fears dishonor worse than death, and is not afraid to die for cherished friends or his country.—Selected.

SONG OF HIAWATHA

By Wouter Van Garrett

Within a radius of one hundred miles of where I sit as I write this lies a region that is rich in Indian history. One of the best ways I can get the attention of a group of boys is to begin to tell them an Indian story, a bit of history from our own locality. The average boy likes Indian stories, and that goes for many girls, too.

In addition to the Indian history of Pennsylvania, there are many other sections that are equally rich. New England is one. Many years ago there lived in Maine a youth who was just as interested in Indians, as any boy of today. He eagerly read every story and poem he could find about Indians. This youth had one great advantage over the boy of today; he knew some real Indians. He lived near some tribes in Maine, and often saw "Sacs and Foxes" on Boston Common. And best of all he and an honest-to-goodness Indian were actually friends. The Indian was an Ojibway Chief, and the youth had entertained him right in his home.

The youth was Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. You recall his "Song of Hiawatha." Perhaps you had to memorize it in school. Now you know that Longfellow was interested in Indians; that poem reveals it. After graduating from college, he traveled abroad, and then began teaching at Bowdoin College. Later he taught at Harvard University.

But he still liked Indian legends. For some time he had been writing for publication, as a mere hobby, but finally he decided to give all his time to it. Since he was so deeply interested in Indians he wanted to write about them, and he wanted to write something that would never be forgotten. He had been collecting old legends for many years, and one day he got the idea of weaving all the beautiful traditions of the Indians into one great poetic story.

It was a difficult undertaking, but he tackeled it with determination, and at last the "Song of Hiwatha" was finished. When it reached the reading public there was an immediate response. From far and wide letters of praise began pouring in. Longfellow had been right; people did like to hear Indian history and legend. The poem was set to music, and even translated into many foreign languages. As the years passed its appeal continued to grow until it won for itself a place in literature.

Since the poem gave such a prominent place to the Ojibways, it is they who have given it the most lasting appreciation. At the turn of the century these Indians dramatized the story of Hiawatha on an island in Lake Huron. Longfellow's daughter, Alice, was invited to be their very special guest, and they sent her a special invitation, written on a piece of birch bark.

In the invintation, these Ojibways spoke of the great love they had for her father, and that their memory of him would never die. And the memory of the Ojibways would never die so long as the song lives, and that would be forever. They relived the life of Hiawatha, in his own country.

Longfellow had liked the Indians, and his great poem won their lasting affection.

INSTITUTION NOTES

A recently purchased International tractor was delivered at the School last week and is now being used by our farm forces.

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Mr. Sam B. Kennett, a member of the School's staff of workers, is spending a few days with his daughter in Jacksonville, Florida.

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The boys on the barn force have been spending several days hauling coal from the railroad siding on the School ground to the various buildings on the campus.

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The feature attraction at our regular weekly picture show, held last Thursday night, was "The Return of Frank James," and the short comedy was "Billy Mouse's Akwakade." Both are Twentieth Century-Fox productions.

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Mr. Earl Taylor resigned his position as fifth grade teacher at the School on January 31st, to attend State College, where he will take a course in aernautical inspection. Mr. Taylor went to Raleigh last Monday. We wish him the best of luck in his ventures.

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William Langley, formerly of Cottage No. 10, who left the School, November 15, 1933, was a visitor here last Wednesday and Thursday. Shortly after leaving the institution, he became an enrollee in the CCC camp, working about six months in the Great Smoky Mountains National Park, near Hendersonville. He received an honorable discharge from the camp and went to Norforlk, Va., where he was employed for six months by the Planters Manufacturing Company, makers of baskets and barrels. For the next two years he was employed at Dave's Amusement Park, West Haven, Conn., operating one of the riding devices during the summer and acting as care-taker at the park through the winter months. William then returned to North Carolina, and for about three years worked for the Helms Motor Express, Raleigh. While engaged in the latter occupation, he became a member of the National Guard unit in Durham, and when all such organizations were taken into the United States Army as regulars, he went to Fort Jackson, S. C., in September, 1940. At present he belongs to Company D, 120th Infantry.

William is now a little more than twenty-five years of age; has been married three years and has a son nine months old. This was his first visit to the School since leaving in 1933, and he seemed glad of the opportunity to greet old friends here. although doing considerable moving about the country for several years, he said that he had always managed to find steady employment and had been getting along very well. When questioned as to how he liked army life, his reply was that he considered it a fine place for a young fellow and was going to do his best in serving his country.

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Rev. C. C. Herbert, pastor of For-

est Hill Methodist Church, Concord, conducted the service at the School last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson he read Romans 1:1-16. and as the text for his message to the boys, he selected the following quotations from 14th, 15th and 16th verses: "I am debtor; I am ready; I am not ashamed."

The speaker began by saying that by the words, "I am debtor," the Apostle Paul did not mean that he owed anything so far as money was concerned. He meant God had blessed him so much, and people had done so much for him that he felt he could never repay his indebtedness. So it is with us today. Somebody is constantly doing something for us. Even the ordinary necessities of life, such as water, lights, food and clothing, can only be obtained by a great deal of work by many people, laboring hard that we may have these things.

Commenting on Paul's words, "I am ready," Rev. Mr. Herbert said he meant that he was prepared to complete the tasks before him. He was a well-educated man, and when he became converted he realized it was his duty to carry the Gospel of Jesus Christ to others. The lesson to be gained from this, continued the speaker, is that boys of today, if they are wise, will take advantage of their opportunities to study, thus preparing themselves for work later in life. Another thing about Paul was that he was wide awake, ever on the alert when duty called. On December 7th, at Pearl Harbor, in spite of modern scientific methods of defense against invasion, hundreds of lives were lost and millions of dollars worth of property destroyed because somebody was not on the job. If we are going to truthfully say, "I am ready," we must be prepared to meet all condintions of life.

"I am not ashamed," were the next words of Paul to which Rev. Mr. Herbert called attention. He meant that he was a child of God and was not ashamed to admit it anywhere, even though by so doing his life might be endangered. This story is told of Gypsy Smith, famous evangelist. His son, Gypsy smith, Jr., also an evangelist, said his father gave him this advice—"Son, always remember you are the child of a king—the almighty King of Kings—and be sure that you always act as such." The same applies to all of us who are Christians. We are the sons of God, the King of Kings and Lord of Lords, and should never think of stooping to do anything unworthy of the name.

———:———

Rapid progress is being made at the U. S. Bureau of Standards in research as to the use of plastics to replace critical materials for airplant parts; also for transparent enclosures and coatings to protect against weather conditions. The bureau has developed quick tests of the weathering qualities of transparent plastics for airplane windshields.—Selected.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending January 31, 1942

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Wade Aycoth
Carl Barrier
John Hogsed
Richard Kye
Paul Matthews
Edward Moore
Robert Padgett
Weaver F. Ruff
Edgar Shell
Edgar Simmons
Malcom Seymour

COTTAGE NO. 1

Thomas Barnes
Charles Browning
Lloyd Callahan
Ralph Harris
Curtis Moore
Kenneth Tipton
Everett Watts

COTTAGE NO. 2

John Crumpler

COTTAGE NO. 3

Grover Beaver
James Blake
John Bailey
Robert Coleman
Robert Hare
Dewey Lanning
Jerry Jenkins
Robert Quick
William T. Smith
John Tolley
Jerome Wiggins

COTTAGE NO. 4

Donald Hobbs
William C. Jordan
William Morgan
John Whitaker
Woodrow Wilson
Thomas Yates

COTTAGE NO. 5

Theodore Bowles
Allen Morris

COTTAGE NO. 6

Elgin Atwood
James Burr
Earl Hoyle
Robert Hobbs
Gerald Kermon
Edward Kinion
Marvin Lipscomb
Durwood Martin
Vollie McCall
Emerson Sawyer
Houston Turner
Wesley Turner
William Wilkerson

COTTAGE NO. 7

Kenneth Atwood
John H. Averitte
Hurley Bell
Laney Broome
Henry B. Butler
William Butler
George Green
Fred Holland
Edward Loftin
Arnold McHone
John M. Mazoo
Durham Smith

COTTAGE NO. 8

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE NO. 9

Gerald Amos
Leonard Church
David Cunningham
Eugene Dyson
James Hale
Edgar Hedgepeth
Daniel Kilpatrick
Alfred Lamb
Isaac Mahaffey
Lloyd Mullis
James Ruff
Glenn Wilcox

COTTAGE NO. 10

Delma Gray
Arcemias Hefner
Charles Phillips
Robert Stephens
Torrence Ware
Jack Warren
Floyd Williams

COTTAGE NO. 11

J. C. Allen
John Allison
Bert Barnhardt
Ralph Fisher
Charles Frye
Robert Goldsmith
Earl Hildreth
Henry McGraw
T. B. Nowell
Sam Stewart
Canipe Shoe
Charles Widener

COTTAGE NO. 12

Leroy Childers
William Deaton
Treley Frankum
Marvin Howard
Tillman Lyles
James Mondie
Simon Quick
Charles Simpson
George Tolson
Brice Thomas

COTTAGE NO. 13

James Brewer
Randall Peeler

COTTAGE NO. 14

Robert Caudle
Robert Deyton
Henry Ennis
Audie Farthing
John Ferguson
John Hamm
William Harding
Feldman Lane
William Lane
Roy Mumford
Charles McCoyle
John Maples
Robert Moose
James Roberson
John Robbins
Charles Steepleton
J. C. Willis
Jack West

COTTAGE NO. 15

William Barrier
Paul Deal
James Deatherage
John Gibson
Fred Jenkins
Lawton McDowell
Clarence McLemore
Clarence Medlin
Wade Medlin
Marvin Pennell
Floyd Puckett
Robert Ragan
Ventry Smith
Basil Wetherington

INDIAN COTTAGE

Raymond Brooks
Edward Hall
George Gaddy
Cecir Jacobs
Ernest L. Jacobs
John T. Lowry
James Locklear
Leroy Lowry
Lester Locklear
Louis Stafford

The joy resulting from the diffusion of blessings to all around us is the purest and most sublime that can ever enter the human mind, and can be conceived only by those who have experienced it. Next to the consolations of divine grace, it is the most sovereign balm to the miseries of life, both in him who is the object of it, and in him who exercises it.—Bishop Porteus.

FEB 16 1942

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXX CONCORD, N. C., FEBRUARY 14, 1942 No. 7

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VICTORY IN DEFEAT

Defeat may serve as well as victory
To shake the soul and let the glory out.
When the great oak is straining in the wind
The boughs drink in new beauty and the trunk
Sends down a deeper root on the windward side.
Only the soul that knows the mighty grief
Can know the mighty rapture. Sorrows come
To stretch out spaces in the heart for joy.

—Edwin Markham.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

LINCOLN

We talked of kings, little Ned and I
As we sat in the firelight's glow;
Of Alfred the Great, in days gone by,
And his kingdom of long ago.
Of Norman William, who, grave and stern,
His armies to victory led.
Then after a pause: "At school we learn
Of another great man," said Ned;
"And this one was good to the oppressed,
He was gentle, and brave, and so
Wasn't he greater than all the rest?
'Twas Abraham Lincoln, you know."
"Was Lincoln a king?" I asked him then,
And in waiting for his reply,
A long procession of noble men
Seemed to pass in the firelight by.
When "No," came slowly from little Ned,
And thoughtfully, then with a start,
"He wasn't a king outside," he said,
"But I think he was in his heart."

—Ella Matthews Bangs.

BOY SCOUTS

The thirty-second anniversary of the Boy Scouts of America was observed a few days ago. This organization fills a gap in the life of a boy by snatching him from idleness and teaches him service, comingled with clean sports. Through this medium many youngsters are taken from the streets and the pitfalls of back lots, and given a vision of a new life. The machine age in which we live, has eliminated the chopping of wood for home consumption, working in vege-

table gardens and other chores that, decades ago, were duties assigned to the boys of the family. The ever-changing conditions present opportunities to the alert, far-visioned man or woman to meet emergencies. We feel no movement for the advancement of youth meets existing conditions so acceptably as the Boy Scouts. There are perhaps more than ten million men in America today whose lives have been influenced by training received under morally strong leaders while members of the Boy Scouts.

In order to retain membership in this fine organization, the boys are required to measure up to the following standard, as incorporated in the Boy Scout Oath; "On my honor I will do my best—To do my duty to God and my country, and to obey the Scout law. To help other people at all times. To keep myself physically strong, mentally awake and morally straight."

* * * * * * * *

VALENTINE'S DAY

History tells us that on the 14th of February in Rome, in 270 A. D., a Roman Catholic bishop by the name of Saint Valentine was martyred. He was a kind and gentle man, and down through the years have come many beautiful traditions bearing upon his love for his fellow men. So beloved was he that when he died others took up his good deeds, and though many centuries have passed, the luster of his life has not dimmed.

Just how the sending of anonymous Valentine greetings originated is not known, but one old legend has it that Saint Valentine went secretly about, under cover of darkness, leaving gifts on the doorsteps of the poor, thus beginning the custom. Another explanation connects the modern celebration of the day with the observance on the 15th day of February, of the Roman festival Lupercalia, celebrated annually in honor of a rural deity, Lupercus, better known as Pan, the god of herds and fruitfulness. This festival consisted of the sacrificing of dogs and goats. The skins of these animals were cut into lashes, and were carried about by the priests. When a person was touched by one of these lashes it was an act of purification.

Perhaps the most beautiful tradition of them all is the legend of Saint Valentine and the birds. After he was thrown into prison, the birds that he had so often befriended, did not forget him.

Every day they flew to the tiny window of his cell. To show their love they carried to him some of the beauty and growth of the outside world, from which he was forever shut away. Sometimes it was a tiny flower or a blade of grass bright with the dew of the morning. One day they brought him the beautiful heart-shaped leaves of the violet foliage.

Long and thoughtfully he held them and pondered upon the goodness of God. His heart was full of love for the people he could no longer serve. Then an idea came to him that lighted his dim old eyes with tenderness. He wrote upon the heart-shaped leaves, "I love you," a tiny message that means more than all the world besides. The faithful birds carried the message back to the people, thus warming their hearts, and in a measure lessening their distress.

—Selected.

* * * * * * * *

COUGHS AND SNEEZES

"In a drive to acquaint the public with the danger from coughing and sneezing, the Ministry of Health in London has adopted the slogan, 'Coughs and sneezes spread diseases'. Sir Wilson Jameson, chief medical officer of the Ministry, states that in an ordinary sneeze thousands of infectious droplets are sent out into the air unless a handkerchief is held in front of the face."

We clipped the above with the hope that it may engage the attention of the class of people who treat colds as minor ailments, and cough and sneeze without regard for their fellow men, although there is a better understanding as to the danger of colds than there was twenty or more years ago. It is pretty generally understood that to battle a cold effectively one has to have physical resistance, and if not strong, one is susceptible to the countless germs spread by coughing and sneezing. We are "our brothers' keeper," and should never cough or sneeze without covering the mouth with a handkerchief.

A cold is an easy thing to acquire but at times it takes a long fight to overcome it. The slogan, "coughs and sneezes spread diseases," is one that if observed will save a multitude of people from dangerous colds, which frequently result in serious or fatal illness. It is opportune at this time to safeguard ourselves against the cold

infection, as well as to do everything possible to endeavor to prevent the spread of germs.

* * * * * * * *

LIGHTNING CONSIDERED REAL FRIEND OF MAN

It may be, after reading this article, the value of an electrical storm to Mother Earth will be realized, and the sharp lightning and roaring thunder-bolts will be accepted with less fear. We live to learn. Some of our readers might be interested in the following information, which an ordinary layman is not expected to know or understand, as does a scientist:

> Lightning, long considered a foe of man, is really a friend. It helps to produce food by fertilizing the soil, and keeps the earth's "battery" charged.
>
> The engineering journal, Westinghouse Engineer, reported these two benefits from lightning attack. With each thunder bolt nitrogen is released which in turn produces nearly 100 million tons of nitric acid, more than is manufactured by all the world's fertilizer plants.
>
> The article also points out that lightning restores the electricity that constantly seeps from the earth to clouds and thus keeps the earth charged.

* * * * * * * *

ITEMS OF INTEREST FROM HERE AND THERE

Dr. J. B. Landsden, of Granite, Oklahoma, has received a 100-year-old stethoscope from relatives in Tennessee. It was made by hand labor of cedar, being eight inches long and funnel-shaped. Dr. Landsden said heart-beats can be heard clearly with the instrument.

Euchee and Creek Indians, in a special assembly of the inter-tribal council, held in Okmulgee, Oklahoma, recently voted to spend $400,000 for defense bonds. They voted unanimously to turn over the money now on deposit in Washington, to the government.

We learn from the United Press that Alfred H. Plante died recently in Atlanta, Georgia, at the age of eighty-two years. He was the

man who made America's first brass bed. For the Columbian Exposition, held in Chicago in 1893, Mr. Plante built a massive brass bed. Its posts were six feet tall. The bed sold for $1,000.

While we believe few persons have tried to drink an onion or a pineapple, the news comes from Amherst, Mass. that Massachusetts State College experts say either is far more "fluid" than milk. Professor Julius H. Frandson, of the dairy industry department, says both onions and pineapples are made up of less solid food material than milk. Milk, he adds, also has more solid food material than beets, carrots, squash, turnips, oysters, cabbage, radishes, cauliflower, spinach, watermelon, pumpkin, tomatoes, asparagus, celery, lettuce and cucumbers.

The 19-foot bronze female figure which surmounts the Capitol of the United States is the "Statue of Freedom." Originally named "Armed Liberty" it was modeled in Italy by Thomas Crawford from plans approved by Jefferson Davis, who was chairman of the Committee on Public Buildings in 1850. The plaster model was shipped to this country where it was cast in bronze. At the base of the statue a wide circular band is inscribed: "E Pluribus Unum" (from many, one). The statue was set in place on December 2, 1863.

The Vanishing American is no longer vanishing.

John Collier, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, has cited population figures showing that the Indians in this country are increasing faster than the general population, and that Indians in the Western Hemisphere now total 30,000,000.

In Columbus' time, he noted, there were approximately 900,000 Indians in this country. This number subsequently was cut almost one-fourth by wars, famine, disease, removal, and it was believed the Indian was a dying race. Today, however, Indian population has grown to more than 361,000, of which almost all are full-bloods.

The increase, he said, is due to "steadily improving health and economic conditions largely brought about by an intelligent national interest in Indian problems."

IN WAR'S DARK DAYS—LINCOLN LAUGHED

By Alexander R. George

(American's war effort today and the nation's determination to retain its sanity amid world upset, brings to mind the heartening spirit of Abraham Lincoln, who found in humor relief from war nerves. Lincoln's 133rd birthday is on February 12.)

—:—

People accuse General Grant of heavy drinking. Observes Lincoln; "If I knew what brand of whiskey he drinks I would send a barrel or so to some other generals."

—:—

Lincoln speaks of a flowery congressional orator as one "who mounts the rostrum, throws back his head, shines his eyes and leaves the consequences to God."

—:—

The former rail-splitter, commenting on his fondness for reading, says: "Books serve to show a man that those original thoughts of his aren't very new."

—:—

In conversation with another friend, mention is made of a recently deceased politician a man of great vanity whose funeral had been largely attended.

"If General—had known how big a funeral he was going to have," says Lincoln, "he would have died years ago."

—:—

General McClellan, commander of the Army of the Potomac, is continually asking the war department to furnish him with more soldiers. Wisecracks Lincoln: "If I give McClellan all the men he asks for, they couldn't find room to lie down; they would have to sleep standing up."

—:—

His constant telling of funny stories annoys some people. To a congressman who expresses dislike of his stories, he says: "You cannot be more anxious than I have been constantly since the beginning of the war; and I say to you now that were it not for this occasional vent I would die."

—:—

The President hears of a Confederate raid on Fairfax in which a brigadier general and a number of horses are captured, and gravely says:

"Well, I am sorry about the horses."

"Sorry about the horses?" exclaims Secretary Stanton.

"Yes," replies Lincoln. "I can make a brigadier general in five minutes but it isn't easy to replace 110 good horses."

—:—

Government bigwigs stand around while the President receives an elderly farm woman from the west. She gives him a pair of woolen socks she has knitted, about a yard long. He thanks her, inquires about the folks at home and courteously escorts her to the door. Returning, he picks up the socks by the toes and says to the bigwigs: "The old lady got my longitude and latitude about right, didn't she?"

A civilian busybody, who wants to help conduct the war asks the President how many men the Confederate have in the field.

"About 1,200,00," Lincoln replies.

"Oh, not that many, Mr. Lincoln."

"They have a full twelve hundred thousand, no doubt of it. You see all of our generals when they get whipped say the enemy outnumbers them three or five to one. We have 400,000 in the field and three times four makes twelve, don't you see it "

—:—

Lincoln's mind is haunted by anxiety over bad tidings from the Chattanooga campaign. But he turns, as he has so often, to humor to sustain himself and the people through another winter of dark conflict.

An old neighbor from Illinois winds up a visit at the White House with query: "How does it feel to be President of the United States?"

Says Lincoln: "You have heard about the fellow tarred and feathered and ridden out of town on a rail. A man in the crowd asked him how he liked it and his answer was that if it wasn't for the honor of the thing he would much rather walk."

—:—

A raw, gray winter day in the sprawling shack-studded war capital of 1863, a Washington of muddy streets, horse cars and many bewhiskered "boys in blue" on crutches.

The President is sick in bed. "Bilious fever" is the first report. Then it leaks out that the malady is smallpox. The local papers report "plug-hatted, long-coated office seekers skeedaddling in sudden panic" from the White House when they hear what ails the President.

Congressman Lovejoy of Illinois is waiting in the reception room at "the mansion." A door opens enough to outline the gaunt, war-wrecked face and the raw-boned figure of Abraham Lincoln, grotesque in a dressing gown.

"Lovejoy, are you afraid?"

"No, I have had the smallpox."

Lincoln, walking into, the room says:

"There is one good thing about this, Lovejoy, I now have something to give everybody."

———:———

The old notion that people can keep themselves to themselves and not be touched by what is happening to their neighbors, or even to people who live hundreds of miles off, is a most dangerous mistake. The saying that we are members one of another is not a mere pious formula to be repeated in church without any meaning; it is a literal truth; for though the rich end of the town can avoid living with poor end, it can not avoid dying with it when the plague comes.—Selected.

FIT FOR A PRESIDENT

By Mabel McKee

At seven o'clock Amanda Hastings was positive she'd never smile again until she was back in Philadelphia. Yet here she was, half an hour later, not only smiling but laughing softly. And all because a tall man in a rusty suit, flapping comforter and stove pipe hat had passed the window of Mrs. Casto's boarding house as she happened to peer through its panes.

When she had climbed off the stagecoach at Indianapolis, a feeling of homesickness had more than gripped her. It had choked her, she felt. She had managed to eat supper with the other paying guests of Mrs. Casto. Dead tired from the cold, rough journey, she had fallen asleep the minute she had climbed into the bed piled high with feather mattresses.

The minute she had wakened she had jumped from bed, expecting to hear the voices of her sisters. She had had to run to the window to assure herself that she was on her way to the little prairie town where she was to marry Benjamin Colter and make a home.

Because she had overslept, Amanda had to rush through dressing and a breakfast of mush, pork, eggs, hot bread, preserves and tea. She had gone back to her room to add an extra petticoat to the three she usually wore for needed warmth. Then she had peeped from her window, seen the grotesque, tall, rawboned man, and laughed. Then she began to wonder if all the men in the prairie town would be like him, and she grew sober again.

Benjamin Colter, who like herself had been born and grown up in Philadelphia, had said western people were different from those he had known back home, but he liked them, as he did the prairie. He had developed the "Go West, young man" fever while on a trip to Indiana for his uncle's bank. Shortly after his return, he had come to Amanda's home to tell her father, Jerome Hastings, of the offer of a position from the new bank in Terry Hut.

Energetic Jerome Hastings had told him to take the position. He had likewise informed his daughter, Amanda, that in the west Benjamin could become a most important person while young. In her presesce he had soberly said to her mother. "If we were younger than fifty, we would go west and build up a great business there. It's great work—this building new towns in new lands."

That had been in the summer. Six months later, on a cold February morning, Jerome Hastings had put his oldest unmarried daughter, Amanda, on the stagecoach to join young Benjamin in the little town where he had already become cashier of the new bank. The minister engaged to marry them was to meet Amanda when the stagecoach reached Terry Hut.

Amanda was very homesick. Now as she fastened the gold breastpin in the lace collar of her dress, she tried not to sniffle. While she fussed with the pin, Mrs. Casto came to knock on her door and tell her that soon

the stagecoach for the west would be ready to leave the Francis House, just around the corner and down the street a little way.

"I've packed a poke for you to eat on the way," she smiled. "Like as not the place at which the driver and his boy stop to eat at noon won't be a modest place for an unattended young lady to eat."

Two colored boys came in for Amanda's luggage. One took the big valise she had fastened and the other began to collect her other bundles. When he reached for the box Amanda's mother had filled with pound cake of her own baking as her daughter's wedding cake, the girl shook her head and told him she would carry it herself.

After Mrs. Casto had told her goodby and gone back to her other guests, Amanda went out into the snowy street and followed the boys with her possessions down the boardwalk, around the corner and toward the stagecoach waiting in front of the Francis House.

Right then, Amanda saw for the second time that morning the tall man with the flapping coat tails, the tall stove pipe hat and the fringed comforter. Turning, he saw her, and immediately surmising that she was to take the coach, in a few long steps, reached her and helped her into the vehicle, which was still empty.

He saw to it that she had the most comfortable corner, and when a boy brought out of the hotel a box of heated bricks, had two of them put at her feet. He looked toward her hands, saw they were snuggled in her tiny fur muff, and smiled a strange crooked smile. He started to say something else when someone called his name, "Mr. Lincoln!"

Turning, he doffed his hat to two women who had just come out of the inn. He talked with them a few minutes and then came back to the coach, because the driver had shouted the announcement that they were leaving immediately.

He found two other passengers in the stagecoach—corpulent, well-dressed men. They had taken the seat in front of Amanda. That made it necessary that he either sit beside her or take the front seat which faced the others and necessitated his riding backwards.

Again he doffed his hat and asked Amanda's permission to sit beside her. Smilingly she moved over to give him more room. She was very glad he was to sit beside her. Perhaps if he talked well she would forget to be homesick. And she did not want to meet Benjamin Colter with a tear-stained face.

The tall man did talk. He asked her what was her destination. He said that he was going to Springfield, Illinois, adding that he would be on the coach four days against the two required to take her on to Terry Hut.

He spoke of the Halfway House, a hostelry, well kept by a man and his wife noted as fine hosts. He said that it was favored by people from the east, who were going west on visits.

Amanda never knew how it happened that she began to tell him about Benjamin Colter, his trip west and his decision to live there. She went from that to her own journey west to marry him. She even added the

information that she intended to persuade Benjamin to return to Philadelphia and their friends, where luxuries and comforts would be met instead of the hardships of a new country.

The tall man's sharp eyes seemed to pierce her very soul when she said that. Instantly Amanda sensed his disapproval of her plans. "just as father would disapprove," she thought. "But I didn't tell him I intend to coax Ben back home to work."

She had told her sister and her girl friends. They had all told her that she was clever, that young Ben Colter would be fond enough of her to come home. Elizabeth Davis, who was soon to marry the son of a Philadelphia merchant, had added, "You are too frail and too great a lady to help build up a new land. Let girls who aren't so pretty and well raised go west."

Now she repeated these words to this man the two women had called "Mr. Lincoln." She felt they would justify her course to him. He listened politely but made no comment for several minutes. That annoyed Amanda who for some reason she couldn't explain wanted his commendation.

Then suddenly he announced his intention of telling her a story. Amanda, who was well used to the stories told by her school-mistresses and the parson of her father's church, thought this would be a story with a moral tacked to it—a moral about the duty of women. She raised her chin a bit haughtily.

But the man missed the haughty tilt and went on with the story about a man and a pig. It was really funny and Amanda laughed heartily with him about it. She was glad that her laughter encouraged him to further talking.

He asked her about her family, and when she told him about her father, who was a churchman as well as a merchant; who had raised two sons and two daughters to the grown-up stage and was now training three younger children, he said that men like her father were making "These United States" a great nation.

Hardly had he said "great nation" before the coach, which had been jolting from side to side of the road, sank into a deep rut and stayed there. While the driver and his boy climbed down to work with the wheels and in this way help the horses pull it from the rut, Mr. Lincoln instructed not only Amanda but the two men in front how to grip the seat so they wouldn't fall when the coach would again start with a "great jerk."

But the coach didn't start. The two corpulent merchants fretted and fumed over the delay, the discomfort and the cold, but Abraham Lincoln climbed out of the coach, went across the road to a rail fence and began to carry the top rails to the coach.

With the three of them—Abraham Lincoln, the driver and his boy—working together, the recreant front wheel was soon pried out of the rut and the back ones moved over the makeshift bridge they had built of the rails. Lincoln helped them carry the rails back to the fence and carefully built them into it again.

When he came back to the coach, he took off his gloves and rubbed his hands in the snow just below the

step. He stepped inside the coach and dropped down on the seat beside Amanda and he was smiling again. He told another story, as smoothly as if he had not been interrupted.

Soon Amanda asked him about Terry Hut. There was a quality about this man she knew was honest as well as rugged. She was sure he would tell her the best as well as the worst.

"Well, my acquaintanceship with Terry Hut started a long time ago," he said. "With some other young men I drove in with some hogs. Nice hogs, though not so wild as the one which knocked the man into the puddle in my story, young lady. But they went wild and we had to chase them down the street. Men and boys came to help us. There was a girl in the store into which one ran through the open door. She helped too—chased the hog out with a broom."

He told how they had gotten the pigs together and into the stockyard of a pork packing establishment and how that night he and the other young men had slept in a wagon yard.

The two men in front of them opened a box of lunch and began to eat. The position of the sun told Amanda it was noon. She realized that she, who that morning had barely tasted her breakfast, was very hungry.

She opened the "poke" Mrs. Casto had packed for her and invited her new friend to share her lunch. Happily he did so. The two of them finished the "meat and bread" of the lunch, and smiled at each other as if satisfied.

Then suddenly Amanda remembered the rich pound cake, several pounds of which her mother had packed in the big box in which had been her father's last pair of English shoes. There was much more than she and Benjamin could eat. As she opened the box she told the man so.

His eyes told Amanda he enjoyed the great slice she gave him. When it was finished he pronounced it cake "fit for a president or a king," adding that here in the United States, everyone ate the same kind of cake—presidents and rugged pioneers.

A bit slyly he looked straight into her eyes, "Provided there's a good wife to make such a cake. And also a good man."

Then he began to talk of two women he had known—the women who had been his mother and the one, now his stepmother, who had been his best friend.

After finishing that talk he lapsed into silence. He sat beside Amanda, tall homely, rugged but with, she was sure, the kindest eyes she had ever known a man to have. When he fell asleep despite the jolting coach, she watched him, reaching out to keep him from slipping at the jolt of the coach.

That night he sat beside her at the Halfway House supper table, waiting on her and entertaining her. He introduced her to the wife of the innkeeper, a young women still in her twenties, who divided her days between seeing that the food was cooked, the rooms of the inn kept in order, and her three little children well raised.

Amanda learned that this young woman had come from Philadelphia, Well educated in a girls' select school, she spoke beautiful English and had read books Amanda knew.

When she talked there was no longing for her old home—just a great desire to make this new one a good home for her husband and children.

One of the merchants, whom Abraham Lincoln introduced, knew Benjamin Colter. He predicted that some day he'd be the greatest banker of the middle west.

From Sarah Morton, the wife of the innkeeper, who took her up to her bedroom and stayed with her to talk about her journey and her new home, Amanda learned much about Abraham Lincoln, who often stopped overnight at the Halfway House. Sarah Morton was sure that he, a shining light in the Illinois legislature, would be president some day.

Then Amanda remembered the pound cake, "Fit for a president,' she said softly. "Fit for a president."

She told Benjamin Colter about Abraham Lincoln and the cake two days later, after they had been married and moved into the little cottage on a hill from which she could look down at a beautiful winding river and then, turning, look out on the prairie. She could see the homes of other people and the top of the bank where Benjamin was cashier.

Often during the days which followed, as she made curtains for the windows of her new home and did other things to make it attractive and comfortable, she thought of Abraham Lincoln and the two women whom he had called "mother." She dreamed of the woman at the Halfway House, which she would see every time she went with Ben to Indianapolis on business for the bank.

She knew that because of Abraham Lincoln's words she was going to stay on in Terre Haute and not try to coax Ben to leave the town which needed him so badly

* * * * * *

The little four-room house had taken on a second story, and other houses around it hid the view from her western window—the one of the river and the canal, before Ben came home to tell her that Abraham Lincoln was a candidate for the presidency of the United States.

There were patches of white at Ben's temple for all his youth. Troubled times in the United States were bringing gray hairs to many young men. But now he was very happy. "Abraham Lincoln is the man who can save the nation," he said over and over again that evening.

Amanda brought out for supper that evening a rich pound cake she had baked after the famous recipe of her mother—the cake which was Ben's favorite. As she placed it on the table, her little son, Bennie, reached out his hand for a few crumbs. She started to "smack" his hand and then suddenly she drew back her own. Into her ears there flashed words, coming from a long beautiful memory. "Fit for a president or king." they read.

Quickly she cut little Bennie a thin slice, which was not large enough to hurt him. Then she laid it on his place and smilingly patted his little tow head.

"Fit for a president," she whispered, "and for a pioneer. He said that too, did Abraham Lincoln, who must save the nation."

PRESIDENT'S WIDOW HAS MODERN IDEAS

By John Ferris

One who talks to Mrs. Benjamin Harrison, widow of the 23rd President of the United States, becomes pleasantly aware after a while that either a lot of nonsense has been written about the disadvantages of age or that Mrs. Harrison is an exceptional woman.

Probably the latter idea is nearer the truth, since there is little reason to expect women of 83 to be interested in new ideas and to immerse themselves in the changing life of today and at the same time retain a remarkably clear memory of things in the distant past.

A suspicion lay in this interviewer's mind when he called on Mrs. Harrison at her apartment in East 64th street; a suspicion which was not allayed when Miss Addie Williams, subscription manager of the Theatre Guild, who had arranged the visit, tactifully suggested that as Mrs. Harrison was one of the guild's oldest subscribers and a theatre-goer of many years, it would be well to be forearmed with considerable knowledge of guild plays presented twenty years ago.

The day was gloomy and rain pelted against the windows of the living room where Mrs. Harrison waited in a big rose-colored wing chair. Magazines were on a table at her right, books at a table on her left, and for all the dismal quality of the weather she was in sprightly spirits.

The usual preliminary parrying of an interview went on for a few minutes, and then the question cropped up about Mrs. Harrison's views of the modern theatre and of the guild's current revival of Sheridan's comedy, "The Rivals," with Mary Boland, Bobby Clark and Walter Hampdeo.

"The Rivals?" she repeated. "I haven't seen it yet. But I'll never forget Otis Skinner in "The Rivals." He was superb as Captain Absolute."

Since Otis Skinner had appeared in "The Ravals" with Joseph Jefferson about 50 years ago, the suspicion that this might turn out to be a voyage into the past was re-kindled. But Mrs. Harrison had no intention of retreating into the past, at any rate not a past as remote as the early 1890's when, as Mrs. Mary Scott Lord Dimmick, widow of Walter Dimmick, she was living in the White House—the guest of her Aunt Caroline Scott Harrison, sister of her mother, who had died in 1889.

Presently she was ranging over such diverse subjects as her war work, her reading and her travels, the theater and the opera, children and her own two grandchildren in particular, and men and women and life in general.

Her grandson, Benjamin Harrison Walker, 20, is a sophomore at Princeton, and a member of the staff of the undergraduate newspaper. The Daily Princetonian. He would like to be a newspaperman.

"I think the day has passed when

parents can order their children to adopt this or that profession," Mrs. Harrison said. "The child must choose for itself."

Her granddaughter, Mary Jane Walker, who is only 12 and who prefers to be called plain Jane Walker, recently accompanied Mrs. Harrison to the national theater to see the Maurice Evans—Judith Anderson "MacBeth." and delighted her grandmother by her facility in quoting extensively from Shakespeare.

Mrs. Harrison, who has seen virtually all the plays the guild has produced since it started in 1919, save for the years when she was abroad, thinks the Guild is a great institution and has been a good influence on the American theater. She has not cared for all the Guild's plays. but she thinks in all cases that they have been well acted.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Mansfield were intimate friends of hers. She regarded Mansfield as one of the greatest actors of his time.

Remembering Mrs. John Drew and Maurice Barrymore, De Wolfe Hopper. Julia Marlowe, Wilston Lackaye, Tom Keene and other great players, she is constrained to make comparisons with the actors and actresses of today. She has well defined admirations. She likes Ethel Barrymore and the Lunts and Judith Anderson. She praised Josephine Hull, who is one of the homicidal aunts in "Arsenic and Old Lace." She found Saroyan's first play, "My Heart's in the Highlands," a "delightful" piece of work and on the whole approves of him, even though as in "The Beautiful People" he crowds odd characters on the stage to make pretty speeches.

The past naturally obtrudes itself more when she speaks of the opera because few new operas are produced and comparisons between the singers of today and those of the past seem inevitable.

She still likes the opera, thinks it would be absurd to eliminate the German and Italian operas because of the war, and is persuaded that opera is good for the people and will thrive for a long time to come. She goes to the Met occasionally and attends symphony concerts regularly. She regrets that Kirsten Flagstad, the great Wagnerian soprano, is not in New York this season. Mms. Flagstead returned to Norway to visit her husband and expects to remain there until the war ends.

The singers of the past she remembers vividly include Jean de Reske, the Polish baritone; Caruso, Calve, Melba, Farrar, Schumann-Heink, Tetrazzini and Matzenuer.

She mentioned strip-teasing, "This strip thing, as they call it," in commenting on certain things in the theatre she regards as very vulgar. She finds a little too much vulgarity in the modern theatre, and she rather regrets the passing of the big stock companies.

When "Porgy and Bess," another current revival at the hands of Cheryl Crawford, was brought up, Mrs. Harrison became enthusiastic instantly. She saw the original production in 1935.

"Not long afterwards," she recalled, "I was traveling in the South with a friend. I called my sister-in-law in Charleston and told her I was coming and would she make arrangements for me to stay somewhere."

The arrangements were made and greatly to Mrs. Harrison's delight, she and her friend found themselves lodging in the very house where Porgy and Bess were supposed to have lived. A renovated place, of course, now housing apartments mainly occupied by artists.

She said: "I've traveled in every state in this country except Florida. I've never been there, though I should like to go some day. I love the big West."

Mrs. Harrison was born Mary Scott Lord, at Honesdale, Pa., on April 30, 1858. Her father was Russell L. Lord, chief engineer and general manager of the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company. Her first marriage ended in widowhood in 1882.

Soon after President Harrison's term began in 1889, her mother died. Her aunt died in 1892 and in 1896 the ex-President married his wife's niece in New York City. He died in 1901.

They had one daughter, now the wife of James Blaine Walker, grandnephew of the James G. Blaine who was Secretary of State under Harrison.

In speaking of him, Mrs. Harrison calls him by the family appellation, "The General." There is a large oil painting of the General in the dining room, and other mementoes of his public life—his last Thanksgiving Day proclamation, written in pencil; a photograph of his monument in Indianapolis; another photograph made in Paris of him and the Venezuelan commission, of which he was chief counsel. After his death, Mrs. Harrison gave his papers to the Library of Congress at Washington.

Mrs. Harrison has traveled a great deal. She was in Munich, Germany, when the first World War broke out. She has a warm heart for that old Germany, but she is not sanguine about a renascence of those care-free days.

"The world has changed too much and is still changing," she said. "We must only hope and pray that it will be a better world than we have ever known."

Her reading is mainly in biographies and history. She likes stories with an English background.

"I like romance in fiction and in life also," she said. "I like to see people happy. Sometimes when you give a person a smile in the morning it makes the whole day bright for him. We need more of that spirit."

She spoke of her diary which she has kept for 25 years and which both she and her daughter refer to many times. They enjoy reading over their experiences, especially the notes made in their travels.

"I used to buy them for a five-year period," Mrs. Harrison said. "But this year I bought only a one-year book. And from now on I shall buy just the one-year books."

She was smiling as she said it.

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Here are four distinct types of people. To which do you belong? The romantic admire. The ambitious aspire. The brave inspire. The lazy retire.—Selected.

NATURE FORECASTS WEATHER

By Howard W. Blakeslee

There are 13 signs in the sky that will help you be your own weather forecaster.

They will tell you more than the United States weather forecasters are permitted to say under the war rules.

There also are some other signs. These you may not be able to see, but you can feel them sometimes, or sense them by knowing what to look for.

You can even do some long-range forecasting, a month or two, by knowing about certain seasonal weather combinations.

All are well verified by science. They come from the observed experiences of members of the American Meteorological society.

Like all rules, they can't be followed out of a window. This means they apply in particular ways in different localities, and you must watch them to know how to fit them to your local area.

The sky signs involve sun, moon and clouds.

Rings around the (1) sun or (2) moon forecast storms, usually, in a large part but not all of the United States. In the eastern states, in winter, the rings 9 times out of 10 forecast storm within 24 hours.

In summer they do not forecast a storm so often. Watch then to see if there has just been a storm, for they appear after storms.

In Florida, for example, the rings do not apply. There are apt to follow storms. The explantation is that these rings are formed by the light shining through regions of fine, floating ice crystals. In summer and in warm climates, the ice is less frequent, and apt to form after the cooling effects of a storm rather than before.

3. A red sky in the morning, contrary to the red sunset sky, is likely to be a sign of rain soon. The sky is red as the sun rises because of considerable moisture in the air. The moisture is likely to precipitate.

4. The red sunset, almost universally accepted folk-sign of fair weather tomorrow, is really a good fair weather indicator. This sunset red also comes from moisture in the air.

But at evening this does not forecast rain because of the probability that the coolness of night will remove some of the moisture in the form of dew.

However, red sunsets sometimes foretell stormy weather. This happens when there has been a succession of clear summer days, with no dew.

Now, the clouds:

5. Sheet clouds (alto stratus). They are, at first, very high. They look like either a veil, or a curtain covering the sky. They start at about 20,000 feet. Then they drop, and this falling must be watched for. The descent may cover 18 to 24 hours. They get down to 2,000 or 3,000 feet. When the sheet clouds start coming down, you can get ready for a storm.

Futhermore you can make a guess that the weather will become warmer, not immediately but a few hours after

the storm starts. The reason is that the sheet clouds and their drop indicate the approach of a warm front, the scientific name for a mass of warm air.

6. Castle-shaped clouds (alto-cumulus-castellatus). These are flat faced, with castle-like turrets. Seen in the morning, they are good signs of impending thunder showers.

7. Lens-shaped clouds (lenticular). These are thicker in the middle, flattened at both ends They may be in parallel rows, six or eight rows. They may have the diameter of a couple of moons, or of a barn. They mean no rain likely for 12 hours. Reason, they show descending air currents. Rain is likely only in ascending air.

8. The ocean-wave clouds (stratocumulus.) They resemble waves, being alternately dark and light. If you see blue holes in the light portions, that is a likely sign of clearing weather.

9. Fish-hooks (cirrus uncinius) these are the famous flying tails. They are likely to show hooks at the ends. Sometimes they are cane shaped, with a handle. They travel fast, at around 25,000 feet. They are signs of an approaching storm.

10. Thunder heads (cumulonimbus) look for a storm as soon as these clouds change from cauliflower shape to show frazzled edges or veils on top.

Other signs:

11. In the eastern United States around the mountain regions, considerable cloudiness about 7 or 8 in the morning shows a much greater chance of thunderstorms than if the morning is clear.

12. Rain before 7, clearing before 11, in the same region, is a fairly good prediction. It applies in spring, summer and winter.

13. In the April shower season of spring, two or three morning showers, with clearing around 3 p. m.. are a good sign to beware of frost.

When the girl-friend or the wife complains that her hair won't stay fixed, you can make a predication, and maybe it will be weather.

For this hair trouble goes back five centuries to one of the world's famous weather forecasting discoverıes Nicholas, Cardinal Da Cusa, found that by weighing a ball of wool yarn he could do some surprising (at that time) forecasting.

The wool changed its weight according to the amount of moisture in the air, absorbing enough to change the weight on delicate scales.

Human hair is a better absorber, and women's hair, on account of its length, snarls and becomes unruly from excess moisture in the air.

Predicting weather from women's hair is a matter of skill and experience. It has varying meanings. In a climate like Florida's summer, which appears in many parts of the United States in warm weather, the moisture is a fair indicator of storm ahead.

The pet corn swelling and aching is another storm indicator, just fair, the pains probably due to increasing humidity.

However, people differ and some seem to have accurate weather corns. Aches in the bones and neuralgias are weather predicting standbys for some, but the meteorologists think as a rule such pains show up after the storm arrives.

Among the animals, beware of believing thickened fur foretells a cold winter, discard the geese, but pay attention to the cricket's chirp. He is the only good animal indictator, and he is an excellent thermometer. He chirps a few times a minute at around 45 Fahrenheit and his number of chirps doubles with each 18 degrees (10 degrees centigrade) rise.

Scientists, waking in the night, can tell the temperature by counting the cricket's chirps. The fire-fly's rate of flashing is another temperature indicator, but not so good. The flashes become more frequent as temperature rises.

For long range forecasting. You think of weather as something that flows. Literally weather does just that, being composed of streams of air.

Persistence of flow, which you would recognize as perhaps an annoyingly long length of time for one kind of weather to last, is an interesting sign. You can take a chance, as a beginner, in using this flow in late winter and again near the end of June.

Persistent cold, for example in January, is likely to be followed by a cool February. Persistant dryness at that season, and again near the end of June, means the possibility of continued dryness the next month.

When you can sense the persistence of flow you are up among the high cards in weather forecasting—in fact, in the region of that science which is only recently coming within the grasp of scientists.

You can get a barometer. The instrument will tell much about the local weather if watched until you know how it responeds to local conditions.

In winter for example, a rising barometer in clear weather is likely to be followed by cloudy weather when the barometer falls. This may be reversed in summer. Localities may differ, too.

This glass was used by your forefathers—and without weather forecasts, less than a century ago, they did very well at predicting. Perhaps you have inherited the ability.

A GOOD EXTINGUISHER

While visiting in Naples, Booth Tarkington was taken by an Italian friend to watch the eruption of Vesuvius. It was a magnificent and frightening spectacle. The Italian watched with amusement the look of awe on the author's face.

"I don't suppose you have anything like that in America, have you?" he asked, beaming with pride.

"No, we haven't," admitted Tarkington, "but we've got the Niagara Falls that would put the darned thing out in five minutes."

SPEAKING OF SPIDERS

By Margaret A. J. Irvin

It was Walter Winchell who brought up the subject of spiders. He suggested that they might be used as barometers, since they seem to be weather-wise little creatures. In fair weather they spread their lacy webs delicately over large areas. When a storm is coming they shorten the strands and strengthen the web.

Apparently, the spiders of the Holy Land show themselves only when Nature is serene. The only references to spiders' webs in the Bible use them to represent frail and transitory things. Isaiah says that the wickedness of the people is like a spider's web, but it cannot be made into a garment to cover them. Job says that the hope of the hypocrite shall be cut off; it is like the spider's web. On the other hand, both job and Isaiah were poets. They had no intention of presenting a scientific treatise on spiders. They wanted to show the folly of putting trust in anything but God's goodness.

Just the same, spiders are well worth a little thought. None of us really likes them. They are creepy, crawly little things. We may refrain from killing them, either from a dislike of needlessly killing anything that God has made, or because we know that they help to destroy many of the insect pests that beset our path.

There are few things that add more beauty to an early morning landscape than the dew-studded webs which decorate the grass of the fields. Great poets have tried to capture their lovelines and imprison it in words. Painters and photographers have tried to reproduce their dainty spangles. All of us have looked at them with wonder and with reverence. That anything as tiny as a spider can make a thing as perfect as one of those webs speaks to us of the patience of the Creator.

The method of weaving a web does depend upon the weather. When there is no wind, the spider must run with her thread and fasten it in a spot of her choosing. That is evidently what the spider who so encouraged Robert Bruce was doing with such quiet persistence. When there is a gentle breeze, the spider lets the thread blow free. Where it lands she fastens it. Skillfully, but casually, she runs back and forth along the swaying strands, until she has the sort of net she needs. When a storm is brewing, she "shortens the strands and strengthens the web."

Now, that is not a bad idea for Christian women in 1942, is it? We may not have as many legs as a spider, but we have lots more brains. We ought to be able to weather the storm ever so much better.

In days of peace and plenty, we can take things a little easy and leave the outline of our lives somewhat to chance. We can spread our energies a bit thin without doing a great deal of harm to the general pattern. No matter where life's gentle breezes carry us, we are almost bound to land on our feet.

All of us face, now and again, a

year when those gentle breezes turn into a gale that seems determined to sweep away all that we hold dear. All of us face, now and again, a personal storm that tests our endurance. This year the war clouds have broken over us, and we feel the force of a national storm as well.

If we are wise, we will take a lesson from the lowly spider. We will shorten the strands and strengthen the web by putting first things first. There are a hundred ways to spend our energy. Besides the regular calls of the church's work, there are the other worthy community enterprises which make a bid for our time and interest—P. T. A., milk control, temperance, neighborhood zoning, prison reform, labor legislation, uniforms for the school band. Add to these the demands which the war has brought: Red Cross work, home defense, helping in local service centers, etc. If we tried to do everything we would like to do, we would soon have spun our thread out so fine, it would snap under the strain. Then we would be in nice fix. And we would not be in it alone. We could make things quite unpleasant for other people by falling out of line.

To keep the pattern of our lives firm, we place God at the center. Every important, sustaining strand is woven through that center. Every activity we undertake is considered first in relation of God. And one after another we find them worth our time and thought. There seem to be very few things to which the Christian woman gives her time which are not just as important in days of stress as they were in quieter days.

Jesus knew all about spiders and their habits, but He did not liken the Kingdom of God to a spider's web. He likened it to a mustard seed that grows and grows.

THE STORY OF NICKEL

By Wouter Van Garrett

From the day man first learned simple uses for the metals he had found there has been an untiring search for new precious metals. The quest has led him into the fever-infested jungles, into the frozen wastes of the North, and into the thickness of the forest. He has climbed the highest peaks, and has dug deep into the earth, always hoping to find some rich deposit of precious metal.

There have been numerous occasions when his search was rewarded not with the particular metal he sought, but some other, sometimes a metal far more precious. Sometimes he found worthless stuff in place of what he had been seeking. He frowned at his find. But, sometimes, years later the worthless stuff turned out to be far more valuable than he ever suspected.

The story of nickel is the story of a metal that was regarded as a nuisance when first discoverd; years later it proved itself a benefit to man-

kind. It was in Saxony that man first laid open rich lodes of nickel. But the miners were mining for silver and copper. At first the glittering ore filled them with hope and excitement, but then came disapointment.

There seemed to be no use for the new ore; in fact, they could not succeed in extracting the metal from the ore. Many of those miners were superstitious men, and they soon began to belive that Satan had placed this nickel ore in their path to lead them astray. So they called it "kupfernickle," after "Old Nick."

The name that had been applied to the new metal continued to stick, and today it is the same in almost every language. It was more than fifty years after the Saxon miners discovered it, however, that scientists succeeded in extracting pure nickel. That was more than one hundred and fifty years ago.

It is interesting to note that one of the first uses to which nickel was put was coinage. Sweden was the first country to adopt pure nickel as money, and that was in 1881. Other countries followed rapidly, until there were twenty-four which had nickel coins. Today there are no less than three billion nickel coins in use in various parts of the world.

Nickel has made tremendous strides during the past decade; it has found a large place of usefulness in the industrial world. Those who have seen the Empire State Building in New York City have been impressed with the glittering surface of this tall structure. You may have been told that stainless steel covers the outer surface, but that is only part of the story. Stainless steel, in itself, could not produce that effect; there is eight per cent nickel in the white metallic covering.

Most of the decorative trimmings in banks, hotel lobbies, department stores, and restaurants have a heavy nickel content. The past few years chromium plate has become quite popular; it has as its base a heavy plating of nickel.

But nickel has uses that are not decorative. It plays a prominent part in the construction of turbines. The sharp steel blades cannot resist the pressure of the steam that is directed against them, unless nickel has a prominent part in their construction. Two of the chief enemies the chemical engineer must learn to combat are rust and chemical corrosion; there is no metal that can so successfully combat them as nickel.

The largest nickel mines in the world are in the Sulbury district of Canada. More than ninety per cent of all nickel is mined there, and the supply seems so large that it probably will not be exhausted for centuries.

There are valuable by-products in nickel mining. The following figures may give us an idea of these products. The Sulbury mines produce about 180,000,000 pounds of nickel each year. At the same time about 240,000,000 pounds of copper are produced, and 1,500,000 ounces of silver, 40,000 ounces of gold, and 300,000 ounces of platinum metals. These platinum metals include ruthenium, iridium, ladium, and rhodium.

In much the same manner in which nickel is found in the earth—that is, in company with other metals—so its use is most valuable when united with other metals. Nickel is used for plat-

ing for a variety of objects, including many cooking utensils.

As an alloy with steel it is popular in the construction of modern steel bridges. Combined with copper and zinc it produces an alloy known as nickel-silver.

Nickel is silver-white in color, and can be highly polished. It is rather difficult to purify, but when reduced it is ductile and malleable. It contracts and expands very little under extremes of heat and cold, and it does not rust or corrode.

When the old Saxons called it "kupfernickel" they thought "Old Nick" and his mischievous gnomes had sent a curse upon their work. It proved to be so stubborn that they could find no use for it, and yet it turned up with their copper and silver ore. It was a sore test of their patience. The trouble centered, however, not in the metal but in their lack of knowledge of methods of reducing it. But they regarded it as stubborn. And yet the very stubbornness of that ore has proved to be one of the most valuable qualities of nickel. But man had first to learn how to handle and use it.

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The happy people are those who are producing something; the bored people are those who are consuming much and producing nothing.—Dean W. R. Inge.

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FLOATING CHAPEL CARRIES GOSPEL INTO SWAMPLANDS

By Conrad Manley

The fishermen, trappers, and moss-gatherers in the tangled depths of the great Atchafalaya swamp at last have a place to worship—"The Little Brown Church on the Water."

The little floating chapel, built on an abandoned barge, noses along the hidden waterways of this 2,400-square-mile wilderness to give some 10,000 inhabitants one of their few contacts with the outside world.

It's a strange sight in the south Louisiana marsh country where hundreds of children never have seen an American flag or an automobile or telephone, where most of their parents can neither read nor write, and a stranger is regarded with suspicion as a possible warden or other agent of the law.

The swamp people welcome the Little Brown Church on the water, although they were highly suspicious at first of the Rev. Ira I. Marks, a Baptist missionary who came to New Orleans three years ago from Oklahoma City and became interested in them.

While studying in a Bible institute, he worked at a clothing store during

week days and preached on Sundays. He found that many residents of the bayou country were interested in having the Gospel brought to their tiny communities.

"I started out trying to carry on my pastorate in Jeanerette, and preach the marsh settlements all at the same time," he says. "but it was too much for any one man.

"We started a mission and I quit my job. One day a member of the Baton Rouge church asked if there was anything we wanted. I told him I would like to have an old abandoned barge lying on the bayou bank. He raised $300 to buy it."

The barge was equipped with a chapel and pews seating 200 persons, a loudspeaker system, and living quarters. A launch was purchased to tow it through the cypress and willow-lined waterways to the isolated houseboat communities.

Soon the swamp folk began looking forward to its arrival. As it glides through the silent bayous, hymns and religious songs are broadcast, and the people know the mission is back in the neighborhood.

When the chapel is filled, the amplifying system carries the minister's sermons to those on the bayou banks.

The church usually remains moored at one location for about two weeks and then moves on to another place. The longest jump so far has been 60 miles.

Besides the loudspeaker, the church has a 250-pound brass bell, the last one cast in the shops of the Illinois Central railroad until the war ends the metal shortage. It was a special gift from the railroad's president, J. L. Bevan.

The Reverend Mr. Marks now is superintendent of the Atchafalaya Baptist mission, which include seven churches and schools and a new hospital in the marsh districts.

His travels in the swamp country produced many unusual experiences since the people rarely went outside the basin and ministers rarely went in to visit the people.

"Many couples were living together and raising families without benefit of clergy," he says. "It was strange to officiate at marriage ceremonies at which children and grandchildren of the bride and bridegroom were present.

Without the Little Brown Church on the Water, in a country where almost everyone lives in a houseboat and travels in pirogues or motor launches, few Atchafalaya natives would hear a sermon from one year to the next.

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The Rock of Gibraltar is one of the strategic points in the world. There are less than two square miles of it, yet if the rock was made of solid gold it could hardly be of more importance.

—Selected.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Mr. R. M. Rothgeb, of Raleigh, chief engineer with the State Budget Bureau, spent last Wednesday morning at the School. He conferred with local officials relative to making much needed improvements at the laundry boiler-room.

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Preparatory to setting out several hundred apple and peach trees in our orchards, the new tractor was used in pulling out stumps of dead trees. There was quite a number of them and they were placed in large piles and burned.

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Mr. R. G. Deyton, of Raleigh, assistant director of the State Budget Bureau, visited the School one day last week on official business. Mr. Deyton has always shown keen interest in our boys, and we were very glad to have him with us. The only complaint we have to offer is that his stay in our midst was entirely too short, but trust he may be able to make a more extended visit the next time he is in this part of the state.

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Outside activities at the School have been somewhat limited for several days because of rain and cold weather. However, the barn boys were able to use the teams during part of this time in hauling gravel for grading the new road being built for use of the farm forces. This road leads from our barn buildings to the farm, and will be a great improvement, as it will keep the tractors and heavy farm machinery from passing close to the cottages and other buildings on the campus, thus doing away with most of the dust in dry weather, and keeping from dragging mud on various roads and driveways during rainy weather.

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Just a short time ago we learned that William T. Hawkins, who was allowed to leave the School a little more than a year ago, is now in the United States Navy. While a lad here, he was in Cottage No. 15 and worked on the dairy force. He is now seventeen years old. His message to Superintendent Boger was as follows:

"I am now in the United States Navy, in training at the navy yard, Norfolk, Va., and hope to make a success. The only thing I can hardly wait for is to get hold of some Japs. Just let me at 'em! I hope everything is all right at the Training School. Give my regards to all the boys, also to Mr. Hobby. Must close for this time, and here's a V for victory."

—:—

Walter Cooper, who left the School, July 11, 1939, called at The Uplift office last Saturday. While a lad here, he was a member of the Cottage No. 10 group and worked in the

bakery. Shortly after returning to his home in Thomasville, he enrolled in the CCC and was assigned to a camp near Mocksville, staying there about four months. On February 4, 1941, Walter enlisted in the United States Army, and was sent to Fort Jackson, S. C., where he is still stationed He is a member of the medical corps at the station hospital, and shortly before Christmas was promoted to the rank of first class private, and expects to obtain further promotion in a few months. This young man eighteen years old, made a fine appearance in his army uniform, being the neatest-looking soldier we have seen in a long time. In a conversation with some School officials, Walter stated that he was glad he was sent to the institution several years ago, as it gave him an opportunity to learn the right way of living.

—:—

A recent letter to Superintendent Boger, from Willard McCullers, who left the School, August 1, 1924, disclosed that he has been doing very well since that time. Willard, who is now thirty-four years old, wrote as follows:

"As you know, I returned to Durham after leaving the Training School, and attended school there for a while. I then enlisted in the United States Navy, serving for three years, being honorably discharged in 1928. Since that time I have been in Raleigh. Have been employed by the Betts Coal and Oil Company for five years, and have been getting along very well. I was married in 1938, and have a very, very nice wife. We have built a home in a new development here, called Roan Oak Park.

"I just wanted to take this opportunity to thank you and the officers at the Training School who instructed and tried to help me when I needed help most. While I've had some trials, it seems clear to me now that a person gets out of life just what he puts into it.

"When you come to Raleigh, we would be very glad to have you call on us."

—:—

Paul Lewallan, formerly of Cottage No. 5, who left the School, May 9, 1940, called on us last Wednesday. For a short time after leaving the institution he worked in a furniture factory in High Point, but soon gave up that kind of work and became an enrollee in a CCC camp, being sent to Oregon, where he stayed three months. He then worked as cook in an army base canteen for several months. Returning to his home in High Point, Paul enlisted in the United States Army, October 11, 1940, and was assigned to a field artillery battery, stationed at Fort Bragg. Six months later, he became a member of Battery C, 33rd Field Artillery Battalion and was transferred to Fort Devens, Mass., to which base he will return after spending a few days with relatives in North Carolina.

Paul is a nice-looking fellow, nineteen years old, and his neat service uniform was indeed becoming. He was able to spend but a very short time with us, but managed to get

around to greet most of his old friends among members of the staff.

In speaking of the time spent here as a lad, Paul said the training received at the School certainly gave a fellow a good start in military life, and that he was glad to have had an opportunity such as is offered to boys of our institution.

—:—

Rev. C. E. Baucom, pastor of McGill Street Baptist Church Concord, conducted the afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday. For the Scripture Lesson, he and the boys read responsively part of the 119th Psalm, and the subject of his message to the boys was "Methods of Measuring."

The speaker first showed the boys an ordinary yardstick, so called because of its length, which is one yard. This, said he, is just one type of measure, and is used mostly in measuring cloth. He next showed them a carpenter's folding rule and explained its use. The use of cups and other containers for measuring quarts and gallons of liquids, was explained, as were various measures used to determine proper amounts of dry materials. These are standard measures used by dealers throughout the United States, said Rev. Mr. Baucom, and the laws states they must be kept correct. In Washington there is a government department called the Bureau of Weights and Measures. and if any method used by merchants seems to be doubtful, a federal agent tests his measuring devices by standards required by this department. We must have some way to compel people to keep their standards right. Every man in America is entitled to justice. When a person sells a pound, bushel or quart of anything, it must be just that, and nothing more or less. That's our way of measuring things in the business world.

In measuring men, said the speaker, God has a way of setting a standard. His measures are to be found in the Holy Bible. We judge men according to various man-made rules, but God has the only correct standard of measure to determine whether we are right or wrong. In the sermon on the mount, Jesus says we should observe the Sabbath Day. The Old Testament teaches us to respect only that which is right. These are God's measuring standards, and when we fail to observe them, we become sinners. We are to decide if people are good or bad—not by what we think, but by God's words. If we are to follow the perfect law, the will of our Heavenly Father should be our only guide.

Rev. Mr. Baucom then told the boys that men of different countries have different ways of measuring. In France, cloth is measured by meters instead of yards; in England, money values are reckoned in pence, shillings and pounds rather than by dollars and cents, so familiar to us. But when we consider God's standards of measure, they are the same the world over.

It has always been wrong for people to lie, steal or commit murder, continued the speaker. Take lying, for example. People hardly know how to deal with a liar, for it is difficult to tell when he is lying or telling the truth. This was illus-

trated on December 7th, last year, by the manner in which sneaky Jap statesmen were in Washington pretending to plead for peace, while at the same moment, the war lords of that country were making secret preparations for a dastardly attack upon innocent people. Some people, even entire nations, make it their business to carry on wholesale stealing and murder, and always find some rule by which they try to make us believe they are right, and all who oppose them are wrong. God has but one rule by which men shall live, which calls for observance of that which it right in His sight.

The speaker than told the boys that the very same standards that apply to men outside in the world, apply to them as well, and he asked them to always keep in mind that the final measuring power is with God. Truth is still the truth whereever we may be. Why are we so unlike God? Why aren't we all truthful and honest? The answer is simply this—we do not come up to God's standards. Failing to observe these, we become careless, and then the devil comes into our lives, causing us to sin.

We should start right now to live as God would have us live, concluded Rev. Mr. Baucom. We have made many mistakes before starting to live in the right way, but there is a way in which we may wipe out the blackness of past evils, which is to give our lives to Jesus. There is no other way.

THE PAY-OFF

Early in his travels, the French novelist Balzac discovered money speaks a universal language. Once the author visited Austria, where he was unfamiliar with the language and the currency of the country. This caused him much inconvenience until he hit upon a plan that every tourist would do well to follow.

Whenever he took a carriage from one town to another, he never knew how much to pay the driver. Upon arriving at the end of a journey, the driver would step down from his seat and approach the window for his fare.

Here Balzac's keen knowledge of human nature served him well. Reaching into his purse, he would take out one coin and place it in the man's hand. If the latter's face showed no emotion, and he kept his hand out-stretched, the author, after some hesitation, would add another coin. Slowly he would add one coin after another until suddenly a smile would break out on the man's face.

The moment Balzac saw that, he knew he had given one coin too many. So hastily he would take the coin back and alight from the carriage.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending February 8, 1942

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Wade Aycoth
Carl Barrier
Weaver Ruff
Malcom Seymour

COTTAGE NO. 1

Thomas Barnes
N A. Bennett
Charles Browning
Lloyd Callahan
Ralph Harris
Joseph Howard
Kenneth Tipton
Everett Watts

COTTAGE NO. 2

Richard Parker

COTTAGE NO. 3

John Bailey
Grover Beaver
James Blake
Robert Coleman
Kenneth Conklin
Robert Hare
Jerry Jenkins
Dewey Lanning
Fonzer Pitman
Robert Quick
Elbert Russ
John Tolley
James Williams

COTTAGE NO. 4

Donald Hobbs
B. J. Smith
Woodrow Wilson
Thomas Yates

COTTAGE NO. 5

Theodore Bowles
Levitt Ballard

COTTAGE NO. 6

Elgin Atwood
James Burr
Earl Hoyle
Robert Hobbs
Gerald Kermon
Edward Kinion
Marvin Lipscomb
John Linville
Durwood Martin
Vollie McCall
Emerson Sawyer
Houston Turner
Wesley Turner
William Wilkerson

COTTAGE NO. 7

Kenneth Atwood
John H. Averitte
Hurley Bell
Henry Butler
William Butler
George Green
J B. Hensley
John Mazoo
Albert Newton
Ernest Overcash
Durham Smith
Ernest Turner

COTTAGE NO. 8

Jesse Cunningham
Sam Kirksey

COTTAGE NO. 9

Gerald Amos
Leonard Church
James Hale
Wilbur Hardin
Edgar Hedgepeth
Winley Jones
William Nelson
Hubert Smith
Lewis Sawyer

COTTAGE NO. 10

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE NO. 11

J. C. Allen
Bert Barnhardt
Ralph Fisher
Charles Frye
Robert Goldsmith
Earl Hildreth
Henry McGraw
Sam Stewart
Henry Smith
Canipe Shoe

COTTAGE NO. 12

Jay Brannock
William Broadwell
Jack Bright
Leroy Childers
William Deaton
Treley Frankum
Eugene Hefner
Tillman Lyles
Harry Lewis
James Mondie
Daniel McPhail
Simon Quick
Charles Simpson
Carl Tyndall
Eugene Watts
J. R Whitman
Roy Womack

COTTAGE NO. 13

James Brewer
Otha Dennis
Charles Gaddy
James Lane
Randall Peeler
Paul Roberts
Melvin Roland
Ray Smith

COTTAGE NO. 14

Robert Caudle
Robert Deyton
Audie Farthing
John Ferguson
John Hamm
William Lane
Roy Mumford
Charles McCoyle
John Maples
James Roberson
John Reep
Charles Steepleton
J. C. Willis
Theodore Young

COTTAGE NO. 15

Lawton McDowell
Wade Medlin
Marvin Pennell
Ventry Smith

INDIAN COTTAGE

Frank Chavis
George Gaddy
James E Hall
Cecir Jacobs
Ernest L. Jacobs
John T. Lowry
William Locklear
Louis Stafford

FRIENDSHIP

True friendship is ever fine and beautiful, but it is not accomplished with handshaking. There must be an exchange of something rich and sweet, something that will enliven the heart with happiness. There must be some service, no matter how small, that will endure.

Knowing many people does not necessarily determine many friends. True friendship is not based upon how many people we can call by their first names, but upon what we have done, willingly, for each other. Maybe in a lapse of a week or a month we meet many people and then meet them years later and recognize their faces and not know their hearts. Then that is not friendship but mere acquaintance, for there can be no real and lasting friendship where the heart is not involved or revealed.—Beverly Coleman.

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FEB 23 1942
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CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

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VOL. XXX CONCORD, N. C., FEBRUARY 21, 1942 No. 8

GEORGE WASHINGTON

A great and simple man—modest, quiet, gentle, wise—in whom patriotism was a passion. Great enough to refuse a crown and live a life of private nobility and public service; picking his way where no path was, amid wild passions and perils; leading his people to victory, peace and ordered honor; leaving his labor as a legacy of inspiration to mankind, and his character as a consecration to his country.—Joseph Fort Newton.

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

THE CROWN OF WASHINGTON

He loved his trees, his flowers, and the yields
Of lush green meadows, and the harvest-fields.
The soul within him yearned for paths of peace;
His prayer was ever that daead war might cease—
That back once more there in his vernal bowers
He might enjoy the rest of tranquil hours.
And train his vines, and till his fertile lands
With his own hands;
That where the tocsin sounded there might swell
The pleasant chimes of some cathedral bell
To summon men to rest from daily toil.
For war-like spoil
He had no temper, yet at duty's call
Wife, home, and flowers, peace and comfort—all
He sadly left lest honor be undone,
Nor e'er knew rest again! Oh, Washington,
No crown of gold, with brilliant jeweled sheen,
Adorns thy brow, but one as fresh and green
As were the scenes you loved—the laurel leaf,
The diadem of our Unselfish Chief!

—Blakeney Gray

THE GREATEST OF ALL AMERICANS

We are observing the 110th anniversary of the birth of George Washington, the Father of His Country, the greatest man in the history of our nation.

When the news spread abroad in England along about the close of the eighteenth century, that a wild Irishman by the name of Patrick Henry was trying to talk into existence a new nation, he was commonly viewed as a traitor to England. Meanwhile the colon-

ists over on this side of the Atlantic Ocean were according Patrick Henry the full honors of a true patriot. The same view of Washington was held in these two countries. He was considered a base, traitorous rascal in one, while in the other he was hailed as the outstanding patriot leader in America's bid for freedom from tyranny.

Washington could not have been right in America and wrong in England. He could not have been both a patriot and a traitor. Were you a judge to decide whether he was a good or bad man, by what standard would you measure his conduct? His actions throughout a noble life have decided that question.

With the passing of time, passions have subsided, and this great man is considered calmly and reasonably. England now regards Washington as a great and good man, and the nation he founded, as a friend. Had he been wrong, would time have made his actions right? No, indeed. The standard by which we judge right and wrong is not the standard of hate and passion; nor is it that of personal profit; it is the standard of eternal truth, for right is right—forever.

* * * * * * * * *

CHARACTER MOLDING

We once heard a teacher of wide experience in his profession say that the cry, far and near, was to teach character; and he further stated in substance that the subject was a hard one, as well as confusing. This remark from a man who had always walked the straigt and narrow highway, was shocking, because in his dealings with his fellow men, loyalty to church and state reflected at all times the elements that make a noble soul. Such lives are unwritten volumes that leave their imprint upon the young, on down to the end of time.

All sermons on right living do not come from the pulpits of our churches, but we read as we run, learning impressive lessons by comingling with all classes. If character is molded effectively in the schools or in the homes, the lessons taught by teachers or parents must be practiced. The finest and most encouraging lessons are those absorbed from living models of truth, refinement and Christian culture.

BROTHERHOOD WEEK

From a radio broadcast, the information is to the effect that the subject uppermost in the minds of people is brotherhood, therefore, this week is accepted as "Brotherhood Week." The speaker, Mr. Cameron, of the Ford hour on Sunday nights, gave an impressive message, telling in his usual fine style that tolerance was the keynote of genuine brotherhood.

A tolerant person is one who understands the rights of people, regardless of creed or nationality. To condemn is an impulse of the human family before taking time to investigate causes for shortcomings. Many times, if cause and effect were studied. there would be greater tolerance, and many young souls would become assets to society. Tolerance adds beauty, dignity and sweetness to any and every human being, therefore, let us be more tolerant to all classes. More can be accomplished by kindness than by condemnation.

* * * * * * * * *

ONE OUT OF FORTY-ONE

One out of every forty-one persons in the United States suffered a disabling injury, according to the National Safety Council, which reports that 101,500 persons were killed in accidents in 1941.

As a cause of death, accidents were exceeded only by heart disease, cancer, cerebral hemorrhage and nephritis, or kidney disease.

It is also estimated that 9,300,000 citizens suffered accidental injuries which resulted in death. Altogether, the economic loss, covering medical expenses, overhead, cost of insurance and property damage exceeded $3,750,000.

While all accidents are not avoidable, many can be prevented by the exercise of ordinary common sense. This is especially true in regard to vehicular accidents which caused the death of 40,000 people in 1941, an increase of sixteen per cent over the 34,501 deaths recorded in 1940.

Falls, second to traffic accidents as a cause of death, were fatal in 26,000 instances. Drowning claimed 7,000 victims and 6,900 persons died from burns.

Individuals who spend much money to avoid death by heart disease, cancer or other afflictions, fail to expend thought and energy

necessary to prevent accidents. As a nation, we blithely accept the huge toll of dead and maimed, especially in regard to our highways, with scarcely more than a passing thought.—Exchange

* * * * * * * *

HOW DOES YOUR HOME INFLUENCE YOUR OUTLOOK

What kind of an impression would a stranger get from the outside of your home? Our home and its surroundings tell a story to the people passing by. We have made a picture by which we are judged.

A home and its surroundings must be clean, orderly, neat and attractive to give most comfort and happiness to each member of the family. The improvement of the home tends to improve citizenship. Children especially are influenced by their surroundings.

The influence of the home is the strongest force in the life of an individual, child or adult. Habits and ideals developed during childhood largely determine the interest of adult life. We can help instill habits of orderliness and thrift in our people by practicing thrift habits and this means taking care of what we have and making the best possible use of the resources to be had.

The improvement of the home and its grounds should be a cooperative project with father, mother and the children making the plans and taking a definite part in carrying them out. Each may make some personal contribution—cleaning up rubbish, transplanting a dogwood.

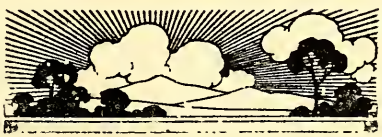
When would be a better time to have a general clean up than when we are taking the farm machinery inventory and assembling the scrap iron for defense?

Present conditions do not permit us to make many expenditures for improvements, but there are a lot of things which we can do at little or no expense which will increase the comfort and convenience and improve the appearance of our homes and communities, such things as repairing roofs, fixing screens, replacing broken panes of glass. mending steps, porch pillars, repairing fences, hanging that gate which has swung on one hinge for several years, hanging blinds, doing away with the old barn shelter or garage which has fallen in, disposing of discarded machinery for defense and putting the usuable pieces under shelter, cleaning hedge rows

and vacant lots, laying walks and drives, planting shrubs, and many other things which cost little but which will add much to the appearance of the home. What a difference a well stacked woodpile makes in the appearance of the yard! Can we not judge the thrift practiced by the family by the general upkeep of the home and its surroundings?

* * * * * * * *

No doubt we all agree that music has been of inestimable value and has had great influence upon mankind through the ages. Music —particularly the connection between word and tone—is as old as humanity. It was natural for man to seek expression for sorrow and joy in music. Here he found a new world, heretofore unknown to him. Good music has always had a soothing, healing and quieting influence upon the human soul. In this, all great men have agreed. "Music alone is the language of the world and requires no translation—soul speaks to soul," says Berthold Auerbach. "Music is the greatest reflector of the condition of the soul," says a philosopher. "No picture and no words can express the intimacies of the heart as does music," says the artist. Beethoven, the greatest of musicians, writes, "Music is a higher revelation than all wisdom and philosophy." Luther sings, "He who chooses music has won a heavenly treasure, as its source is heaven and the dear angels themselves are musicians."—Selected.



NOT ONLY TODAY

By Sarita Carter

Janet Stone finished sweeping and dusting the more than chilly bedrooms and hurried into the kitchen, hanging over the cookstove, chafing her hands. A blessing to find one warm spot in this old shell of a house! Warm! Janet's lips tightened over that word. All three of them, father. Freddy, herself, might have been right now in Mississippi with doors and windows thrown wide to sunshine and mild air, with green grass and blooming flowers everywhere instead of endless drifts of snow. They might have been in a new house, too, with her father drawing one thousand dollars per year.

In this period of nearly one hundred years ago, that was handsome salary indeed. Instead, Mr. Stone had chosen to accept a parish in Maine which could pay him in a twelvemonth only four hundred dollars. Life, he said, was not given us to live easily. Here in Pine Valley with a congregation of only thirty persons, with many settlers roundabout who had never joined the church, there lay rich opportunity for usefulness that he could not refuse. Here lay plenty of real work.

Now, huddled over the stove, Janet thought of those words. Plenty of work indeed for this eager man; nothing but struggle from morning till night as far as she was concerned, cooking, house-cleaning, eternally patching and mending to make every garment hold together till the last thread. If only father had chosen to go south how different life would be! Janet had protested, then accepted his descision in silence; she knew that she would never be reconciled. One life to lead, that was all she had, and she hated the way she must spend it. There wasn't any sense in it.

Crossing the room, she breathed on a heavily frosted window pane, then rubbed the spot so that she could see out. There was her little brother busily loading his sled with wood for the kitchen stove. Fred helped considerably for a ten-year-old, but he ought to be in school. Janet and his father taught him but lately Janet realized how intermittent this instruction had become. Fred needed regular hours, competition. Janet's eyes traveled over Fred's head and down the road to the schoolhouse, just within sight. It was a bleak, shabby, even forbidding frame structure. No smoke curled up from the chimney for the school was closed. Several older boys in the community had decided against going to school and, as was a custom in those days, they disposed of the various teachers, all men, who had attempted to fill the position by forcibly throwing them out the very first day. They had been glad to depart.

"What a place this is," Janet sighed, discouragement settling down with full force. "I hate everything about it. Only February now and so long till spring! If we were in Mississippi, Fred would have a good school and there would not be horrid winter and—"

Tears welled up into her eyes. Then, hearing steps in the entry, she hastily wiped them away. That must be father, always so earnest and so uncomplaining; of course he was tired and of course she must present a cheerful face.

At their simple noonday meal, Mr. Stone seemed absentminded, barely noticing some fresh salt-rising bread, the gift of a neighbor.

"Daughter," he finially announced, "I have been very much concerned about our lack of a school. It is not right. I have made up my mind, with of course permission of the selectmen, to take hold and teach it myself until the right man can be found."

"Father!" Janet looked frightened. "You mustn't! Suppose those big boys, the trouble makers, throw you out. Think of the disgrace to a minister."

"They won't throw me out," Mr. Stone spoke positively. "I am going to start by capturing their attention, holding their interest. I am going to make them want to go to school." He smiled as he stirred his tea. "I have special ideas. Wednesday next school will open."

"Why, that's the middle of the week—" Janet began.

Her father smiled again. "Yes, it is and I have my reasons."

"You work too hard as things are," Janet protested.

"My dear," her father answered, "it is always the busy person who can manage a little more.

But the following Monday he hurried into the house with, "Janet! Please help me to pack my clothes. I have been sent for. The minister at Hethersfield is seriously ill. A temporary substitute can carry on here for the few weeks as my work is well in line, but at Hethersfield matters are in a state needing someone with my special experience. Our good neighbors will give you and Fred a helping hand, I know. I do regret havto go now. I wanted so much to open the school on Wednesday. Oh. well," Mr. Stone shook his head sadly, "that dream must wait. Oh, Janet! Please tell Abner Wills not to start the fire at the school and to send word about that the scholars are not to come. It isn't generallly known that I am going away—"

In no time a sleigh drew up at the door and Mr. Stone and his carpetbag had vanished.

"No school now for, Fred! Oh, well," Janet thought, "just another disappointment and I ought to be used to them by this time."

Leaving Freddy busy with some home-made toys in the comfortable kitchen, Janet started for Abner Wills house. She was restless, unhappy; perhaps exercise might help if anything would. She plodded drearily through the snow; there was beauty in the feathery, new-fallen whiteness but she missed it entirely. She saw nothing until a light suddenly pricked through the early winter dusk; that must be in the Wills kitchen.

Janet paused, she hardly knew why. What a pity it was that father had to go away now; of course he would have made a success of the school. Janet had recovered from the fear that father might be thrown out: father always did just what he said he would do except in a case like when matters were taken out of his

hands. But just why, Janet thought crossly, must it always be father who carred the load?

Suddenly she caught her breath. The picture of her own unusually thorough education rolled out before her. Those earlier years under a teacher far above the average, all the home instruction from both her mother and her father. What was that for If someone should take over the school—

Janet turned away from Abner Wills. house, her message undelivered. She was aglow with the idea of surprising her father, of carrying to success the scheme he had started.

Fears and doubts had no place until early Wednesday morning; then on the way to school, Fred running on ahead shouting and flinging snow balls, Janet would have given all of what little she possessed to drop back in time to Monday night with the opportunity of tellng Abner Wills there would be no school. Since Monday night she had been absorbed in a fat red book that she found lying open on her father's rough, handmade desk. Markers there were in plenty and also many notations on a sheet of paper. This book was clutched under Janet's arm as she opened the door and in her throat what seemed to her a lump twice as big. What had she got into?

She hung her heavy shawl and cloth hood on a nail in the entry.

In the schoolroom, desks and benches were empty. "Perhaps," Janet hoped, "nobody will come after all. Then I can go home, I can't do this, I can't teach a school."

Then she knew there was no escape. In twos and threes, children marshalled together by parents. arrived to attend "parson's school," If only Sam Wheeler and Ezra Whitfield would stay away, they being the leaders in trouble making. But no, in slouched both of them, clumsy, overgrown, six footers in height. They took seats in the back of the room and began at once to grin at each other and at scpecial friends and to talk and shuffle their feet. Younger children commenced to whisper and giggle.

This would never do. Janet rose to her feet behind the desk, her blue eyes shining, her cheeks bright pink. She rapped on the desk with a ruler so suddenly, so sharply, that it brought quick silence. Scizing this chance, she stepped foward, a picture, this pretty, slender girl of eighteen. Her lips moved but no words came; there was a horrid structure in her throat, she shook all over.

Sam Wheeler poked Ezra Whitfield with one elbow and they both began to rise to their feet. Janet had no fear of bodily harm for herself; she was the minister's daughter. But if Sam and Ezra just walked out of the school, the others would follow like a flock of sheep and the teacher and the school would be a failure.

Janet's head went up. her courage returned. She began to speak.

But instead of saying, "I must be obeyed!" to her own astonishment what she did say was, "Won't all of you please help me? We need a school. I cannot manage it as my father could, but I can teach. I know I can. If you will do your share. I will try to do more than mine. The

very first thing in beginning is to ask our heavenly Father to guide us." Janet bowed her head.

The simple little prayer she offered, spontaneous, straight from her heart, put doubt and fear behind her. She looked up to see a room full of pupils silent, attentive waiting orders. Even Sam and Ezra were quiet. She must go ahead at once, capture their interest.

She said, "I do not think that anyone save my father looked ahead to this date, the twenty-second of February. This is the day he chose to open the school and after reading the book he left open on his desk," she reached for the red volume, "I know why. He wanted the very best start possible, he wanted to celebrate in this way the birthday of a very great man and to weave his spirit and example into all your hearts. Surely you know whom I mean."

She searched. one after another, blank faces. Then a hand flew up, little Mercy Newcomb's—Mercy who "always had her nose in a hook."

"I know, teacher, it's George Washington."

"Who's he?" Sam Wheeler called out.

"That," Janet returened, "'is what I want to tell you. I used to think I knew something about him but in these last two days I have learned so much more. I have a new idea entirely of George Washington. So many have thought of him as stern and forbiding, a sort of frozen image whom we must treat with respect but no affection. That is not so. He was very great but he was real, just as real as all of us with faults to fight against. For one thing, a hot temper, but he struggled to control it.

Mercy's hand flew up again. "Teacher! He always spoke the truth."

Janet smiled. "Yes, Mercy, he did and that is a fine thing to remember, a wonderful foundation to build upon. We want to remember that, not only today but many, many days. I've been thinking that our school might study George Washington all the rest of this year; perhaps one day a week have a Washington period. Each of you find out anything you can and I will do the same, and we will talk it over together and learn to love and appreciate him and with him, our country.

"I think we all ought to realize that he began school in a building no better than ours under an old man who—" Janet began to laugh. "Well, they called him an ABC teacher. Of course George Washington went on to better but he made the most of every chance. When he was only sixteen he was a skillful surveyor. He loved to master any study he attempted and of course to do that he worked and he never gave up. Lord Fairfax of England wanted to know just how much land he owned in the New World and he chose the best surveyor he heard of to find out. So George Washington went into the forests and forded streams and didn't let any hardship stop him until he could tell Lord Fairfax correctly the answer to his question. To learn to be a perfect surveyor, George Washington gave up a fine, comfortable home and slept just anywhere in the woods and lived on coarse food."

Like a sharp knife thrust the words

Janet was saying struck home; had she not been grumbling and complaining to herself that she hadn't ease and comfort? Study of Washington would not hurt herself, Janet thought in shame.

As she went on, now reading, now talking, she emphasized the fact that this great man never considered his education finished. When he retired from surveying and managed his estate of Mount Vernon, he studied constantly the needs of his country and when that country needed a leader, George Washington was ready. The people's trust was founded in himsefl, what he was, something that inspired absolute faith.

Janet's enthusiasm, her choice of the right material, her friendly way of pausing to talk over points, to ask her pupils for opinions, won the entire room. With a wary eye on Sam and Ezra, she had noted a certain look on Sam's face while she described Washington's personal appearance and strength and again during the description of his life in the wilderness. She must remember that, she must use any means to hold Sam's flicker of interest.

Not to make her own share too long, Janet presently suggested. "Suppose one of you write the name George Washington in large letters at the very top of that far blackboard; then others may write underneath any points that specially pleased them. Let me see, Sam, will you start us off?"

Sam did not move. His heavy eyelids opened wide just for a moment and in that flash Janet saw anger and fear, yes, real fear. What could it mean?

Without a perceptible pause, she went on, "I withdrew that, I will ask one of the girls first."

Mercy Newcomb's hand waved more wildly than ever. She had to stand on a chair to reach the top of the board but the letters were firm and well shaped. As later appeared. no other pupil could touch Mercy's writing or her general knowledge.

By the closing hour of school, Janet had a large part of routine work mapped out. The following day school would go on. Pupils ran off, Fred among them, and Janet carefully closed the schoolhouse. As she locked the door, she saw Sam Wheeler standing there kicking at a chunk of frozen snow. He glared at her.

"You done it a-purpose."

Jane tstared in bewwilerment. "Done—did what?"

"That."

"I don't know what you mean."

"You do so. Askin' me to—to make letters' fore the whole school. Showin em I can't—"

Suddenly Janet saw everything. Big, sixteen-year-old Sam could not write. He was ashamed of it and that was, perhaps, the main reason why, to keep his secret, he threw out the teachers. He had lived in Pine Valley a little over a year. An invalid father, an overworked mother seemed utterly unable to control him. Undoubtedly he had come to school today with the intention of defying even the minister. Then the George Washington program had caught his interest. Janet guessed that for the first time Sam was groping for help. She must not fail him.

Sam could not be driven but he

might be led. One important point lay in the fact that his mistakes should not be sugar-coated—Sam must see his own responsibility. Afterward, Janet hardily knew what she had said but she knew she had won; with her promise of assistance Sam was willing to try. Then he blurted out, "I didn't know there was anyone like him." Sam's mind was still on Washington.

"If he were here with us," Janet said, "he would be the first one to tell you that it's never too late to begin and never to stop until you win out." Then she added, "Sam, I will have to call on some of you older boys to take turns making the school fire. Will you be the first?"

Sam nodded.

"I will depend on you," Janet said.

A week went by, two weeks. Janet had never been so busy in her life but, as her father had said, it was the busy person who always found time for more. Once she laughed suddenly; she had not since she became the teacher brooded over flowers. warmth and easy living.

March was uncommonly wintry. All that time Sam tended the school fire and shovelled paths in the snow, occasionally grudingly allowing Ezra to help. Sam's struggles with the alphabet, with the effort to form letters, were so awkward that even Janet almost lost heart, but Sam kept at it and always Janet's ingenuity was on the alert for the moment when Sam must be gently led onward.

She was touched by Mrs. Wheeler's offerings of a bowl of savory venison stew or perhaps a dried apple pie or fried cakes.

"Our Sam is a different boy," his mother would say gratefully. "Anything we can do for you teacher, you tell us."

Then a letter. Mr. Stone was coming home. Janet had told him nothing; he could not see conditions, he might worry about her. Now, would he want to take over the school? The selectmen, after their first astonishment, agreed that any person who could hold the school together should not be disturbed. Janet hoped father would think that, too.

The evening before he was expected, a sleigh stopped at the door of the minister's house.

"Why, Father!" Janet ran to meet him. "I'm so glad! I didn't look for you so soon. Oh, and I have to go out the very first night you are home and I have so much to tell you."

"I have been hearing the news from Abner Wills, the success you have been. I am proud of you, daughter, proud! But where are you going?"

Janet explained. "The selectmen are having a meeting."

"The salectmen! Are you invited—?"

"No, Father," Janet returned calmly. "I am just going. They are to talk over patching up the schoolhouse and I am planning to ask for a whole new one. Little Mercy Newcomb who loves to study is very delicate and caught a heavy cold from the drafts; she has been sick for weeks. Then the schoolhouse would have burned up a while ago if we had not noticed in time that the chimney was on fire. The boys and girls have learned to respect education and I want them to respect their school building, too. So—" Janet tied the

strings of her hood with great firmness.

The day the first timbers for the new school were raised. Sam and Ezra working along with the men, Janet felt that she walked an air. With difficulty she gave her father her attention when he said, "Daughter, I want to talk to you. I look on you as a helper and partner. The Mississippi offer has come up again. Last year I decided the matter according to my own wishes and I know you were disappointed. Now, there being opportunities for service in both parishes, here and there, you must help me to decide."

"Mississippi?" Janet't eyes widened almost in fear. "Father, do you want—must we go there?"

Her father smiled. "That is for you to say."

"Why, Father, this is home! Here is my school and here is where I belong. I have found what I am meant to do in the world. We are already planning the exerciss for next Washington's birthday when we will dedicate our building and run up the new flag, our Amercan flag. Father, I just have to stay here."

In her father's face Janet read absolute content and real satisfaction.

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"Do not darken today's blue sky with tomorrow's clouds."

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THE WASHINGTON FAMILY BY SAVAGE

By Eloise Lownsbery

In addition to the Italian masterpieces of religious art in our new National Gallery, there hangs a group of early American treasures, among which the large canvass called "The Washington Family" holds a chief place. Its full length portraits of General and Mrs. Washington, in themselves serene and ageless, have the added interest of forming the chief figures of the family.

During all their life together these two were surrounded by young people. In addition to the host of nephews and neices, there were the son and daughter of the Lady Martha Custis; and after their passing in youth, the two grandchildren whom Washington adopted as his own, Eleanor Parke Custis and George Washington Parke Custis.

The family are shown in that place they all loved best in this world, Mount Vernon. They are grouped about a table on the long east portico facing the Potomac River which one sees in the background, between the white pillars.

The boy Custis stands beside his foster father, his shoulder proudly

bearing the General's right arm. In front of the boy is the family globe, a revolving one which he must often have spun to see the world turn round, and which still stands in the library where Washington spent so many solitary evenings, reading and writing. The pair of calipers in the boy's hand is very like those which his adopted father used and owned as a lad of fourteen. We know this because he left us a drawing of them.

Even if this same boy in the painting was a dissapointment to Washington because he cared so little for college or for study, he made a very happy marriage later on to Eleanor Calvert. One day you may see the beautiful home they built at Arlington, just across the river from Washington. In the next generation, their daughter married General Robert E. Lee, thus uniting two old Virginia families But in this painting, the slender boy of ten or eleven is all unconsious of his life-to-be, of the story of his foster father he would one day write. He is interested now in the large map on the table.

His sister Eleanor, or Nellie as they always called her, is interested too. In her little crisp white net gown, very like the one still preserved in a glass case at the Mount Vernon Museum, she stands behind the table near her grandmother and helps to hold out the curling edge of the large map. Evidently the family have been discussing it, for her grandmother's fan points down on it to the very spot where the new "Congress House," as they called the Capitol, was soon to be built.

The map was none other than an engraving of the plan for the new Federal City, drawn originally by Major Charles L'Enfant. In this copy spread out on the table, perhaps the first copy of the Philadelphia engraving, one may clearly trace the canal which was to come up what is now Constitution Avenue, to the cascades and waterfall just below the "Congress House." Thence it would branch and empty in two streams into Eastern Branch. All the little streets are indicated, and the places for the government buildings grouped around the new President's House.

Washington himself had asked Major L'Enfant to draw up this plan: he himself had checked the engineer's surveys for the new Federal City, and had steadily encouraged the plan in spite of bitter and even violent opposition.

Two years after this picture was painted, Washington wrote to a friend in London: "A century hence, if this country keeps united, . . . it will produce a city, though not as large as London, yet of a magnitude inferior to few others in Europe, on the banks of the Potomac, where one is now established for the permanent seat of Government . . . a situation not excelled for command, prospect, good water, salubrious air, and safe harbour, by any in the world, and where elegant buildings are erecting in forwardness for the reception of Congress in the year 1800."

No wonder the plan so dear to the Washington family should be painted into this family group.

Behind Mrs. Washington's chair stands the fifth member of the group, Billy Lee. Erect and tall, he stands waiting with dignity as the Gen-

eral's chief body servant, honored as the one who was faithful all through the long years of war. Through heat and cold, through plenty and hunger, Billy Lee was always at hand to serve his master.

He represents that large group of "our people" as the General always called them, the slaves who did the work at Mount Vernon. They tended the horses, ploughed the soil, built houses and barns; they smoked hams, cooked turkeys, spun flax and wool; they nursed the children and cared for the mistress. Finally they were all freed by the terms of their good master's will. Nor was Billy Lee ever forgotten. By the terms of that will, he was given his freedom and thirty dollars a year; or if he chose to stay on at the Mansion House—for by that time he was full of miseries and could no longer work—he was to have this same amount plus food and clothing and care.

Even if Billy Lee never saw himself in this painting, which hung for many years in the Museum at Boston, he surely saw himself in the colored engraving of it. For the artist who painted the picture himself made the engraving and sent a copy to Mount Vernon for the family to see.

At Mrs. Washington's death, she left the engraving in her will to Eleanor, the beloved adopted daughter who was such a joy to her grandmother all her life long. Nellie married one of Washington's favorite nephews, on the General's own last birthday. And during the last two sad years of Mrs. Washington's life she had a darling little grandchild to comfort her.

So it is a happy event for America that this painting has come home to the nation's capitol; and very grateful we may be for that young artist named Edward Savage who had courage to try a portarit group of our best loved American family.

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"You won't lose your shirt by rolling up your sleeves."

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NORTH CAROLINA'S FIRST WOMAN PHYSICIAN

By Geraldine Coburn

The name of Florence Nightingale is known the world over, but many persons even many Tar Heels, have never heard of Susan Dimock, the first North Carolina woman licensed as a physician, who organized the first school for nurses in the United States and who raised the practice of nursing to a scientific professional career. Although she lived only twenty-eight years, she acquired such knowledge and rendered such service that her name is unforgettable. Today Dimock street in Boston, where is located the hospital she administered, perpetuates her memory.

Susan Dimock was born on April 24, 1847, in Washington, North Caro-

lina. Her father, the son of a physican, was editor of the "North State Whig," and her mother taught school and managed the town hotel, "The Lafayette," which also housed the Dimock family. While Susan was still only a child her father died, and she and her mother were left on their own. When the Federal troops occupied and burned Washington in 1864, the two of them moved to Sterling, Massachusetts, to live with relatives, and thence they later moved to Hopkinton, also in Massachusetts, where Susan took charge of a district school while her mother ran a boarding house. During all this period, Susan never forgot her desire to be a physician, and she continually read and studied medical books under the guidance of a physician. With her mother's assistance and blessing, she entered the New England Hospital for Women and Children in Boston on January 10, 1866. One year later, with high hopes and ambition, she applied for admission to the Harvard Medical School for clinical study. She was refused admission, however, for the very thought of women entering the field of medicine then aroused strong opposition. Arrangements were made whereby she might attend the Massachusetts General Hospital on separate days from the medical students of Harvard; but, since this was not wholly satisfactory, she soon applied for admission to the University of Zurich, Switzerland, and this time she was accepted.

As a student at Zurich, Susan lived a very busy life and followed a difficult schedule, but since she was doing the work she loved she was happy. In one of her letters written from Zurich, November 15, 1868, she said: "I think I shall all my life feel the advantiages of having come here, where I am admitted on an equal footing with men-students, where professors are kind and interested in one's improvements; and I am sure I shall be a better doctor, for I am learning all the foundation studies so thoroughly."

In 1871 she was graduated from the University of Zurich. The subject of her dissertation was "The Different Forms of Puerperal Fever." and with this essay she included illustrative reports of the cases of this fever occuring in the Zurich Hospital and diagrams of the fever curves during the recovery of the patients. From all indications she was going to make a fine doctor. After finishing her work at Zurich, she pursued her studies still further in the hospitals of Vienna and Paris and also made a short excursion back to Switzerland.

Finally Dr. Susan Dimock returned to America to take up her duties as resident physician of the New England Hospital for Women and Children, in Boston. The hospital furnished her board, office room, and a small salary of $300.00 a year, with the understanding that she might have time for some private practice. Dr. Lucy E. Sewall, a well established doctor in Boston, offered her the use of her office also, and this contact widened her practice.

As a physician, Dr. Dimock was noted for her accurate diagnosis and judgment, and she rated high as a surgeon, but with all of her superiority as a doctor she devoted much of her time and effort to the training of nurses. Since her work proved very satisfactory to the di-

rectors of the hospital, they voted to have her remain with them for three years after the expiration of the original term. She gladly accepted this proposal on condition that she should have a five months' vacation to visit Europe and renew old friendships. The following extract is from a letter that she wrote to Dr. Garrett Anderson at this time:

"As for me, I have not one wish unfilled; nay, I am so fortunate, that if I had a ring I would, like Polverates, throw it into the sea. My practice is very large, and I have the utmost satisfaction of every kind in it. I am just ready to go to Europe for five months."

Dr. Susan Dimock, therefore, sailed from New York on April 27, 1875, on the steamer Schiller bound for Cherbourg, France. On Saturday, May 8, a telegram stated that the Schiller had been wrecked on the Scilly Islands, off the coast of England, and that nearly all on board had been lost. Thus ended the life of a young woman who had showed great promise as a pioneer in the field of medicine. One wonders what she might have accomplished had her life been spared.

Australia is the world's largest island. A continent of 3,000,000 square miles, its area almost equals that of the United States, exclusive of Alaska.—Selected.

CAROLINIANS HAVE PROMINENT PART IN LANIER CENTENNIAL

By Mrs. J. A. Yarbrough

It is extremely pleasing but not surprising, in going about the country, to find North Carolinians participating in important events in many places.

Last week the eyes of the nation turned toward Macon, Georgia, the birthplace of Sidney Lanier, gifted poet and musician, and in the elaborate centennial celebration of his birth, North Carolinians had a prominent part.

The handsome Lanier coat-of-arms was presented to the Sidney Lanier High school by Mrs. T. Lamar Caudle of Wadesboro, chairman of the North Carolina committee to advance the name of Sidney Lanier for the Hall of Fame. It was painted by her cousin, Mrs. H. A. Powell of Oxford, a well-known heraldic artist.

The invocation at the luncheon and at the unveiling ceremonies of the Lanier tablet was made by the pastor of the First Presbyterian church, the Rev. Albert Grady Harris, who was born and reared at Pineville N. C. He is a cousin of Dr. Oren Moore, Drs. W. M. and C. M. Strong. He attended Erskine college at Due

West S. C., before entering the ministry and was happy indeed to greet some one from Mecklenburg county.

Presiding at the brilliant banquet which climaxed the day's celebration was the president of Mercer university, Dr. Spright Dowell, born at Raleigh, graduate of Wake Forest college and first cousin of Mrs. W. D. Sloan of Charlotte.

A delightful feature of the banquet was the singing of Lanier's poem, "A Song of the Future," to a musical setting composed by Mrs. I. M. Meekins of Elizabeth City especially for the occasion and which she dedicated to Mrs. Walter D. Lamar of Macon, general chairman of the celebration.

Dr. Edwin W. Mims, a North Carolinin by adoption and long head of the department of English at Duke university, delivered a brilliant and comprehensive address on Georgia's celebrated poet who knew the blood and sacrifice of war.

"It can never be forgotten that the seeds of the disease which cut short his promising career were sown by his service in defense of the storm-cradled nation that fell," said Dr. Mims, "But Lanier saw in that war something that is applicable to the scene today—that the institutions of the liberal arts must never be wholly sacrificed to the scientific art of war-making. By preserving liberal arts, the machines of war will never conquer man, but he shall rise above them in spirit like the gallant MacArthur fighting tonight in the Philippines."

It was most fitting that North Carolinians should participate in this celebration, for Sidney Lanier sojourned at different times in this state. In 1862 he was stationed for a while at Goldsboro and in '64 at Wilmington where he was captured on a blockade runner. He was finally paroled and returned on foot to Macon by way of the Carolinas.

In the mountains of North Carolina he spent his last days, going first to Asheville where we wrote a guide book of the mountain region, then to Lynn, near Tryon, the place his wife loved best of all others they had visited in his search for health. And here on Sept. 7, 1881, the brave struggle came to an end. The house has been restored and marked. A few miles away at Fletcher, in the Open Air Westminster Abbey of the South, a marker honors his memory.

Early in January handsome invitations bearing a silhouette of Sidney Lanier were issued by the mayor and citizens of Macon to the unique celebration. Mrs. Lamar, the real inspiration of the occasion, gathered about her a devoted group of assistants with whom she busily planned for months the several features of the day. And it is truly delightful to see how the charming people of that town eagerly respond to even her slightest bidding. But they are accustomed to it. For many years she has been a leader in the cultural life of the city, quietly, without self-seeking, but a dominant force in thought, in word, in deed.

Born in Macon, "the hearts of Georgia she has made an intensive study of the life and work of Lanier and delivered scores of lectures all over the country which have added to his fame until today he is looked upon as one of the greatest ornaments of American literature. The time is

nearing when he will find his place in the Hall of Fame, largely due to her efforts.

Messages of commendation from eminent educators and scholars from gusiness executives and those in lower spheres poured in on the committee for weeks and on the eve of the celebration visitors from various sections of the United States were arriving to join in paying their respects to the poet-musician who glorified the hills of Habersham, the valleys of Hall and the marshes of Glynn.

Hotel Lanier, established 92 years ago by the poet's grandfather, Sterling Lanier, was headquarters for the event. The following advertisement which appeared in the Georgia Telegraph, Macon, June 18, 1850, was published by the Macon Telegraph on the anniversary of Sidney Lanier's 100th birthday:

"Lanier House—Macon. The proprietors are pleased to announce to their old friends and to the public generally that the new hotel is now open for the reception of company. Having had it erected and fitted up at great expense on the most liberal, elegant and extensive scale, they confidently expect a generous patronage. Sterling Lanier and Son."

Reproduced also was an editorial in the Georgia Telegraph of June 25, 1850, which describes the elegance, comfort and convenience of the hotel, the handsome furnishings, excellent cuisine, the observatory on top of the building and the popularity of the proprietors.

Sterling Lanier died in 1870 but the high standard he set for the Lanier House still exists and after 92 years Manager T. W. Hooks maintains its traditional elegance and taste.

The papers carried many pictures of Lanier, his wife, parents and other relatives hitherto unpublished which were secured from members of the family who reside in Macon.

The gabled cottage on High street where he was born surpassed all other places in interest. It was the home of his grandparents and his mother, Mrs. Robert S. Lanier, was visiting there at the time of his birth. Through the courtesy of the owners, Mr. and Mrs. Billington Sanders Walker, the house was open to the public all day.

It was most gratifying to find such a hostess for it frequently happens that those who do not belong are found occupying the homes of the great. Gracious young Mrs. Walker fits completely into the aesthetic background of this shrine and could scarcely be more interested in it had she been born into the Lanier family.

The house is not small. On one side of a wide hall is a spacious library, its walls almost covered with shelves of rare books, first editions with old bindings, that one covets.

Opposite is the living room and back of that the room in which Lanier was born. It is now the dining room and is furnished in exquisite old mahogany, as is the entire house. A graceful staircase leads to bed rooms above.

W. F. Waldrop, one of Macon's talented musicians, played a composition of Lanier's on the silver flute the poet used as a member of the Peabody Symphony Orchestra, at the broadcast made from the birthplace by Mrs. Lamar and Mrs. Robert D.

Wright, of Newberry, S. C., president general of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. When Lanier was carried away to prison he concealed his flute in his coat sleeve and afterward said that but for his beloved instrument he could scarcely have endured the privations of prison life.

The Sidney Lanier Chapter, U. D. C., of Macon, unveiled a tablet on the office where he practiced law, 1868-72, with his father and uncle. Mrs. John J. McKay, a niece of Lanier, is president of the chapter and her grandchildren, Sally and Clifford McKay, Jr., took part in the exercises.

After the ceremonies we were taken to points of interest connected with the life of Lanier. We saw the John Lamar house where he met Mary Day while on furlough in the spring of 1863; Wesleyan Conservatory, on the site of Wesleyan Female College, where the families of Robert Lanier and Charles Day boarded in the summer of 1866 and where the romance of Sidney and Mary ripened into an engagement. Christ Church, where they were married, December 19, 1877, is still standing, also the home of a close friend, Mrs. Augusta Lamar Ogden, where the wedding reception was held.

Wesleyan College Chapel, built in 1860, adjoins Wesleyan Conservatory and here Lanier played in many concerts. The First Presbyterian church, of which Dr. Harris is now pastor, was attended by Lanier and his family.

Washington Memorial Library contains much of interest pertaining to Lanier, including the exquisite marble bust by Borglum. It portrays the poet in early youth and stands in an alcove which he painted in the feathery green blades of marsh grass in representation of the marshes of Glynn. There is also a handsome bronze bust by Kaiser as Lanier appeared at 31, with the heavy beard men affected at that time. And there we saw his famous flute, marriage lecense, wedding invitation, the original of one of his poems published by Lippincott, and many ambrotypes and daugerreotypes of different members of the Lanier family.

Among the letters is one of special interest written from Petersburg, Va., December 15, 1862, to his aunt in Macon, in which he says, "We have been ordered off to attend General French down to Kinston, N. C. I think it probable we will have a brush there. Excuse this hurried note. I am run to death, getting ready to leave. I will write you from Goldsboro."

The Candler Memorial Library at new Wesleyan College contains a collection of Lanieriana, also the desk used by Lanier during his law practice in Macon.

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The crowning fortune of a man is to be born to some pursuit which finds him employment and happiness, whether it be to make baskets or broadswords, or canals, or statues, or songs.
—Emerson.

NOTES ON THE PIANO

By Roy L. Warren

If you have a piano, wouldn't you like to know what makes it play and of what material it is made? I have collected a few notes and will play them for you.

First of all we would like to know where the first piano came from and who made it? The piano was invented by Bartolommeo Cristofori, in 1726, in Italy,—over two hundred years ago.

In this country we had to wait until 1775 before John Behrent of Philadelphia manufactured our first piano. Now the United States is the world's largest manufacturer of pianos, producing on an average of over one hundred thousand instruments every year.

Piano production in this country reached its highest level in 1909, with an output of 364,545 pianos. In 1932, there was a big drop as only 27,000 pianos were made in that year.

The modern pianoforte is descended from the spinet harpsichord and clavichord of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. They were musical instruments of that time and are now obsolete. The hammer principle of striking the strings is the special piano feature that distinguished it from the others.

Do you know why the piano didn't become a concert instrument until after 1825? Because it lacked volume. Then an inventor perfected the full iron piano plate, permitting longer strings, and overcoming this difficulty.

A later device for increasing the amount of sound and resonance was obtained by criscrossing of the strings, by which the upper tones were "built up" by the lower and heavier vibrations. This invention did not come into use until after Beethoven, Mozart, Chopin, Liszt, Schumann and many of the great composers, had done their work. Pianos before that had all the strings parallel, as in a harp, and were thin-toned.

What two basic principles have we in the piano action? Creating the tone, and "damping" or stopping it. Surely, when the key is struck, the the hammer strikes the string and *immediately* bounces back; at the same moment the damper is lifted from the string, letting it vibrate until the key is released and the damper once again drops into place.

We have two pianos, one called the upright and the other, the grand. Now I strike a different note when I ask you about the pedals of the upright? The "soft" pedal, in an upright, moves the hammers nearer the strings so they strike a softer blow; in a grand, it shifts the hammers so only a part of the strings are struck. The "loud" pedal lifts the dampers from all strings, so they can vibrate, and is more accurately called the "release pedal."

The grand piano has the simpler action. First, its hammers fall back from the strings by gravity instead of being pulled back by coiled springs. Second, its arrangement of levers

is a straight line, whereas in an upright action a right-angle is required.

How many notes are required on the piano? There are eighty-eight notes in the full-compass keyboard of a piano, the range being seven and one-third octaves. Each note is a tone; counting both white and black keys we have eighty-eight notes or tones. The white keys are A, B, C, D, E, F and G. The black keys are the sharps and flats.

The fifty-second note from the bass end of the scale is called "pitch C" (sometimes called middle C) and is the standard note from which all others are tuned. It has five hundred and twelve vibrations per minute.

A further word about the white and black keys .Piano manufacturers are the largest users of ivory, three hundred thousand pounds being imported annually. An elephant's tusk of average size will supply the ivory for twenty sets of the whiite keys.

Black piano keys are made not only of ebony, but of boxwood and native finewoods, which are stained black clear through by forcing the stain into the grain under pressure.

Now we will strike a new note and ask about the strings. Piano strings consist of wire made of carbon steel, with a tensile strength of three hundred and fifty thousand pounds per square inch. From four hundred to four hundred fifty linear feet of wire of the various diameters are used in a modern piano. Piano strings are under a tension of from sixty to one hundred eighty pounds per string, the total of which exerts an inward pull of one-half ton on the frame.

One of the newest developments is a piano invented by H. E. Noake, of Los Angles, which never gets out of tune because it has chimes instead of strings. ,

And now we come to the materials used in piano construction. They include wood, ivory, iron, steel, felt, woven cloths, leather, rubber, brass, copper, glue tin, lead, varnish and paint. A piano has about three times as many parts as the automobile.

It takes from two to four months to manufacture a piano, exclusive of the seasoning time given the wood used in its construction, which is from three to five years.

Here is a heavy note. A grand piano weighs in the neighborhood of seven hundred pounds. A baby grand weighs around four hundred fifty. Although the baby, it weighs more than the upright which is about three hundred and seventy-five pounds.

Now a last word about the care of your piano. Avoid rapid temperature changes. Do not stand the piano against an outside wall during winter, near a radiator, air register or stove. Keep air in room reasonably moist. Hang a bag of mothballs inside your piano in summer. Have it tuned by an expert at least twice a year.

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If I stoop into a dark tremendous sea of cloud, it is but for a time; I press God's lamp close to my breast; its splendor, soon or late, will pierce the gloom; I shall emerge one day.—Robert Browning.

CHOOSE COLLEGE WISELY

By Dr. Hunter B. Blakely

It is this season of the year that thousands of young people who are expecting to go to college in September are selecting a college to become their alma mater. If they expect to make the most out of college then it is important that they choose their college wisely.

Some parents give more thought to the wardrobe which will accompany their freshmen to college than they do to the college itself. Colleges differ in their courses of study, their ideals, their purposes, their faculties, and in their products. Colleges have personalities as well as individuals. It ought to be great fun for parents to all down with their children to study college catalogues and all the other information which they can get, and then to select a college which best fits the student himself and their hopes for future years.

Choosing a college is one of the important decisions of life. Frequently the choice is made for very secondary considerations—because one likes the college colors, some good friend is now enrolled there, the appeal of some fraternity or sorority and a good football team. The selection of a college in many cases may set the final course of life, for college education comes in the decisive years of life. You cannot take your college education over again. Once graduated from an institution, you have finished something which you cannot undo. Therefore, it is of vital importance not to make a mistake. What then, are certain guiding factors in choosing a college?

The cost will be for many a major consideration. Colleges have definite, set fees for tuition, and a good college is lke a good store, it stands by its published prices. There will be also the cost of room and board. Then there are the incidentals of college life, which may be large or small depending upon the student's allowances from home. When a boy or girl goes off to college it is part of the education to learn to handle money, and a parent does well to let the student enter into the consideration of college financing. Can you afford the college of your choice? This must be a decision for parent and student to make. If after careful consideration they honestly find that they cannot meet the cost, it will be well for them to go, or write to the college authorities and find if there are any funds available to help with the expenses. Most colleges have scholarships and student loans, provided by generous friends for worthy students who cannot pay the regular fees. These funds rarely are sufficient to take care of all who apply but the really worthy student can usually get some assistance.

Select the college which fits the student's need. If one expects to study engineering, dentistry, or home economics, this fact will have a bearing upon the selection of a college. If the student expects to go on to a professional school, for law, theology, medicine, or education, it is important

to remember that there are certain basic requirements for each profession. If one has decided upon a life work, he will wish to see what the college offers in the way of preparation for his chosen career.

Many high school graduates have not decided what they expect to do in after life. They, however, should look to see that the college is recognized as doing first grade work, and is approved by the accrediting agencies. What kind of graduates has it sent forth into the world? "By their fruits ye shall know them" applies to college as well as to individuals. It is importnat to look carefully over the faculty list to see if they seem to be well trained and qualified as college professors. Whenever possible, a visit should be made to the college to inspect the physical plant and equipment. A college which permits its physical plant to get run down at the heels gives indication that somewhere along the line there is something wrong.

It is very important to observe the personalities of the president, the deans, and the other college officials. They set the tone of the college. Find out all you can about the atmosphere of the campus. Do students maintain a high code of honor? Is there a spirit of co-operation between faculty and students? Does it appear to have a campus climate in which Christian character and all the finer things of life may develop- Is the religious life wholesome and vital, or is it skeptical and unbelieving or narrow, intolerant and bigoted? When you have found out all you can about the college, remember that whatever its claim may be, a parent has no obligation to handicap a child with an inadequate education.

When the college has been chosen, then let's make the most of it.

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THE TRAIL

As I stand on the street at eventide,
And watch the crowds go by—
The rich, the poor, the large, the small—
I am prone to wonder why;
To try to guess what it's all about,
And what they are going to do
When they get to the end of the trail they're on—
But perhaps they are wondering, too.

—Arthur B. McFatridge

INSTITUTION NOTES

Some of our outside forces have been quite busy for several days, pruning fruit trees in the orchards. The power spray is being overhauled, and in a few days the work of spraying the trees will begin.

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Several members of the School's staff of workers acted as registrars in different sections of the county last Monday, assisting in the registration of men for the Selective Service Board for military duty.

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Last Monday and Tuesday, February 16th and 17th, were regular days for the reception of new boys, at which time fourteen lads were admitted to the School. This was the largest number received at one time in nearly a year.

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In going about the campus during the past week or ten days, we noticed several groups of youngsters playing marbles; others were flying kites; and still others were pitching horse shoes. All of which is a pretty good indication that spring is not so far away.

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A very heavy rainfall occurred in this section last Monday night. A survey of our buildings and grounds the following day disclosed no leaks in any of the former, but several of the roads and driveways on the campus and in different sections of the farm were slightly damaged.

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Mr. Richard H. Walker, gardener and officer in charge of Cottage No. 8, was taken to the Cabarrus County General Hospital, Concord, last Sunday night, suffering from a throat infection. According to the latest reports received here, Mr. Walker's condition is somewhat improved.

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As these notes are being written, there comes to our ears, from the room across the hall, the sound of electric clippers and the "snip-snip" of scissors, indicating that hair-cutting time has come around again. This work is being done by Mr. J. L. Query and his force of youthful tonsorial artists.

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The information came to us the other day that the members of the 180th Field Artillery Band, U. S. A., of Boston, Mass., had received orders to get ready to move from their base at Camp Edwards, Mass. While their destination was not made known to us, the fact that they have been issued tropical uniforms would indicate they will soon be rendering service to Uncle Sam, somewhere out there

in the Pacific where there is plenty going on. During their stay in North Carolina last year, partcipating in the army maneuvers, these lads from the "Land of the Bean and the Cod," made a host of friends in this section of the state. Two splendid concerts rendered at the School made them "tops" with the folks here. Wherever they may be directed by the course of duty to our country, our very best wishes go with them.

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A recent letter from Walter Cooper, one of our old boys, who called on us a short time ago, gave the information that he had been confined to the base hospital, Fort Jackson, because of a minor operation. Walter expressed appreciation for copies of The Uplift sent him last week. He expects to be dismissed from the hospital in another week.

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Last Saturday, Mr. A. C. Sheldon, of Charlotte, visited the School. He was accompanied by his uncle, Mr. W. E. Wood, of Rudyard, Montana. Mr. Sheldon, who for many years has been one of the School's most loyal friends, said that in showing his uncle various places of interest in this part of the country, he felt the trip would be incomplete without stopping at this institution.

We found Mr. Wood to be a most delightful character. Despite the fact that he will be eighty years old next August, he's as chipper as any youngster who has called at The Uplift office in several years. When we think of a man nearing the eighty-year milestone, we usually have in mind a person, who, having spent a long life at hard work, taking things easy. Not so with "young" Mr. Wood. (The ol' rockin' chair ain't got him yet!) He talked to us about his 1,100-acre farm out there in the West; how he harvested 5,500 bushels of wheat last year; his herd of cattle; and of the fact that he must be hurrying home to plan the management of his farm next season for production on a larger scale in order to meet the demands of war-time conditions.

Not only is this fine old gentleman very active at his work, but when he feels in need of a bit of vacation and wants to go somewhere, he want, to go in a hurry. With all the enthusiasm of a small boy describing his first train ride, he told how he traveled by airplane on his recent trip East. Journeying in large passenger planes, he made the trip from Fargo, S. D. to Washington, D. C.; then came a hop from the Capital City to New York City; this was followed by a jump from New York to points in Massachusetts and Vermont; next in order was the return trip to Washington via New York; then a flight from Washington to Charlotte. After spending a few more days with Mr. Sheldon, he stated that he intended to take an air-liner from Charlotte back to Fargo. By the time Mr. Wood arrives home, he will have traveled between five and six thousand miles by plane. When asked how he liked flying, he replied: "Although this was my first experience, I like it. It's the only way to travel. Too much time is required in making a long journey by railroad or automobile."

We have heard and read much about "growing old gracefully," but here's a man who simply refuses to grow old at all. From his rugged appearance, due to a life spent out in the open, one would never suspect he was nearing the eighty-year mark. And he was just as enthusiastic concerning his plans for future work as a young man at the very beginning of his career. There is no room for the word "quit" in his vocabulary. Such a spirit as he possesses is that which has made ours the greatest nation on earth, and which it will continue to be long after the "Land of the Rising Sun" has become the "Land of the Setting Sun," and the goose-stepping hordes of Adolph Hitler, together with those of his Italian Charley McCarthy, (Bennie the Mouse), have been permanently taken out of circulation.

It was a real pleasure to meet Mr. Wood, and we wish to take this opportunity to assure him that should he be circling around overhead in this part of the country at some future time, we hope he will drop in for another little chat.

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Rev. L. C. Baumgarner, pastor of St. Andrew's Lutheran Church, Concord, conducted the service at the School last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson he read Daniel 9:1-19, and as the text for his message to the boys, concerning the value of prayer, he selected the 17th verse: "Now therefore, O our God, hear the prayer of thy servant, and his supplications, and cause thy face to shine upon thy sanctuary that is desolate, for the Lord's sake."

The speaker stated that the words of the text were spoken by Daniel, who often sought God in times of trials. He was a man who realized the necessity of going to God for comfort at such times. So it is with countless thousands of Christians today, who daily send supplications to the throne of God.

It is not necessary to argue for belief in prayer, said Rev. Mr. Baumgarner, for it is universal. It matters not how people think, there are times when they find that to go to God in prayer is their only relief. As children we are taught the Lord's Prayer, and the little bedtime prayer, "Now I lay me down to sleep," usually learned at mother's knee, and they follow us all through life. They mean a great deal to us, for by acquiring the habit of prayer to God early in life, most of us continue to do so in later years. As we grow older we hear other prayers. Some are uttered by the servants of God; then we use our own as soon as we grow old enough to realize the value of personal prayer. Those moments of prayer are sweet to us and we should cherish them all our lives.

No one can read the Bible and fail to be impressed by prayer, continued the speaker. The great prophet Elijah prayed, and a dead child was restored to life; Daniel prayed and was delivered from great danger; Sampson prayed for recovery of his strength and received it; Paul and Silas were in prison, but they prayed and the prisoners heard them, and both they and their guards were con-

verted. All of us have seen results of answer to prayer, and there are many people in the world today who can tell of such experiences.

Prayer isn't anything new, said Rev. Mr. Baumgarner. We have always known about it. We must realize if we go to God in prayer, we must go in faith. If we do not immediately receive that for which we have prayed, we should not be dismayed. Often when we ask God for something, He does not grant our request, because He knows that for which we have asked will not be for our good. Many times we may be able to look back and thank God our prayers were not answered, for quite frequently prayers are made for purely selfish purposes. We should always remember when we pray— "Not my will, Father, but Thine be done."

The speaker then pointed out that Jesus Christ prayed to his Father for everything. On the day of his baptism, a voice from heaven proclaimed him "beloved of God." On one occasion the Master spent a whole night in prayer. Jesus called to God in times of need, and it will be well for us to remember that, and do likewise. Even during the agony of the cross, he prayed—not for himself, but for others. Even as he was dying, he begged forgiveness for those who persecuted him, saying, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

As we look out into the world today, said Rev. Mr. Baumgarner, we see fine schools, colleges, and all the scientifically constructed modern conveniences—things that people of the old world would hardly believe if they could see them, yet the people of those days had something we cannot afford to neglect. They had the practice of prayer. In this busy world of ours today, many of us seem to have lost the habit of prayer. This is especially true concerning the custom of holding family prayer. It should be restored by all means, for it will help us through the trials that lie ahead of us in this war-torn world.

The speaker concluded by saying that it is a wonderful thing to know that we have Jesus with us throughout every day; that he understands our needs; and will give ear to our prayers if they are made in absolute faith.

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Highbrow Version: Three rodents with defective vision. Note the manner in which they flee They all pursued the spouse of the agriculturist who severed their extremities with a kitchen utensil. In the entire span of your existence, have you ever noted such an unusual phenomenon as three rodents with defective vision?—Mine Workers Journal.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending February 15, 1942

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Wade Aycoth
Carl Barrier
John Hogsed
Edward Moore
Weaver Ruff
Malcolm Seymour
Edgar Simmons

COTTAGE NO. 1

Thomas Barnes
Charles Browning
Lacy Burleson
William Cook
Ralph Harris
Leonard Robinson
Jack Sutherland
Kenneth Tipton
Eugene Watts

COTTAGE NO. 2

Virgil Lane
Charles Tate
Newman Tate

COTTAGE NO. 3

John Bailey
Dewey Lanning
William T. Smith

COTTAGE NO. 4

John Fargis
Donald Hobbs
Marvin Johnson
Robert Jones
J. W. McRorie
B. J. Smith
Woodrow Wilson
Thomas Yates

COTTAGE NO. 5

Theodore Bowles
Levett Balard
Charles Hayes
Allen Morris

COTTAGE NO. 6

Elgin Atwood
Earl Hoyle
Robert Hobbs
Edward Kinion
John Linville
Durwood Martin
Vollie McCall
Reitzel Southern
Emerson Sawyer
Wesley Turner
William Wilkerson

COTTAGE NO. 7

Kenneth Atwood
John H. Averitte
Laney Broome
Henry Butler
William Butler
George Green
G. W. Kelley
Edward Loftin
Arnold McHone
John M. Mazoo
Albert Newton
Edward Overby
Ernest Overcash
Jack Reeves
Wilber Russ
Durham Smith
Ernest Turner
Ervin Wolfe

COTTAGE NO. 8

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE NO. 9

Gerald Amos
Leonard Church
David Cunningham
James Hale
Edgar Hedgepeth
Daniel Kilpatrick
Alfred Lamb
Isaac Mahaffey
Marvin Matheson
James Ruff
Lewis B. Sawyer
Glenn Wilcox

COTTAGE NO. 10

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE NO. 11

John Allison
Bert Barnhardt
Ralph Fisher
Charles Frye

Robert Goldsmith
Earl Hildreth
Henry McGraw
Sam Stewart

COTTAGE NO. 12

Jay Brannock
Jack Bright
William Deaton
Treley Frankum
Jerome Harris
Eugene Hefner
Jerry Holt
William Lanning
Tillman Lyles
James Mondie
Daniel McPhail
Simon Quick
Jesse Smith
Charles Simpson

COTTAGE NO. 13

James Brewer
Charles Gaddy
Edward Hammond
James Lane
Randall Peeler
Paul Roberts

COTTAGE NO. 14

Henry Ennis
Audie Farthing
William Harding
Marvin King
William Lane
Roy Mumford
Charles McCoyle
Glenn McCall
John Maples
James Roberson
John Robbins
Charles Steepleton
J. C. Willis
John Reep

COTTAGE NO. 15

(No Honor Roll)

INDIAN COTTAGE

Raymond Brooks
Frank Chavis
James Hall
Cecir Jacobs
Ernest Jacobs
John Lowry
James Lochlear
Louis Stafford

———:———

HAPPINESS

If we will live from day to day
The best that we know how,
No yesterday we'll need regret
Nor head in sorrow bow;
But forward look with hope and faith
And happiness soon gain,
Regardless of the wealth we own
Or honors we attain.

—Alonzo Newton Benn

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MAR 2 1942
CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXX CONCORD, N. C., FEBRUARY 28, 1942 No. 9

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FAILURE

Brave the storm and ride the gale,
What if now and then you fail?
What if difficulties arise?
Just ahead the victory lies.
Trials mark the paths of men,
Hope has dawned to set again;
Many a victor cheered today
Had to battle with dismay,
Long before success he knew,
He was called a failure, too.

—Selected.

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The Uplift

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WE LIVE ON A STAR

In youth we are told to "hitch our wagon to a star," and in times of difficulty we are admonished to "reach unto the stars." And always, always the stars have been far up in the heavens millions of miles away, and hopelessly unattainable—just as the impossible things we would achieve, and the perfect ideals we would realize.

And through all our lives we have been living right on a star! The materials and the tools with which we might achieve the impossible, and the endowments with which we might make life glorious, are close at hand. We are virtually surrounded by infinite potentialities. We need not attempt to read our destiny in the stars; our destiny depends on how we live on this star!

The consciousness that we are living on a star should make men lift up their minds from the mire of hate, revenge, discord, and war. Our star is a heavenly body, and it behooves all its inhabitants to make it more like heaven!

—Sunshine Magazine.

HANDLE BOYS CAREFULLY

No statement is truer than that which tells us a tree is judged by its fruits. Likewise, we judge a man by his works. As a man thinketh, he speaketh, and usually these expressions chart the course of all activities of mankind. There are times when our friends or acquaintances attract or repel. In either case we should refrain from making hasty decisions, for there is "some good in the worst of us and some bad in the best of us," or words to that effect. It is not unusual to hear this; "When I first met such-and-such a person, I was not the least impressed, but by close contact, I can now see only fine traits of character."

It requires a very small act upon the part of mankind to reveal whether there is a suggestion of the milk of human kindness or not. Many little incidents of heartfelt consideration, especially to the underprivileged, have been told which reflect the inner spirit. To verify this assertion we will briefly tell how a druggist in Flint, Michigan, became the most popular man in his community. The story dates back a quarter of a century, and is stream-lined, significantly meaning this druggist has never ceased contributing to the joy of youngsters, who, like all normal children, like candy. In a few words we picture the story, and it is a sweet one in every respect. On a frosty morning a dirty-faced little fellow entered the store. He went to the counter where candies were sold, and stood there, pressing his nose against the show-case, saying as he pointed to a certain candy, "I want one of them." The proprietor courteously responded.

Realizing the delay upon the part of the boy, a penny was asked for, but not even so much as a penny did the child of the street own. However, the candy was given freely, with the understanding that the boy was not to tell anyone. All of us are thoroughly conversant with the manner in which such tid-bits of news spread among youngsters. The secret is told to a best friend, and then to the friend's friend, and so on, until it is no longer a secret. A secret is hard to safeguard, and when told "don't tell," the desire becomes greater to confide in a friend, and this little fellow was not an exception.

Each day thereafter the number of youngsters coming into the store increased. The druggist never grew weary in giving the penny candy to each young trooper that filed into his store daily. Despite the fact that the giving of a penny candy daily for a quarter of a century represented $3,500 in cold cash, the donor was receiving for his small contribution to the joy of street urchins, dividends of strongest friendship. Yes, this man who loved and thought of the welfare of childhood, is the most beloved citizen of his community. A person who attracts the confidence and love of little children, possesses the finest elements of manhood. We should bear in mind that love begets love, and when we gain the love of a youngster, we get his interest; then, and only then, can we mold character.

VICTORY GARDENS

The matured and seasoned citizens who for decades have stepped to the "March of Time," have experienced many changes in living conditions. There are no longer vegetables gardens fringed with colorful beds of flowers and shrubs that add beauty and sweetness to the old homes; there are no longer store-rooms in the homes stocked with canned fruits and vegetables, jars of preserves and pickles, all of which was the work of the thrifty housewife; neither is the sewing-machine used as it was in the past when young womanhood in their freshness and beauty, designed and tailored their own gowns. Moreover, the popular pastimes for young people in yesteryears were candy-pulling, spelling-bees, ending with the old-time square dances. Also all day quilting parties were held for the ladies who always kept a fresh supply of beautiful patch work to meet the demands of winter months.

In all of these customs of the past there was a co-mingling of fine service, a delightful contact and genuine joy. Other social activities of by-gone days could be enumerated. Some are first-hand, because of experience, and other are traditional—passed down by sturdy forebears. It is not unusual to hear someone say, "he lives entirely in the past," and of course such a remark is suggestive of old age. We do, indeed, deplore the person without sentiment that shows an appreciation of the fine old customs of other days.

Despite the fact that the machine age has been the occasion of changes of the many interests that gave an assurance of comfort and ease to families of long ago, there is a genuine joy as we visualize the family group around the fireside, planning each day's duties that would contribute to their future welfare.

Permit us to remark here that time never fails to reveal the survival of the fittest. This thought has taken lodgement by the present demand for "Victory Gardens," so that the products of the soil and fruits of the orchard might add to the supply necessary for human needs during this era of ruthless war. Too many of us have taken the road of least resistance, living a life of ease, and forgetting the command that "man must live by the sweat of his brow." It is the duty of every person left on the home frontier, while the flower of our young manhood fights for liberty and the

pursuit of happiness, not alone to have "Victory Gardens" but to obey every other request of the government so as to build a strong defense against the agressor nations. If impossible to grow a "Victory Garden," let us not be indifferent to the farmer and his wife who peddle vegetables from door to door, for if inqiry is made, the information gathered will be that this couple has given their son to the United States armed forces. If we stand together in this World War, we shall win, but if we are not united in purpose the consequences will be fatal.

* * * * * * * *

FINDING OPPORTUNITY

The fortunate circumstances of our lives, if closely observed, will be found to emanate from within us. If we wait for opportunities to fall at our very feet, there will remain a long waiting list of those who want something without giving something. These examples of using time profitably, regardless of conditions, taken from the February issue of the "Sunshine Magazine," tell of the resourcefulness of mankind:

> Most men would have said they were victims of just plain tough luck to be caught in the ice with no chance of getting the ship out before spring. Maybe that's what the skipper of the brig "Ornon" first thought when he awoke one morning to find his ship frozen in the ice of a river in Maine. Of course it happened a long time ago, but the resourceful captain would undoubtedly have turned adversity into opportunity just as readily today with equal promptness and success.
>
> The prospect of spending the winter on an ice-bound ship gave him a thought. He put his crew to work cutting ice and stowing it in the hold. When the spring thaws came he set sail for Baltimore, where ice was needed. And he sold his cargo for $600. That started Maine in the ice business.
>
> A young college graduate took a job at a gasoline service station, not because he especially wanted that kind of work, but he did want a job. He did not sit around feeling sorry for himself. During hours when business was slow he asked for time off, and went from door to door soliciting oil-change jobs. At each place he left a card and an invitation to come in and ask for him.
>
> In the next few months the station's business had tripled,

and the district manager came around to see what was happening, and why. As a result he employed the young man as his assistant. Six years later that young man was making $9,000 a year.

These incidents may be unique, but the chances are that a little inquiry will turn up equally inspiring examples among the persons of your own community. But you will not find them among the indolent, the indifferent, or the whiners and followers of the cult that lives according to the theory, "The world owes me a living." But you know very well where you will find them.

* * * * * * * * *

American and British scientists are working independently, but sympathetically, on an after-the-war problem that is of vital interest to all of us. They are seeking a sure protection against the return visit of the dreaded influenza. Many experiments have proved the tenacious life of the influenza bacteria, their power to transmit the disease in many subtler ways than the commonest method—through the unguarded sneezes of the afflicted. The British scientists are working toward the preparation of a vaccine that will conquer the disease in its different forms, and have made some progress toward that end. Recently the American Society of Bacteriologists listened to the discription of a dry powder toxin which has been successfully tried on rabbits in minute injections of the dissolved toxin. The remedy has not yet been tried on pigs, a favorite medium because their reactions to disease and cures are generally much like those of men. All precautions are being taken before human beings are to be used for futher experiment; but all possible haste in being made to forestall the approach of the epidemic. At the same time effective steps are being taken to meet another threatening plague that has begun to scourge Europe —typhus.—The Lutheran.

BULWARKS OF LIBERTY

By Dr. Hunter B. Blakely

In the prosperity and ease of our living we have forgotten that democracy rests upon respect of the individual, supreme loyalty to God, and a Christian code of ethics. Complacently we have taken our heritage for granted, unmindful of the courage the sacrifice, and the faith of those who have made it possible. We have accepted our blessings as a matter of course—as rights which came naturally to us because we were a privileged people—ignoring the fact that never was a nation founded by men of larger vision and of a more heroic willingness to pay the price.

It did not happen by chance. The United States is no historical accident. Our founding fathers attempted to establish an enduring democracy on the solid rock of the Christian religion. They knew that a land of freedom could not stand on the shifting sands of a secular and godless society. Except the Lord built the house, they labored in vain who built it.

We are in the midst of a rude awakening. Through all the world there comes a challenge to our democratic way. The defiance of battle has flung at the very bulwarks of our civilization. For the first time many of us are placing large value upon freedom, since we are aware of the fact this liberty may be taken from us. A new resolve is forming in our hearts, as in others who have resisted enslavement; "We had rather die on our feet than to live on our knees."

In this critical hour democracy must rediscover itself. It should put aside the habit of taking itself for granted, of forgetting its own origin and should explore its own foundations. Our secular generation has lost the key to the understanding of its own nature, and Christian faith can show men where to look for it.

The bulwarks of democracy are rooted in the divine purposes concerning man, his duty and his destiny, and his relationship to the God who has revealed Himself in Jesus Christ. These great concepts of democracy—freedom, respect for life, the worth of the individual, a sense of personal responsibility—are not basic but are derivative, flowing out of our Christian heritage. The most dangerous blind spot in modern life has been the impression that we could preserve the fruits of democracy without its roots. Human dignity, liberty, and the right of self-government are never self-sustaining, autonomous truths but for preservation they need a continuous understanding by religious faith.

The modern world has been exhausting its spiritual heritage. Erosion of the spirit has cut deeply into our cultural and moral inheritance. The Christian tradition of belief and ethics is becoming thinner and thinner. Man has forgotten his Creator and exploited the earth's natural resources for selfish purposes, calling himself "the lord of creation." While men have been satisfying their human greeds and perverting ethical principles, the whole economic system has been turned upside down, and no one knows how to get it right-side up again. With a loss of confidence in the secular way of living and an increasing self-distrust mankind is now involved in the most world-wide and

disastrous war of all time, when fundamentally as Thomas Mann has said so well: "War is but a cowardly escape from the problems of peace."

Therefore, let us highly resolve that while in our all-out effort we are winning the war, we will rediscover the bulwark of liberty and rededicate ourselves and our nation to perpetuate in the faith of men those principles.

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FARMER'S ALMANAC STILL GOING AFTER 150 YEARS

Exactly a century and a half ago a pamphlet was issued by a bookseller named Robert B. Thomas in Sterling, Mass. Mr. Thomas sold among other things, "Robinson Crusoe," and his private venture, which was called "The Farmer's Almanac," was at first sold by door to door canvassers. Nowadays distribution is managed much more efficiently—or at least more speedily.

Anyway, "The Old Farmer's Almanac" is now in its 150th edition, and it is still just what it set out to be—a calendar for the farmer, to which, through the decades, some additional features have been added. These features were not approved at first—in 1797 Mr. Thomas inserted an apology because his printer had included "a sermon in favor of thieving" in the 1796 number, and a good many of his literally-minded readers were horrified.

But contributors could not be held down, and early in the 19th century they were accepted, and sometimes commented upon by Mr. Thomas. "J. P." was thanked in the 1808 number, for an unpublished item which, however the editor found "too obscene for admission."

Wartime hints for the War of 1812 were numerous and with the first year of the 19th century stage timetables were inserted. It required from Monday at 10 of the morning to Thursday at one to reach New York by stage. Not until 1841 did the Almanac publish a map of the new-fangled railroads. About that time the editor seems to have been torn between the wet and dry sides; once he advocates laying in a good supply of hard cider, again he publishes a horrid picture of a nurse feeding a baby gin from the bottle.

The Almanac has appeared in countless legal trials. Lincoln won the Armstrong murder case with it, and as late as 1937 a Brockton, Mass., man went free on its testimony. But the best story concerns the printer boy who asked the harassed Mr. Thomas what to put in for a certain July 13. "Anything," Mr. Thomas said testily, and the boy made it "Rain, Hail, and Snow."

Mr. Thomas was pretty perturbed, but that July 13 it did all three of those things. Almanac makers are lucky, it seems.

MISS LIBERTY VEILS HER LAMP

By John Markland

War has dimmed for a while the radiance of America's most famous asd beloved of national shrines—the Statue of Liberty.

No longer do powerful electric lamps in the great torch shine across the dark waters of the country's most important harbor. No longer do floodlights play on the coppery-green garments of the great lady holding the torch.

Instead, two 200-watt lamps in the torch shine unobtrusively each night for the benefit of our own airplane pilots. These lamps are unromantically called "obstruction lights." They are not by any means as glamorous as were the peace-time beacons which made a night glimpse of the statue a memorable experience for the folks from back home in Iowa, for millions of immigrants, for visiting celebrities. And they will be of little help to unfriendly airmen.

Rising nearly 300 feet above the waters which lap at the fringes of Bedloe Island, the statue would be, of course, a highly vulnerable point in the harbor. Not necessarily a bombing objective in itself—although even that might have so-called "psychological" value—it would be a pretty good guide to bombers headed for Manhattan. Like other towering structures in the city, and like the taller national monuments scattered about the country, including the Washington Monument and the Lincoln Monument in Washington, it must be, therefore, blacked out, at least partially, for the duration.

Few persons in the United States have supposed that Liberty would bow her head to the exigencies of warfare in the Nineteen Forties. That seems to be the case, however, and the statue and her guardians on Bedloe are making the best of it.

Out there on Bedloe—less than two miles from the Battery—the guardians who keep year-round vigil at the statue under the aegis of the National Park Service attend drills for air raid and life-saving under the Red Cross. The permanent staff, headed by Superintendent George A. Palmer believe that they are now ready to cope with almost any emergency that might arise.

To begin with, they have accessible bomb-proof shelters in corridors under the pedestal of the statue. As a rule these corridors are closed to the public, but they could be thrown open on a moment's notice. The staff responsible for the Statue of Liberty are on the alert; the island on which was once the now abandoned Fort Wood is a separate air raid zone, and the employes are taking their job seriously.

At the same time they want it known that they are still welcoming visitors from the mainland. The Statue of Liberty is open to visitors 365 days a year and expects to continue to be indefinitely. Boats from the Battery run every hour from 9 to 4, with return trips on the half hour. Even on the coldest, most unpleasant days the boats are available and there are always visitors. Fog

and complete lack of visibility are recognized as the only deterrent to transportation to the statue.

In case you are feeling a bit discouraged about the way the war is going, or if you have never been out before, no better tonic could be prescribed than a trip to the statue. Battery Park—now undergoing a very complete face-lifting incidental to the building of the new Battery-Brooklyn Tunnel—is always something to see. You catch a boat at 9 A. M., say, or perhaps at 2 P. M.

Hot dogs and coffee taste very good on the way out. You wonder what that boat may be lying at anchor just inside the harbor and flying a foreign flag. There is Governors Island on your left. On your right, Ellis Island, looking these days very secretive and somewhat foreboding in its red brick, its foreign dress of turrets and white trim. Beyond you see the industrial shore of Jersey, breathing prodigiously its smoke and fire.

Within twenty minutes you grip the outmoded stringpiece which marks your arrival at the foot of the statue. You look up—and marvel; doubtless, you murmur usual trite things about height, the copper sheen and how much the statue looks like her pictures.

The soldier in the newest type of windbreaker uniform—there is a high percentage in these days of uniformed men on boats to the statue—looks up with a proper mixture of awe and facetiousness. "The old girl," says he, "has on that same old green dress hasn't she?" The mother and father with a 2-year-old explain at great length the meaning of it all to their son and heir. "Ye—ya—ya," says the 2-year-old, concentrating happily on a stick of chocolate.

Unfortunately, the blackout regulations came just at a time when the National Park Service was planning to illuminate the statue with some newly developed 3,000-watt mercury vapor lamps—much more powerful than incandescents of the same watt measure—which would have made her the real No. 1 glamour girl of New York society. For the duration, however, she must be content with the two "obstruction lights" in her torch.

It was Emma Lazarus who, back in 1883, wrote the most eloquent words on the undying appeal of the statue for Americans and for the "immigrant"—a word that has now an old-fashioned sound. Her poem "The New Colossus," contributed to the campaign to raise funds for the pedestal, is engraved on a tablet for all to see. Here are the closing lines, which, though they may sound a little hollow now, will certainly sing again.

Give me your tired, your poor,
Your huddled masses yearning to
breathe free,
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore.
Send these, the tempest-tossed,
to me.
I lift my lamp beside the golden
door.

INVENTOR HOPES TO WALK

By Reed D. Smith

Thomas Midgley, Jr., inventor of ethyl gasoline, smiled from his wheelchair and admitted that at 53 his greatest ambition was to walk again.

The nationally-known chemist, credited with more than 100 patients, lost use of his legs when stricken with infantile paralysis in September, 1940, but intimates expressed confidence that the same determination and persistence that led to his discoveries would enable him literally to stand on his own feet again.

They recalled that "Midge" discovered ethyl gasoline after patiently testing thousands of formulas; hit upon a safe refrigerant for domestic use and air conditioning systems in the same manner, and mastered bridge and golf only to discard them entirely after becoming more proficient than his friendly opponents.

To Midgley, nothing seemingly appears impossible. He exudes confidence. There's a twinkle in his blue, glasses-rimmed eyes. Smiles frequently wreath his full face, topped by thinning gray hair.

You'd expect him to step from his wheelchair and stride off briskly, except for a lap robe over his now virtually useless legs.

Polio has slowed but hasn't stopped Midgley. He recently told a National Inventors council meeting in Washington over a telephone-loud speaker hookup from his suburban Worthington home that Ohio State university professors had evolved radically new methods of camouflage and fire bomb fighting. Details are wartime secrets.

Midgley, vice president of the university's research corporation, offered to go to Washington to help further the studies in the interest of national defense even though it might mean giving up recovery treatments now showing gratifying results. Council officials decilned the offer.

Friends said it was characteristic of Midgley. They recalled the personal discomfort he underwent during a phase of his search for ethyl gasoline.

Before hitting on the use of tatraethyl lead to make ethyl gasoline, Midgyl tried out among other compounds diethyl tulluride, which gave him tullurium poisoning.

An outstanding symptom of the poisoning is a strong, garlic-like odor, apparently coming from every pore and affecting everything and person contacted. For a time Midgley and his family virtually were ostracized, except among the understanding chemical fraternity .

Midgley at that time traveled widely. He admitted ruefully that a frequent practice was to pick a railroad smoking car seat near a swarthy traveler in the hope that others might blame the hapless individual for the car odor.

Midgley's discovery of ethyl gasoline was regarded by associates as his real birth as a chemist. He was graduated from Cornell in 1911 as a mechanical engineer and acquired his knowledge of chemistry from his

work, intense study and association with members of that profession.

College friends said Midgley spent only enough time on his studies to get by, so he could concentrate on the few things of real interest to him. Associates asserted it was Midgley's ability to concentrate that enabled him to master chemistry and numerous other interests.

Soon after becoming associated in 1916 with Charles F. Kettering, Deyton, O., inventor and research genius, Midgley was assigned to obtain more power from small Delco light company units operating on kerosene.

Midgley rigged up a high-speed indicator which led to perfection of the Midgley indicator, a device shedding light on what occurs inside combustion engines.

The indicator showed that engine knock was due to the rapid rise in pressure after ingnition and near the top of dead center. Midgley reasoned that the kerosene vaporized slowly until after combustion started, and then suddenly, with a resultant too-rapid explosion. He wondered if dyeing the fuel might produce faster vaporization.

He asked a stockroom attendant for an oil-soluble dye, but supply was exhausted and iodine was suggested. Midgley dissolved a quantity in kerosene, tested the mixture in a moderately high-compression engine, and found that the knock was eliminated.

He immediately scoured Dayton for all available samples of oil-soluble dyes and tested dozens without desired results but eventually foud tetraethyl lead. This compound slows the explosion rate in gasoline.

He received the Perkin medal of the Society of Chemical Industry in 1937 for his work in applied chemistry and recently was awarded the Willard Gibbs medal by the American Chemical society.

"You must be lucky as well as have good associates and assistants to succeed in this world of applied chemistry," Midgley asserted.

Midgley also has done extensive research in the field of synthetic rubber, developed a method for recovering bromine from sea water and established a foundation to promote chemical research.

Just prior to his paralysis attack, Midgley had worked with an associate on high fidelity reproduction. Although he had no musical education and can't play an instrument, he mastered the technical aspects of music sufficiently to determine what tones failed to reproduce or were distorted.

In addition to his Ohio State university connections, Midgley is vice president of both the Ethyl Gasoline corporation, and Kinetic Chemicals, Inc., of Wilmington, Del.; remains a General Motors consultant; holds an honorary doctor of science degree from Wooster, O., college, membership in a dozen professional groups and is on the National Defense committee.

Born in Beaver Falls, Pa., May 18, 1889, Midgley came to Columbus in 1929 and has maintained a home near here since. Married, he has two children, Thomas III, a mechanical engineer for Pratt and Whitney at Hartford, Conn., and Mrs. James M. Lewis, wife of a Federal employe (O.P.M.) in Washington.

Midgley maintains contact with

friends and associates by telephone or through their visits to his colonial style home everlooking Olentangy river. He swims in his private outdoor pool when weather permits and looks forward to the day when he can walk again.

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Cheerfulness bears the same friendly regard to the mind as to the body; it banishes all anxious care and discontent, soothes and composes the passions and keeps them in perpetual calm.
—Addison.

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CAN-OPENER, FAREWELL!

By Ovid A. Martin

If the war lasts long, the canopener may lose its place in the kitchen drawer.

The average housewife's No. 1 tool is tied to the fate of the tin can. And prospects are not bright for the tin can, upon which millions of Americans now depend for the bulk of their food supply.

This country depends largely upon British Malays and the Dutch East Indies for its tin. The war has virtually cut off supplies.

With war industries requiring large quantities of the metal, the War Production board already has scaled down allotments of tin for cans to pack coffee, beer, cocoa, dog food, and other items which may be packed instead in paper, cardboard, and other containers. Tin is allowed for this year's pack of tomatoes and peas. Allotiments for other vegetables and, fruits may be cut below last year.

Unless far eastern supplies are reopened there may be little tin for cans in 1943. The situation has started the government and the food industry searching for substitute containers and for other methods of preserving food.

Hundreds of thousands of dollars are being spent for governmental and private research on plastic substitutes for tin cans. Glass can be used only to a limited extent, due to costs and production problems.

Many food authorities believe the dried fruits and vegetables of the first World war may appear again. Then drying was used for foods shipped to France to serve space on ocean tran-

France to save space on ocean tran-

Dried fruits, particularly apples, peaches, prunes and raisins, are common in the American diet, but dried vegetables got a bad name during the first World war. A seasoned veteran of that conflict will tell you they didn't taste, smell, or look like vegetables.

When the war ended, the government had large quantities of the vegetables on hand. It had difficulty

getting rid of them, even as animal feed.

There were no standards then as to flavor, color or food values; No very good rules were known about the length of time for cooking. Some of the products had to be soaked six to ten hours before they could be cooked. Whatever food nutrients were not soaked out got cooked out.

The big problem of the research laboratories is to hold together all the qualities of the fresh product right up to the moment the dried product reaches the housewife.

Scientists started with a detailed knowledge of the makeup of fruits and vegetables. Raw food spoils principally because of molds and bacteria. These growths do not occur when the solid food-matter is concentrated and the amount of water reduced. Even if they are not killed in the drying, the molds and bacteria remain dormant an harmless.

In addition to molds and bacteria, food contain micro - organisms called enzymes. They break down tissues. These little bodies often bring about changes in the composition, flavor and appearance of foods. They are not always killed or made inactive by treatments which stop molds and bacteria. Much work on enzymes remains be done.

If it is to do a good job drying vegetables, the food industry must know more about selecting the right varieties. Likewise, they need to know more about drying and dehydration processes.

Methods now known, Agriculture department authorities say, often destroy vitamins in vegetables. Vitamins are among the most important constitutents of vegetables and processes which assure their preservation are necessary.

Drying doesn't work for all fruits and vegetables but those which may be preserved by drying or dehydration include apples, apricots, berries cherries, cranberries, grapes, peaches, pears, prunes, string and stringless beans, cabbage, carrots, celery, sweet corn, onions, parsnips, peas, potatoes, pumpkins, squash, spinach, sweet potatoes, turnips, and tomatoes.

Large quanities of dried foods are being shipped to Great Britain under the lend-lease program, to save valuable shipping space. High on the list are dried milk and powdered eggs. Dried milk requires only nine per cent as much space as liquid milk, while powdered eggs take up about 23 per cent as much room as shell eggs. These dried products do not require refrigeration.

The army and navy are pressing researchers, because dried foods are needed for parachute and armored troops.

In an acute shortage of tin cans large quantities of fruits and vegetables could be preserved by quick-freezing. Frozen foods are obtainable now in most cities and towns, but many families consider them expensive.

Increased freezing of foods will be limited, however, by the scarcity of materials needed in making refrigerators. Use of these materials for civilian products is being restricted because of war requirements.

To cut down civilian demand for canned goods in rural communities, the Agriculture department is urging farmers and small community families

to make maximum use of cold storage lockers and ice plants for preserving foods.

Thousands of ice plants displaced by electric refrigeration could be converted into community freezer lockers.

Today, there are more than 3,600 such locker units, most of them in mid-western and far-western states. The locker may be likened to a safety-deposit box in a room kept at nearly zero Fahrenheit. A family may freeze and store meats, poultry products, butter, fruits, and vegetables in its locker the year around.

Most lockers have room for about 150 pounds of food. They rent from about $5 to $12 a year.

Many of the more modern locker plants provide facilities for dressing and curing meats, for pre-cooling market eggs and berries, for storing game, butter and ice cream, as well as for summer storage of fur coats. Some plants also distribute commercial quick-frozen foods.

Considerable research has been done on quick-freezing, but so far it has not been possible to quick-freeze whole pears, plums, cucumbers, lettuce, celery or tomatoes.

In freezing, as in drying, high quality products must be used. They must be carefully scalded or blanched. Scalding reduces the activity of ferments and brings out the bright colors so characteristic of frozen vegetables.

The Agriculture department and the War Production board are keeping close touch on the tin supply situation and the research in drying or dehydrating foods.

If the war brings a drastic cut in the tin allowed for containers, the government may have to provide canning factories with drying or dehydrating equipment. It is unlikely that many food processors would care to invest just for the war emergency.

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MOSS IS CONVERTED INTO PLASTIC

Defense needs have given Farmington, N. H., a new industry —peat moss gathering.

From a 40-acre tract of bog, sphagnum (peat) moss is being harvested for conversion into plastics to be used in airplane manufacture.

The moss formerly was used as a plant mulch, but engineers expect to harvest 3,000,000 tons of the moss to help in building fighter planes.

Owner Charles Farmer, who formerly believed the swampy land was useless, now expects to collect $50,000 from the peat harvest.—Selected.

DAVID CALDWELL

By R. C. Lawrence in The State

The entire state has heard of the famous headmasters, William Bingham, founder of the famous "Bingham School" and of James H. Horner, father of the no less famous "Horner School." Most of us know that the genesis of the powerful Duke University was in a school taught by Brantley Yorke in a little log cabin. We know that all our older educational institutions had small beginnings, and a slow and painful growth; but there are only a few to whom the name of my subject will convey any meaning.

If the name Caldwell signifies anything at all to us, most would associate it with that of Joseph Caldwell, President of our University, or with our county of Caldwell, which was named in his honor. Yet we have had other famous Caldwells in our history, including David F. Caldwell, outstanding judge and legislator; Congressman Joseph P. Caldwell, and another of the same name—brilliant editor of the Charlotte Observer.

Of the men who were famous in the early history of our state, few were native Carolinians, and we drew largely upon other states or upon the mother country for our leaders. General William R. Davie, father of our University was born in England; Governor Thomas Burke, the Catholic leader, was born in Ireland; Mr. Justice James Iredell, Carolina contribution to the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States, was a native of England; William Hooper, famous as a signer of the Declaration of Independence, came to us from Massachusetts; while Dr. Hugh Williamson, equally famous as a signer of the Federal Constitution, and as a Carolina historian, was a native of Scotland. The state was a large importer of noteworthy men, and one of the ablest thus imported was David Caldwell, who came to us from Pennsylvania and settled in Guilford County, where he became a veritable Moses in the cause of education.

Lest the noble county of Guilford deem itself overlooked in our naming of distinguished men, I hasten to say that it is the habitat and the happy hunting grounds of such notables. From this county came Alexander Martin, Governor at three different periods in his illustrious career; John M. Morehead, Governor and father of our system of Internal Improvements; Alfred M. Scales, Confederate Brigadier and Governor Robert P. Dick and Robert M. Douglass, Justices of the Supreme Court; Major Charles M. Stedman, last Confederate officer to sit in the halls of Congress; William P. Bynum, primate at the Bar. Now add to these the nationally known name of "Uncle Joe" Cannon, long czar of our National House of Representatives, and then top this list with the only "first laly" Carolina has produced—none other than Dolly Madison! What a galaxy of famous names to come from one county!

Caldwell was a Presbyterian preacher, and he married a daughter of that famous Presbyterian divine,

Alexander Craighead, pastor of the church on Little Sugar Creek, first of that faith to be founded in Mecklenburg County—in the neighborhood from which came James K. Polk, President of the United States!

Caldwell was a man of letters, a graduate of Princeton College, and on first coming to our state he served as a missionary to churches in Alamance County, where he ministered to both soul and body—for Caldwell was a physician as well as a preacher —a queer combination! Soon however, he entered upon his life's work as a teacher, locating his school three miles from the present site of the city of Greensboro.

Mark Hopkins was the famous president of Williams College, and President Garfield said the only requirement for an excellent university was Mark Hopkins on one end of a log and one student at the other end. Caldwell became the Mark Hopkins of Carolina, for his school became famous for the character of the instruction it afforded, and for the calibre of the students who attended it.

It was the time when the classics had their heyday. You got little (if any) of physics, chemistry, or science, but you got Latin and Greek in large doses and at frequent intervals, and, if you were destined for the ministry, you also got Hebrew—and what a tough proposition Hebrew is! His school had no equipment of which to boast. There was neither fraternity house nor glee club—not even a campus. The school was lodged in a building of logs cut from the forest primeval, and the surroundings were raw, rough and crude. Yet out of this environment came most of our early preachers, lawyers, physicians and public men, including no less than five governors. Caldwell trained more than fifty Presbyterian preachers, to say nothing of those of other faiths.

His poor school did not even possess a library. All it had was the Latin and Greek classics, the geometry of Euclid, plenty of works on Moral Philosophy, and a Bible—which was kept open. With such limited tools did Caldwell fashion and form so many lives in Carolina!

In that day clergymen did not consider it beneath the dignity of their cloth to serve the cause of the public. Thus, Caldwell was a member of the Halifax Convention which adopted the State Constitution; and also of the Hillsboro Convention which refused to ratify the Federal Constitution—he himself being a most influential factor in bringing this about, being aided and abetted in that behalf by Lemuel Burkitt, an outstanding Baptist preacher.

Now let us consider the case of the notorious regulator. Herman Husbands, who wrote a letter pamphlet in which he roundly denounced the Royal Governor Tryon in words which were not minced. His Excellency's ire rose so high over the daring insolence of this varlet, that Husbands was forced to flee the state, finding a refuge in Philadelphia, where his wild, daring and reckless nature caused him to become involved in what was known as the "whiskey robellion"—an uprising against the imposition of taxes on the manufacture of spirits. Caldwell happened to be in that city and heard of the plight

of Husbands; and remembering his service to the cause of liberty, Caldwell befriended him and secured his release.

He lived and served until 1824. When our state takes an account of her liabilities, and the accountants complete their task, it will be found that our debt to Caldwell is so large it can never be paid, and that we must forever remain—his debtor.

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OLD FRIENDS ARE BEST

True friendship's like the oak tree,
When bending to the blast,
It sinks its roots in safety,
And holds on to the last.

And so it is with old time friends,
We'll never let them go
Until our earthly trouble ends,
Because we love them so.

We love old friends, you see,
They know us to the core;
And bring again to memory
The youthful days once more.

We love old friends the very best,
The reason why is clear;
We love them better than the rest,
They proved themselves sincere.

No matter where grim duty sends
Us onward by the way,
We treasure then a few old friends,
To chum with while we stay.

When we leave this world of care
To bask in heaven's sunshine,
We'll hunt a cosy corner there
And sing of "Auld Lang Syne."

—Selected.

UPSTATE

By Elsie Singmaster

Carol Hinsdale stood by her mother's bed. The rose-colored lampshade cast a becoming shadow on her dark little face, hiding the frown which cut a line between her brows. The frown was not constant, it accompanied her unspoken thoughts. When she spoke, she smiled. Her smooth, thick hair was braided coronet-wise; she wore a dark orange flannel dress and a black hat with a dark orange rosette.

"I think I'll go, Mother," said her lips. "I can get into the train at eleven. It will be fun traveling on a sleeper." In reality, I'm frightened to death, said her heart.

"You get to Fox Hill at seven—is that right?" Mrs. Hinsdale spoke cheerfully, but her heart wailed, what will I do without you, and how will you get along without me?

"At seven. Soon after sunrise. I've never seen the sun rise—that is, not straight up from the horizon."

"You packed all your warm clothes?"

"All."

"If only you could have stayed here!"

"Too many substitutes and too few places," said Carol's lips cheerfully. "When I've had experience, they'll give me full-time work—they promised." I failed, I failed! said Carol's heart. But mother mustn't know! I mustn't ever tell her.

"If only Fox Hill were near your uncle's instead of at the other end of the county."

"I'd rather fight my battles unseen."

From the moment three months ago when a car had run up on the pavement and injured Mrs. Hinsdale, quietly making her way to church, until this moment, she had been brave. "I've heard of country schools; it's said the big boys are unruly. And you are so young, Carol and so little!"

"I'm not afraid!" But Carol heart stood still. The big boys in a city school had driven her away. She could hear boos and catcalls and the stern voice of the supervisor coming to her rescue. She could hear also his gentle voice in the office. "You've had anxiety about your mother, and these boys are difficult. Have you any friends who could place you for a year in a small country school?"

"I have an uncle upstate."

"Why not apply to him? You've had the best of training, all you lack is practical experience. Your mother is well enough for you to leave her now, isn't she?"

"Yes."

"Too bad it's midwinter."

"I'm not afraid of winter."

Carol bent to kiss her mother. "Perhaps I'll learn to ski and snowshoe. It won't be long before I'll be back. Will you write me often?"

Mrs. Hinsdale did not answer this foolish question. She managed to say "Good-by, my darling," and that was all.

Carol took her fur coat from the rack in the hall. It was far from new, but it was whole. Her trunk was at the station, addressed to Miss

Carol Hinsdale, Fox Hill, New York, care of Mrs. John Talbot; her suitcase stood ready packed.

"Good-by, darling!" she called and, closing the door quickly, went toward the elevator. The subway entrance was at the corner. She walked there slowly, fighting tears.

"I'm afraid," she whispered. She saw boys' faces, some pleasant, some sullen, some clean, some dirty. "They didn't want to study; they wanted to see motion pictures and talk about boxing matches. When I went to school I was hungry to learn." Blindly she stepped from the curb to the street. "Fox Hill!" said she. "Of all names—Fox Hill!"

The subway was no more dingy by day, but it seemed dingier. Some of the passengers looked as though they were on their way home from a long day's work, others as though they had no homes.

In the station hundreds of travelers hurried for suburban trains or waited for gates to be opened so that they could descend to the track level. Carol forgot the jeering boys behind her and Fox Hill before her. It would be pleasant not to have to earn one's living and to travel all the year. She contradicted herself instantly. "No, it wouldn't!"

The porter took her bag. "Where are you going, Miss?"

"To Fox Hill."

"We don't stop at Fox Hill, Miss; we stop at Greenville Junction. It'll be early—better get a good sleep."

Carol did not sleep. She thought now of her mother, now of the map of New York State, across which she was speeding, now of Fox Hill. It was more than a hill, it was a mountain; her uncle had spoken of "Fox Hill School, up on the mountain." Frequently she remembered the rough boys, grinning like the wolf at Red Riding Hood. Again and again she snapped on the light and looked at her watch. At last the porter whispered, "Get up, Miss!"

The dimly-lighted car echoed with heavy breathing. She dressed quickly and stood waiting in the vestibule as the train slowed down. The air was cold, if one could call this clear, unsullied medium air. She stood for a moment, suitcase in hand, watching the train get under way. When it was gone she stepped into the little station where burned a single kerosene lamp. On the other side waited an engine, a passenger car and baggage car, like a toy train, long played with and abused, in compparison with the express.

"That's your train, lady, if you are going farther," said a sleepy voice. "Where are you going?"

Carol turned her head. The station agent followed her in from the platform. "Fox Hill."

"Fox Hill!" Thus the agent might have spoken of the Sahara Desert. "We don't have many passengers for Fox Hill."

"Did my trunk come?"

"Not yet—only through baggage on the express." The agent opened the door and stepped toward the little train. "You can get aboard now." He brushed his cheek. "Snow. We got enough, but we're due for more."

Carol looked down the platform, then up—she could see nothing outside the faint light from the station and the train.

"How soon do we start?" she asked feebly.

"Soon."

The engine emitted a hoarse puff, and a man came down the platform, lantern in hand.

"This here is conductor, brakeman and mail agent," announced the station agent. "This young lady's goin' to Fox Hill."

"To Fox Hill!" The conductor's tone said, not the Sahara Desert, but Van Diemen's land or Antarctica.

"I'm going to teach the Fox Hill school."

"Nobody'd go there for any other purpose, I guess. I heard they needed a teacher." The conductor took the remainder of Carol's ticket and waited for no second passenger. Carol sat with her face pressed to the window. At Grantham she could still see only a vague whiteness. At Lee's Corner, dark masses of woodland showed against the white, with here and there smaller masses which she guessed to be houses or barns. All visible objects were close to the track, snow hid everything beyond. It was six o'clock, then half-past, then seven.

"Here's Fox Hill, Miss." The conductor put on his overcoat and cap and opened the door. Carol remembered the postal cards in her handbag; she had meant to mail one to her mother when she arrived at Fox Hill. But there was nothing to be said.

Snowflakes drifted in on the wind. The conductor carried her suitcase down the steps. "I see the bus, Miss. Frank'll get you up the hill if mortal man can."

This station was still smaller than at the junction; beyond, a road sloped upward. The snow was cut by a single track, evidently that of the bus which in size and shabbiness bore the same relation to the train that the train bore to the express. It was queerly shaped; the rear seat, higher than the front, formed a sort of observation car. A man with a round face and a reddish beard came forward and took Carol's suitcase.

"You're the teacher." Evidently, he, too, believed that no one but a teacher would have business at Fox Hill. "Miss Carol Hinsdale. Call me Frank, an' I'll call you Miss Carol. The school bell won't ring us in at nine, but we'll git there before noon. Better sit alongside me. It's rocky in back and you might overbalance us. I turned over once because a passenger shifted—true he weighed four hundred pounds. Where's your trunk? Or ain't you thinkin' of stayin'?"

"It'll come tomorrow." Desolate as Carol felt, this friendliness frightened her. Could this be Carol Hinsdale traveling in a bucking car through snow-drifts, two hundred miles from Brooklyn?

"I'll git it then. Buck up, now, old lady!" These words were addressed not to Carol but to the engine. "She'll start all right, the question is—will she keep goin'?"

The bus hit a stone and slid to the side of the road. Frank leaned forward, chirruping. "Come on, now! Git up a little spirit!" Surely he was insane—he thought he was driving a horse! "Didn't expect to git you out of that hole! It's good the banks go up and not down."

The bus tipped backward, like a reclining chair. The air brightened, but

thick clouds of snow still hid the country on each side.

"Are there no houses?"

"Few—till we git to the plateau where the school is. I don't suppose you know Mrs. Talbot, where you're goin' to live?"

"No, I don't."

"Are you cold?" Frank reached a long arm backward for another blanket. "Wrap that around you. Hungry?"

"I feel a bit faint," acknowledged Carol. "Perhaps I am hungry."

Frank opened a little door in the dash and produced a sandwich neatly wrapped in oiled paper. "That's the missus' idea. I guess you don't have such hills in Brooklyn."

"No." Suddenly Carol laughed and looked for the first time directly at Frank. His blue eyes were the pleasantest she had ever seen. "And drivers of buses don't serve sandwiches."

Frank looked pleased. "Snow's abatin'. When we git to the schoolhouse you're goin' to see the grandest sight in the world."

Carol remembered the mocking eyes of her unruly pupils. "Will the children wait for me?" she asked, shivering.

"Will they wait for you? Like to see anyone drive them away! Why, these kids are starved for learnin'."

The tracks had disappeared, loose particles of snow danced jigs, sometimes separately, sometimes in concert. The car wheels revolved for several minutes at a time without making any progress. The prospect was clearing, the sun shone on a stone wall and a group of tall pines. The gleaming snow and the glimpses of blue sky and the exhilarating air loosened Carol's tongue; she began to tell about her mother's accident.

"You had bad luck," said Frank. 'Things is goin' to be different, you've turned the corner." The car had stopped, so had the engine. "I got news to break to you."

Won't they have me? thought Carol in panic.

"I can't git no further. A wood lane runs in here an' I'll back in an' turn. Before night the snow plow will be through an' I'll bring your trunk up easy tomorrow."

"But where do I go?"

"I ain't forsakin' you, I'm gettin' you there on foot. I'll carry your satchel an' you, too, if necessary. I'll back before you git out, your weight'll help, little as it is."

The engine rored like a creature in agony as Frank turned the car. He carried Carol's suitcase with one hand and led her with the other.

"Ups-a-daisy!" said he. "Now look back!" There were a few buildings on the plateau but Carol did not see them. What she did see was a vast white plain, far beneath, bisected by a winding river.

"Nice, ain't it?" said Frank with satisfaction.

The clangor of a bell recalled Carol to herself. The buildings were a farmhouse, a barn and a schoolhouse. The bell continued to ring madly, a flag waved. On Frank's arm, Carol floundered to the door.

"This here is the teacher," announced Frank. "I can recommend her. This here is Mrs. Talbot."

A stout woman came down the aisle, dusting chalk from her hands. "I kept school for you, so you could count

this a day. Let me help you off with your coat. We heard the bus way down the hill and knew you must be on it or Frank wouldn't be coming up."

Her heart thumping, Carol walked to the front of the room and turned to look at the school. The faces were all clean and all friendly.

"I'm goin' now," announced Frank. "The goods is delivered. See you tomorrow."

"Will you mail a card for me?" asked Carol.

"Sure I will. On the train.

Carol took a postal card from her handbag. "Arrived safely," she wrote. "Everything's fine, mother. Love. A letter tomorrow." She was to have the card back in her mother's letter. It had a pencilled postscript in a cramped hand: "You got a fine daughter. From the bus driver, Frank, aged 56."

She could see from the teacher's desk the stupendous white plain and the distant hills to which it rose.

"You ought to be very happy in this beautiful place," she said, with a little shake in her voice.

"We are," said Mrs. Talbot. "All we need is a teacher."

GENERAL MacARTHUR'S GALLANT STAND

The gallant stand of General MacArthur and his army at Batan, composed of Americans and Filipinos, has won plaudits not only of the American people, but of peoples of all free nations. Indeed, the exploits of this small army confronted by an enemy superior in numbers and equipment, will go down in history as one of the bravest and most determined stand of all time.

While, of course, there are sufficient reasons why re-enforcements have not been rushed to the Philippines, especially planes and units of the navy, still those of us who do not know the causes for this seeming delay can hardly restrain our impatience. It seems a shame to allow MacArthur's gallant little band to suffer ultimate defeat by a force of overwhelming odds when a million young Americans in this country are anxious to go to their relief.

The war picture in the East Indies and Malayan peninsula, so far, has not been a bright one for us; but we may be sure that in a few months, when our country is ready for an all-out offensive, the picture will change rapidly. The supreme duty of every American just now is to render every service possible to his country and patiently wait until our army and navy are ready to "get into action."—Baptist Message.

OCEAN GROVE GATES CLOSED ON SABBATH

By R. H. Prall

An army truck, part of the coast patrol detail from nearby Fort Hancock, drove up to the chained gates of this religious community the other day and a soldier asked the police officer to remove the heavy chain barrierr. The officer refused and informed the soldier that it was Sunday and that no motor vehicle traffic was permitted on the Sabbath.

The soldier recovered from this and informed the officer that he was talking to the United States army and that the army intended to patrol the coast of Ocean Grove as it was doing all other communities along the North Jersey shore.

The officer telephoned to Joseph A. Thoma, manager of the Ocean Grove Camp Meeting association, which directs the affairs of the unique community, and Thoma instructed the officer to permit the army to enter immediately. The army truck, he said, should be put in the same class with ambulance, fire trucks and physicians' cars which are the few exceptions to the Sunday vehicular ban and which are permitted to enter and leave Ocean Grove because of the emergent nature of their business.

This little episode, ironed out amicably serves to show that Ocean Grove, known far and wide as the "Mecca of Methodism," still guards zealously the sanctity and quiet of Sunday. It has been ever thus and, although secularism has pounded long and hard against those rugged chains, there is no indication today that the Camp Meeting association ever will relax its restrictions.

Even with the demands of the army's patrol work, the Ocean Grove association still permits only the one main gate to be opened for the army trucks. On a recent quiet Sunday evening an Ocean Grove police officer, patrolling his beat on foot instead of in his patrol car, came across an army truck at one of the closed gates. A soldier, weary, cold and evidently annoyed with it all, shattered the calm of the Sabbath evening with the question:

"How the blazes do I get out of this place?"

"The same way you came in," replied the police officer.

"Where did I come in?" asked the soldier.

The patrolman, seeing that the soldier was lost, promptly directed him to the Main Avenue gate and the army truck drove off in the night.

The Closed Sunday is supreme among the Blue Laws laid down for Ocean Grove. Many unique laws have been done away with down through the years. The ruling forbidding the sale of tobacco was repealed officially in 1935 although it had been enforced for several decades. No trains were allowed to stop within a mile of the Grove until November 1, 1911, when the New Jersey Public Utilities commission erased the law from the records.

Another restriction was that forbidding the sale of liquor in Ocean Grove or within one mile in any direction from the outside boundaries. This, too, was enforced until, soon after the repeal of the 18th amendment in 1933, the New Jersey legislatdre repealed the "mile-limit" reghlation. Ocean Grove leaders however, ruled that no liquor would be allowed inside the gates and that ruling still is in effect.

There were expressions of deep disapproval when the first motion pictures were shown in the Ocean Grove Auditorium and the enterprising souls of the association who were presenting this type of entertainment were put to their wits end to find suitable pictures. They were not entirely successful but they adopted a unique censorship. When a drinking scene appeared or an unusually loving encounter between man and maid was displayed, the operator of the picture machine or a censor standing by his side would hold a piece of cardboard or a hat over the lens and the screen thus would be darkened.

But Ocean Grove is a lot more than a community with restrictions that some think "queer." Ocean Grove is a popular summer resort which annually takes in hundreds of thousands of vacationists and it is a religious retreat which has come to be known as the Gibraltar of Methodism. Thousands flock to the huge auditorium during the annual camp meeting and there has been no indication in recent years that interest is waning.

Great voices have rung out in the auditorium, among them those of the great British preacher, Gypsy Smith, and the fiery Billy Sunday who used the auditorium as the arena for one of his dramatic revival meetings.

Long remembered will be such of Billy's verbal broadsides as:

"We are drifting toward the time when we won't know it's Sunday except by looking at the calendar."

"We have lots of church dignitaries who never dig for the Lord."

"The world is going to Hell so fast she's breaking the speed limit."

"There are men and women looking in my face whose children will never get to Heaven unless led there by someone other than their parents."

The average visitor to Ocean Grove scarcely realizes that 73 years ago, when a band of zealous Methodist preachers came here seeking a place to establish a camp meeting ground, this place was a sand dune desert of desolation. The land that is now Asbury Park was uninhabited.

The Rev. William B. Osborn of Farmingdale, N. J., recognized as the founder of Ocean Grove, scoured the New Jeresy coast in search of a place where tired ministers could gather for a brief respite away from the din and turmoil of thickly populated areas.

It was not a very promising scene that greeted Mr. Osborn and his interested group when they first put up their tents a few hundred yards from the sea. But it was their firm resolve that religious people could find rest and recreation at a place where peace and quiet and law and order reigned

And they were right.

CHIN UP

By Vivian T. Pomeroy

Seven or eight years ago, I was walking along a street in Boston when I caught sight of a most odd-looking man. I had half a feeling that I knew him, so I looked again and discovered to my horror that I was meeting myself in a shop window. I was shocked to see a smallish man with stooping shoulders and a slightly battered hat. Hastily I moved off.

If you have ever caught sight of yourself in a shop window, you will know exactly how I felt.

I decided then and there that something must be done about that man. He must throw his shoulders back; he must keep his head up; he must be like the village blacksmith and look the whole world in the face.

But the village blacksmith had muscles as strong as iron bands. My daily work, with all its pleasures and advantages, does not make for muscular development. Exercise—that was it. Exercise was what I needed.

A few days later, I noticed in a newspaper an advertisement of a rowing machine. Spending more dollars than I now like to remember, I sent for it. When it arrived, it proved to be a very handsome contrivance. Sliding seat, bands, and pulleys. One sat in it on the floor, and with swinging arms rowed amid the scenery of chairs and tables.

I started rowing with high hope. A hundred strokes every morning, and perhaps a few strokes every night. Soon I would be as straight as an arrow and feel as strong as a lion. Shoulders back, chin up, I would walk up Park Street, and people passing me would think; "There's a fine figure of a man. How hearty! How fearless!" They might even be reminded of the village blacksmith.

So went my thoughts as I rowed along between the table and chairs.

But at the end of the first week I lost heart in my rowing. Nothing happened. I saw no change; I felt no change. And one morning I suddenly knew why.

If one takes exerise just for the sake of exerise, nothing ever will happen. It one wants to keep one's chin up, one must have mind as well as muscle. If one really wants to look the whole world in the face, one must do it from inside out, not from outside in.

I put the rowing machine in the dark corner of a closet in my study. I forgot all about it—until yesterday morning, when I was turning out things because I am moving to another house, to a new parsonage.

Yesterday morning I looked at the rowing machine with no regrets, and on the spot I gave it to a dear parishioner who says he needs to get thinner in the region of the waist. But I did not tell him this story.

It is sometimes best to learn by sad experience.

———:———

Some people have everything in common except common sense.

INSTITUTION NOTES

"Forty Little Mothers," a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production, featuring Eddie Cantor, was the attraction at our regular weekly motion picture show last Thursday night. A short comedy, "The Bookworm Turns," was also shown.

—:—

We are glad to report that Mr. R. H. Walker, officer in charge of Cottage No. 8, has returned to the School, after having spent about a week in the Cabarrus County General Hospital, Concord, where he received treatment for a throat infection. Mr. Walker is much improved and expects to be back on the job in a very short time.

—:—

W. J. Stephenson, nineteen years old, a former student at the School, called on us the other day. While a boy here, he was a member of the Cottage No. 4 group and was employed as furnace boy at the Administration Building. Upon leaving the institution in 1934, he returned to his home in Lumberton, and for a short time attended school in that city. He then secured tmployment in a motion picture theatre in Hickory, working there for quite some time. For more than two years, W. J. has been working for a construction company in Lumberton, but he recently made application for employment in defense work, preferably in some foreign country. He told officials at the School that the necessary arrangements had been made with a construction company, and that he would soon be on his way to New York to take the boat for Bermuda, having been assigned to work there.

—:—

A snow storm visited this particular section of the "Sunny South" last Tuesday, beginning about nine o'clock in the morning and continuing until about the same time that night, attaining an average depth of a little more than sir inches. Upon arising Wednesday morning, our campus presented a beautiful picture, and local camera enthusiasts lost little time getting out and "shooting" various scenes. The members of our outside forces remained indoors, with the exception of a few who piloted tractors and scrapers about the grounds, clearing paths and driveways. Those of us who have charge of boys whose duties are supposed to keep them indoors, noted many excuses being offered for a chance to get out in the snow. It was surprising how many errands necessitating a trip out of doors, could be concocted in the minds of the youngsters. Applications for permission to perform so many of these highly important "duties" came thick and fast, and we lnally gave up and told them to go to it, and in a short time snow-ball battles were on, hastily improvised sleds were in use, and a good time was had by all.

—:—

Mr. A. C. Sheldon, of Charlotte, was in charge of last Sunday afternoon's service at the School. He was accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Gene Davis, the former a prominent young

church worker, who has been with us on many occasions; Mr. L. A. Gable, of the Charlotte Bible Institute, the speaker of the afternoon; Miss Nell Garmon, Miss Helen Goodwin and Miss Jackie Tadlock, who formed a vocal trio and rendered several numbers for the boys; Miss Christine Randall, who played several beautiful selections on the vibraphone.

After leading the boys in singing the opening hymn, our good friend Gene, acting as master of ceremonies, presented the visitors as they rendered various musical selections, after which he introduced Mr. Gable, who brought the boys a most interesting message.

For the Scripture Lesson, Mr. Gable read part of the third chapter of St. John's Gospel, after which he spoke to the boys briefly about the manner in which Moses led the Children of Israel out of bondage.

Moses was one of God's great heroes, said the speaker, and the Israelites were God's chosen people. God called to Moses, saying that he wanted him to take the enslaved Children of Israel to the promised land. At first, Moses began to make excuses, but later agreed to do as God directed.

The Israelities, many thousands in number, led by Moses, left Egypt. Upon coming to the wilderness, they set up tents. After a while they began to grumble, until it seemed they had forgotten how good God had been to them. They were unmindful of the fact that He had delivered them from a life of slavery. When they were faced with the hardship of traveling through a vast wilderness, they began to find fault, rather than try to do something whereby their condition might be improved.

Thousands of serpents crawled into the camp and bit a great number of the people, many of them becoming very ill, and a large majority of them dying. The Israelities were terrified, and asked Moses what he could do to help them. They knew him to be a good man were sure he could help them. Moses, realizing how powerless he was to attept to bring relief to the sufferers, prayed to God for guidance. God told him to go into the forest, cut down a large tree, and then take a brass serpent and wrap around the tree. God told Moses that if the people would look at the brass serpent they would be cured, provided they had faith. The tree was arranged as God directed. Some of the people looked and were healed, while others refused to look, and their suffering continued.

In conclusion, Mr. Gable told the boys that for about six thousand years this world has been besieged by evil forces. The serpent, called Satan, has bitten us. We have all sinned and come short of the glory of God, but our Heavenly Father has also provided a cure for us. Jesus suffered and died upon the cross for all sinners, and if people in sin today will only turn to him, they will be saved.

"Men who have most to say use the fewest words."

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending February 22, 1942

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Wade Aycoth
Carl Barrier
John Hogsed
Edward Moore
Robert Padgett
Weaver F. Ruff
Malcom Seymour
Edgar Simmons

COTTAGE NO. 1

Thomas Barnes
Charles Browning
Lloyd Callahan
Jack Ray
Leonard Robinson
Jack Sutherland
Kenneth Tipton
Luther Vaughn
Everett Watts

COTTAGE NO. 2

Henry Barnes
Clarence Bell
Bernice Hoke
James McGlammery
Luther McIntyre
Richard Parker
Joseph Smith
Charles Tate
Newman Tate

COTTAGE NO. 3

John Bailey
James Blake
Charles Beal
Grover Beaver
Robert Coleman
Jack Crotts
Joseph Dew
Robert Hare
Jerry Jenkins
Dewey Lanning
Fonzer Pitman
Robert Quick
Elbert Russ
William T. Smith
Donald Smith
John Tolley
James Williams

COTTAGE NO. 4

John Fargis
Morris Johnson
John Whitaker
Woodrow Wilson
Thomas Yates

COTTAGE NO. 5

Theodore Bowles
J. H. Peek

COTTAGE NO. 6

Elgin Atwood
Earl Hoyle
Robert Hobbs
Gerald Kermon
Marvin Lipscomb
John Linville
Durwood Martin
Vollie McCall
Reitzel Southern
Houston Turner
Wesley Turner
William Wilkerson

COTTAGE NO. 7

John H. Averitte
Edward Batten
Hurley Bell
Laney Broome
Henry Butler
William Butler
Paul Childers
George Green
Robert Hampton
Vernon Harding
J. B. Hensley
Fred Holland
G. W. Kelly
Edward Loftin
John Mazoo
Albert Newton
Edward Overby
Ernest Overcash
Jack Reeves
Durham Smith
Ernest Turner
Ervin Wolfe

COTTAGE NO. 8

Cecil Ashley
Eugene Ballew
Cecil Bennett
Martin Crump
Jesse Cunningham
Vernon Green
Spencer Lane
Paul Matthews
Walker Warr
Carrol Weaver
Frank Workman

COTTAGE NO. 9

Gerald Amos
Leonard Church
David Cunningham
William Hart
Daniel Kilpatrick
Isaac Mahaffey
Marvin Matheson
Lloyd Mullis
James Ruff
Glenn Wilcox

COTTAGE NO. 10

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE NO. 11

J. C. Allen
Bert Barnhardt
Ralph Fisher
Charles Frye
Earl Hildreth
Robert Goldsmith
Henry McGraw
Edgar Shell
Sam Stewart
Canipe Shoe
Charles Widener

COTTAGE NO. 12

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE NO. 13

Otha Dennis
Thomas Fields
Charles Gaddy
Edward Hammond
James Lane
Randall Peeler
Fred Rhodes
Paul Roberts
Melvin Roland
Ray Smith
Emerson Sawyer

COTTAGE NO. 14

Robert Caudle
Audie Farthing
William Harding
Marvin King
Edward Kinion
William Lane
Roy Mumford
Charles McCoyle
Gleen McCall
John Maples
Robert Moose
Charles Steepleton

COTTAGE NO. 15

(No Honor Roll)

INDIAN COTTAGE

Raymond Brooks
Frask Chavis
Edward Hall
Cecir Jacobs
Ernest Jacobs
Herbert Locklear
John T. Lowry

SPAIN FOUNDS ITS FIRST THEATER FOR DEAFMUTES

Spain's first theater for deafmutes, starring deafmute actors and actresses opened in Madrid recently under the auspices of Catholic Actors.

Weekly performances of popular plays rewritten for the deafmutes language of hands are advertised the preceding week in the deafmutes' weekly newspaper, "The Voice of Silence."

—Selected.

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MAR 9 1942

U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXX CONCORD, N. C., MARCH 7, 1942 No. 10

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U. N. C. Library

MY CREED

I take no heed of my neighbor's birth
Or how he says his prayer,
I grant him a white man's place on earth
If his game is on the square.
If he plays it straight, I'll call him mate,
If he cheats, I'll cut him flat.
All creeds but this is a worn-out lie,
For each clean man is as good as I,
And a king is no more than that.

—Selected.

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

SLEEP ON, SHIPMATES

The Navy Department issued as an official release recently the following tribute to the men who died at Pearl Harbor, written by Henry Wilson Patterson, a Negro messenger at the department:

Sleep on, shipmates, and take your rest,
Recline your heads on glory's breast!
No more will war's destructive gale,
Your gallant, heroic souls impale!
Sleep on!

Sleep on, shipmates, you are not dead—
You're just asleep, for fame has said;
"I give to you eternal life!"
And now you're free from hate and strife!
Sleep on!

Sleep on, shipmates, the life you gave
On yonder shore in a watery grave
Was not in vain; we heard your cry!
And our answer: "We'll avenge or die!"
Sleep on!

Sleep on, your spirit will not die!
We'll drive the foe from earth and sky!
We'll plant our flag on every crest!
That flag for which you gave your best.
Sleep on!

Sleep on, triumphant spirits free!
Sail you eternity's boundless sea.
Walk you the deck beyond the sky!
We'll say: "Ahoy, there!" by and by.
Sleep on!

THE STORY OF MARCH

March, the "windy month," is the one that ushers in the spring. Coming down from ancient times, its name was given in honor of Mars, the god of war. This had no reference to the character of the

month, for March in Rome, where it was so named, is not the wild, blustering month that it is in more northerly latitudes. The vernal equinox, marking the beginning of spring, occurs about the twenty-first, and this month is thus partly winter and partly spring. In this month we see traits of both seasons, as its cold and its storms are frequently broken in upon by days of real spring mildness and sunshine.

The special gem for the month of March is the heliotrope, or bloodstone, and its special flower is the violet; but in the northern part of the United States and Canada, this flower does not make its appearance until after March is past.

While March is the third month of the modern year, it has not always held this place, for in the early Roman calendar it was the first. When Julius Caesar made his reforms in chronology, he made it the third month. Though it retained this position from that time, many of the European countries continued for centuries to regard it as the first of the legal year. England, for instance, did not accept the month of January as the beginning of its legal year until after the middle of the eighteenth century. Despite its change in position on the calendar, March has had no such variations in length as have some of the other months, its thirty-one days having remained constant from the first.

Although quite without foundation, there have been many superstitions connected with March. One concerns the weather. The saying is, "If March comes in like a lion, it will go out like a lamb", and on the other hand, "If the first day of March is balmy and 'lamb-like', the last day will surely be stormy." Another old saying was that the first three days were unlucky, and up until a comparatively short time ago, farmers held so firmly to this belief they would not plant seed on those days.

March has no general holidays, but on the second of the month, Texas celebrates the anniversary of its independence from Mexico. Until the ratification of the "lame duck" amendment to the Constitution, in 1933, March 4th of every fourth year was the day on which the President of the United States was inaugurated. Now the inauguration takes place on January 20th. On the 17th of March is celebrated the feast of Saint Patrick.

Elsewhere in this issue we are carrying a list of holidays, birthdays and important events occurring in the month of March.

FOR THE GOOD OF HUMANITY

During this world-wide conflict, known as the "Second World War," whenever a thoughtful act for the relief of suffering humanity is announced, hope is born anew, and faith is revived to the extent that there remains the spirit of love in the hearts of many—the only element of human nature that eliminates all differences and makes stronger the bonds of good fellowship.

We recall an interesting story of the activities of a person of immeasurable wealth, and the closing epic of this life took lodgment. Throughout his entire career he responded most generously to appeals for charity.

However, in spite of a fine business technique the crash came and he lost the amassed fortune. While reviewing his life to a close friend, he said: "All that I can take with me as I pass to the great beyond, are the things I gave away, and the memory is sweet." This is a true story of one who lived in a neighboring state. He gave to theological seminaries, orphanages and other institutions built for the molding of youths into sturdy Christian citizens, but the only things that appeased him as he advanced in years, were the things he gave so freely to help others.

There is a satisfaction when success follows a business career, but a joy that warms one's soul comes if those blessings are shared for the benefit of the less fortunate. Moreover, the joy of giving is sufficient compensation for the philanthropists. They prefer never to let their kind deeds be publicized. For instance, it was by chance we heard of the magnanimous gift of an "Iron Lung," with all modern devices, to the Lowery Hospital, Salisbury. This equipment was given specifically for use without charge for anyone entering the hospital.

This contribution for humanitarian purposes was made possible by the generosity of Mr. B. V. Hedrick, one of the members of the board of trustees of the Stonewall Jackson Training School. We feel that the selection of Mr. Hedrick as a board member of this institution, by Governor Broughton, was a happy one. The School needs men of his calibre to meet the needs of the underprivileged boy. To know what to give and where to place the gift so that the people at large will thereby be benefitted shows an understanding

mind, directed by a sympathetic heart. We place Mr. Hedrick as a benefactor of fine spirit.

* * * * * * * *

MARTHA BERRY PASSES

The announcement of the death of Martha Berry, founder of the Berry School for underprivileged mountain children of the state of Georgia, touched the hearts of thousands who were the beneficiaries of her fine service and sacrifice. A personal inspection of this institution was never possible, but from every source of information, from those trained there, through the press and over the radio, the picture made was that of a model school, training young men and women in every phase of culture, placing them as valuable assets to society.

We know nothing of Martha Berry's life, neither do we have any information concerning her forebears, but it is sufficient to understand that in her heart and mind there was the spirit that influenced her to work and build a training school for the less fortunate children of her state. To accomplish a work of this nature involves the finest elements of womanhood—a vision and a sympathy for the young person handicapped by adverse circumstances. It takes a person of positive spirit to meet opposition and criticism, and continue the battle until the dream of a young life is realized.

We thank heaven for such characters as Martha Berry who have as their goal dividends that reflect the salvaging of human souls. The material things of this life never enter into the thoughts of welfare-minded people. Their ambition is to make two blades of grass grow where one grew previously. The nation has been made richer by the life of Martha Berry, and poorer by her sad demise. The name of this fine woman, together with those of Jane Addams and other similar characters are suggestive of service wherein a demonstration of practical religion is portrayed. The beacon lights they left burning touch many souls, and they in turn will keep burning in the breasts of others a desire to help the needy.

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Malaria-plagued India has a very particular worry over the threatened occupation of Java by the Japanese. Of course, the inhabitants of India are concerned about the possible invasion of their territory;

but they fear that the cutting off of the Javanese quinine will cause more shakes than the invasion. India once largely cultivated its own cinchona supply, but the industry declined before the Javanese world monopoly with its better preparation, superior quality and cheaper prices. Today India produces only 70,000 pounds of cinchona yearly, though its annual use exceeds 1,000,000 pounds. The threatening situation has already given impetus to cinchona production in India, but an adequate supply will take a few years. To meet the immediate need, however, the use of powdered cinchona bark instead of the derived form of quinine is being urged as both quicker to prepare and possibly just as serviceable. Whatever her fate in this crisis, India will still have a bad taste in her mouth.—Selected.

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It is timely that our government agencies emphasized the necessity of a well-balanced diet, but it is equally important that young minds be trained along right lines, if a high type of citizenship is to be maintained. Neither should we forget the spiritual life of these young people. We quote these lines from Martin Luther: "The prosperity of a country depends not only upon the abundance of its revenues, nor on the strength of its fortifications, nor on the beauty of its public buildings; but it consists in the number of its cultivated citizens, in its men of education, enlightenment and character."

* * * * * * * * *

The results of "easy money," one of the marks of the present intensive defense program, are shown in an item of news from London. English authorities, investigating the rapid increase in juvenile crime, came to the conclusion that much of it was due to the high rate of pay obtained by boys in their early teens. An illustrative case is that of a boy of fourteen, convicted of stealing. He had been earning 6 pounds, 5 shillings a week. Having lost his job, but accustomed to considerable cash in his pocket, he turned to stealing to live in the manner he had acquired. This may be taken as an argument by our government to carry out its tentative proposal to "freeze" part of the workingman's wages. It suggests, however, deeper reflections on the need of more intelligent and intensive teaching of morals and religion.

IMPORTANT DATES IN MARCH

Selected

1—William Dean Howells born, 1837.
1—Augustus St. Gaudens born, 1848.
1—Lindbergh baby kidnapped, murdered, 1932.
2—DeWitt Clinton born, 1769.
2—Sam Houston born, 1793.
2—Pope Leo XIII born, 1810.
3—George M. Pullman born, 1831.
3—Florida admitted to the Union, 1845.
3—Alexander Graham Bell born, 1847.
4—Count Pulaski born, 1748.
4—United States Constitution went into effect and Washington became first President, 1789, although not inaugurated until April.
4—Vermont admitted to the Union, 1791.
5—Boston Massacre, first bloodshed of the American Revolution, 1770.
5—The "Monitor" delivered to the Federal Government, 1862.
6—Michelangelo born, 1475.
6—Elizabeth Barrett Browning born, 1806.
6—Missouri Compromise passed, 1820.
6—Philip H. Sheridan born, 1831.
6—Massacre at the Alamo, 1836.
7—Providence, R. I., founded, 1638.
7—Luther Burbank born, 1849.
7—Discovery of the South Pole announced by Amundsen, 1912.
8—Richard Howe born, 1726.
8—Stamp Act passed English House of Lords, 1765.
9—Americus Vespucis born, 1451.
9—First battle of ironclad ships—the "Monitor" defeated the "Merrimac," 1862.
10—Prussian Order of the Iron Cross instituted, 1813.
10—Dudley Buck born, 1839.
10—First word spoken over the telephone, 1876.
11—Sir Alexander Mackenzie died, 1820.
11—First snowfall of the famous blizzard of 1888.
12—William Lyon Mackenzie born, 1795.
12—Sir John J. C. Abbott born, 1821.
12—Thomas B. Read born, 1822.
12—Simon Newcomb born, 1835.
12—U. S. Grant made commander of all Federal armies, 1864.
13—Charles Gray born, 1764.
13—Alexander II of Russia assassinated, 1881.
13—Standard Time adopted in the United States, 1884.
14—William Penn given grant of Pennsylvania, 1681.
14—Eli Whitney patented the cotton gin, 1794.
14—Johann Strauss born, 1804.
15—Julius Caesar assassinated, 44 B. C.
15—Andrew Jackson born, 1767.
15—Maine admitted to the Union, 1820.
15—Troops called out by Canadian government to resist Fenians, 1866.
16—James Madison born, 1751.
16—West Point Military Academy founded, 1802.
17—St. Patrick's Day.
17—British Evacuated Boston, 1776.
17—Roger B. Taney born, 1777.
18—John C. Calhoun born, 1782.
18—Grover Cleveland born, 1837.
18—Bismark resigned, 1890.
19—David Livingston born, 1813.
19—William Jennings Bryan born, 1860.
20—Charles W. Eliot born, 1834.
20—Marshall Foch died in Paris, 1929.
21—Germany's last offensive in World War I began, 1918.
22—Anthonis Van Dyck born, 1599.
22—Stamp Act signed by George III of England, 1765.
22—Braxton Bragg born, 1817.
22—Rosa Bonheur born, 1822.
23—Patrick Henry's famous oration delivered, 1775.

23—Schuyler Colfax born, 1823.
24—Garrett P. Serviss born, 1823.
25—Henry Hudson sailed for America, 1609.
25—Joachim Murat born, 1767.
25—Slave trade abolished by British Parliament, 1807.
26—W. E. H. Lecky born, 1838.
26—Edward Bellamy born, 1850.
27—Louis XVII of France born, 1785.
27—Roentgen, discovered of X-Ray, born, 1845.
28—Gunpowder first used in Europe, 1380.
28—Raphael born, 1483.
29—John Tyler born, 1790.
29—British North America Act passed by Parliament, 1867.
29—Robert F. Scott and companions died on return from South Pole, 1912.
30—First meeting of Congress under new Constitution, 1789.
30—John Fiske born, 1842.
30—Alaska purchased from Russia, 1867.
31—Johann Sebastian Bach born, 1685.
31—Franz Joseph Haydn born, 1732.
31—Commodore Perry negotiated first treaty with Japan, 1854.
31—Last American troops left Cuba, 1909.
31—Ambassador Myron T. Herrick died in Paris, 1929.

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BUILDING

We build a home, and look to see
  That every sill and board
Is clear and strong; the carpenters
  Are best we can afford.
But when we build our health and mind,
  'Tis sad, and yet 'tis true
We throw in bad and rotten spots
  That show in things we do.

'Tis strange that man will not apply
  The germicide to seed
Within his heart and thus destroy
  All selfishness and greed.
A mind is bigger than a house
  For in it ideas grow—
Be careful what you hide inside,
  For some day it will show.

—Selected.

OUR IDEAL, AS EXPRESSED BY FAMOUS AMERICANS

(New York Times)

IN THE BEGINNING

(William Bradford, "History of the Plymouth Plantation.")

But here I cannot stay and make a pause and stand half amazed at this poor people's present condition. . . . Being thus past the vast ocean and a sea of troubles before in their preparation, they had now no friends to welcome them, nor inns to entertain or refresh their weatherbeaten bodies, no houses or much less towns to repair to, to seek for succor. . . . And for the season, it was Winter, and they that know the Winters of that country know them to be sharp and violent and subject to cruel and fierce storms, dangerous to travel to known places, much more to search an unknown coast. Besides, what could they see but a hideous and desolate wilderness full of wild beasts and wild men? . . . May not and ought not the children of these fathers rightly say: Our fathers were Englishmen which came over this great ocean, and were ready to perish in this wilderness; but they cried unto the Lord, and he heard their voices and looked on their adversity.

RELIGIOUS FREEDOM

(Roger Williams, "The Bloody Tenent of persecution.")

Breach of civil peace may arise when false and idolatrous practices are held forth, and yet no breach of civil peace from the doctrine or practice, or the manner of holding forth, but from that wrong and preposterous way of suppressing, preventing, and extinguishing such doctrines or practices by weapons of wrath and blood . . . . Whereas it is light alone, even light from the bright shining Sun of Righteousness, which is able, in the souls and consciences of men, to dispel and scatter such fogs and darkness.

"WE MUST FIGHT"

(Patrick Henry, Speech in the Continental Congress, 1775.)

If we wish to be free; if we wish to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending; if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained—we must fight! An appeal to arms, and to the God of hosts, is all that is left us.

"WE HOLD THESE TRUTHS—"

(Declaration of Independence.)

We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness. That to secure these rights,

Governments are instituted among Men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed. That whenever any Form of Government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the Right of the People to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new Government, laying its foundations on such principles and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their Safety and Happiness.

TIMES THAT TRY MEN'S SOULS

(Tom Paine, "The Crisis," 1776.)

These are the times that try men's souls. The Summer soldier and the sunshine patriot will, in this crisis, shrink from the service of their country; but he that stands it now, deserves the love and thanks of man and woman. Tyranny, like hell, is not easily conquered; yet we have this consolation with us, that the harder the conflict, the more glorious the triumph. What we obtain too cheap, we esteem too lightly; it is dearness only that gives everything its value. Heaven knows how to put a proper price upon its goods; and it would be strange indeed if so celestial an article as FREEDOM should not be highly rated .

AN EARLY CHARTER

(Virginia Bill of Rights, 1776.)

That all power is vested in, and consequently derived from, the people; that magistrates are their trustees and servants, and at all times amenable to them. . . . That religion, or the duty which we owe to our Creator, and the manner of discharging it, can be directed only by reason and conviction, not by force or violence; and therefore all men are equally entitled to the free exercise of religion, according to the dictates of conscience; and that it is the mutual duty of all to practice Christian forbearance, love, and charity towards each other.

THE AMERICAN

(Grevecoeur, "Letters of an American Farmer," 1782.)

The American is a new man who acts on new principles; he must therefore entertain new ideas and form new opinions. From involuntary idleness, servile dependence, penury, and useless labor, he has passed to toils of a very different nature, rewarded by ample subsistence.

THREE ESSENTIALS

(The Northwest Ordinance, 1787.)

Religion, morality, and knowledge being necessary to good government, and the happiness of mankind, schools and the means of education shall forever be encouraged.

"WE THE PEOPLE"

(Preamble of the Constitution.)

We the People of the United states, in order to form a more perfect Union, establish, insure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America.

THE FOUR FREEDOMS

(First Amendment to the Constitution.)

Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press, or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the government for a redress of grievances.

INTOLERANCE CONDEMNED

(Jefferson, First Inaugural Address, 1801.)

Let us restore to social intercourse that harmony and affection without which liberty and even life itself are but dreary things. And let us reflect that, having banished from our land that religious intolerance under which mankind has so long bled and suffered, we have yet gained little if we countenance a political intolerance as despotic, ai wicked, and capable of as bitter and bloody persecutions.

"THE WORLD'S BEST HOPE"

(Jefferson, First Inaugural Address, 1801.)

I know, indeed, that some honest men fear that a republican governmest cannot be strong; that is Government is not strong enough; but would the honest patriot, in the full tide of successful experiment, abandon a government which has so far kept us free and firm on the theoretic and visionary fear that this Government, the world's best hope, may by possibility want energy to preserve itself? I trust not. I believe, this, on the contrary, the strongest government on earth.

REMEMBER THE ALAMO

(William Barret Travis, Appeal From the Alamo, 1836.)

To the people of Texas and all Americans in the world: Fellow citizens and compatriots: I am beseiged by a thousand or more of the Mexicans under Santa Ana. I have sustained a continual bombardment, and cannonade for twenty-four hours and have not lost a man. The enemy has demanded a surrender at discretion; otherwise the garrison are to be put to the sword if the fort is taken. I have answered the demand with a cannon shot, and our flag still waves proudly from the walls. I shall never surrender nor retreat.

THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP

(Longfellow.)

Thou, too, sail on. O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on the fate!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
"Tis of the wave and not the rock;
"Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,

Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee—are all with thee!

THE FIERY TRIAL

(Lincoln, Message to Congress, Dec. 1, 1862.)

Fellow citizens, we cannot escape history. We of this Congress and this administration will be remembered in spite of ourselves. No personal significance or insignificance can spare one or another of us. The fiery trial through which we pass will light us down in honor or dishonor to the latest generation . . . We shall nobly save or meanly lose the last, best hope of earth.

"SHALL NOT PERISH—"

(Lincoln, Gettysburg Address.)

It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation under God, shall have a new birth of freedom—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

SHIP OF DEMOCRACY

(Walt Whitman, from "Leaves of Grass.")

Sail, sail thy best, ship of Democracy,
Of value is thy freight, 'tis not the Present only,
The Past is also stored in thee,
Thou holdest not the venture of thyself, not of the Western Continent alone,
Earth's resume entire floats on thy keel,
O ship, if steadied by thy spars,
With all their ancient struggles, martyrs, heroes, epics, wars, thou bear'st the other continents.
Theirs, theirs as much as thine, the destination-port triumphant;
Steer then with good strong hand and wary eye, O helmsman, thou carriest great companions,
Venerable, priestly Asia sails this day with thee.
And royal, feudal Europe sails with thee.

IN WAR AND IN PEACE

(Ex parte Milligan, 1886.)

The Constitution of the United States is a law for rulers and people, equally in kar and in peace, and covers with the shield of its protection all classes of men, at all times, and under all circumstances. No doctrine involving more pernicious consequences was ever invented by the wit of man than any of its provisions can be suspended during any of the great exigencies of government. Such a doctrine leads directly to anarchy and despotism, but the theory of necessity on which it is based is false; for the government, within the Consituation, has all the powers granted to it which are necessary to preserve its existence.

SAFE FOR DEMOCRACY

(Woodrow Wilson.)

The world must be made safe for democracy. Its peace must be planted upon the tested foundations of political liberty. We have no selfish ends to serve. We desire no conquest, no domonion. We seek no indemnities for ourselves, no material compensation for the sacrifices we shall freely make. We are but one of the champions of the rights of mankind. We shall be satisfied when those rights have been made as secure as the faith and the freedom of nations can make them.

ETERNAL TRUTHS

(Franklin D. Roosevelt.)

If the fires of freedom and civil liberties burn low in other lands, they must be made brighter in our own. If in other lands the press and books and literature of all kinds are censored we must redouble our efforts here to keep them free. If in other lands the eternal truths of the past are threatened by intolerance, we must provide a safe place for their perpetuation.

LIBERTY UNDER GOD

(Franklin D. Roosevelt.)

We are going to win the war and we are going to win the peace that follows. And in the dark hours of this day—and through dark days that may be yet to come—we will know that the vast majority of the members of the human race are on our side. Many of them are fighting with us. All of them are praying for us. For, in representing our cause, we represent theirs as well—our hope and their hope for liberty under God.

GOOD FOOD URGED TO COMBAT COLDS

Good meals, plenty of sleep and immediate attention to colds can be the average citizen's best contribution to the Nation's war effort, Dr. Hubley R. Owen, Director of Public Health, said recently in his weekly health bulletin.

Colds lead to influenza and pneumonia and the best course to follow when they become acute is to go to bed and call a physician, stated Dr. Owen, adding: "Our fellow workers would probably rather carry on our duties for a few days rather than take the chance of having colds run through the entire office or factory."

Cold snacks for lunch have a long-run detrimental effect on health, and lack of sleep at night leaves a defense worker so exhausted he is "apt to sleep on the job in the daytime," the health chief said.—Exchange.

PANAMA CANAL DEFENSES GROW

By Chandler Diehl

Antiaircraft defense of the vital Panama canal has become as tough as the steaming Panamanian jungle into which its positions have been set up.

And the men who form its backbone are tough. They have to be. They had to conquer the jungle in order to get up their positions. They have to battle the jungle daily to mantain these positions.

It's been a real he-man's job to emplace gun batteries, searchlight sections and observation posts in the wild lands of Panama which are strategic to complete defense of the canal.

Small groups of city and farm boys from the United States have gone into the interior along narrow trails, scaled the steep and muddy sides of dense-foliaged hills, and there used machete, axe, sweat and brawn to turn virgin jungle into well-camouflaged antiaircraft positions—ready for instant business.

It's been hard work, tough work —but it's been gratifying work, too, because it has produced ever-multiplying rings of bristing fortifications around the important Atlantic- Pacific waterway, with every position manned by junglehardened, junglekeen soldiers.

It's a real defense.

The history of Outpost X began some nine months ago when a small group of American boys was ordered into the interior to set up their own home and business establishment—a new searchlight position.

The trip began with the motor launch ride across the Gatun lake, its shores everywhere deep green with plant-life. Civilization was left behind; the jungle lay ahead.

Then, as today, the next stage was travel by a little narrow-gauge railway that wound through dense tropical growth squeezing the right-of-way ever tighter until tracks are hidden and the wheezing auto-car engine and its flat-car pass through a veritable tunnel of foliage.

Along the right-of-way are bananas, oranges, limes, papayas, cocoanuts, growing in profusion. There are mahogany trees and rubber plants. There are short trees weighted with termite nests; and majestically tall trees crowned with wild orchids.

In the middle of all this, is the hill which is Outpost X. The new antiaircraft unit had its work cut out for it from the beginning. The first task was to cut a trail to the hill, and then a trail up the hill's steep sides. The second was to clear the hill-top enough for construction of living quarters and searchlight emplacements.

Machetes sliced away the heavy, brushy growth. Axes felled the big trees. Boys from New England, boys from Dixie and boys from the West pitched into this newest and hardest sort of work under tropic

rains and tropic sun. In 20 days, the job was done.

From the felled trees, came the big timbers used in construction of barracks and huts and positions. Picks and spades carved toe-holds and stairs in the steep trail up which the boys carried all the searchlight equipment—tons of it. The searchlight alone required a week's work.

Up this trail now come the post's rations twice a week, some of the men occasionally having to make as many as eight trips to the railline and back to move the supplies. Over-the-shoulder loads run as heavy as 100-pound sacks of potatoes. And in dry spells, water also must be hauled up, 10 gallons per each trip.

Now the barracks are complete, fully mosquito-proofed, comfortable. Food is of the best. Fresh vegetables from the states are on the table every day. Fresh fruits are available close at hand.

Recreation naturally is limited Three trips to town are permitted each month but the journey is long and many prefer to remain at camp. Some remain in the jungle as long as six months at a stretch.

Meanwhile work never ceases. Positions are constantly on the alert—men at the phones, on detection equipment, on sentry duty. Others are busy on camp improvements, camouflage and other projects.

The set-up of such a position breeds morale. Men ask to be sent to Outpost X. They feel that here they are on the fighting frontier and will be the first to come to grips with an enemy.

Nine months ago the hilltop was wild jungle-land, miles from civilivation. Today it is a little town in itself, an important military position.

PROMISE YOURSELF—

To be so strong that nothing can disturb your peace of mind. To make all your friends feel that there is something in them. To look on the sunny side of everything and make your optimism come true. To think only of the best, to work only for the best, and to expect only the best. To forget the mistakes of the past and press on to greater achievements of the future. To wear a cheerful countenance at all times and have a smile ready for every living creature you meet. To give so much time to the improvement of yourself that you have no time to criticize others.—Selected.

CHINA'S BUSH ARMY STARTED BY WOMAN

By Dr. Wellington Koo

Lady Chao was the organizer of the first guerilla units in China. Later she became known as "Mother Guerilla." A countrywoman from Manchuria—a simple farmer's wife wso could neither read nor write—was one of the four women who by their heroic and noble efforts have led and inspired the Chinese people during four years of war against the Japanese. When she saw the awful fate of her family and neighbors at the hands of the Japanese, she was so moved that she started this organization to fight the invader to the end.

On the Japanese invasion of Manchuria in 1931, she began by recruiting her own family of four sons and three daughters in the cause. Then she went from village to village stirring the people into active resistance. On two occasions the Lady Chao and members of the family were captured by the enemy; but she used her woman's wit and ingenuity so effectively that she bluffed the Japanese into releasing her. When northern China was invaded in 1934, she and her son, Chao-tung, organized guerilla troops in the mountains west of Pekin.

The rest of her family, including her three daughters, also joined in the fighting. She went all over the country urging everyone to fight the invader. Once she was addressing some farmers who apparently thought that this gray-hired old woman could know nothing about guerilla warfare, for they paid little attention to her. Seeing this, she told them to follow her. She took them to a hill, and, presently, three Japanese soldiers came into sight. Instantly the Chao woman drew her pistol and shot two of the three dead. The third did not wait a moment longer, but ran away in terror. After this the farmers were only too willing to listen to her with admiration and respect.

This amazingly vigorous woman made people realize the hardships of those in the fighting areas and their needs. The people adored her. She once traveled from the north to Hankow. When the people heard that she was coming, they organized a tremendous welcome at the station for her arrival. An elegant car was waiting to take her to her hotel. When she saw it she firmly declined to be driven. "I can walk very well," she said. "I don't need a car, I am not used to one."

This sturdy woman of fifty-eight really did fight to the end. She made the supreme sacrifice that a mother can make for her country, for her son, Chao-tung, who commanded between 30,000 and 50,000 guerilla troops, was killed fighting.

Although Lady Chao was not an educated woman, she was full of the burning fire of patriotism, so that she was able to inspire everyone, especially young men and women, to join and fight the Japanese.

In China our women are fighting in the battle lines. We have some

five or six battalions of women soldiers—a total force of between 6,000 and 7,000—with our armies. These battalions, which were first formed in the province of Kwang-si, west of the province of which Canton is the capital, are commanded by men officers, but the girls have their own quarters and lead an existence entirely separate from the rest of the army. But these girls fight side by side with the soldiers as a symbol to show that they have the same responsibility toward their country as the men.

In China we also have women pilots, but they are not flying warplanes in action. They do a large part of the "ferrying" work, however, flying planes from bases to the fighting aerodromes.

Then, at the front line we have women contingents—they attend to cooking, washing, mending for the troops. They also look after the wounded before the Red Cross arrives.

Then there are also girl army scouts who carry messages and act as dispatch riders. They also help to transport the wounded from the front line to the nearest Red Cross unit, often working as stretcher-bearers.

Throughout China women are working on war production, in hospitals, and in creches.

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IT ISN'T THE WORLD—IT'S YOU

You say the world is gloomy,
The skies are grim and gray,
The night has lost its quiet,
You fear the coming day?
The world is what you make it,
The sky is gray or blue
Just as your soul may paint it;
It isn't the world—it's you!

Clear up the clouded vision,
Clean out the foggy mind;
The clouds are always passing,
And each is silver lined.
The world is what you make it—
Then make it bright and true;
And when you say it's gloomy,
It isn't the world—it's you!

—F. R. Nemes.

A QUEST FOR PEACE

By Mabel C. Stewart

They truly loved each other, this young Hindu couple, which is not always the case when boys and girls marry without previous acquaintance, as is the custom in India. But these two seemed to be kindred spirits. They thought alike, and were both deeply religious. Together they read the Hindu's sacred books, for the girl, too, had had some education, and together they discussed what they read. Faithfully the girl, Lilawanti, tended the household shrine, daily bringing her trays of pungent marigolds, or heavily scented jasmine, and richly seasoned food. These all were presumably offerings for the gods, but Lilawanti was intelligent, and for some time had suspected that the fat household priest got his share of the food, too. "How glad I am I can read!" she often thought, for otherwise the time would have passed slowly in her husband's home. His was a wealthy, high-caste home, with plenty of servants to do the drudgery; Lilawanti's tasks were few.

The husband seemed restless. In neither of their hearts was there the peace for which they longed. Instinctively they felt something was lacking. More zealously did they study their religious books, and visit the temples, hoping to find that which would satisfy the longing of their hearts. They made long, difficult pilgrimages, once to the holy, but very filthy, city of Benares, where the sacred, but disease-poluted waters of the Ganges River teemed with worshipers endeavoring to wash away their sins; again to the far distant mountains, where far up toward the snows there is a cave sacred to the Hindus, and visited yearly by many thousands, just like Lilawanti and her husband, restless, dissatisfied, filled with the vain hope that here, surely, they may find peace of soul. But no peace came.

It was a sad day when death entered this Hindu home, and Lilawanti was left a widow. The sorrow of those who "sorrow without hope" is beyond the understanding of us in this land of privilege who from our infancy have been taught to love the Saviour whose resurrection from the dead gives us, too, hope of life beyond the grave. A Hindu widow, considered in some way responsible for the death of her husband, has a burden of grief even beyond that of others. Even in these days of religious reforms, a Hindu widow is generally condemned to perpetual widowhood, and becomes the target of abuse, or persecution from unscrupulous relatives or others.

The years passed, monotonous, unhappy years. If Lilawanti had had a child on which to lavish her affection, she would have found life more interesting and easier to bear, but there was no child. She still attended to her religious duties faithfully, but little consolation came from that. Still on the quest for peace she made one pilgrimage after another, visiting holy places and shrines; but her heart remained unsatisfied.

Her home was in a city where few Christians lived. Bigoted Mohammedans she knew, and proud and self-

satisfied Hindus she had grown up among, but she had no acquaintance with those who professed to serve Christ, and knew nothing of His teachings. It was with great surprise, therefore, and considerable curiosity that she regarded the stranger who one day came to see her and the other women members of her household. This stranger looked and dressed like a Hindu, indeed like one of high caste.

"May I come in?" she asked Lilawanti.

Lilawanti looked at her a bit doubtfully, but the people of India are naturally hospitable, and this visit was a diversion.

"Yes, certainly, come in. The day is hot, and you must be weary. Rest yourself here," she answered.

"Indeed my body is very weary, but there is a weariness of soul which is harder to bear than bodily fatigue. I have been walking up and down the streets of our town, trying to tell of One who brings rest to the weary of heart, but few will listen."

Lilawanti was intrigued. Was this not what her soul had been longing for, all these restless and unhappy years?

"Who is that one?" she asked.

"He is the friend of sinners, the divine Saviour, the blessed Lord Jesus," was the reply.

Do tell me about Him," said Lilawanti, eagerly. Where can I find Him? I have visited many shrines, and given gifts to many holy men, but never have I heard of one with that name."

"Listen, then, to His words which I shall read," said the stranger, and, opening the book she carried, she read our Lord's tender invitation: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly of heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls."

"Such sweet words!" exclaimed Lilawanti. "Just the words my heart needs. Tell me about this rest-giver."

So for the first time Lilawanti heard from the lips of Viro, the Bible woman, the old, old story of God's love in sending His Son to the world. It was a story which immediately struck a responsive chord in her heart.

"Don't go," she begged, as Viro rose. "Tell more."

"Now I must go, but I shall be glad to come again, if you want me," said Viro.

Eagerly Lilawanti looked forward to the Bible woman's visits. "I think I was drawn to you from the first," she said to her one day, "because you, too, know what it means to be a Hindu widow."

"Ah, yes," sighed Viro, "those were unhappy days when death entered our home and took away my husband. I felt that life held nothing more for me."

"But you have found happiness?" asked Lilawanti.

"Until I found Christ my heart knew no rest," answered Viro. "But His words are true. He does give rest, and His peace is the 'peace that passeth understanding'."

Over and over again Lilawanti read the Gospels of Matthew and Luke which Viro gave her. Into her heart was coming the conviction that the gods which from infancy she had been taught to worship, were powerless, and Christ alone could give her the peace for which her

heart longed. She dared not, however, talk things over with her relatives, for they had shown little sympathy with the Bible woman's visits.

"Where do you live?" she asked Viro one day.

"I live beside the hospital," replied Viro.

"Is that the mission hospital for women?" continued Lilawanti.

"Yes," answered Viro, "around the corner from the big gate."

Lilawanti had heard her women companions, when they went to the near-by river to bathe, discuss the hospital. She determined, too, to visit it, and one of her friends led the way.

It was a friendly place, the mission hospital. A kindly doctor attended to Lilawanti's needs.

"Do you know Viro, the Bible woman?" asked Lilawanti.

"Indeed, yes," answered the doctor. "She lives right over there, around the corner beyond the wall."

Lilawanti's eyes were sharp, and she took in every detail possible on the road which led back to her home. A plan was forming in her mind.

A day or two later, before daybreak, she rose cautiously, quieted the dog which was roused by her movements, and, carrying with her an extra suit of clothes, slipped out of the house. On the river bank she left the extra suit of clothes, hoping her relatives, finding them, would think she had been drowned. Hurrying on in the darkness, through almost totally unfamiliar streets, she made her way to Viro's house. Once she slipped and fell in to the dirty gutter. She was frightened, and had difficulty in getting out. "O Christ," she prayed, "if Thou canst save me save me now." Finally she reached the Bible woman's house.

It was with some trepidation Viro answered the rap at her door. It was not usual for visitors to come to so early in the morning.

"Lilawanti!" she exclaimed. "What has brought you here, my sister? Come inside quickly."

"I want to become a Christian," said Liliawanti, simply.

Viro was not altogether surprised, for she knew this friend was becoming more and more drawn to Christ, but she was troubled, knowing the danger for Lilawanti.

"There will be a great commotion among your relatives," she said, "when they find you are gone. This will be the house where they will look first, in their search for you. We must find a safer place."

So, while it was still dark, Lilawanti was taken to the home of nearby Christians who would not be so readily suspected, and there, in a small inner room, stayed safely hidden from relatives who resolutely searched for her.

Constantly Lilawanti's Hindu relatives and friends kept watch on Viro's house, also on the houses of the missionaries. The railway station did not escape their watchful eyes, also, for they were on the alert lest Lilawanti might be taken away to another city. It did not seem an unusual thing, however, when one hot day two women missionaries alighted from their buggy and entered the Christian home where Lilawanti still remained in hiding. If anyone noticed them at all, he would have seen only two American women, both of whom wore simple cotton dresses and thick pith sun hats, with rather heavy dark

veils dropping over their faces, to keep out the sun's bright glare. After a short interval, two women came out again, presumably the same two American women, got into their buggy drove to the railway station where their Indian groom took charge of the horse and buggy, stepped into a train just ready to leave, and with relief took their seats in an almost empty compartment. Only one of the American missionaries who had entered the home of the Indian Christians had come out again. The other had changed places with Lilawanti, who, dressed in the missionary's clothes and veiled hat, had with her high-caste fair skin, her dignity and poise even in clothes, especially in heeled shoes, to which she was entirely unaccustomed, so acted the part that even the uncle, whom she fearfully recognized on the station platform, failed to detect her identity.

So Lilawanti was taken many miles away to a place of greater safety. There, in a mission refuge home, she found others like herself, women who had expressed a willingness to accept Christ as their Saviour, but who, because of the wrath of relatives, or even threatened death at their hands, had escaped to this haven. Babies there were too, orphans, or children deserted by their parents. Lilawanti found plenty to keep her hands and mind occupied. With the other women, she helped care for the helpless little ones, and daily she was taught more about Christ whom she acknowledged as her Saviour, and of what it means to be His follower.

In the meantime Lilawanti's relatives were forced to accept the fact that she had left their religion and had become a despised Christian. But she was of age, and testified that she had not been coerced into following the course she had taken, so there was nothing they could do. For a long time, however, it was unsafe for her to visit her relatives, but the day finally came when, with her old friend Viro, she again entered her old home. Many questions were asked, with some upbrading, but Lilawanti retained a gentle dignity, and by her patience and lack of resentment witnessed to the power of Christ in her life. Today Lilawanti, the once unhappy Hindu widow, is, like Viro, a Christian Bible woman. Respected and loved, she goes in and out among the Indian homes to witness gladly that at last in the meek and lowly Jesus she has found the peace for which she so long sought, that "peace which passeth understanding."

———:———

There is an honor in business that is the fine gold of it; that reckons with every man justly, that loves light, that regards kindness and fairness more highly than goods or prices or profits. It becomes a man more than his furnishings of his house. It speaks for him in the heart of everyone. His friendships are serene and secure.—Longfellow.

WHY I BELIEVE IN GOD AND PRAYER

By Mahatma Gandhi

"In true democracy, I believe, is found the very essence and spirit of the divine principle.

"It is the Fascist, not the democratic, state that relieves us of the necessity of thinking for ourselves and striving to work for our improvement and the improvement of our fellow man!"

(A few days ago Chiang Kai-shek, China's Premier, had an interview with Gandhi, India's most holy man is now being courted by a farseeing and just British cabinet. Hundreds of millions of men and women in the Far East are wondering what stand Gandhi will take in the present struggle, now that the Japanese are menacing India. Below we print from the London "Tid-Bits" the spiritual confession of a great religious leader.)

I am a firm believer in prayer. Of all things, it has been the most important to me in my life, the surest staff on which to lean. It is my advice to any who come to me in confusion or weakness or with a problem that is driving them to despair. For I believe that it has not only a spiritual but also a concrete practical value.

Prayer is all too commonly regarded as a pious ritual, an easy and respectable habit or even as a form of insurance. Considered in this light, it is meaningless; for the act itself is empty. Its tremendous inherent power lies entirely in what is given to it and the quality of the faith from which it comes. The mere attitude of worship, a mere sinking to the knees and bowing of the head, is without significance and devoid of value.

I have been asked what has made me so profound a believer in its virtues and efficacy. I know myself fairly well. By nature I am timid and anything but a brave man. I should never have been able to face certain crises with courage nor endure them with fortitude had it not been for prayer.

Perhaps the most dramatic example I can remember is something that occurred a good many years ago in South Africa. There was at that time a law directed expressly against Indians in South Africa, and I had come there to opppose it. My ship was met by a hostile mob and I was advised to stay on board for the sake of my physical safety, for the crowd of men had come with the announced intention of lynching me.

I went ashore nevertheless. I was stoned and kicked and beaten a good deal; but I had prayed for the courage to face the mob, and that courage came and did not fail me.

I do not mean by this that I regard myself as particularly favoured by the Divinity and able always to obtain that for which I ask; should I be so foolish, whatever strength I have found in prayer would at once be lost to me. I believe, instead, that prayer has brought me only an infinitesimal portion of what it would bring me were my faith more perfect and my devotion more complete. The

weakness is not prayer; it is in the individual who prays.

Prayer implies and demands belief in God; not necessarily belief in God as he is interpreted by one special religion or one sect of that religion, but belief in the existence of Divinity, a wholehearted and firm belief without intellectual reservations.

But the skeptic says: How can any intelligent man sincerely believe in the existence of an all-powerful, wise, and merciful God when such cruel and senseless things are committed on earth as we see around us today? How can we reconcile these, he asks, with the conception of Divinity? Is not prayer therefore demonstrably worthless?

Let us consider this familar argument and attempt to answer in their own terms those who advance it. It appears to me that, whether or not they realize it, they are saying in effect that the Divinity is to be blamed for all horror and slaughter and oppression. But is it not profoundly significant that we are able to recognize these things for the crimes that they are, rather than blandly accepting them without condemnation?

In the final analysis, what is it that enables us to differentiate between good and evil? What is the quality in us that makes us instinctively abhor violence and, deep in our hearts, know it for the evil that it is, however much we may attempt to rationalize it?

I believe that without Divinity there would be no recognition of good and evil: there would be no conception of "right" and "wrong"; and therefore there would be no charity and devotion and nobility of spirit. Were these lacking in the world, then perhaps we might with reason declare there is no God.

In true democracy, I believe, is found the very essence and spirit of the Divine principle.

True democracy allows the people to govern themselves; it grants them liberty to express that thought. In so doing, they may often fall into error and perhaps commit crimes that cause untold suffering; but so long as they have liberty they will detect the error and finally overcome it at its root.

The gain might be slowly won, but it will be lasting because it was achieved by their own will and effort. No gain is worth the winning save that you win it yourself.

Would those who question the existence of God on the grounds of the mistakes that are committed in the world today prefer a God that struck down in death every wrongdoer, thus in principle establishing a benevolent spiritual dictatorship in which nothing would be won by the efforts of man himself?

It is the Fascist, not the democratic state that relieves us of the necessity of thinking for ourselves and striving to work for our own improvement and the improvement of our fellow man!

The skeptic and the atheist point to those who worship God because it is the fashion to do so, or in order to deceive and say, "If these are believers, then we are unbelievers." But Jesus worshipped God, too; is it not His example and faith that should be considered, rather than the example of a hypocrite?

There is something infinitely high-

er than intellect that rules us all, the skeptics included. Their skepticism and philosophy does not help them in the critical periods of their lives: face to face with a calamity, they find that there is little comfort and satisfaction in intellectual belief. The spiritual conception, which eludes the intellect, alone permits man to live to the fullest of his powers.

I expressed this conviction once to a friend, a widely-read student whose own faith happened to be Buddhism. He differed with me.

"It is true," he said, "that there are very highly developed men and women to whom belief in God gives incredible comfort and help in the building of character. But there are some great spirits that can do without it. That is what Buddhism has taught me. For Buddha never prayed he meditated."

The name does not matter, I answered, nor does the form. Buddha's was a spiritual meditation, and what is that but prayer? You may call it meditation if you will; what is important is the attempt to reach out to the eternal.

Because I believe in God, I believe in prayer. It is the surest means of consciousness of His presence; that is its meaning, its strength, and its reward.

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Not because of, but in spite of your handicaps, you can work out some service in life. Accept your hand as it was dealt, and then, without wasting time bemoaning bad cards, play the game.
—Charles R. Brown.

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REDWOOD BARK FABRIC TESTED

By Bennie Taylor in Charlotte Observer

A brand new experimental cloth, made from a mixture of wool and the shredded bark of the redwood tree, is rated as warm as 100 per cent wool fabric and not so expensive.

In the samples thus far turned out, the bark content ranges from 25 to 50 per cent. Virgin wool or shoddy form the remainder of the raw material.

Virgin wool at the mills now costs around $1 a pound; shoddy, a reclaimed wool used in textiles, 8 to 11 cents; redwood fiber, which looks like fiery red hair, 4 cents.

This product had not yet passed conclusive serviceability tests. A few bolts are being worn, washed and pummeled in laboratories.

The government, confronted with a rapidly widening gap between wool supply and demand, is considering possible uses of the fibric.

Reports of German soldiers freezing to death on the Russian front and the Nazi appeal for donations of warm clothing emphasize the importance of woolens in winter fighting.

The United States and its Allies

have most of the world's wool but still not enough, according to the American Wool council, to equip their millions of soldiers and maintain a normal civilian supply.

The council recently reported that the proposed United States army of 4,000,000 men would require this year 1,200,000,000 pounds of wool, or about one-third more than is produced annually in both North and South America. This does not present a complete picture, however, because shoddy and another kind of recaimed woll called mungo can be mixed with virgin wool or other raw materials to make textiles.

If the bark of all redwood trees felled for lumber were utilized in cloth it would add approximately 120,000,000 pounds a year to the raw textile materials.

The new fabric is the result of a machinery expert's discovery that redwood fiber will mat like felt, and to the fact that overcoats and refrigerator walls have something in common.

Until 1926 redwood bark was a waste product. Many years previously a California dairy farmer had used it effectively to insulate his milk house. Finally a San Franciso ice company stared using it and a trade demand developed.

In 1932 Edric E. Brown, of the Pacific Lumber company, one of the largest redwood producers, set out to sell the bark in a big way.

Engineering tests gave it a high rating as an insulator of heat — slightly higher even than wool. Other experiments showed it was resistant to fire, rot and pests. It became a standard material for refrigerator and building insulation.

Six years ago Harmon B. Riehl, textile machine expert from Boston, was called upon to install fiber cleaning machinery at the Pacific Lumber company plant north of San Francisco. While poking around in some machinery already in use, he found several little wads of fiber matted into balls. This in addition to its unusual ability to dam up heat suggested that it might be a natural vegetable rival of wool.

Riehl took some fiber back to Boston and eventually develope a method of weaving yarn and making felt in combination yith wool. Only minor changes in machinery were necessary.

Last December 23 he obtained a paent and assinged it to the lumber company. A few days later the O.P.M. began inquiring into the idea and Brown was called to Washington.

Aside from two or three small mills, Mrown's company is the only one at present making shredded redwood fiber. He estimates that his firm produces about 25 per cent of all redwood lumber being turned out and that its fiber output is 30,000,000 pounds annually.

On the face of these figures about 90,000,000 pounds of redwood bark is going to waste every year.

With relatively little expense and effort, Brown says, this waste could be utilized to meet any increased demand. Whether it will be converted into overcoats, blankets, tunics and hats depends on the outcome of the tests.

INSTITUTION NOTES

We were delighted to welcome Superintendent Boger back to the campus last Wednesday, after he had been confined to his home by illness for several days.

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"The Arkansas Judge," a Republic production, was the attraction at the regular weekly motion picture show in the auditorium last Thursday night.

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Some of our outside forces have been quite busy for the past few days hauling coal from the railroad siding on the School grounds to various buildings on the campus.

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The second snow-fall of the season visited this section last Monday, about four inches being the average depth. The weather turned warm and soon things were quite slushy around here.

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Due to bad weather, not many boys were visited by home folks last Wednesday. It was the smallest group of visitors we have seen at the School on the regular visiting day in a long time.

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Lieut. and Mrs. George L. Barrier and young son, a little more than one year old, visited friends at the School last Tuesday. The Barriers were employees here for several years, the former being cottage officer and fourth grade teacher, and his wife acting as secretary to Superintendent Boger. Lieut. Barrier, being a reserve officer, was called into service as soon as the United States began to increase the standing army. He is now stationed in Louisiana.

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We received a card the other day from John Holmes, formerly of Cottage No. 7, who left the School in 1929. Johnnie has been employed in New York City for more than ten years, is married, and has a home on Long Island. His brief message informed us that Uncle Sam had called him, and that he was temporarily stationed at Camp Upton, Long Island, N. Y. He expressed his appreciation for the receipt of several copies of The Uplift, and promised to send his address as soon as he is permanently located.

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Rev. R. S. Arrowood, pastor of McKinnon Presbyterian Church, Concord, conducted the service at the School last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson he read Matthew 25:14-29, and the subject of his message to the boys was "The Temptation of Talent." He then explained that the man mentioned in the parable read was going on a long journey, and called three of his servants to him, bidding them to care for his property while he was away. A talent of gold, as measure in those days, was valued at a sum equal to $30,000 in our money today. Therefore, to the one servant he gave $150,000; the second, $60,000; and to the third, $30,000. He wanted to test their ability, so he let them have the gold for investment during his absence.

The speaker then explained what he meant by talents being temptations. Take the man who has five talents, for instance. His temptation is to be satisfied, saying, "I have plenty, why should I put forth any effort to make more?" The temptation that comes to the man who has two talents may be dissatisfaction. He is tempted to say, "Why should I not have five talents, as does my neighbor?" and then not try very hard to increase that which he has. The trouble with the one-talent man was that he was content. He had no ambition. He might have said, "I have such a little bit. People won't notice my failure to add to my one talent. I'll just save what little I have and let it go at that."

Re. Mr. Arrowood pointed out that we have people in the world today who are just like the three men in the parable. All men have been given some kind of talents. With some it is the talent of music; others are able to paint great works of art; some are great scientists; then there are those who possesses a talent for conducting business successfully. Like the first servant mentioned in the Scripture Lesson, some men realize that God has given them talents and wants them to be used, and they work hard to increase what they have. Then we have the two-talent men—those with not so much ability as the first, but who are able to use what they they have and profit accordingly. There are many one-talent people in the world today. They are too proud to use what they have and, not being able to make such a good showing as the ones with five or two talents, just fold up and quit, grumbling because of their inability to make life a success.

In conclusion the speaker told the boys that to each of us God has given a talent, urging them to use theirs well, saying, that when we approach the great white throne, when our days on earth are over, God will not reward us according to the number of talents we have acquired, but our stewardship will be measured as we have made use of the talents in our possession. There is just one thing God requires of us, and that is to be faithful to our trust.

Rev. Mr. Arrowood, who has been most faithful in his service to the School for many years, is ever on the lookout for something that will be of interest to the boys, as well as helpful. On this occasion he brought out the choir from his church, which rendered a most delightful program. Directed by Mrs. C. L. Phillips, organist at McKinnon Church, this organization, twelve in number, sang several difficult anthems is a highly entertaining manner.

An outstanding feature of the program was a soprano solo by little Miss Lois Arrowood, 13-year-old daughter of E. B. Arrowood. This little lady possesses a clear, sweet voice, and the manner in which she sang "An Evening Prayer," a number made famous by Edward McHugh, popular radio gospel singer, made a decided "hit" with the entire assemblage.

The numbers sang by the choir were: "Take My Hand," "All in the April Evening", and two other numbers, the names of which we failed

to get. It was a very fine program, and we are indebted to Rev. Mr. Arrowood and his choir for a most enjoyable entertainment. Those composing the choir on this occasion were as follows: Mrs. Earl Brantley, Mrs. C. L. Black, Miss Lois Phillips, Mrs. Walter Odell, Miss Lois Arrowood, Miss Inez Troutman, soprano; Miss Edna Waddell, Miss Katharine Arrowood, alto; Rev. R. S. Arrowood, tenor; E. B. Arrowood, W. W. Crooks, C. L. Phillips, bass.

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DO OR DIE

These days are dark for many folks:
We're anxious, and we sigh.
We realize the time has come
For calls that will imply
Our fate: to "Do or Die."

Those grim dictators' greedy lust
Has turned this world awry.
Their bloody deeds we must avenge!
Their further plans defy!
It's now to "Do or Die."

America's brave sons respond;
They hold our banners high;
They feel the sacrifice it means
And know the reason why—
For them, it's "Do or Die."

In total war it needs must mean
All patriots should comply;
Our country dare not lose this fight!
On us it can rely.
It's war to "Do or Die."

War Savings Bonds and Defense Stamps
We must for freedom buy.
They will back up our nation's flag.
For all, our battle-cry
Is now to "Do or Die."

—E. E. Hedbloom.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending March 1, 1942

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Wade Aycoth
Carl Barrier
John Hogsed
Edward Moore
Weaver Ruff

COTTAGE NO. 1

Thomas Barnes
Charles Browning
Lloyd Callahan
Oscar Carter
Everett Case
Carl Hooker
James Pitman
Jack Ray
Everett Watts

COTTAGE NO. 2

John Crumpler
Bernice Hoke
Richard Parker
Charles Tate
Newman Tate

COTTAGE NO. 3

John Bailey
Grover Beaver
James Blake
Robert Coleman
Robert Hare
Jerry Jenkins
Dewey Lanning
Robert Quick
Charles Rhodes
William T. Smith
Earl Smith
John Tolley

COTTAGE NO. 4

Homer Bass
B. J. Smith
Woodrow Wilson
Thomas Yates

COTTAGE NO. 5

Theodore Bowles
Jesse Williamson

COTTAGE NO. 6

Robert Hobbs
Robert Jarvis
Gerald Kermon
Marvin Lipscomb
Durwood Martin
Vollie McCall
Charles Pitman
Reitzel Southern
Houston Turner
Wesley Turner

COTTAGE NO. 7

John H. Averitte
Hurley Bell
Laney Broome
Henry Butler
William Butler
George Green
Robert Hampton
Peter Harvell
J. B. Hensley
G. W. Kelly
John Mazoo
Arnold McHone
Ernest Overcash
Jack Reeves
Durham Smith

COTTAGE NO. 8

Cecil Ashley
Cecil Bennett
Reid Beheler
Jack Crawford
Martin Crump
Vernon Green
Earl Hackney
Jack Hamilton
Spencer Lane
Paul Matthews
Junior Shell
Walker Warr
Ronald Washam
James C. Wiggins

COTTAGE NO. 9

Gerald Amos
David Cunningham
Riley Denny
Eugene Dyson
Robert Dunning
William Hart
Daniel Kilpatrick
Alfred Lamb

Isaac Mahaffey
Marvin Matheson
Lloyd Mullis
Leroy Pate
James Ruff
Hubert Smith
Glenn Wilcox

COTTAGE NO. 10

Roy Barnett
Arcemias Hefner
Charles Phillips
Robert Stephenson
James Speer
Joseph Willis

COTTAGE NO. 11

J. C. Allen
Noah Brown
Bert Barnhardt
Ralph Fisher
Charles Frye
Robert Goldsmith
Earl Hildreth
Henry McGraw
Edgar Shell
Samuel Stewart
Canipe Shoe

COTTAGE NO. 12

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE NO. 13

Bayard Aldrige
James Brewer
Thomas Fields
James Lane
Carl Moose
Randall Peeler
Melvin Roland

COTTAGE NO. 14

John Baker
Walter Carver
Robert Deyton
Henry Ennis
Edward Kinion
Audie Farthing
Marvin King
William Lane
Charles McCoyle
Glenn McCall
John Reep
John Robbins
Charles Steepleton
J. C. Willis

COTTAGE NO. 15

(No Honor Roll)

INDIAN COTTAGE

Raymond Brooks
Frank Chavis
Edward Hall
Cecir Jacobs
Ernest Jacobs
John T. Lowry
James Lochlear
Lester Lochlear
Louis Stafford

———:———

SEVEN POINTERS FOR THE TEACHER

1. An ounce of illustration is worth a ton of talk.
2. Not what pupils may remember constitutes knowledge, but what they cannot forget.
3. We teach more by our walk than by our talk.
4. Behind each lesson the pupil sees two teachers—the teacher teaching and the teacher living.
5. A teacher plus a bit of chalk is two teachers.
6. The teacher is the hinge upon which the school swings.
7. The teacher who does not pray for his pupils has no right to teach them.—The Educational Reporter.

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THE UPLIFT

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ST. PATRICK'S DAY

The Seventeenth of March for some,
Means just another day;
But to more than a million and one,
It will be St. Patrick's Day.

Through all the nation near and far,
The streets will show parade;
Marching with the Shamrocks are
The Irish on Parade.

And even those who have no claim,
To Irish name or say;
Are welcome to the luck and cheer,
It brings them on this day.

—Edmund G. Madigan

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

AN IRISH MOTHER'S HEART

There is beauty in her mountains
And a charm in Erin's hills,
A glory in her inland lakes,
A music in her rills.

But inland lake and mountain rill,
Your charms can ne'er impart
An image of the beauty
Of an Irish mother's heart.

What seek ye, sons of Erin,
Roaming sadly o'er the earth,
In the heart of gold that glitters
Or in stones of priceless worth?

Sure, you'll never find a jewel
In the big world's busy mart,
Like the ones you left behind you
In an Irish mother's heart.

—Selected.

SAINT PATRICK

A popular supposition exists in the minds of many that Saint Patrick was a native of Ireland, but such was not the case. He was born in Southwestern Britain, and lived there until he was sixteen years old, where he received a Christian training. Shortly after becoming sixteen, he was captured by some wild Irish raiders and was carried away to Ireland, and spent a number of years in that country. He then managed to escape to Gaul (France) where he became a monk, later returning to Britain.

One night after his return to his native land, he dreamed a man

came to see him, bearing a banner upon which was written, "The Voices of Ireland," and at the same time he heard the voices of many people pleading for his return to Ireland. Patrick knew this was a missionary call to the Emerald Isle, and in order to make preparations for this work, he went to Gaul, spending fourteen years there before completing his training.

He finally arrived in Ireland with a Bishop's title and the blessings of the Pope. It has been said that "there were no Christians in Ireland when Patrick came, and no pagans when he died." While this is not literally true, we know that he did much to permanently establish Christianity in Ireland.

The Irish are famous for their many interesting legends, and there many stories that grew up in Ireland concerning Saint Patrick. It was said that when he died on March 17, 461, there was no night for twelve days thereafter.

All Irishmen in Ireland, as well as many in our own United States, wear the shamrock to symbolize their nationality. Saint Patrick used the shamrock as an example of the Holy Trinity, in his efforts to convert the people of Ireland, hence the wearing of the shamrock on Saint Patrick's Day.

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ANDREW JACKSON

Andrew Jackson was born on March 15, 1767. The place of his birth is uncertain, the honor being claimed both by North Carolina and by South Carolina. Jackson himself always believed that he was born near Waxhaw Creek, in Lancaster County, S. C., and many of his biographers agree with him. His father, also named Andrew Jackson, was a poor farm laborer, of Scotch-Irish descent, who with his wife emigrated from Ireland in 1765 and settled on Twelve-Mile Creek, near the border between North and South Carolina. The region was unsurveyed and sparsely settled, and the people of the neighborhood were not sure in which colony they lived. It is now believed, however, that the Jackson cabin was about a quarter of a mile south of the boundary.

Famous as a soldier and statesman, Jackson was President of the United States from 1837, the seventh man to hold that office. In an age which produced Clay, Webster, Calhoun, and other great men,

he was perhaps the most striking character of his day. He was a lawyer by profession, a fighter by preference, and a politician through circumstances. Violent and quick in temper, he loved a fight for its own sake. He was constantly involved in quarrels, and nearly always was firmly convinced of the correctness of his own opinions, yet was not arrogant or egotistical, and could be easily influenced by those who understood him.

As a boy, Jackson had practically no schooling, and had been allowed to run wild; yet as a man he had dignity and courteous manners, and could express himself in vigorous style. He was a frontiersman and not, like his predecessors in the Presidency, an aristocrat trained to govern. His election was significant because it was visible evidence that a new spirit was working in the United States. Jackson was the first President who belonged to the common people. With the possible exception of George Washington and Theodore Roosevelt, he was perhaps the only President of whom it can be said that he left office more popular than when he entered it. A champion of the masses, he was also somewhat autocratic, but at the same time simple and unostentatious. He organized a political party and left it strong and charged with enthusiasm. To this day, "Jacksonian Democracy" and "Jacksonian Simplicity" are terms which politicians still use.

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THE BEST NEEDED

The newsy pamphlet, "The Tar Heel Boy," coming from the Eastern Carolina Training School for boys who need to be started out on the right foot, carries many items of interest pertinent to the activities of the institution. We note from the pen of Superintendent Leonard that things on the farm are speeding up in preparation for early planting. Few people realize the magnitude of the work involved in institutions like the Eastern Carolina and the Stonewall Jackson Training Schools. First, the welfare of the boy has to be safeguarded by choosing capable and conscientious personnels, composed of people who know food values, sanitation and special care in the school rooms and cottage units. In fact, institutions are homes for the forgotten boys, and the officers play the role of Christian parents. The one impelling thought in this work is that when a

boy is transformed into a strong and sturdy citizen, a contribution is made toward the building of true Americans, the very cornerstones of our nation.

We learned from this exchange that the small boys making their home in the McCoin Cottage, have for their special interest the study of birds. These small youngsters in their bird club study the variety of birds on the school premises, and built for them attractive bird houses, with bird baths and feeding troughs around and near the institution. This special work is most valuable. It inspires the lads to appreciate and, therefore, to protect their feathered friends, instead of slaughtering them. Such training develops a kindly spirit, an element of human nature that is needed if we have the least desire to be "our brothers' keeper."

The work accomplished in these two schools for young boys is far-reaching, and needs the sympathetic interest of all people who know, or understand boys' problems. The boys are the main objective, and the best in these wayward youngsters can only be developed by a nice environment and capable personnel.

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There is little consideration given to privileges enjoyed until they are suddenly snatched away. There are times when looking out upon the highways crowded with motor cars of all kinds, we feel that everything and everyone are on wheels, because few pedestrians are seen. However, since people realize that rubber has to be conserved for national defense, many joy-riders have parked their cars in garages, using them only in dire cases of necessity. For many years the owners of cars have used them for errands when the distance was much less than three or four blocks, and could have been accomplished on foot in a few moments. Again, the masses will now have to learn to walk, one of the finest recreations for health for both the old and the young. Not only is the shortage of tires confronting the owners of cars, but the announcement made by government officials tells us there will be a scarcity of rubber for salvaging old tires. The conditions facing the people necessitates a curtailment in spending for the things that can be done without, and invest the savings in government bonds, so as to enjoy the priv-

ilege of living in a country where people are free think and work out their own salvation.

During this era, and heaven only knows how long it will last, we are anticipating the return of the old family horse and comfortable phaeton, as were in use about a quarter of a century ago by all classes. The horse and buggy days recall many pleasant memories, and most fortunate is the family with barns for feed, sheds for the buggy and a stall for the horse. The automobile is all right for speed, but there is an undescribable joy in a buggy ride. If this world war continues indefinitely, we feel sure horse power will be in demand.

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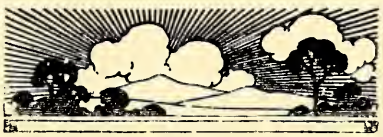
SPRING MILLINERY

They are probably going to blame the war for some of these funny looking styles in spring millinery that are almost upon us. And from what the pictures line up for feminine heads, we are of the opinion that war has indeed gone to our heads! Some of the high-crowned "Uncle Sam" stovepipe numbers with the bill of rights insignia on the side, may be patriotic, but not exactly becoming in our eyes. Anything in the name of patriotism—a sailor's cap on a stout individual, or a chapeau made of cellophane and trimmed in garden vegetables. If Mooresville suffers from the attack there will be many a local man who will remark if war has dictated the millinery trend then Sherman was indeed close to the truth.

—Mooresville Enterprise.



ANDREW JACKSON AND THE FRONTIER

(An address given at a dinner celebrating the 173rd anniversary of the birth of Andrew Jackson.—By Hon. Albert Arnold Gore, Representative of Tennessee's Fifth Congressional District.)

At the terbination of the Revolutionary War, the boundary of the State of North Carolina extended westward to the Mississippi River, although its populace area was east of the mountains. Little was known of the vast territory which stretched six or seven hundred miles west of the hazy blue which veiled the lofty summits of the Great Smokies. Great herds of bison grazed in the river bottoms; elk and Virginia deer ranged through the forest and canebrakes; black bears were plentiful everywhere; and wolves, panthers and lynxes followed the trails of the hoofed animals. Beaver colonies built their dams and mud houses in some of the smaller streams and there were vast flocks of birds and game fowl. So rich in game was the region that parties of Iroquois from the Great Lakes and Choctaw from the Gulf Coast, as well as Cherokee from the Great Smokies and Chickasaw from the Mississippi bottoms, came here for months of summer hunting. This land, which was later named Tennessee, was the land of peaceful hunting, a neutral and beloved hunting ground where ancient tribal hatreds were temporarily forgotten.

There were two settlements in this vast area west of the mountains. The Watauga Settlement was in the narrow Holston, Nolichucky and Watauga valleys which is now in the heart of Eastern Tennessee. Nearly two hundred miles westward there was a small settlement on the Cumberland River on the site of what is now the capital of the great State of Tennessee. From the Watauga Settlement a frontier dandy, soldier and hero, "Nolichucky Jack" John Sevier, had led a band of pioneers against the British at Kings Mountain. The pioneers used the frontier method of fighting and by dodging from tree to rock they routed the British, killing approximately 700 with a loss of only 28 men.

These isolated settlements of Watauga and Nashboro had little in common socially, economically or politically with the eastern part of North Carolina. Watauga seceded from the commonwealth under the title of State of Franklin and elected the intrepid hero, John Sevier, who could shoot the straightest, ride the hardest, and dance the best, as Governor. Otter skins, "good" whiskey and a few other articles constituted legal tender. Under the impetus of John Sevier's leadership, the State lasted three years. Then North Carolina, taking advantage of temporary factionalism within the settlemnt, reasserted authority over the territory.

To the malcontent, to the disappointed, to the adventurous, the unknown west beckoned and called. The State of North Carolina designated

young John McNairy, 26 years of age, as judge of the Western District. In 1788 Judge McNairy rode into the Watauga settlement in company with a friend whom he expected to designate as prosecuting attorney. This friend was 21-year-old Andrew Jackson. Young Jackson had been born of pioneer parents in Carolina and orphaned at an early age. History indicates that he was a precocious child whom his mother longed to see in the pulpit. The Revolutionary War definitely and indelibly influenced this bright and spirited boy. A considerable legacy from a deceased uncle in England was soon squandered while yet in his teens. Cock-fighting, horse racing, gaming, and hard drinking were portions of young Jackson's "wild oats."

The life of considerable prodigality did not defeat his ambition to be admitted to the bar and did not prevent comely belles from regarding him with romantic imaginations and intention. This 21-year-old son of a father and mother who had left their native land to brave a wide expanse of mighty rolling waters and cast their lot in a new and virgin land now turned his eyes beyond the misty Smoky Mountains; and as he rode into Watauga with two pistols slung from his saddle, a half dozen law books in his saddle bags, and a beautiful rifle lashed to his pack, he must have felt something of the thrill, something of the romance, and something of the adventure which his father and his beautiful mother must have felt when they set sail.

They tarried only long enough in Watauga to hold one court and for the impetuous young Jackson to become involved in a quarrel with an older attorney. In September, 1788, Andrew Jackson joined the first immigrant train to use the new Cumberland road, an overland trail from the Watauga Settlement down into the Tennessee River Valley, across the Cumberland Mountains, to Nashboro on the Cumberland River. This was a distance of 180 miles through territory infested with hostile Indians and other frontier dangers. "It was Jackson's alertness one night that put the train in so bristling a state of defense that a Cherokee war party forebore an attack." Four hunters were scalped on the spot a few hours before the caravan had left. Before they had reached Nashboro on October 26th, Jackson had "shot a panther and tomahawked its cub when they tried to kill a colt," administered to his companions, and experienced many dangers.

As the party climbed to the crest of the bluff, young Jackson looked down upon Nashboro, "the theatre of his labors." There were two taverns, two stores, one distillery which was especially prosperous because they had learned to make the best whiskey on earth out of corn, a courthouse, and a fringe of cabins, tents and wagon camps. The courthouse was a hewn log structure, only 18 feet square.

Contempt for the authority of courts prevailed in the community, Horses were hitched to the whipping post and stocks. But this young judge and prosecutor "'quickly changed this attitude" of disrespect. Young Jackson was soon employed by creditors to collect their claims, which he did with remarkable success. Jackson usually claimed throughout his life

that he was not a politican, but whether premeditated or by chance, he boarded in one of the largest and most influential families in the settlement, the Donelsons, which, incidentally, he could only reach from Nashville by fording the Cumberland River and riding ten miles. I will not discuss his later marriage to one of the daughters named Rachel, which may I say in passing, is one of the most beautiful and pathetic romances in all American history. Nor will I discuss the over-publicized duels to protect her honor.

The depression following the Revolutionary War, discontent throughout the world, and a very wholesome spirit of adventure increased the travel over the Cumberland Trail, By 1792 almost regular caravans came into the Cumberland Valley, others stopping in the broad bottoms of the Tennessee River. A census was taken and it was found that 70,000 citizens lived in this vast territory. A Constitutional Convention was called to petition for statehood and to this convention Jackson went as a delegate. This swash-buckling, fearless, bold, able, yet kind and tender officer of the law has become a legend, and legend has it that Jackson suggested the name of the new state Tennessee, which in Indian language means "Winding River." The new state was formed and petition admitted. Jackson at the age of 29 was elected as sole representative in the lower House of Congress. The following year, 1798, at the age of 30, he was elected to represent the State in the United States Sentte, from which he soon resigned and accepted as appointment as judge. He seemed to be happy in his judgeship and he became a personage of justice, his counsel sought, his favor courted.

Four years on the bench saw him the most popular officer of the law that Tennessee has ever had, and perhaps the most useful. No one in the history of that great State has done more to inculcate a sentiment of respect for courts, which in a frontier society matures slowly. As he traveled over the circuit of this new and expansive State, he continued to brave the dangers of wilderness travel and revengeful recalcitrants to whom Jackson justice had been meted. He heard the clip of axes as timberland was cleared, a cabin built, a new tavern at the forks of a road, a new courthouse—development, growth progress, a great commonwealth in the making.

Jackson became identified with the opposition to John Sevier, who had served as Governor of the new State for the first three terms. Jackson finally defeated this frontier stalwart for major-general of the militia in 1801, which involved Jackson in bitter factional politics of the frontier for many years. So completely did this spare, sandy-haired figure with hot blue eyes and hair-trigger passions eventually dominate Tennessee politics, that for more than three decades the history of Tennessee, with minor exceptions, was in effect the biography of Andrew Jackson.

As major-general of the militia, Jackson exercised his first love—military command and action. In this capacity he became not only an idol to the frontier but a national

hero. To comprehensively appreciate the effect of his military exploits upon the unification of the Western Territory to the Union, one must not overlook the design and intrigue of Spain to bring the Western Territory into their sphere of influence and to annex it to their North American territory. For many years one of the greatest weapons of diplomacy in the new world was the friendship or hostility of the Indians. Both Spain and Great Britain were successful in inciting hostility, which, of course, was made easier for them by the continuing encroachment of the white settlers upon the Indian domains. Jackson's successful war against the Indians removed menace of the tomahawk from a wide area into which poured thousands more hardy pioneers.

Jackson gleams as a bright star in leadership, courage and action of the War of 1812 in an otherwise cloudy sky and sorry story. With military and political leadership and economic stability wavering and faltering, Washington was captured and the capitol burned. Out of the frontier wilderness this military genius with a fighting spirit led an army of Tennessee pioneers into military exploits which thrilled the nation and revived hope and courage. So poor and slow was communication with the capital that Jackson exercised absolute control. Assistance from the War Department and the national government was pitiful and shameful. One cannot read the detailed history without wondering how the Union of States survived. One of the truly great military exploits of history, the battle of New Orleans, showed the commanding genius and courage of this truly great American. With the winning of the battle of New Orleans and the return of peace, Andrew Jackson became a legendary figure throughout the continent where the written or spoken word of white man ventured.

Jackson's exploits in Florida have been much debated in our history. Whether he did or did not act with authority has been debated, but suffice it to say he had a passionate desire to bring the frontier into the nation and for a United States from Gulf to Lakes and from ocean to ocean, we owe much to Andrew Jackson. Wherever he went the acclaim of the crowds, the rush of the multitudes caused the nation's leading politicians to cast a weather eye at this military chieftain who by deeds of action, by feats of courage, and frontier virtue had caught the imagination and the heart of the populace. Jackson became the personification of the self-confident, surging, nationalistic democracy of the interior and the frontier.

As a candidate for the presidency in 1824 he was the popular choice, but by what the people accepted as chicanery and political trading by the Congress, which in this case was required to select from the candidates, no one having received a majority, Adams was elected. Jackson was clearly the choice of the people in 1828 and was elected with an overwhelming majority. Of his election, Senator Benton said: "It is a triumph of democratic principles and an assertion of the people's right to govern themselves." "He was the standard-bearer of a mighty democratic up-

rising which was destined before it ran its course to break down oligarchical party organization, to liberalize state and local governments, and to turn the stream of national politics into wholly new channels. It was futile for men of the old school to protest and to prophesy misfortune for the country under its new rulers." The frontier and pioneer had come into their own. "The people had spoken and this time the people's will was not to be denied."

From his beloved Hermitage, the self-willed, impetuous and courageous product of the frontier, after burying his love—Rachel—sadly but determinedly set out for Washington to pilot the ship of state and to chart the seas with honesty, convictions, sincerity and love for the common man.

OUR CHILDREN AND NATIONAL DEFENSE

Our whole nation is fast organizing itself under the general slogan "An All-Out Defense." Every day, we see the need for a large emphasis upon this fact. Every agency of government —national, state and local—is working in this direction. Every industry, agriculture and all business men are planning for the same thing. Men and women who do their work with their hands, in factories, shops and everywhere, are coming to see the importance of "An All-Out Defense." Our churches, our schools and homes are working for the same end. In fact, every true American man, woman and child is setting himself to the task of doing his part, whatever it may be and whatever sacrifice it may involve, to the end that we and our allies shall win the war.

The wisdom of a nation, a state, a community, or a home is revealed in the type of program that is developed for the conserving and training of the children. The welfare and future of the children of North Carolina must and will be considered in any program for national defense. The protection of our children is necessary—the conserving and proper training of their physical, emotional, mental and spiritual welfare must be guarded. These children are our dependence to carry on the high ideals and the best that we convey to them—and the child in the home and in the orphanage must not be forgotten. It is imperative that we maintain high standards; and, while all these other things are of tremendous importance, let us not forget these little folks who strech out their hands to us in these perilous times.—C. K. Proctor.

THE REAL SAINT PATRICK

By Blandford Brown

Saint Patrick, patron saint of Ireland and the Irish, whom the world over honor by the wearing of the green on March 17, was not an Irishman. He was what no Irishman ever was, a Roman citizen. Born in England about 389 A. D., when Britian was a part of the widespread Roman empire, he was the son of a decurion, a person of dignity in the community. He was given the Roman name of Patricius and brought up to believe that the Roman empire was the best and greatest of all countries in which to live and that all those lands outside its boundaries were only crude barbaric wastes.

He was educated in the Christian faith and knew the Latin tongue, which was the language of church and state and of literature. He lived and studied and played as other Roman boys of Britain did, looking forward perhaps to a career in some Roman legion, never dreaming that he would see the lands of the barbarians except as a Roman soldier.

When he was sixteen years old his education was stopped suddenly by an event which shaped his life and gave to Ireland Christianity and a saint.

Ireland in those days was divided into several tribal states, each ruled over by its own king. It had never been conquered by Rome, and occasionally a group led by a tribal chieftain or king would make a foray on the mainland or on England. On one such foray, made by King Niall Noigiallach of Connaught, the estate of Patricius father was raided and the boy was carried off as a slave.

He was taken to King Niall's kingdom in Connaught, a land which seemed to the young Roman, as he himself expressed it, in "the ultimate places of the earth." For six years he tended the king's herds on a mountain side from which he could see only vast reaches of water and long miles of barren rocky coast land.

For six years he grew daily more homesick for his own people with their own customs and comforts and for his interrupted schooling. During these years also his faith grew stronger and stronger. Often, he tells in his "Confessions," he would rise before dawn and in woodland or on the mountain side he would go forth to pray, in hail or rain or snow.

In the end his faith was rewarded, for one night in his dreams a voice said: "Thou doest well to fast; thou shalt soon return to thy native land." Later the voice said: "Behold, thy ship is ready," and Patrick left the fields of his master and tramped the one hundred and eighty miles across Ireland, in hourly peril of capture, to an eastern port from which he sailed with heathen traders, working his passage among the sailors. After three days at sea they landed on the coast of Gaul (now France) and for twenty-eight days they traveled through a desert, often in danger of starvation.

Eventually he escaped from the traders and spent a few years in a monastery in Gaul before finding

his way back to his home in Britain. During these years he had another dream that pointed out to him the way of his future life. A man named Victorious appeared to him, bearing innumerable epistles, one of which he received and read. It commenced, "The voice of the Irish," and Patrick heard in his mind the voices of those who lived near the wood of Folcut in Connaught, saying, "We pray thee, holy youth, to come to walk again among us as before."

He took this as a sign that his life's work was to be among the Irish, whom he had learned to love and whose welfare he had most deeply at heart. After studying in Gaul for his mission, he was ordained a deacon and in 432 was sent to combat heresy in Ireland. He was not the first to bring Christianity to the island, but there were still many parts of it that continued to worship heathen gods and it was a difficult task he, had set himself to win the tribal kings, who were all-powerful, to the new religion. He knew that unless he converted these kings there was samll chances of reaching the people they ruled.

His first church was in a wooden barn on a site granted to him by a convert chief, Dichu. And slowly he managed to establish the church in Ireland. He could not go far, however, without the sanction of King Loigaire, who was High King above all the smaller tribal kings. But King Loigaire resisted all attempts of Patrick and his follwers to convert him. He continued to believe in his old gods and in his druid priests who were also his advisers, his prophets, and the teachers of his children.

Finally, however, the High King granted protection to Patrick, although he never accepted Christianity for himself. There are but scant records of Patrick's work in Ireland, but it was of such a nature that the always imaginative Irish people drew around it fanciful legends that tell, if not the actual facts, the final results of his work.

It is said that he won the High King over by tests of strength and power with his druid priests, who were also magicians. It started, the story goes, when on his first Easter Eve in Ireland Patrick lighted a fire on the hill of Slane. It happened that on this night a celebration was held apposite on the high hill of Tara, where King Loigair reigned. And it was the custom that on this night no fire should be lighted before that of the High King flared from Tara.

But Patrick's fire glowed first upon the night, and the legend reads that the magicians of the King said to him, "O King, unless this fire which you see be quenched this same night, it will never be quenched; and the kindler of it will overcome us all and seduce all the folk of your realm."

The High King, disturbed, went forth with all his retinue and his priests and magicians to meet the Christian missionary. There upon the plain between the two hills Patrick and the druids held their tests of power. The druids, it is said, brought snow to fill the valleys, but they could not remove it. St. Patrick caused it to melt away. The druids caused darkness to fall upon the land, but only Saint Patrick could dissipate it, showing that, while the powers of darkness are strong, those

of God are far stronger and can ever triumph over evil.

Thus Patricius the slave, came back to Ireland as a great missionary; the greatest, some claim, since St. Paul. He became a devout and mighty preacher. He founded churches throughout the length and breadth of Ireland, and with a wisdom and prudence ahead of his time he established educational and theological schools. His own education having been interrupted, he felt his lack of learning and was determined that his adopted country should have the advantages he had missed. It is to him that Ireland owes the development that came through contact with western Europe and Rome. He introduced Latin as the language of the church and of the schools, and for years Ireland was a center of learning and culture to which the sons of rich men throughout Europe were sent to be educated.

Although Patrick was not Irish, most of his life was spent in Ireland, and he loved his adopted people with a tender and sympathetic love. He had a magnetic power of winning men's hearts, as well as making converts to his religion, and to this day the Irish revere his name.

Toward the end of his life Patrick fulfilled his early dreams and returned to the scene of his boyhood slavery. He climbed once more the hill upon which he had tended his master's sheep so long before, and spent forty days and nights there in fasting and contemplation and prayer.

Ever since, each year on the anniversary of his death, hundreds of pilgrims take the opportunity to do him honor by wending their way to the west coast of Connaught to toil up the steep ascent of this same hill, now called Croagh Patrick after the boy who tended sheep upon its slopes and dreamed dreams that led him to become a missionary and Ireland's patron saint.

An artist was once asked by a king to make for him a man. The artist carved a human figure out of wood, and presented it to the king; but the king denounced it as cold and unresponsive. Then the artist painted a portrait on canvas, but the king condemned it as lifeless. Next the artist molded a human likeness out of wax, but the king derided it as motionless and unenduring.

"Make me a man," ordered the capricious monarch. The artist went out into the world and found a beggar, cleansed him and clothed him, and brought him to the king, saying. "O king, I could not make a man myself, but here is one whom God made, and I found him."—Sunshine Magazine.

HOPE

(Selected)

What is the biggest and greatest thing that can come to you? What is more permanent than prosperity, more lasting than popularity, more enduring than position? What is the architect of all achievement? Answer: Hope.

Disapointments may hurt your heart, but disapointments often disillusionize you, and here's the Hope you find in the hour of distress. Disappointments set you right. Sorrows may shake you, but in justice to those who depend on you, do not let sorrow break you. And this is the hopeful thing about sadness—it spurs us on to be bigger and better.

Hope is as important to the living as it is to the dying, for without Hope, we would often want to die—we would, in some reason of bitter disapointment despair, commit suicide. Hope is the one thing that saves us from being completely wretched. Without a dollar in the world a man may be hopeful, for Hope is the base of life. It sheds on afflicted minds comfort and introduces immediate relief. It smooths the pillow of pain, sustains the sick and impoverished, when the night is darkest, the ever-burning lamp of Hope shines brighter.

That is what prompted me to say that Hope is the biggest and greatest thing that can come to you.

And what is Hope but Faith, the one and only important thing. More important than wealth or health. More important than happiness education, religion, friends, or love. Hope or Faith (call it what you will) creates its own energy. If strong enough it generates happiness, gives off inspiration and courage. With it all is possible; without it is life merely lights and shadows. Hope allows one to reach out to live beyond.

If it were not for Hope, the farmer would sow no seed, the business man would continue no plans, the student would give up in despair. Hope animates a man to do his utmost. It perpetually prods us into position. It is the last light we see before entering enduring eternity, and the one star by night, and the steady sun by day, that throws a light on our trail.

When the mutability of human affairs changes, when discouraging situations develop, Hope steps in, loans new courage, soon the situation changes and the encouraging events follow. The always hopeful heart transforms its troubles into triumphs.

The thought of Hope does not contemplate the idea of false Hope, which is nothing but an opiate. Hope means to back up your hopeful thought by intelligent industry and unequalified integrity. Hope can make a man an enthusiastic dreamer, and with false bottom it will develop a dub. Hope often makes a man an enthusiastic doer, and this is the kind of Hope you want to harbor.

Hope regarded in the right way should ring in our ears as a warning to count the mistakes of the past. The past is dead, today, tomorrow is a living issue—a field unharvested.

Today, tomorrow will bring you new conflicts, new duties, new trials, and new opportunities. And the most hopeful thing about all this is that "Hope springs eternal"—that you will meet with courage the conflicts, duties and trials—that you will improve each and every opportunity unless you lose Hope.

"Hope lost and the battle is lost."

PATRIOTISM

Patriotism isn't just marching behind a band, and puffiing out your chest.

Patriotism isn't a flash of fireworks one day of the year, and then submerging your emotions the rest of the year.

Patriotism isn't found in the whooping of the crowd, or maudlin flag-waving, or surface sentimentalism.

Patriotism is the sum of the three cardinal virtues: Faith, Hope, and Charity. Faith in the principles of our government. Hope in the future of democracy. Charity toward all and malice toward none.

Patriotism is a sincere affection for our own family, devotion to our relatives, and loyalty to our friends. Faith in the "old home town" and pride in our native state.

Patriotism is that spirit that makes us want to be of real help to our neighbors when they are in distress, or meet with reverses, to extend our sympathy when they are stricken.

Patriotism is the tugging at our heart-strings, and a sincere kinship with those who toil for a daily wage in field or shop or market-place.

Patriotism is the emotion that makes a lump rise in our throat when some intrepid spirit strives to achieve something that no human being ever accomplished before.

Patriotism is to be unashamed at the moisture that comes welling up in our tear-ducts with the passing of some great and noble soul, who unselfishly devoted his life to the cause of mankind, or in the service of our nation.

Patriotism is loving one's country, respecting its traditions, and honoring its people, high or low, rich or poor.

Patriotism is standing firm and unselfish for the right, for the common good, for the peace and well-being of all, sacrificing self, if need be, and afraid against all opposition.

—The Keystone Butler.

THE BATTLE FOR DEMOCRACY

Elmer Morgan, Journal of N. E. A.

It will do us no good to win the battle for democracy on a foreign field if we lose it at home. It will avail us naught if we win the battle for democracy with our factories, our navy, and our air forces if we lose it in our schools. For in or schools are thirty millions youth who are the tomorrow of America and the hope of democracy.

During World War I, we paid dearly for the neglect of our schools which was so flagrant that thousands of schools were closed for want of teachers. We are starting upon the same path again and much damage is already done. It is time to face the issue and to rally the people behind our schools .

Shall we spend less for schools when Britain in her extreme peril is spending more, when Russia is spending more, when Germany is spending more? Read the account of German education in Gregor Ziemer's "Education for Death" (Oxford Press) and you will see that Hitler has more faith in his type of education than we have in ours.

Wars today are not fought by whole peoples. They are not fought by one generation alone, but demand sustained strength generation after generation.

We not only neglected the schools during the last war. We neglected them afterward. In 1920 the National Education Association led the way for five-point legislation to remove illiteracy, Americanize aliens, strengthen physical education, improve teacher preparation, and equalize educational opportunity through federal aid. Had that legislation passed, the story of draft rejections today might be different. It did almost pass, but was kept from doing so by the same forces that today clamor for reduced school expenditures.

The longtime battle for democracy is in the schools. It is a battle that every citizen who cares for democracy must help to fight. Teachers will be first to see the tragic need, because they are close to the children daily. Like a father who sees a mother taken from his children, the teacher can see the gap left when a fellow teacher is taken from the schools. But teachers cannot stem this tide. The most they can do is to call attention to its far-reaching import. It is a citizen's battle.

Let us have committees of citizens, board members, and teachers to study the problem in each community. Let press, forum, pulpit, and radio give the people the facts and then let the people face the facts. Let school budgets be increased to meet the need. Next to food—school. That is the slogan if we wish to be strong for war and peace. Let's put children first and take the long look.

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Saints are sinners who keep on trying.—Robert L. Stevenson.

JAP CHARACTERISTICS

By Victor C. King

The exposed back is a target few, if any, cowards can resist, among nations as among men.

Thus it happened that the Japs pounced upon our sleeping, peaceful forces at Pearl Harbor, and opened upon them with both barrels. But was not this dastard attack typical of the Japs? Who is there to say nay? None, except perhaps the unthoughtful who say the Japs are not cowards. But if they had faith in their strength why the sneak assault? America knows she is strong. She awaited the declaration of war. But the Japs could not resist the advantages of a hit-and-run blow when our back was turned.

We find many proofs of their cowardly traits, not only in their military tactics, but in their daily life, in their art. One of the chief characteristics is their indistinctiveness. Their artists for instance in their treatment of Spring do not boldly paint the fullness of the glory of this period of the year; they merely outline the trunk of a tree out of which grows a tint fresh green branch. Sometimes a singing bird may be seated upon the branch. Winter on the same plan is depicted by a withered twig ladened with snow. And they also frequently use the veil to obscure nature. Noted Fuji-yama's snow capped peak is in almost every type of picturization obscured by a mist or as a passing cloud. And thus it is they hide through some strange psychological influence the true intent and purpose of their thoughts and actions. Open and frank expression is not at all distinctive with the Japanese; they prefer to be evasive and inscrutable.

A typical commercial trait of these people is the trick they invented by which they stunt the growth of ornamental trees. Art exemplified by a dwarfed tree is not known outside of Japan. Most of us however have seen many of them growing in large pots or urns standing outside of the curio and art shops of the larger American cities.

The artifice is accomplished by binding the tap roots with small wires. Partial destruction of these roots which limits the nourish ment gives the tree the aged, dwarfed appearance; it looks scrubby, the branches are crooked and snarled, but with it all the tree survives, the leaves hold to their natural colors, but the entire tree looks as if it was of great age.

Here is a perfect example of the will to live—the first law of nature and life, even in vegetable life, but it is one the knavish Japs violate without the least compunction.

Many of our people purchase the stunted and dwarfed trees for their lawns; but once the wires are removed from their roots they resume their natural growth.

This characteristic stunt of the Japs is one this writer learned several years ago while working among a group of Japanese farmers in northern Colorado. They had left their land of rice and fish and came to America to grow sugar beets. Time will tell if they had anyother purpose.

During the time I worked with them, however, and through the years I knew them up and down the Pacific coast, the actions and manners of these people were excellent.

The artifice of stunting the growth of trees which was probably suggested to the Japs by their dimunitive size, is but one of the many similar characteristics of these people.

The ancient sport of cormorant fishing has been developed into a trade by the Japs. Many of them support themselves and their families by the sale of fish caught for them by these birds. Some Japs ever keep cormorants for hire; they also furnish the boat and the keeper of the cormorants, many of whom are so adept in the handling of the birds they can control a half dozen or more at one time.

The trade or sport is not practiced outside of Japan. It requires a skill which truly appears to be characteristic of this race; furthermore, its technique does not exactly appeal to a Christian's idea of a sport or occupation. Most of us would rather perform hard labor for our fish and bread than to rob a cormorant. This virtue lies however beyond the comprehension of the semi-barbaric Jap mind. Their sense of rectitude has not been so highly developed. They have been too long permitted to prey upon the weak and trick the strong.

America must keep this strange characteristic of the Japanese in mind and expect similar attacks on our forces as struck at Pearl Harbor.

VICTORY ROAD

The Victory Road is a long road but the victory will be won,
First—our land and sea and air force must have their ships and guns.
This is a war of resources, of tools and labor, too,
And the masters of assembly are working crew by crew,
Sending out the ships and cannon, the "tommy" and the plane;
Turning out the tanks and cruisers, and the "jeep" of modern fame.
Soon, out of the sky will come winging with guns' and cannons' roar,
The mighty freedom fighter to clear the skies once more.
Soon, out to ocean's vastness, speed our dreadnoughts of the deep,
To sink with freedom's fury the ships of the enemy fleet.
And then, over hills and mountains, over fields and streams,
Will march our freedom soldiers, to end the tyrant's dream.

—Martin Gerald.

INCOMES OF NORTH CAROLINIANS

(Selected)

This country has long held a reputation for high standards of living, a condition made possible by a high per capita income. The South, which has not made as much progress in many respects as other parts of the country, has been held back because of lower incomes, and many of our leaders have sought to devise ways and means of pushing up the per capita income in this section of the country. If they are successful, and they have been in some respects, our average living standards will be stepped up almost immediately. That we have some high goals at which to shoot is revealed in a recest issue of the University of North Carolina News Letter which carried an article on the "Per Capita Income by States."

In 1929 the per capita income in North Carolina was $319, while the per capita income for the United States was $667. From 1929 to 1940 the average for North Carolina climbed to $335, while the average for the United States declined to $573. In 1933, in the midst of the depression, the North Carolina income dropped to $182 while the United States average dropped to $394. It is worthwhile noting that the low in 1932 for the United States was higher than the North Carolina average for 1940.

The wage and hour law is serving to step up the average in North Carolina and will continue to do so in the years ahead if the war does not cut into the social program of President Roosevelt. The time will come when wages in every line of business, regardless of whether they are effected by the wage and hour law now, will be some higher. As we see it, there is a desperate need to increase the income of the farming population of this state and of the South in order to step up the per capita average and this can be done only by improved farm programs which include a sound live-at-home plan as well as year-round cash income crops.

Working together, the manufacturers, business men, and farmers of the South can do much to lift the level of per capita income, and certainly no opportunity should be missed in pushing it to a level equal to that of the average in the United States.

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Let not him who is hopeless pull down the house of another, but let him work diligently and build one for himself; thus by example assuring that his own shall be safe from violence when built.—Abraham Lincoln.

THE SILENT PARTNER

By Vern Godkin in Good Business

It was not often that Silas Martin was disturbed, but there was an expression of genuine concern on his kindly, wrinkled face as he watched his visitor leave the office. It was the third advertising contract that had been canceled within ten days. The other two customers had phoned in their cancellations without any explanation. But Sam Mason had come in person.

"Si, you and I have been friends since we were kids together," Sam had said, "and I've advertised in business. I'm perfectly satisfied with the results, too."

"Then why are you quitting?" Si asked.

"Pressure!" grunted Sam, "Pressure! That bunch you're fighting in your editorials is powerful. Right now they are in control of things here in town. They've threatened to ruin my store if I don't stop patronizing your paper, and they can do it—they're desperate! I don't want to do this, Si, I swear it—but I'm stuck! That's why. I came personally to explain it to you. They're out to close you up, too,before election, pulling everything they can to do it. Don't you think it might be wise to call off the fight, Si?"

Si shook his head. "I can't, Sam. I had my choice to play ball with that gang, but the Argus has always been a clean paper, and that's the way it's going to stay!"

Sam held out his hand. "I guess you know that I'm really with you, Si—you crazy old Yankee!" he said. "Right now I'm in a tough spot, but when this is all over you will find my advertising coming in again!"

Si realized it was going to be a hard fight ahead. His own finances were not enviable. He had recently invested heavily in new equipment, and had obligated himself at the bank. Now, with three of his largest advertisers out, the immediate future looked foreboding.

Three weeks later, the thing that Si feared might happen, did happen. There was not enough cash on hand to meet the payroll! It was not a large payroll, for there were just six on the staff besides himself. His note at the bank would be due in a few days, and he knew, with the present condition of his business, the note would not be extended.

Si was tempted to give up the fight. If he eased off, he could probably recover most of the deflected advertising, and save himself. "But if I give up," he told himself, "I'll lose my self-respect, and the prestige of the Argus. And that's worth everything—or is it?"

He thought of his helpers who would be thrown out of employment if he was forced out of business. Almost all of them were his proteges. Three of his boys had gone to other fields, and made good, among them Lem Minton, managing editor of the State Beacon. For the sake of these who rather looked to him as their example, would be dare sacrifice the Argus? For the sake of these in whom he had breathed the breath

of integrity, would he dare compromise his principles? "No!" he swore to high heaven. "I may lose the Argus, but I won't sacrifice the respect of my boys!" Then he called his staff.

"Boys," Si explained, "this week I will only be able to pay you about half your regular wages. Next week I don't know what it will be. Whatever money comes in, you'll each get your share. If we pull through this thing, you'll get the balance later. That's all I can promise. If you want to quit, you are perfectly free to do so, and I won't blame you in the least. Your jobs here will be rather insecure for a time, anyway."

Si waited for them to reply. They exchanged glances, then Jim Smuck, his best reporter, spoke. "I don't know what the rest of you think, but I'm sticking with Si!"

Si felt a little tightening in his throat as all the rest nodded in agreement. "Me too!" "You can count on me, Si!" "Same here!" "Till the last dog's dead!"

For some days Si felt buoyed up by the loyalty and enthusiasm of his staff, but the pressure returned in less than a week, when the bank demanded liquidation of the note within three days.

Si again called his staff. "It's no use, boys," he told them. "Day after tomorrow I turn the Argus over to the bank, and we'll call it "30!" He forced a faint smile. "It probably won't make any difference with your jobs, except that you will have a new boss. Or, maybe, you will do like Lem, or Jack, or Bill—get you a better job. Whatever happens, I hope you will give your superior the same fine loyalty you've given me. Don't let anything cause you to lower your ideals. Remember our old code of square dealing. Give the underdog a break. Tell the true facts that should be told, and don't be afraid to fight when you are in the right. Set-backs may come, but they will be only temporary, and what's right will come out on top, if you do your part."

His face had grown serious, but now he smiled again. "It's a great game, boys, and it's been a grand job with such fellows as you!" He turned abruptly and disappeared behind the closing door of his private office.

The little group stood uncertainly for a moment, then all but one drifted silently back to their work.

Jim Smuck was the exception. He stood gazing at the closed door through which Si had taken refuge. His face was expressionless, but his mind was clicking swiftly, like that of the keen reporter he was, a reporter Si had trained to see and think and plan and go beneath the surface of things.

On the morning of the fatal day, Si was seated at his desk sorting over private papers. He was preparing to release the property to his creditor. It was a disheartening task, but the only thing left for him was to step out as gracefully as possible.

There was a little tap at his door. Probably the new manager. The bank had informed him they would send him. Si pushed the drawer shut, and called, "Come in."

For an instant he sat aghast. A tall, handsome figure was framed in the doorway. He sprang to his feet.

"Lem Minton!" he exclaimed.

"What does this—What brought you here?"

Lem grinned, and almost crushed Si's thin hand in his strong one. "Not so fast, Si," he exclaimed; "is that any way to greet your new boss?" And then Lem laughed.

"New boss!" Si could not appreciate the humor. So Lem had joined up with the gang! No—not Lem' "Are you the new manager for—?" Si did not finish.

Lem was still grinning. "Not exactly, Si—but I'll be your partner—that is—if you want me."

"Partner! Why, Lem—what do you mean—I'm out, you know."

"Oh, no—you're not," declared Lem, heartily. "You see, Jim—here—told me me all about it. So I hurried over and bought up that note at the bank this morning, because—because—"

"Out with it," demanded Si.

"Well, because I want to be your partner and help you fight that dirty —"

Si raised his hand, and there was a new spirit in his face. Before he could speak, Lem continued:

"I just want to be a silent partner, Si—for a while. You will keep on just as you have been doing, and I'll help furnish the finances. Then, some day, when you want to retire, I'll come back and you can be the silent partner! How's that?"

Si stood unbelieving. He muttered something which Lem did not understand.

"Of course, if you prefer—I shall not interfere. Let by-gones be by-gones, and the Argus is all yours." With that Lem slipped a piece of paper from his pocket and tore it into bits.

Si strove to stop him. But words did not come. He put his long, slim arms around Lem's broad shoulders, and all Jim heard was, "Lem!"

A little later, Si was putting things back into his desk. Lem was seated by his side. "What's right will come out on top, Lem," he said smilingly; "it always has."

Anybody's credit is good when it comes to borrowing trouble.

BORROWED WAR WORDS

By Frank Colby

It is surprising how many military words in English are French and date from the Norman Conquest of 1066. William the Conqueror established French as the official language of Britain, and the Britons readily adopted the French military vocabulary while being trained for army service.

There are no Anglo-Saxon equivalents for such words as squad, company, battalion, corporal, sergeant, lieutenant, captain, major, colonel, general, bayonet, rifle, pistol, cannon,

saber, bullet, cartridge, military, infantry, cavalry, artillery, aviation, ordinance, material.

Many of our words of war have undergone amazing changes from their original Latin forms. For example, soldier is an extension of the Latin solidus, "a solid piece of money." Hence, one who enters military service for pay.

Ambulance is from the French ambulant, from the Latin ambulare, to walk. The first ambulance was known in French as a hospital ambulant.

Cartridge is a corruption of the French cartouche, which meant originally "an ornamental scroll, usually of paper, on which inscriptions were written." (Cartouche is from the Latin carta, paper.) The first gun cartridges were cylinders of heavy paper, as are shotgun shells of today. Bullet is from the French boulette, from the Latin bulla, "a small ball, or knob." Curiously enough, bulla also is the origin of billet, bulletin and the bull (papal edict.)

In modern usage a campaign is any planned military operation, but originally it designated manoeuvres in an open field, for the word comes from the Latin Campania, the level country about Naples, and stems from campus, field.

One of the most surprising transitions is found in the word artillery, for the original French word artiller meant to equip or fortify. At first artillery designated any device for hurling missiles. Archers bows and arrows were once properly referred to as artillery.

The English word canteen is from the French cantine, "a place where food and drink are sold to school children, prisoners or soldiers." The French doubtless borrowed the word from the Italian, cantina, meaning either cellar or bottle case. In the United States Army a soldier carries his personal supply of water in a canteen. Also he visits the canteen (post exchange) for refreshments.

In French the word barrage is a word of peace, not of war. It means "a barrier; a gate where admittance fees are collected." To designate a barrage in the English sense, the proper French term is tir de barrage, "a barrier of artillery fire."

Chaplain comes from the cape (capella) of St. Martin of Tours. His cape was preserved by the early kings of France and was taken with them when they went to war. The tent in which it was kept was known as the chapel, and the one who guarded the cloak was the chaplain.

Many people wonder today why meals are known in the army and navy by so forbiding a name as mess. But mess is the English form of the highly respectable French word mets (pronounced "meh"), which means "that which is placed on the table; all the food served at a meal."

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The great trouble today is that there are too many peole looking for someone else to do something for them. The solution of most of our troubles is to be found in everyone doing something for himself.—Henry Ford.

FILM WOMEN PLUNGING INTO DEFENSE WORK

(Selected)

Hollywood's women today are plunging into war work.

Stars and other players are going into ambulance service and Red Cross work; others are knitting on the sets; still others are touring the country in the interests of defense bonds, and the effort is general.

Dorothy Lamour is back in Hollywood today after a month's bond selling drive much like that which cost the life of Carole Lombard. The trip was undertaken at her own expense when she should have had a much-needed vacation, and she returned only because production was scheduled to start on "The Road to Morocco," with Bing Crosby and Bob Hope.

Rosalind Russell, currently working in "Take a Letter, Darling," has been spending five nights a week with an ambulance corps learning about automobile engines and roadside repairs and with the Red Cross, learning the fundamentals of emergency nursing.

Claudette Colbert has been devoting untold time to the Red Cross, even while working at Paramount in "The Palm Beach Story," and since the war first started in 1939 has been at the head of a knitting battalion. Joan Crawford is leaving her home lot, M-G-M, for the first time in years to take the role which Miss Lombard was to have in Columbia's "He Kissed the Bride." She'll be paid $112,500, which will be divided as follows:

To the Red Cross, 25,000; to the Infantile Paralysis fund, 21,000; to the Motion Picture Relief fund, 25,000, and to the Navy relief, $12,500.

Judy Garland is another who has taken her time off between pictures to make a defense bond tour. Radio appearances and personal, appearances for various relief egencies, the U. S. O., and at army and navy canteens are the order of the day, and no request refused. Included among those who are "minute women" are Martha O'Driscoll, Anita Louis, Susanna Foster, Patrica Morison, Gene Tierney and Alexis Smith, just to names a few.

Hollywood, close to the battlefront and facing the possibility of invasion, knows that we must win and we can win, and every woman is doing her part in the war effort, whether it means giving a station wagon to the evacuation group of the California State Guard, or serving as an air raid warden.

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It is not until we have passed through the furnace that we are made to know how much dross there is in our composition.

—Colton.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Milton Koontz, of Cottage No. 2, returned from the Memorial Hospital, Charlotte, last Monday, where he had been under observation for two weeks. He will go back to the Charlotte Institution for treatment later.

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The feature attraction at the regular weekly motion picture show in the auditorium last Thursday night was "Buck Private." A comedy cartoon, "Recruiting Daze," was shown on the same program. Both are Universal productions.

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The boys on our garden force have been busy for several days, planting early spring vegetables. Conditions for this work have been quite favorable, and should we have a good season, the vegetables crop at the School should be larger this year than ever before.

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In making a trip over the farm the other day, we noticed a small army of boys marching steadily back and forth across the field. This was our farm force in action, sowing lespedeza seed. This has become a most valuable crop at the School in the last few years, both as a high grade soil builder and in producing hay of excellent quality.

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Our poultryman reports that egg production is increasing with the coming of warmer weather. A change of this kind is always welcome, especially where there are so many people to feed. The "fruit of the hen", whether cooked on both sides, coming to us with one eye open or sunny side up, cannot be beaten, in popularity or in physical rehabilitation.

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The contrast in the weather this week as compared with that of last week is almost unbelievable, and infuses life into all at the School. Last week we had snow and slush, but this week has brought us invigorating sunshine and warm breezes, that make us call for flowers, gardens and general cleaning-up around the premises. On all sides one can see evidence of new life, which will later show itself in the appearance of the campus, fields and gardens.

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During the past few days we have noticed Mr. Walker and his boys working on the flower beds in various sections of the campus. Several matrons and groups of boys have been setting out plants near their respective cottages. Bunches of that sweet-smelling flowering shrub, called the "First Breath of Spring," occupied places on dining-room tables the other day. Small boys may be seen flying kites daily; shooting marbles is quite popular; and even a few baseballs and gloves have made their appearance. All of which is a pretty good sign that spring cannot be far away.

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Rev. E. S. Summers, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Concord, conducted the service at the School last Sunday afternoon. In his message to the boys he cited the cases of two

of America's noted women, who became nationally famous despite serious physical handicaps. The first one mentioned was Helen Keller, well-known writer and lecturer, who was blind and deaf from babyhood, and because of a serious illness when she was about two years old, her power of speech was dormant. At the age of eight years she became a pupil of Miss Anne Sullivan, of the Perkins Institution for the Blind, in Boston, who taught her the deaf and dumb language by touch, and to read by feeling raised points which represent letters, known as the Braille system. A special typewriter was made for her by which she did all her writing. Later, she was taught to talk, though imperfectly; the power of correct speech was developed in time, and today Helen Keller is able to interest large audiences in her lectures. In addition to mastering the English language, she speaks French and German fluently. When Helen was a child, her teacher began by taking her to the pump and pumping water on her hands, in an effort to make her understand what it was. From that beginning, by reason of the most painstaking efforts on the part of both teacher and pupil, she gradually overcame her handicaps, until she is now one of the best known characters in the world.

The second case mentioned by the speaker, was that of Laura Bridgeman, who, when she was two years old, a servere illness rendered her blind, deaf and dumb, and to some extent deprived her of the senses of small and taste. When she was eight years old, the famous Dr. Samuel G. Howe, of Perkins Institute, became interested in her, and wondered how he might be able to get a message across to the child. He decided to go to her home at exactly the same time every morning. For three or four months he made daily visits, and, holding her hand very firmly, read to her. His next step was to visit her and hold her hand without reading anything. On the first day he noticed no change in the child. He did the same thing the following morning, with the same result. As he held her hand the third morning without reading to her, he noticed that Laura seemed quite restless. This continued for a week, with the same result. He again tried reading to her as in the beginning, and she became quiet. From that time her development became phenomenal. She realized that someone was trying to do something for her, and tried with all her soul to get the message. She made rapid progress, and in due time learned to read and write, to reason, and to think well, also becoming quite adept at household work,, especially sewing by hand and on the machine. After receiving her education, Miss Bridgman became a teacher in the Perkins Institution.

Rev. Mr. Summers then stated how thankful we should be that we were not born under such handicaps. He told the boys that we were all born with the ability to cry, quarrel, play, sing, eat, etc., but the first lesson we must learn that someone is trying to tell us something. Probably the first one to do this was our mother, as she tried to tell while just a baby, how much she loved us. Of course we were too small to realize just who

she was, but were soon able to understand that she loved us.

In the spring, continued the speaker, the voice of nature speaks to us in the song of the birds, the babbling of the brook, and the whisper of the gentle breezes, causing us to take notice of God's handiwork, and to recognize Him as the Great Creator, from whom cometh all good things. There is nothing finer for us to study than the beauty of nature.

Not only do our parents speak to us as children, said Rev. Mr. Summers, as they try to guide our childish footsteps in the right direction, but our teachers in school make great efforts to direct our thoughts. Then, as we grow older, we hear the voice of our government admonishing us as to the value of citizenship. Do we listen to these teachers as they tell us how to conduct ourselves? Do we pay attention to the lessons concerning how to live and let live, always recognizing the rights of others? In school our teachers try to tell us something worthwhile. In some cases there are found poor teachers, and in others the pupils are not so good, but in most instances we will learn if we will but try to get the message. Perhaps those same teachers would rather be doing something else, but they keep on trying to help us because they consider it a duty to do something for others.

The voice of the Church and the voice of the Gospel speaks to us, said Rev. Mr. Summers, telling us not only how to live here, but how to live in a world far better than this, when our days on earth are over. The voice of God speaks to both the old and young. Are we willing to listen to Him? Just as the little girls, Helen and Laura Bridgman, were able to get the messages their kind instructors tried to make them understand, we, too, will get God's messages, if we will only make the effort to do so.

The speaker then told of a woman of his acquaintance who had been blind since she was a very young girl. Despite her handicaps, she was able to touch a tree, feel its leaves, and tell what kind of a tree it was. Sometimes she could tell the color of a pice of cloth by merely touching it. We cannot do these things because we have not developed the sense of touch to that extent.

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Summers told the boys not to forget that the voice of God is speaking to us day by day, and urged them to respond to His call, through Jesus Christ, by giving our lives to Him, letting Him guide us along the great pathway of life. If we do this, there can be no doubt about being able to enjoy to the fullest extent the joys of the life beyond .

There is only one difference after all between the successful and the unsuccessful man. They both have ideas, but the successful man does something with them. The unsuccessful man simply wishes and day-dreams about his ideas.

—Ralph Barstow.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending March 8, 1942

RECEIVING COTTAGE
Wade Aycoth
Carl Barrier
John Hogsed
Edward Moore
Robert Padgett
Weaver F. Ruff
Malcom Seymour
Edgar Simmons

COTTAGE NO. 1
(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE NO. 2
Henry Barnes
Dewell Cooper
John D. Davis
Virgil Lane
James McGlammery
Luther McIntyre
John Prichard
Charles Tate
Newman Tate
Peter Tuttle

COTTAGE NO. 3
John Bailey
Grover Beaver
Robert Coleman
Joseph Dew
Robert Hare
Jerry Jenkins
Dewey Lanning
Robert Quick
Elbert Russ
Earl Smith
William T. Smith
John Tolley

COTTAGE NO. 4
John Fargis
William Morgan
B. J. Smith
Woodrow Wilson
Thomas Yates

COTTAGE NO. 5
Levett Ballard
Theodore Bowles
Charles Brookshire
John Gardner
Jack Grant
J. H. Peek

COTTAGE NO. 6
Elgin Atwood
William Harding
Gerald Kermon
Durwood Martin
Charles Pitman
Jesse Peavy
Reitzel Southern
Houston Turner
Wesley Turner
William Wilkerson

COTTAGE NO. 7
John H. Averitte
Hurley Bell
Laney Broome
Henry Butler
William Butler
George Green
J. B. Hensley
Edward Loftin
John Mazoo
Ernest Overcash
Durham Smith

COTTAGE NO. 8
Cecil Bennett
Jack Crawford
Jesse Cunningham
Jack Hamilton
Samuel Kirksey
Junior Shell
Walker Warr
Ronald Washam
James C. Wiggins

COTTAGE NO. 9
Gerald Amos
Cecil Caldwell
Leonard Church
David Cunningham
James Hale
Wilbur Harding
William Hart
Edgar Hedgepeth
Daniel Kilpatrick
Marvin Matheson
Lloyd Mullis
James Ruff

Hubert Smith

COTTAGE NO. 10

Roy Barnett
Amon Drymon
Charles Phillips
Robert Stephenson
Jack Warren
Torrence Ware

COTTAGE NO. 11

J. C. Allen
Noah Brown
Bert Barnhardt
Charles Frye
Robert Goldsmith
Sam Stewart
Canipe Shoe

COTTAGE NO. 12

Jay Brannock
Jack Bright
William Deaton
Treley Frankum
Marvin Howard
Douglas Holt
Jerome Harris
James Mondie
Simon Quick
Jesse Smith
Charles Simpson
Carl Tyndall
J. R. Whitman
Roy Womack

COTTAGE NO. 13

Bayard Aldridge
James Brewer
Charles Gaddy
Richard Kye
James Lane
Fred Rhodes
Melvin Roland
Charles Sloan

COTTAGE NO. 14

John Baker
Robert Caudle
Henry Ennis
Audie Farthing
Marvin King
Edward Kinion
William Lanford
William Lane
Roy Mumford
Charles McCoyle
Glenn McCall
John Maples
Robert Moose
Joseph McKinney
John Reep
John Robbins
James Roberson
Theodore Young

COTTAGE NO. 15

(No Honor Roll)

INDIAN COTTAGE

Frank Chavis
George Gaddy
Edward Hall
Cecir Jacobs
Ernest Jacobs
James Lochlear
Herbert Lochlear
Lester Lochlear
Leroy Lowry
Louis Stafford

Here is some sound advice given by the father of the seven Fisher brothers, makers of the famous Fisher bodies for automobiles: "Never contract a debt unless you are sure you can pay; never make a promise unless you can keep it; and never expect to accomplish anything worthwhile without had work."

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CAROLINA

MAR 2 4 1942

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXX CONCORD, N. C., MARCH 21, 1942 No. 12

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BE A FRIEND

My religion doesn't hinge
On some one rite or word;
I hold that any honest prayer
A mortal makes is heard;
To love a church is well enough,
But some get cold with pride,
And quite forget their fellowmen
For whom the Saviour died;
I fancy he best worships God,
When all is said and done,
Who tries to be from day to day
A friend to everyone.

—Author Unknown.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

SALUTE THE FLAGS

It doesn't cause much excitement except in very limited circles when a member of a religious sect refuses to salute the flag. Most of us pass it over with a shrug. That's the way that particular crowd of people feel about flags. They would not salute the flag of any other country.

Such people are very much in the minority. They may forbid their children to salute the flag, but most of us have no such scruples. Our children "pledge allegiance," day after day. They pledge with fervor. We are glad of it.

Indeed, we ourselves feel no disloyalty to our church when we have occasion to do the same thing. There is certainly nothing anti-religious in the pledge to the flag of the United States of America, and I presume the formulas used in other American countries are much the same. To pledge our allegiance to the highest things in the country we love is to many of us a prayer that those best and noblest things may triumph over all that is base and mean in our nation. We express aloud our determination that "liberty and justice for all" shall be as nearly perfect here as they can be on earth.

There is another flag which we salute in our church schools along with the flag of our particular government. That is the Christian flag. Perhaps you know the pledge: "I pledge allegiance to my flag and to the Saviour for Whose Kingdom it stands—one brotherhood, uniting all mankind in service and love."

This is a very good time to implant in our children, as well as to nurture in our grown people, a love for that flag. It is that flag, or the spirit of that flag, which must fly over the world if we are ever to know lasting peace.

Christianity never destroys anything that is good. In its highest form, love of country is closely akin to love of God and love of one's neighbor. Like other human emotions, it has lower forms that are base and even hideous. But it can be a pure and selfless thing that means more to us than life. It can make us want to lay down our lives for our friends. Such an emotion Christianity would not destroy.

Christianity adds to what is good and makes it still better. It looks forward to the time when we can feel for all mankind that same brotherhood that we feel for fellow countrymen in times of stress. By all means, let us salute the flags!—Selected.

MIRACLES OF NATURE

During the months of January, February and March, the weather has been variable. The low temperature, a few degrees above zero,

was unusual for this section of the state and the extreme cold weather was keenly felt, but we are happy to note there were no reports of suffering among the indigent. The month of February ended with a heavy snow-storm and soon thereafter, the first week in March, another snow followed, presenting a lovely picture of large whirling snow-flakes that soon covered Mother Earth with a blanket of white ermine.

Along with the snows came heavy rains and high winds, with an occasional balmy day sandwiched in between. Such weather conditions, deep snows and much rainfall, were sadly needed because of a shortage of water, therefore, the old adage, "it's an ill wind that blows no good," proved quite true. At present the weather is balmy, trees are budding, jonquils and yellow bells are blossoming, but this is only the middle of March, and as we thoroughly understand March weather is generally accepted as being somewhat treacherous, it is wise not to make sudden changes in wearing apparel or let furnace fires go out.

There is satisfaction in feeling the most severe weather at least is in the past for a season. Moreover, the farmers will be making plans to prepare the fields for the largest crops of grain and all other foods to meet the demands of national defense. No season of the year carries more pleasant surprises than does spring. It seems all but unbelievable that so soon after freezing weather, the yellow daffodils, crocuses and other early blooming flowers should burst forth and seem to express "we are here in due time and nothing can stop us." The miracles of nature are ours to accept and enjoy with the same faith that we accept Him as the Maker and Giver of all good things on earth and in the sea.

* * * * * * * *

BEWARE OF "SCAVENGERS"

It is with peculiar interest that we look back a few months and recall many amusing incidents concerning the activities of young boys when collecting old aluminum for national defense. The reward at that time was a pass into theatres of cities where the young Americans lived. During this particular "scavenger hunt," from different sources came the information that mothers found missing some very necessary cooking utensils, such as expensive roasters, coffee

pots and other kitchen equipment. The youngsters felt that they were privileged to take things belonging to mother. Such caprices were inspired by a latent desire to excel, and the lure of passes to the movies pepped them up.

Boys are alike the world over. Their little minds work. They adore a contest and will work like bees in a hive to answer a call that invites the interest of others in their rank and file. In Wabash, Illinois, a recent amusing incident told how Boy Scouts will do their bit to render a service. We quote: "Lew Kretzmeier telephoned his laundry to find out why it had not sent back his clothes. The laundryman said he had never picked them up. Kretzmeier was puzzled until he happened to remember that on the same day he had put the dirty clothes on his front porch for the laundryman, Boy Scouts had been collecting rags for national defense purposes. Hours afterward, after two junk yards had been searched, the missing laundry turned up in a bale of old rags."

There is a latent ambition in the mind of every youngster, and this same little fellow will study ways and means to reach his goal. From observation as well as experience, we feel that a person devoid of ambition is either physically or mentally lacking. The thing most needed in the development of youngsters is fine training in a clean environment. Normal boys are not bad, but are fired with the zeal to excel, so take note of dates for "scavenger hunts," and do not place bundles of value on your front porch that may be taken by mistake.

* * * * * * * *

HE CAN'T TAKE IT

We read recently that "William Tell," one of the world's most popular dramas, which came from the facile pen of Johann Schiller, in 1804, had been barred from the stages of all German theatres. While this masterpiece by the great German poet may not be historically correct, it glorifies the stern resistance of the Swiss people to tyranny, more than six hundred years ago. It typifies the spirit that gave this small nation its freedom from human bondage. Of course, if that arch villain and No. 1 gangster, Adolph Hitler, were questioned as to his reason for barring the play, he would never admit that it was done because it featured the Swiss people's revolt

against the oppressive rule of his native Austria. Since "an apple a day keeps the doctor away"—and since the German army is sadly in need of expert medical care, especially that part of it which experienced such a hard winter in Russia—we presume Adolph would say that closing the doors on the production of "William Tell" was merely a measure of apple conservation. If apples will have any effect on headaches, he had better lay in a generous supply for both himself and his Charlie McCarthy over there in Rome, and to save a few cores for the little yellow Hirohito. After the war is over, they will need them!

* * * * * * * *

COTTON IN DEFENSE

No other crop supplies all of the essential materials produced from cotton, and the nation's supply depends upon the volume produced here in the cotton belt. More fats and oils are needed for human food, and the South's cottonseed oil ranks with butter and lard as a leading source of food fats in the United States.

More protein is needed for increased production of livestock in the giant "Food for Freedom" program. Cottonseed meal is the nation's most widely-used protein concentrate, and cottonseed hulls are a valuable roughage.

More and more munitions are needed; cotton linters are an essential raw material for the munitions industry.

Because thses facts are taken from a cotton industry journal, the Cottonseed Products Association's Educational Service, makes them no less true. For regardless of changed and changing conditions, cotton as a crop, while an ever present and pressing problem to farmers in the Cotton Belt States, holds the active interest of thousands upon thousands of farm families.

All this is merely by way of impressing on cotton growers of this section the importance of securing maximum yields—through planting full acreage allotments, using and marketing the maximum amount of cotton seed from every acre.

Every cotton grower, we believe, should make an "all out" effort to secure the maximum production from his 1942 acreage and use his cottonseed feed products needed for "Food for Freedom."

—Hertford Herald.

TREASURE ISLANDS

When we were children most of us dreamed of hunting buried treasure. Today we can make that dream come true. We can really have our treasure hunts. For in every part of the country men and women are digging for valuable metals, searching in unlikely places, scouring their homes and their yards, remembering things they had forgotten and half-forgotten many years ago.

Today our factories need scrap iron, rubber, waste paper, pieces of copper and other metals. They must have them so that they can produce more steel, more rubber, more weapons.

There's no telling where we'll find the scrap they need. It might be anywhere, for there are treasure islands all around us. Some people have found valuable "junk" tucked away and un-remembered in attics, cellars, garages, barns. Employees in one factory even dug up the ground around their plant and uncovered 50 tons of metal in odds and ends that had been thrown away in previous years.

Their action gave some one an idea, and that idea is spreading. Today throughout America people are organizing treasure hunts to search for scrap. Treasure hunting has become a game that all of us can play—and must play—to help America win the war.

—Morganton News Herald.

* * * * * * * *

Whatever may have been the treatment accorded it at home, the Bible is going over big in the camps. When the chief chaplain in the Fourth Corps Area near Atlanta, Col. John Axton, announced to the soldiers that he would furnish free Testaments to all who desired them, as authorized by their respective Protestant, Catholic or Jewish houses of faith, requests poured in at once from all over the Area to the number of 166,101, with many others added later. A similar demonstration at Fort Benning, Georgia, the seat of "the largest infantry school in the world," brought in a request from 19,827 Protestants, 6,455 Catholics, and 843 Jews.—J. F. Seebach.

A PROCLAMATION BY THE GOVERNOR

WHEREAS, for the defense and protection of those liberties which we as citizens of North Carolina and the United States of America enjoy and are pledged to defend, a permanent reservoir of natural resources is essential; and.

WHEREAS, the forests of North Carolina constitute one of our most valuable resources from which materials for the construction of barracks, ships, planes, wharves and other military and civilian essentials can be obtained; and.

WHEREAS, the forests products industries of our state rank third in importance, being exceeded only by tobacco and textiles; and the forest land represents about 60% of our State's total land area, our state ranking first among all the states in the American Union in the number of operating saw mills and fourth in a total lumber production; and.

WHEREAS, during the year 1941, 728,947 acres of privately owned forest land in North Carolina was burned over by fires; and.

WHEREAS, only 1% of the state's forest fires are caused by lightning and the remaining 99% resulting from the acts of man and classified as preventable; and the interest and welfare of the citizens of this state and the cause of national defense are involved in the reduction of fire losses and the preservation of our national resources;

NOW, THEREFORE, I, J. MELVILLE BROUGHTON, for the purpose of bringing the matters above mentioned to the attention of the people of North Carolina, and for the purpose of stimulating more interest in the efforts to protect and preserve the forest resources of our state, do hereby designate and proclaim the week of March 15th-21st, 1912, which includes Arbor Day on Friday March 20th, as FOREST PROTECTION WEEK, and call upon all public officials, agencies of the press and radio, the State's various law enforcement agencies, the schools, the American Legion and auxiliaries, the civic clubs, woman's clubs, and all other organized groups, to lend their efforts during this designated week and throughout the ensuing year to the protection and preservation of North Carolina's forest resources.

Done at the City of Raleigh, this seventh day of March, in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and forty-two, and in the one hundred and sixty-sixth year of American Independence.

J. Melville Broughton,
Governor.

A lie has no legs, and cannot stand; it has only wings and can fly far.—Chinese Proverb.

AUSTRALIA

(The Deaf Carolinian)

Australia, the smallest of the continents, lies wholly south of the equator. It is about as large as the United States and in 1940 its population was about 7,000,000, less than that of New York City. It is said that Australia could easily support a population of 150,000,000 for vast areas of the country are still uncultivated.

The new captial is Canberra. It is in the southeastern corner of New South Wales, 200 miles southeast of Sydney. It is about seventy miles inland from Jarvis Bay. The city was designed by an American, Walter Burley Griffin, of Chicago. The foundation stone of the new Parliament building was laid by the Prince of Wales in 1920.

Australia is about 6,500 miles from the United States. The people of our country have never had much to do with the Australians. Yet, they are more like us than any people on earth. They speak our language, look like us and live like us.

Australia is one of our allies in this war. The Australian soldiers are brave and daring. They have made a fine record in this and other wars. Now Australia is in danger of being attacked by the Japanese.

Australia is a British dominion Like Canada, it is self-governing. It has a Governor General appointed by the King of England, and a Prime Minister. There is a Parliament consisting of a Senate and a House of Representatives. Each state elects six senators and twelve representatives. The constitution of Australia was modeled after that of the United States.

The commonwealth of Australia now includes New South Wales, Victoria, Queenland, South Australia and the large island of Tasmania lying south of the mainland. The great stretch of land north of South Aus tralia is called North Australia. Its population is so small that it has not yet been made a state.

Most of the inhabitants of Australia live in the eastern part. A range of mountains, the Australia Alps, cross that section and some of the peaks reach an altitude of 7,000 feet. Most of Australia is a rolling plane. The climate in the south is temperate but in the north, it is tropical. Australia has few rivers. The Murray River which rises in the eastern highland is the chief river. It is navigable for 2,000 miles. The Darling River is another large river. It also is navigable.

The farms of Australia produce almost every kind of crop and fruit that can be raised in tropical or temperate regions. The soil is rich and productive. Immense crops of wheat are raised. Other grains grow well. Besides grains, the farmers cultivate tobacco, sugar cane, potatoes and other vegetables. Cotton grows in some sections. There are many dairy farms and butter is exported in normal times. Fruit growing is making rapid progress. In Victoria, apples and oranges, are produced. Farther north, bananas, pineapples and pomgranates are cultivated. On the grass lands, millions of sheep are raised.

Thousandsof these are slaughtered yearly for mutton much of which is exported. Horses and swine are raised also. Since the World War II began, many Australian men have been called to the army and others are engaged in defense work. Farm laborers are scarce and it is said that hundreds of thousands of sheep are goings unshorn.

The chief exports of Australia are wool, meats, grain, and dairy products.

Australia has vast forests containing such valuable timber as teak, ebony, iron wood and Kauri pine. There are several hundred varieties of eucalyptus trees. The wood is used for lumber, the bark for tanning and the leaves for medicinal purposes.

The mines yield valuable minerals such as gold, silver, tin, copper and lead. Much coal is mined. In some sections such precious stones as opals, rubies, emeralds and sapphires are found.

Australia has a fine system of public schools and education is compulsory in all the states. Much attention is given to manual training and physical development. The universities of Melbourne and Sldney are well-known and have an excellent standing among colleges.

The animals of Australia are interesting. There is a small bear called the Koala which looks like a Teddy Bear come to life. Then the anteating porcupine, the dingo, the kasgaroo, the wombat, the spotted native cat and many other strange animals live there. In the north, herds of buffalo are found and wild ducks and geese swarm over the lakes and lagoons.

Birds of brilliant plumage are numerous and there are several varieties of parrots.

Australia had no history reaching back for centuries. It is a new country. The Dutch visited it in 1606 but thought it was too dry to be of value. They named the country New Holland but made no attempt to settle there.

The first Englishman to reach its shores was Captain James Cook. He took possession of the land for England in 1770. A few years later (1778) England sent over some ship loads of convicts. Some of these men had been imprisoned for debt or some slight offense. They were set to work clearing the forests, building roads and making bridges. Many of them became worthly citizens. Later free Englishmen and Scotchmen, attracted by the productive soil made settlements in Australia. They objected to having prisoners brought there so England finally gave up the idea of making a penal colony of such a valuable possession.

Captain Cook found about 200,000 native black people on the continent. They were not Negroes for they did not have thick lips or flat noses. They were nomads and lived by fishing and hunting. They did not use bows and arrows. Their chief weapons were the spear and the boomerang, which when thrown at an object would rebound. These people are fast dying out. There are only a few of them left. They live in Western Australia and are said to be the lowest type of human beings.

The word Australia comes from the Latin word—Australia meaning southern.

ADAM SCOTT

(The State)

If you wanted something special in the way of a meal, you wouldn't as a rule head for the colored section of town. You probably wouldn't pause in front of a colored man's house, go around to the rear and walk in. Neither would you make part of the trip over dirt streets, necessitating several inquiries on your part before finally reaching your destination.

No; not as a rule you wouldn't.

But you would in Goldsboro.

It's just another instance of the truth of the old saying about making a better mousetrap. Only this time, mousetraps don't enter into the picture at all. It's a case of barbecue.

The man involved is Adam Scott.

People consider it a privilege to eat at Adam's place. That's true not only of the people of Goldsboro, but of people in all other parts of North Carolina as well; to say nothing of points outside the borders of the state.

Thousands will tell you that his barbecue is the finest they ever have eaten. The mere thought of it will cause many of them to go into rhapsodies of praise and smack their lips with reflective delight.

Adam has been doing more or less cooking for a long time, but it was here about seven or eight years ago that he went into the business seriously. He started out with barbecuing one pig and serving it on his back porch. Having been born in Goldsboro and having helped serve parties of Rotarians, Elks, Masons, etc,. for a number of years, he was well known all over the town. He told some of his white friends that he was planning to open up a barbecue place and they promptly announced: "We'll be coming out see you, Adam!"

And come they did. They've been coming ever since.

Adam's reputation has spead almost entirely by word of mouth. People who enjoy his food just naturally can't keep the good news to themselves; they had to tell their friends about it, and those friends told other friends, and that's the way it has been going ever since.

There's nothing fancy about his dining room, but everything about the place is kept immaculately clean. On the walls are signs: "Positively no drinking, no cursing no abusive language." And dou't think for a moment that those signs don't mean business. Nobody ever has taken a drink of liquor in Adam's place. Or, if they have, they've done it in such a manner that he was unable to detect the act.

No, sir; Adam won't tolerate drinking. And there's no use in going to his house on Sundays, either, because you won't be able to get in. Adam'll be in either La Grange or Snow Hill, doing a tall piece of preaching.

He serves those two branches of the United Holy Church of America, and he also enjoys the distinction of being general treasurer of the church. He has been a preacher for twenty years—and a mighty good one too.

While a young man, Adam served as cook in Atlantic City. Virginia

Beach and other places. He also worked for the Algonquin Club in Goldsboro for about four years. Then he got a job with the Branch Bank as messenger. He didn't start cooking regularly, however, until after he left the Branch Bank. That's when he opened up the place where he is now located.

He is a genial, courteous and affable individual, and it's seldom you see him that he doesn't have a smile on his face. He is respectful and accommodating in all his dealings. He appreciates the confidence which the white people of North Carolina have in him and he never has done anything to betray that confidence.

In addition to operating his place in Goldsboro, Adam also is called upon frequently to serve barbecue dinners at various gatherings. Men like Bob Hanes, Clay Williams, Dick Reynolds and Thurmond Chatham have had him at Winston-Salem, Roaring Gap and other places. Not once but a number of times. John Hanes a few years ago made him go 'way up to Rye, New York, to serve barbecue at some kind of a meeting there.. And when those Yankees got through with their meal they were ready to elect Adam mayor of Rye, if he wanted the job. Adam, however, didn't. He said he had to get back to Goldsboro.

Starting out with that one pig a day, the number gradually increased until there have been many times when he has served as many as fifty pigs in one day. There's no telling how many hundreds of pigs he has barbecued. Why, anywhere within fifty miles of Goldsboro, if you approach a pig pen and holler: "Adam Scott's coming!" the pigs will make a break for cover, squealing like all get-out.

To avoid that run-down feeling, cross streets carefully.

OUR FIRST LINE OF DEFENSE

By Stratton D. Brooks

In time of war there is intense interest in our first line of defense. Where is it? What is it? How strong is it?

Our first line of defense is not the Rhine nor the Rio Grande; not the Alps nor the Appalachians; nor the Great Lakes nor the Gulf of Mexico; nor Porto Rico nor the Phillipines; nor Pahsamaquoddy nor Panama.

It is not a line from Iceland to Trinidad by way of our sea bases in the Atlantic nor from Dutch Harbor by way of Hawaii to Panama, nor the coast lines of these oceans through which these lines are drawn. It is not any natural or surveyed boundary anywhere.

Neither is its main dependence to be placed in bombs or bullets, in airplanes or artillery; nor in any of the equipment required by any army;

nor does it lie in battleships, cruisers, destroyers and submarines, nor in any of the equipment required by the navy.

Certainly we must have an army and navy fully manned and adequately equipped with all the best weapons of warfare, together with all auxiliary services that may be necessary, but their effective use depends upon the efficiency and spirit of the men who use them.

The training that our soldiers asd sailors have had in their regular vocations in specialized technical schools and in the army and navy after enlistment, must be such as to guarantee efficiency. But efficiency is not enough. It is the spirit of the man behind the guns that makes ultimate victory certain. The Maginot Line was presumably the last word in a first line of defense expressed in terms of fortification and arms but it was of little use.

The maintaining of our line of defense depends upon the basic character of our citizens; their belief in the ideals of Democracy; their appreciation of the freedom, equality and justice handed down to us by our forefathers; and our unity of purpose and willingness to work, to sacrifice, to suffer and to fight for the maintenance of those ideals.

Moral standards, habits of character, ideals of citizenship and basic beliefs are for the most part formed in childhood and youth. Consequently our first line of defense will be found in every home where an American child is born. Its most far flung ouptosts are the scattered pre school classes. Its first organized skirmish line is the kindergarten. Its first trench is the first grade of our public and private schools. Its redoubts and fortresses are located in the elementary and high schools, the colleges, the technical schools and the universities of our land.

Its reserves are to be found in the three great agencies for establishing standards of character and ideals of citizenship, which are, the home, the church and the school, and to these must be added as units of major importance all those supplementary organizations that deal with character formation and the application of right principles to right living, such as the Boy Scouts, the Order of DeMolay, various religious groups and scores of other national and local organizations working for the character education of youth.

It should be borne in mind that we are here considering only the character forming activities of the schools and colleges. The cultural, academic or technical training furnished by them may be used, and to some extent is being used, by men and women for purposes which we deem to be detrimental to the welfare of our nation. Of far more importance to the Nation are the morals, the character and the morale of its citizens.

In twenty years the young men and women now from fifteen to twenty-one years of age will comprise a majority of our voting citizens. In thirty years they will own most of its wealth and be in complete control of its destiny. What the Nation is then depends upon what they make it, and what they make it depends upon those beliefs which they acquire in their youth, and what they acquire in youth depends upon what

we adults do now.

Possibly there are some who may read this who believe in communism or nazi-ism or fascism; if so, be of good cheer, because each of these are at present training the youung into a basic belief in their particular ideology far better than democracy is. Unless democracy awakes to this fact before it is too late, those of us who still believe in democracy, must view the future with foreboding.

Where is our first line of defense? It is in the hearts of our citizens. What is it? It is the spirit of all out sacrifice to preserve the ideals of our Nation. How strong it is? It is as strong as our standards of character and our patriotism.

All of us desire to render the greatest possible service to our country. There is no greater service than that of maintaining the morals and morale of youth

———:———

BIGGER THAN YOU

It isn't so much in the words you may say,
As it is in the deeds that you do
To steady a neighbor who's plodding the way
Over trails unbroken and new.
A fool can babble, and a fool can shout,
And a fool can make himself heard,
But the wisest are known far and about
By actions rather than word.

It isn't so much the size of the task
As it is how the job is performed,
It isn't so much the sins of your past
As it is how much you've reformed.
A fellow may sing, and a fellow may pray,
And a fellow may sit in the chair,
But often the tramp who sleeps on the hay
May mumble a plea that goes higher.

So it isn't worthwhile to boast of the peak
You've reached on the mount of success
Where men your opinions often may seek
And your control and power confess.
It isn't quite wise to boast of your size,
Or glory too much in acclaim,
For every man, in somebody's eyes,
Looks and acts rather lame.

—Selected.

LADY ASTOR SEES WAR AS FIGHT FOR ALL MEN AND WOMEN

(Selected)

American-born Lady Astor has thrown herself into the present conflict as a war to the death in which "all men and all women who love and value freedom must give entire help."

She has sent three sons to the army and a fourth to the navy. There is a Canadian military hospital in the grounds at Cliveden, as there was in the last war for 4½ years. Discussing the issues of war and peace in her bomb-blasted, boarded-up St. James's Square house, the first woman to sit in the British Parliament declared , "this is the first time in history that women have had to fight a war.

"They are in it because this is an international civil war for democratic civilization and all that liberty stands for and it is as much a woman's fight as a man's fight. We are all fighting together for social and political freedom."

What about the "Cliveden set" and war?

Lady Astor shuffled through a sheaf of papers on her big flat-topped desk and answered:

"In the first place there never was 'Cliveden set.' The tale of a 'Cliveden set' which desired appeasement with Hitler, which plotted to oust Anthony Eden etcetera, etcetera, was proved publicly to have been inaccurate. Thoes who circulated these tales fortunaltely gave chapter and verse which enabled us to prove that we were out of England when the meetings were alleged to have been held. Alas, I remember the time when we were accused of favouring Communism after we had visited Soviet Russia with Bernard Shaw.

"Cliveden has been a meeting centre for all sorts and kinds of men and women of the most conflicting views. My home was open to anyone interesting who wanted to come there.

"It would have surprised those critics who talked of Nazism if they had known that Ribbentrop never visited Cliveden but that Litvinoff did—he having been very kind and helpful to us during our visit to Moscow. If there ever was anything like a 'Cliveden set,' then Lord Lothian, whom America loved and admired, was its leader. I think that is the answer to all talk of a 'Clivden set'."

Lady Astor disclosed she once turned down opportunities to meet Adolf Hitler and Benito Mussolini "because of their attitude toward women."

She smiled, "the dark age attitude toward woman is light compared to the attitude of Hitler and Mussolini. That is why I say this is a woman's fight as well as a man's fight for social and political freedom. The women of America must realize this and it will be a long and stiff war.

(Lady Astor critcized Prime Minister Churchill recently for having "a blind eye where women are concerned," and told the House of Commons: "If you don't conscript married women there will be great discontent.")

"It is a war that must be won if

the civilization of the Englsih-thinking peoples is to survive. We will win it but I think we must have the entire help of America to gain victory."

An old enemy of Communism, Lady Astor nevertheless praised the magnificent way the Russian people are fighting for the homeland."

"I'm very glad Russia came into the war," she said. "Hitler gave Stalin no choice when in spite of his treaty of eternal friendship he attacked Russia. I am against Communism but I am not afraid of it. I think that the end of this war will not be so much a new era for us as it will be a new era for Communism. I believe Russia is getting back to love of country, individualism and the home, which is the fundamental of all civilized life.

"I'm not looking for chaos after this war," Lady Astor went on. "There is no need for chaos if we all carry out the spirit as well as the letter of the eight-point declaration of peace aims which Prime Minister Churchill and President Roosevelt have made. I think there may very well be a new kind of golden era after the war through the collaboration of the English thinking people.

"I cannot go to America now. I have to much to do here in Plymouth. If you saw Plymouth you would know why. Also I have four sons in this war. But I do want to go to America after the war and talk to the American women about how we can prevent another war. I think that is a woman's job."

Lady Astor, who lives at Plymouth, spends much of her time there working among the war sufferers. But she still considers herself a Virginian.

"I've never described myself as anything but a Virginian," she said, "although I've been in this country for 35 years and have been allowed to sit in the British House of Commons for nearly 22 yars."

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You can't keep your mouth and your mind both open at the same time.—Selected.

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SUGARIN' OFF

By Hazel Cederborg

Can you imagine floundering around in snow drifts up to your armpits, trying to reach a sap bucket hanging on a maple tree? Or perhaps attempting to boil down the contents of that same bucket to obtain a meager cup of syrup? Then you have some idea of the work involved in the production of the maple sugar you eat on your waffles and the little fluted cakes of sugar children eat in spring.

As soon as the south winds begin to blow, every one in the sugar country is on the alert. The stir of spring, of awakening life under the

snow, is in the air. Farmers and small boys go around, digging the maple trees with their jack knives. One day a sweet trickle oozes from a tree, and the magic phrase, "sap's a-runnin'," spreads over the hillsides as if carried on the wind.

What a commotion there is in every farm-house! The sap buckets which have been stored in attics all winter, are brought down, and scoured and scalded, and set in the sun to dry.

It is a great day when the "pung," a low sleigh common to New England, is pushed out of the barn, and the horses, or in some cases even today in the back country, the oxen are harnessed to it. It is loaded with the sweet clean buckets, and the sugar makers are off for the sugar camp.

Of the more than one hundred species of the maple tree, all easily identified by their broad leaves and winged fruits, the hard, or sugar maple, is the finest. It grows from fifty to one hundred feet high, and its top is broad and dome-shaped with an abundance of green foliage. Its greenish-yellow flowers appear with the leaves. In autumn its foliage gleams like gold, lighting up the woods and stippling the hillsides.

A grove of maple trees is called a sugar orchard or a sugar bust. Here the sugar house is located. It may be just a rude shack with bunks for the men who tend the sap and with open fires outdoors over which in large shallow pans the sap is boiled down. Or it may be more elaborate with storage tanks and modern evaporators with canopy-like tops, so that the sap is protected from dirt and soot as it boils, and with an automatic arrangement that regulates the flow of sap into them, fast or slow, according to the amount of heat under them. There may be molds very much like old-fashioned muffin tins only much larger, and fancy once in which little animal shapes, nursery rhyme characters, elves and other figures are made.

The process, however, of making syrup and sugar from sap is the same, whatever the equipment, and it has changed little since the early days.

First of all, one by one the trees must be tapped. As soon as a hole is bored, almost before the spout is in, especially if it is a bright warm morning, the sap begins to drip, drip, drip into the pail beneath. It does this all day long, and when it grows cold it stops until the next day. The "run" continues from two to three weeks, depending on the weather. The sugar makers like warm days and cold nights for then the sap requires less attention, and they can take care of it more easily.

However, there is little sleep in a sugar camp. The fires must be kept up night and day, and the woods ring with the echoes of axe blows, cutting down trees to feed the flames. The sap must be gathered and taken to the sugar house to be boiled down until the syrup is ready to "sugar off," that is until it is just thick enough to crystallize into sugar. If maple syrup is wanted, it is drawn off into tin cans which should weigh eleven pounds net. That means that if the syrup is of first grade, there should be eleven pounds of syrup not counting the weight of the can.

If there is less, the syrup has not been made properly.

If maple sugar is wanted, the sap is boiled longer, until it definitely crystallizes. Then it is strained and run into molds. If a creamy product is wanted, it is beaten well before being molded.

A great deal of that which passes for maple syrup or sugar is not pure maple. Often there is little or no maple in the product, or perhaps a little old sugar. New maple is easily told. It is usually so soft that it is impossible to break it. If you press it between your fingers, it will crumble and feel sticky while old maple or cane will break with a snap.

Sugarin'-off parties used to be great social occasions. Indeed they are today wherever they are held. Anyone who has been fortunate enough to be invited to one of these affairs will never forget it. The white snow still covers the ground all around the camp except for the spot about the fire. The branches of the trees are etched by the ruddy glow of the flames against the midnight blue of the sky. Perhaps it is moon light and the sap buckets hanging on the trees, the sugar house, the barrels of sap, are all bathed in a silver glow which makes them seem unreal. Voices echo through the woods, only to be punctuated by ohs and ahs as, one after another, the guests bite into the sweet waxy mass made by crystallizing a ladle of hot syrup in a pan of snow, the most delicious candy ever invented.

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The best inheritance that a father can leave a son is the training and knowledge necessary to earn a living.—Selected.

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A HISTORY OF NORTH CAROLINA CAPITAL

(N. C. Historical Commission)

For many years North Carolina had no fixed capital. The first assembly of Albermarle, the initial law-making body in the colony, met on Little River, which divides Pasquotank and Perquimans counties, in 1665. In the early days the proprietary governors called a meeting of the assembly and council wherever seemed most convenient, to meet in the homes of "substantial planters." By 1679, however, the proprietors, realizing the advantages of a permanent seat of government, instructed John Harvey and his councell of the county of Albermarle in the Province of Carolina . . . to choose some fitting place in a colony whereon to builde the cheefe towne of Albermarle . . . ," giving due regard to "health plenty and easy access."

The assembly, nevertheless, contin-

ued to meet wherever it was called by the governor. In 1707-08 it met with Captain John Hecklefield, who lived on Little River, in Perquimans County, but by 1710 the Chowan settlement was the virtual capital of the province, and twelve years later the village was incorporated as Edenton. From then until about 1743 the assembly usually met here.

Governor Gabriel Johnston said in 1744, "We have now tried every town in the Colony, and it is high time to settle somewhere." It was his desire to make New Bern the permanent seat of government, and two years later the assembly, meeting in Wilmington, passed an act giving New Bern this distinction. Although this act was repealed, New Bern remained the usual seat of government for a number of years, with only an occasional session at Edenton, Bath and Wilmington.

By an act of the Assembly of 1758, a plantation belonging to Governor Arthur Dobbs, containing 850 acres and situated on the north side of the Neuse River in Dobbs County, about thirty miles northwest of New Bern, was selected as the colonial capitol and was named George City. Although the act making provision for this was never executed, it created a great deal of talk and controversy until New Bern was later made the seat of government.

When William Tryon became governor, he said he wanted to stop the wanderings of the "itinerant Publick Assemblies," and he began to have the famous Tryon's Palace built. This magnificent structure was a brick house trimmed in marble, with three stories, "87 feet wide and 59 feet deep, with two outlying wings of two low stories each, connected with the main block by semicircular colonnades." Eight tons of lead were said to have been used in the plumbing of the house and all of the sashes and four of the principal mantels were imported. The construction of this beautiful building completed in 1770 at a cost of oveh 16,000 pounds, was said to have been one of the main factors in bringing about the War of the Regulation, because many North Carolinians had no desire to pay taxes for such a "luxurious" structure, which served both as the governor's residence and as the capitol of the colony. Royal Governors Tryon and Martin lived successively in this "Palace," as did Richard Caswell, the first governor under the constitution of 1776. Fire destroyed most of the edifice in 1798, but today one wing survives as a historic memorial.

During the Revolutionary War, when there was fear of an attack in the east by the British fleet, the assembly abandoned the Palace at New Bern and met at various times at Hillsboro, Halifax, Smithfield, Wake Courthouse, Fayetteville, and Tarboro. Even after Great Britian had recognized the independence of the American colonies, North Carolina still lacked a permanent seat of government. The public records were being lost while they were hauled from place to place "in a common cart," and the legislators complained of personal discomforts and expensea and, therefore, did not attend the sessions of the assembly promptly or regularly. Finally, in 1788, the Hillsboro convention voted that the capitol of the state was to be within ten miles of Isaac Hunter's tavern in Wake County. There was serious

objection to this proposed Wake site, and 119 delegates signed a petition pointing out the expense involved in establishing a new town "in a place unconnected with commerce," which would "never rise in reputation above a poor indigent catchpenny village." Nevertheless, 1,000 acres of land were bought from Joel Lane in 1792. As one Wake historian has said, "Raleigh was born a city. No wandering prehistoric cows laid out her streets and marked her thoroughfares."

Raleigh's first capitol, called the State House, was ready for its first meeting of the legislature in 1794. In 1831 the structure was totally destroyed by fire, but on July 4, 1833, the cornerstone of our present capitol was set in place. David Paton, an architect from Scotland, superintended the work, and seven years later, at a total cost of $531,674.46 the building was completed. Today it stands as a symbol of unity and beauty to all Tar Heels.

PAYING OFF

A man stopped at a small hotel, and before retiring to his room, gave the manager at the desk a $100 bill for safe keeping.

The hotel manager was hard pressed for funds, and expected an influx of guests the following day because of a convention. When he called the meat market to place an order for the following day's supply, the proprietor informed him he could not fill his order until he had paid his old account. The hotel manager sent him the $100 bill the guest had placed for safe keeping, feeling certain he would be able to replace it the next day.

Now, the meat market man was heavily indebted to his tailor, and immediately went to his shop and paid him the $100 bill he had just received from the hotel manager.

The tailor was made very happy, for now he would be able to pay the hotel manager a long-standing obligation, and forthwith went to him and paid over the $100 bill to apply on the old score.

The delighted hotel manager put the bill back into the safe. When the guest came to reclaim his deposit some hours later, the manager handed him the bill. The guest, to the astonishment of the manager, took the bill and tore it into shreds.

"Hey!" shouted the hotel keeper, "be careful—that's a lot of money you are tearing up!"

"Oh, that's all right," said the guest; "the bill was counterfelt. I just gave it to you to keep, to see if you were trustworthy."

The question is, who, if anybody, lost money in the transaction.—Exchange.

CHIEF PEPPERMINT TEA

By Gladys Fuller Rasmussen

At the sound of horses' hoofs, Elvira Ann went quickly to the window. She started back alarmed. One of the two Indians dismounting at her door was Chief Blue Feather" the terror of the Mission. The other was her father's friend, Bearpaw, a convert of Dr. Whitman's, a Christian. What could they want? She laid aside the red and green braided rug she was making and went to the door.

"Come," Bearpaw said, briefly. He seemed agitated. "Help papoose. Sick," he shook his head from side to side, possibly trying to convey the idea of the baby's extreme illness. "Medicine man do no good. White medicine man gone Come! You help son of Bearpaw, you cure'em son Blue Feather."

Elvira Ann swallowed hard. The son of Blue Feather must indeed be very ill if Blue Feather had humbled himself to seek the aid of Dr. Whitman, whom, she had always been led to believe, Blue Feather considered his enemy. Blue Feather felt that the land taken up by the Mission, even this little piece of it occupied by Dr. Whitman's mill, which her father was running, was his land, the land of his Indians. Oh, dear, why wasn't Dr. Whitman home?

"I'll go, Bearpaw. I'll be ready in a minute." She glanced at the tall, foreboding Blue Feather. A chill went down her back. Curing his papoose would be a very pecarious task. And if she didn't—Blue Feather was speaking:

"Cure'em son," he said, positively. "Well." He turned toward the door. "Not cure 'em. Not well." He opened the door, the conversation regarding the outcome was over. He was ready, they said, to attack the Mission on the slightest provocation, and Elvira Ann, hearing this pronouncement, did not doubt it in the slightest.

"Wait!" Elvira Ann went to the corner cupboard and took down a bunch of peppermint, a lump of sugar, a pan, and a roll of clean cloths. Bearpaw had told her that the baby cried all the time and kicked. She thought perhaps his stomach hurt.

The Indians had brought along a horse for her to ride, Blue Feather's camp being several miles from the mill settlement. She smiled to herself over the fact that it was a much smaller and poorer animal than either of them was riding, as befitted a squaw, even a white squaw. She pointed this out hastily to her father, when she stopped a moment at the mill to tell him where she had gone.

"May God let you be successful," he said, his brown face anxious, as he looked at his motherless daughter departing on such a dangerous mission. "I'll tell Mary Agnes where you went."

Mary Agnes Booth had been coming to tea. Elvira Ann sighed. She thought about her new friend as they traversed the slow miles to Blue Feather's. Mary Agnes, who was so little and blond, whose hair curled naturally, and whose blue eyes were frightened and lonely. They were both sixteen, but Elvira Ann felt years

older. She felt strong and self-sufficient, maybe it was having straight black hair and being so tall. That, and clear, gray eyes instead of blue, eyes that had lost their look of fear and lonesomeness long ago. But not too long for her to feel for Mary Agnes in the new land.

"It's my land now," she said to herself, "and I mean that Mary Agnes shall love it, too."

Bearpaw grunted something to his companion and Elvira Ann looked up quickly. The Indian camp! Her duties were about to begin. She had helped out in many cases of illness since she had come here to this new land, but never one like this . She shivered, but not from the cold. From the consequences of failure. "It was not fair," she thought, to make the lives of so many people depend on her unskilled self."

The teepee of Blue Feather was crowded with Indians and the medicine man was making an uncanny din with his incantations. The tent was unspeakably squalid, too, Elvira Ann noticed, and she was very glad she had brought the roll of clean cloths.

"Where is the baby?" she inquired, after a moment. She could not see him for squaws. Blue Feather pointed him out, a pitiful little figure lying on a blanket in one corner of the tent. He lay with his eyes closed most of the time, crying pitifully, but now and then he opened his eyes, then his mouth to emit a piercing cry. At such moments he threw himself about and waved his arms and legs. A red flush darkened his hot little face. Suddenly, as Elvira Ann watched, he shook and twisted in the throes of a convulsion. He was very ill, Elvira knew that, and looking at Blue Feather, she knew that he knew it, too. And all she had with her was the peppermint!"

"Get out," she ordered, waving at the squaws and one or two men. "Go, all but mother." Then as they stood, looking at her, taking all the fresh air from the baby, she said again, "Go, I cure baby! Stay, no!"

'Go!" Blue Feather roared and the tent cleared rapidly. The mother of the baby knelt beside it, tears in her great, dark eyes. Elvira Ann touched her gently, helped her to her feet.

The medicine man stood outside the tent flap and protested loudly and fervently. The mother looked anxiously from Elvira Ann to her husband and then toward the medicine man, torn between the three of them. Blue Feather opened the tent, shouted once, and the man went his way vowing Elvira Ann had no doubt, vengeance on all of them. She turned to the mother.

"Water," she said, urgently. "Water, lots of water, hot, very hot. Hurry. Quickly"

The squaw looked at her for a moment, but Blue Feather spoke to her. Elvira Ann glanced at him. In his eyes was a look of pain such as the girl had seldom seen. Some how in that moment she wanted to save the baby for him, regardless of his menace to the Mission. He had bared his soul in that loook and he, the powerful Blue Feather, was afraid, dependent on a frail girl.

"Dear God," she prayed, "make me do the right thing. Make me save the baby. And make Dr. Whitman come soon. Please."

Taking off the baby's dirty wrapp-

i[illegible]she had time to wonder where Bearpaw had gone. He had not entered the tent with them. Perhaps home again. She would wrap the baby in her clean white petticoat and her own warm shawl. It was burning with fever and seemed in great pain. She touched his little stomach. He cried out.

'That's it," she thought. "I'll try the tea, and the hot bath for the convulsions. His fever is very high. It must be when he has convulsions. Dr. Whitman says that's nature's way of trying to throw off high fever. Poor baby," she rocked him gently back and forth in her arms, disregarding the tall, stern Blue Feather standing with folded arms at the door of the teepee.

The squaw brought in a large vessel full of very hot water and at the first sign of the next convulsion, Elvira Ann uswrapped the baby and plunged his burning hot little body into the water. It was what they did at the Mission, she knew. As soon as he became quiet, she took him out and wrapped him up warmly again, and tried to get him to take a little of the peppermint tea which she had made herself over the cooking fire in the middle of the tent. Now and then, he swallowed a bit. Over and over again, the bath was repeated, the faithful mother heating water without stopping or saying a word, as the long night wore away. Dawn was coming when the baby began to grow more quiet and to take the warm peppermint tea in anxious gulps. A bit of moisture showed on his forehead.

Elvira Ann pressed a kiss onto his little red face. "You're all right now, papoosie," she breathed to him. "Your fever is broken. Only now you mustn't catch cold. You just stay in this warm shawl a while longer."

A grunt caused her to look up. Blue Feather was standing close to her, gazing down at the papoose.

"He's all right now," Elvira said, looking up at him, "but he will have to be watched very closely for a while, or he'll maybe get worse again, Blue Feather."

Blue Feather did not act as though he had heard her, but his eyes brightened toward his son, and in a minute he went over to his squaw, who was kneeling by the feet of the baby. He motioned for her to do an errand. The squaw went to the corner of the tent and began to bring forth presents for Elvira Ann, beadwork and carvings, pottery and baskets, strings of beads and Indians clothes. She placed them in front of the girl, making signs for her to choose all she liked.

'For me?" Elvira Ann asked. "But not all of those for me. One for me and one for my friend." She knew that the Indians would be offended if she refused their gifts, yet she disliked to take pay for helping out in a case of sickness. It did not seem Christian. But one gift would surely be all right, and one for Mary Agnes, who so loved the Indian baskets. And, oh, dear, she felt very tired and very hungry. She looked up at Blue Feather. He was taking from around his neck a necklace of elk teeth, probably his most valuable possession. Ah, nothing was too good for white squaw who had saved his son. But Elvira Ann spoke quickly:

"Oh, no, Blue Feather,. not for a squaw. Only a chief should wear that. Let me take this, and this, and," she reached for a long string of beads, beautiful blue ones, which she was sure the baby's mother had made. "I like this." She placed the soft garment of buckskin she had chosen inside the basket she had choosen for Mary Agnes and put the beads on. "Thank you." She turned back to watching the still rather quickly-breathing baby. Her head sank lower and lower presently she slept.

She awoke to a great clamor, and a feeling of weakness. There was something she tried to remember. Why, of course, her dream. She had dreamed that she was a great woman doctor going about to Indian camps ladling out peppermint tea with a great wooden spoon. She laughed out loud, and was startled to hear an answer to her laugh in a young, familiar voice. Uncle Dan! And behind him Dr. Whitman, looking very ill and pale, but smiling.

"Oh, Dr. Whitman," she cried out, jumping up, "how did you get here? You and Uncle Dan? Why, I thought you were still miles and miles away."

Then she caught sight of someone standing farther back than the other two, a weary, spent-looking Indian. She stared at him.

"Why, it's Bearpaw," she cried. "Bearpaw went to meet you."

"Went to meet us and hurry us," Dr. Whitman said.

"And when Bearpaw comes after anyone," Uncle Dan said, grinning at the old Indian, "there's no rest for the wicked, or," he smiled at the good doctor, "the saintly, either. He has us well-nigh worn out."

"But the papoose," Dr. Whitman advanced into the tent. "How is he?" He laid his hand on the child's little wrist and bent to listen to his breathing.

"White medicine man not needed," Blue Feather stalked into the tent. "White squaw good. Save my son!"

Dr. Whitman arose from his knees beside the baby. "I think you are right, Blue Feather. She has saved the baby. I am very glad."

"Me glad too," Blue Feather stood straight and tall, and fierce-looking, but Elvira Ann did not feel in the least afraid of him now. She had seen him afraid, too. She felt a bond of fellowship with Blue Feather. If only—she looked at Dr. Whitman—if only Blue Feather would be Dr. Whitman's friend, the friend of the Mission. She started to say so, but instead of what she wanted to say, she said, instead:

"Me hungry, Blue Feather, me very hungry," and sat down suddenly on the floor of the tent, with everything in it, including herself, whirling around. "And I want to go home and finish my rug."

"Feast," Blue Feather promised. "Feast. Listen."

Oh, the din outside! That was it, the feast. In honor of the baby's getting well. But she was so hungry.

Perhaps her Uncle Dan could see that she was about to tell Blue Feather that she couldn't wait for the fatted calf to be cooked, for he came to her at once and, opening a little packet, took out a sandwich made of

jerked meat. Then he produced a handful of dried apples.

"Not too fast," he said. "Don't eat this sumptuous feast too quickly. It's all I have left. I hope Blue Feather hurries the cooks. Maybe that's what he's doing out there."

After Elvira Ann had finished her sandwich, Dr. Whitmn said to her:

"The baby is almost well, Elvira Ann. What did you do for him? Tell me all about it. I was so alarmed when I knew. Blue Feather—," he did not finish, but the girl knew all he insinuated, and how hard he had tried to win Blue Feather's friendship.

"I made him peppermist tea and put him in warm water," the girl said, "and kept him warm. I didn't know how to doctor him. I guess God helped me. And He sent you, as I asked Him to."

Dr. Whitman took out his Bible, but before he could read any of it to Elvira Ann, Blue Feather and his squaw came back into the tent, followed by Bearpaw.

"Come," said the chief, "come and eat. Squaw stay."

The mother went to sit by her baby, and the men all stood up. Elvira Ann did not move. After all, she was a squaw, too, and she did oot expect to eat with the men. But Blue Feather came and took her arm. "Come and eat," he urged. "Save my son."

Sitting in that circle of Indians with her uncle and her friend, Dr. Whitman and Bearpaw, Elvira Ann thought. "What a story I'll have to tell my father and Mary Agnes when I get home. Goodness, it seems like years since I was home, working on the rug, and thinking that the green in it looked like the color of peppermint tea. But Blue Feather had arisen and was talking solemmly to them all. She brought her thoughts back to listen to him.

"White man come," said Blue Feather. "White man come. Take land. Kill game. Build house. Kill my people. Drive my people far." He reached out his hand to show how far his people had been driven. "White medicine man say friend. I no believe. His people build houses. Kill game. Take land. White medicine man make many my people well. Read Book to my people. Not to Blue Feather."

"Oh, dear, what is he getting at?" Elvira Ann wondered. There was no way of telling by his stern face. She looked at Dr. Whitman. She noticed that he still held the Bible in his hand, a worn, shabby volume, that he had carried with him for many years and over many miles. "He looks so weary," she thought. "And if Blue Feather, now that we have come this close to him, if Blue Feather turns against us—oh, he mustn't. Dear Lord," she prayed, "please don't make Blue Feather turn against Dr. Whitman."

"Now," Blue Feather advanced toward Dr. Whitman. "Squaw save my son. Squaw friend of white medicine man. Blue Feather call son Peppermint Tea." He stated this slowly and carefully, pronouncing each word. "Blue Feather believe white medicine man now. Blue Feather hear him talk, read from Book. Blue Feather's people friends. Listen, too. Smoke pipe with Blue Feather?"

"The ways of the Lord are many," Dr. Whitman whispered under his breath. "This, time, Elvira Ann, you are His instrument. You and— and Peppermint Tea."

"I hope he gets to be a chief," Elvira Ann said, happily. "Chief Peppermint Tea."

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INSTITUTION NOTES

Milton Koontz, of Cottage No. 2, returned to the Memorial Hospital, Charlotte, last Monday for further treatment.

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"Pop Always Pays" was the feature attraction at the regular weekly motion picture show at the School last Thursday night. A short comedy, "Ice Cutter," was shown on the same program. Both are R-K-O productions.

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The boys on some of our farm forces have been spraying fruit trees during the past few days. These young orchards are looking fine, and with favorable weather conditions should produce plenty of peaches and apples this year.

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About fifty acres have been added to the School's pasture land, and a new wire fence is being built around same. The lines dividing several other fields are being straightened, making a decided improvement in the appearance of this section of the farm.

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We recently learned that Boyd Fowler, thirty-two years old, who left the School, August 23, 1927, was getting along fine. The information came from a former neighbor of Boyd's at the time he lived near Statesville, who stated that Boyd had learned the barber's trade, and had been working in Gastonia several years.

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While strolling down toward the poultry yards the other day we noticed that one brooder-house was filled to capacity with baby chicks. Mr. W. M. White, our poultryman, tells us they are doing fine, and that chicks will soon be placed in other brooder-houses. If everything goes well, we should have plenty of frying-size chickens after a while.

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The Training School herd of Holsteins recently received another high rating from both Federal and State Boards of Animal Industry. This time it was in the form of certificates stating that the cows had been tested and found to be free from tuberculosis and Bang's disease. Ours has been as outstanding herd in this section of the state for several years. It has received this same rating on other occasions, as well being cited for milk and butter fat production.

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William R. Williams, formerly of Cottage No. 10 and a member of the bakery force, was a visitor at the School last Saturday. He left the

institution in 1938, going to live with his aunt in Concord, and worked at the Concord Bakery for almost one year. On July 23, 1941, Bill enlisted in the United States Navy. After spending three months in the naval training school in Norfolk, Va., he attended a naval trade school in Jacksonville, Flordia, where he studied aviation mechanics until December, 1941. He was then assgined as first class aviation machinist's mate on board the airplane carrier, "Lexington." After spending a few days with relatives in Concord, Bill had orders to report at the U. S. Naval Base, San Diego, California.

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Mr. James Lardner Query, a member of our staff of workers, left the School on the morning of March 17th, going to Fort Bragg for induction into the United States Army. His term of service here began August 2, 1934, at which time he was assigned the duties of cottage officer and farm helper. When the Indian Cottage was opened, he was placed in charge, and since that time, in addition to cottage and farm duties, he and his Indian boys operated the barber shop. The latter duty was no slight task, since it consisted of giving from 400 to 500 boys hair-cuts at regular intervals.

Being a mild-mannered young man, Mr. Query went about his daily tasks in a quiet, unassuming way, cheerfully performing any duty assigned to him in a most conscientious manner. In dealing with the boys, he was kind and friendly, yet stern when the occasion required it. He was a favorite with both the offiicials and the boys of the institution, and it is with regret that we see him leave. However, our loss is Uncle Sam's gain, and we feel free to predict that the same fine traits of character which prompted him to give his best at all times while connected with the School, will continue to direct his course in the service of his country.

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The service at the Training School last Sunday afternoon was conducted by Rev. L. C. Baumgarner, pastor of St. Andrews Lutheran Church, Concord. For the Scripture Lesson he read Luke 22:48-71, and as the text of his message to the boys he selected the 63rd and 64th verses.

Rev. Mr. Baumgarner pointed out that when Jesus was taken to the palace of the high priest, after the Roman soldiers had captured and led him from the Garden of Gethsemane, it was one of the most important events of his life. He was to be placed on trial, charged with things of which he was not guilty. The ruler at that time would now be called a dictator, and as is always the case when tried before dictators, the prisoner would be condemned before his trial. He would not be given a chance to prove his innocence, which is characteristic of that type of ruler.

Every thing that could happen to a person was done to Jesus by those who sought to destroy him, because they were jealous of the success he was having in teaching people the right way to live. The angry mob wanted to show the Master they could do with him as they desired, and proceeded to humiliate him in the most disgraceful manner.

The speaker stated that as we ap-

proach the Easter season, we are mindful of these events in the life of our Saviour. Christ died for our sins once, and the thing we should remember is that now death has no more dominion over him. There are those today who are doing the same thing over again. Not literally, of course, but are betraying him anew by the sinful way in which they are conducting their wicked lives. He still suffers for the sinful acts of men. Our transgressions cause him pain, as did the mob back there on Calvary.

Rev. Mr. Baumgarner then spoke briefly of Peter's denian of our Lord. Even as Christ had prophesied, he denied him three times. When he said, "I do not know him," he remembered what Jesus had said to him, and went out and wept bitterly. Jesus later led Peter back to the real manhood that was to be his, and he became one of the most loyal followers of the Master.

Even today there are people who take delight in striking those who are helpless, continued the speaker. Many times, when a man is dows, there are those who would strike him down further rather than try to lift him up. The members of the mob hated Christ because they had been taught to hate the things that were good. In this day we see the same thing in many countries dominated by power-crazed dictators. They have that same feeling of hatred toward Christ. This is evidenced by the fact that when they force their way into power over the innocent inhabitants of a country, the first thing they do is to close the churches, and one may attend divine service or read the Bible only at the peril of losing his life. While these cowardly rulers cannot now reach Jesus, they are torturing countless thousands whose lives are being governed by his teachings, and who are making an honest effort to live as he would have them live. Holy men are being thrown into horrible concentration camps because they refuse to forsake Christ and bend the knee to some crazed individual who has set himself up as the god to be worshipped. That is why we say that Jesus is being sent to a new cross today. The day will come, however, when this same Christ will sit upon the throne of his Father, passing judgment upon these evildoers. They fail to realize they must some day face the one whom they are so cruelly treating, and will be called to account for their actions.

Rev. Mr. Baumgarner stated that in order to know what true life is, we must understand God. The cross is the key of life, and if we lose the key, we shall never know real happiness. This key will give us new courage for the trying days that lie ahead. We who know God, are not being suppressed. We are not afraid to gather together for the purpose of worshipping Him. If we were citizens of some countries, we would be denied this privilege. We should then be thankful for this wonderful freedom, and for the blessing of living in such a great land. Our constant prayer should be that it may continue to be free from all selfish rule, and that this freedom shall not be driven from the earth.

In conclusion the speaker urged the boys to follow in the footsteps of the Master, adding that by so doing, they

might be sure of enjoying the countless blessings he has in store for those who remain faithful to him. To be true to him now will mean we shall later have the privilege of hearing the welcome words: "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

———:———

AFTER WAR

In those better days to be
When we've vanquished tyranny,
Off to school will children go,
Men will harvest what they sow,
Girls for husbands learn to cook,
Students ponder many a book
And the years of life he spent
In the way the Good Lord meant.

When the madness of the hour
And this foolish trust in power
Shall have passed and peace shall be,
Youth will dance as once did we.
Youth will dream and plan and hope
And with problems grave will cope,
Build and fashion and invent
In the way the Good Lord meant.

When peace comes again to earth
There'll be song and merry mirth.
Sleep will come to infant eyes,
To the mothers' lullabies.
Noisy boys will race about,
Stamp their feet and loudly shout
And grow up, as twigs are bent,
In the way the Good Lord meant.

There's no mystery in the plan
For the brotherhood of man.
Substitute for hatred's grip
Just the touch of fellowship.
In the joy of being free
Life, from birth to death, will be
Joys and sorrows truly blent
In the way the Good Lord meant.

—Edgar A. Guest

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending March 15, 1942

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Wade Aycoth
Carl Barrier
John Hogsed
Edward Moore
Robert Padgett
Weaver Ruff
Malcom Seymour
Edgar Simmons

COTTAGE NO. 1

William Cook
Joseph Howard
Curtis Moore
Kenneth Tipton
Luther Vaughn

COTTAGE NO. 2

Dewell Cooper
John Crumpler
John Pritchard
Charles Tate
Newman Tate

COTTAGE NO. 3

John Bailey
Grover Beaver
Robert Coleman
Donald Daniels
Robert Hare
Jerry Jenkins
Ronda Price
Fonzer Pitman
Robert Quick
Earl Smith
William T. Smith
John Tolley

COTTAGE NO. 4

John Fargis
Donald Hobbs
Woodrow Wilson
Thomas Yates

COTTAGE NO. 5

Levett Ballard
Theodore Bowles
Charles Brookshire
Robert Dellinger
John Gardner
Jack Grant
J. H. Peck

COTTAGE NO. 6

Elgin Atwood
Robert Hobbs
Gerald Kermon
Marvin Lipscomb
Robert Marshall
Durwood Martin
Vollie McCall
Charles Pitman
Reitzel Southern
Houston Turner
Wesley Turner

COTTAGE NO. 7

Kenneth Atwood
Hurley Bell
Laney Broome
Henry Butler
William Butler
J. B. Hensley
Edward Loftin
John Mazoo
Albert Newton
Wilbur Russ

COTTAGE NO. 8

Vernon Green
James C. Wiggins

COTTAGE NO. 9

Marvin Ballew
Cecil Caldwell
Leonard Church
David Cunningham
Riley Denny
James Hale
William Harding
Edgar Hedgepeth
Daniel Kilpatrick
Alfred Lamb
Isaac Mahaffey
Marvin Matheson
Leroy Pate
James Ruff

COTTAGE NO. 10

Roy Barnett
James Bell
Amon Dryman
Clifford Lowman
Charles Phillips
Jack Warren

Torrence Ware

COTTAGE NO. 11

J. C. Allen
Noah Brown
Bert Barnhardt
Robert Goldsmith
Edgar Shell
Sam Stewart
Canipe Shoe

COTTAGE NO. 12

Jay Brannock
Jack Bright
Leroy Childers
William Deaton
Treley Frankum
James Mondie
Jesse Smith
Charles Simpson
George Ward

COTTAGE NO. 13

Fred Rhodes
Melvin Roland

COTTAGE NO. 14

Robert Caudle
Walter Carver
Robert Deyton
Audie Farthing
Marvin King
Edward Kinion
William Lane
Roy Mumford
Charles McCoyle
Glenn McCall
John Maples
Robert Moose
James Roberson
John Reep
John Robbins
Charles Steepleton
J. C. Willis
Theodore Young

COTTAGE NO. 15

(No Honor Roll)

INDIAN COTTAGE

Frank Chavis
Edward Hall
Cecir Jacobs
Ernest Jacobs
Herbert Lochlear
James Lochlear
Lester Lochlear
Leroy Lowry
Louis Stafford

If you hear a kind word spoken
Of some worthy soul you know,
It may fill his heart with pleasure
If you only tell him so.
If a deed however humble,
Helps you on your way to go
Seek the one whose hand has helped you,
Seek him out and tell him so.

—Selected.

MAR 3 0 1942

CAROLINA ROO

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXX CONCORD, N. C., MARCH 28, 1942 No. 13

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U. N. C. Library

THE RAINBOW

Some friends are true
While skies are blue
And sunshine gilds the day;
But disappear
When skies grow drear,
And hide themselves away.

But those are best
Who stand the test
When tempests terrify;
Whose smile of cheer
Shines bright and clear—
A rainbow in the sky.

—William Gustave Polack.

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The Uplift

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

AT THE TOMB OF NAPOLEON

A little while ago, I stood by the grave of the old Napoleon—a magnificent tomb of gilt and gold, fit almost for a dead deity—and gazed upon the sarcophagus of rare and nameless marble, where rest at last the ashes of that restless man. I leaned over the balustrade and thought about the career of the greatest soldier of the modern world.

I saw him walking upon the banks of the Seine, contemplating suicide. I saw him at Toulon—I saw him putting down the mob in the streets of Paris—I saw him at the head of the army of Italy—I saw him crossing the bridge of Lodi with the tricolor in his hand—I saw him in Egypt in the shadows of the pyramids—I saw him conquer the Alps and mingle the eagle of France with the eagles of the crags. I saw him at Marengo—at Ulm and Austerlitz.

I saw him in Russia, where the infantry of the snow and the cavalry of the wild blast scattered his legions like winter's withered leaves. I saw him at Leipzig in defeat and disaster—driven by a million bayonets back upon Paris—clutched like a wild beast—banished to Elba. I saw him escape and retake an empire by the force of his genius. I saw him upon the frightful field of Waterloo, where Chance and Fate combined to wreck the fortunes of their former king. And I saw him at St. Helena, with his hands crossed behind him, gazing out upon the sad and solemn sea.

I thought of the orphans and widows he had made—of the tears that had been shed for his glory, and of the only woman who ever loved him pushed from his heart by the cold hand of ambition. And I said I would rather have been a French peasant and worn wooden shoes. I would rather have lived in a hut with a vine growing over the door, and the grapes growing purple in the kisses of the autumn sun. I would rather have been that poor peasant with my loving wife by my side, knitting as the day dies out of the sky—with my children upon my knees and their arms about me—I would rather have been that man and gone down to the tongueless silence of the dreamless dust, than to have been that emperial impersonation of force and murder, known as "Napoleon the Great."—Robert G. Ingersoll.

SPRING IS HERE

The first day of Spring, March 21st, did not bring forth a warm glow of sunshine, but instead a cold, drizzling rain throughout the entire day presented a gloomy and disagreeable outlook for

pedestrians. But realizing that every cloud has a silver lining, we know that Spring will soon be here in all of its beauty, freshness and fragrance of the colorful flowers, that mark the approach of the Easter Season. Not only do the warm breezes, the gentle showers, and the warmth of the sun revive the slumbering trees and bulbs that have remained dormant during the winter months, but there comes an urge in the heart and mind of every human being physically fit, to bask in the sunshine and dig in Mother Earth. The urge to plan a garden of either flowers or vegetables when weather permits at this season of the year, is irresistible.

The revival of life in every living or breathing thing is as so intended, and there is no solving of the miracles presented at this particular season, but we accept them with supreme faith. Despite the fact that echoes of brutality of mankind come from every corner of the universe, hope springs eternal in the human breast, because of the new life, as revealed in the landscapes of Spring.

* * * * * * * *

PLANT A TREE AND PROTECT IT

Elsewhere in this issue will be found a proclamation made by Governor Broughton, calling attention to the necessity of caring for the forests of the state, and setting apart the week—March 15th to the 21st—as Forest Protection Week.

One of the outstanding developments affecting forestry in the South during the last decade has been the rapid expansion of the pulp and paper industry. During this period, about $150,000,000 of new capital has been invested in this region in the form of new pulp mills or additions to old ones. North Carolina has shared in this development. Obviously, these pulp mills are every bit as dependent upon an adequate and lasting wood supply as are the saw mills. The answer lies in forest protection and wise and scientific management.

Since 1776, we, the American people, have logged, manufactured and shipped enough forest products to build 50 million homes, 12 million farms, 2 million schools and libraries, 600,000 churches, 400,000 factories, and to create billions of newspapers, magazines and books. These institutions we have fashioned from our trees. The forest will continue to provide the raw materials for this Amer-

ican sort of program—if we will give it adequate protection and wise treatment.

* * * * * * * *

LEARNING THRIFT

Although we would hesitate to say anything good can come from a war, the present situation is certainly teaching the American people a lesson in frugality.

For years we have been pointed out as the most wasteful nation on earth, and have been told people of other nations could live on what the Americans throw away. There has been a good bit of truth in the accusation, and the war has made us think twice before we throw away items that we never before considered of any value.

The darkest days of the depression, in the years from 1930 to 1934, taught a lesson in living on credit to too large an extent, as many found themselves loaded with installment payments for dozens of articles and no money to meet the payments.

These days are teaching new lessons in economy, as papers, old cans and tubes, coat hangers, scrap metal, and other materials are salvaged for the war effort. People have once again become conscious that they must make the possessions they have last, and give greater attention to the care of their electric refrigerators, stoves, cleaners, radios, automobiles, typewriters, and other necessary equipment. The most prosperous business firms are teaching their employees not to throw away pencil stubs, to conserve erasers, to use paper clips and staples sparingly, and to make every piece of paper count.

Such economies were unheard of even a year ago, but if the American people learn their lesson now and learn to put their spare cash into defense bonds and stamps, the tough times ahead may be weathered with far greater ease.—Catawba News-Enterprise.

* * * * * * * *

The State Highway commission has taken a wise step in setting up speed zones in all parts of the state, and it is possible that this

zoning system will serve to reduce the number of accidents on our highways. It is a known fact that the majority of traffic accidents are the results of excessive speed, and whenever it is curbed the traffic toll immediately drops. A total of 180 zones have been designated, and if the plan produces the results that are expected of it, the commission will set up many more such zones throughout the state.

* * * * * * * *

JUDGE HAYES, A HUMANITARIAN JURIST

Quite frequently, jurists are classed as rather hard-boiled individuals, but here is one instance in which this opinion is refuted. Judge Hayes, in kindness and humility, throws aside judicial robes and seats himself beside a young boy who has wandered from home, and causes him to see life in a different way. Take note, please, that this particular judge emphasized the reading of the Bible. More power to this splendid citizen. The following is taken from the N. C. Christian Advocate:

> Federal Judge Johnson J. Hayes of North Carolina's central district will be remembered a long time by Richmond county spectators at his court as a humanitarian jurist who tempers justice with mercy.
>
> The district probation officer had brought a 16-year-old youth charged with automobile theft before the judge and quoted the lad as saying he never would return to his home in Boston, Mass,. and never would return to school.
>
> After gentle questioning, the judge inquired:
>
> "Why did you run away from home, son?"
>
> "Just stubbornness, I guess," the boy replied.
>
> "I think I see something good in this boy," Judge Hayes commented, and then asked him, "Do you ever read the Bible?"
>
> "Yes, sir."
>
> "Have you ever read the story of the Prodigal Son?"
>
> "No, sir."
>
> Judge Hayes threw off the robe of judicial dignity, came down from the bench and sat down beside the boy. He picked up a nearby Bible and asked, "Does anyone in this courtroom know where I can find the story of the Prodigal Son?"
>
> For several moments there was no answer from the crowd which filled the room.

Then came the voice of an aged Negro man, timidly, "Yassuh, Jedge, I knows where 'tis—the fifteenth chapter of Luke."

Judge Hayes turned to the place as he commented, "Now, I want all of you to reflect upon this. The person here familiar enough with the Bible to find this story was this old darky. I want you to meditate upon this for awhile."

Then he read the story of the young man who left his home, spent his substances in riotous living and returned penitent, and was received with joy by his father.

Later, Judge Hayes notified the boy's parents to come for him.

The lad remarked that "Never before have I realized so clearly the difference between right and wrong. My parents will have no more trouble with me."

* * * * * * * *

Alabama has a good citizen in Artemus Calloway, a diminutive small-town newspaperman, now of Birmingham. Depressed by the cultural poverty of Alabama's rural districts, Calloway induced the managing editor of the Birmingham News and Age-Herald, to allow an appeal for books to be printed periodically in its columns. These books were intended to supply a library for every rural community in the state. The idea has been taking hold. When Calloway began his crusade (1936), there were only 35 free public libraries in Alabama. In the five years since, working libraries have been established in more than 400 communities by this wisp of a man; and he says there are 400 communities he hasn't touched yet. "I could use a million books," says Artemus Calloway (lovingly nicknamed "Abe")—"yes, more than a million." The chances are good that he will get them.

DISTINGUISHED KING CLAN

By Marion Wright, in Charlotte Observer

Flat Rock, a small town in the high mountains of Western North Carolina, is one of those rare places that weave a spell around the hearts of those who know it, holding them forever loyal to its beauties and memories.

No better proof is needed of that assertion than the continual residence there for more than a century of the King family. From the day that a Scotch gentleman and scholar Judge Mitchell King, was lured from the flatlands of the South Carolina coast to that mountain section, the family has been always represented in Flat Rock.

One of the most distinguished members of the clan. Major General Campbell King, a grandson of the judge, and Mrs. King, who had lived in many distant and fascinating posts, returned to Flat Rock upon General King's retirement, yielding to the undoubted charm of the place. They had spent their childhood summers there.

Touching Hendersonville on the south, Flat Rock is a landmark of sumptious and exclusive living. There is slight difference between fact and legend here, so closely do they link the past with the present in one continuous chain of events, incidents and developments.

To this day one must follow the same unpaved narrow roads winding through miles of tall, magnificent trees to reach the old homes tucked out of sight and hearing of modern speedways. Present occupants, many of whom are descended from the original owners, live here the year-round. Others return in early spring and tarry until late fall, all of them enchanted by the associations with people and things of another era, held by the scenic beauty of ancestral homes and countryside. Here one may enjoy respite from the exacting affairs of business or profession take time out for communion with nature, renew one's belief in "The God of things as they are."

After hours of mountain travel I was inclined to drive slowly through the residential section toward my destination, catching glimpses of broad lawns and handsome architecture for which Flat Rock is famous, pausing to view Mud Creek Church, oldest in the community, built in 1805. The air was heavy and still. Low hanging clouds brought the feel of rain, and smoke curled lazily from chimneys, telling of slow burning fires in open fireplaces. The mood of the occasion took complete possession of me and I knew that the time and place were perfect for the sort of experience that lay ahead —that of hearing the story of Flat Rock's beginning and of the three men who gave greatest direction to it as a summer retreat establishing precedent for its beautiful estates and later development. And, incidentally, there would be the story of the life-long friendship between the great German statesman, Bismarck, and Judge King's son, Mitchell, as well as other incidents of

like interest affecting the entire community.

With the unfolding of the story came the realization that these men represented three countries of Europe and that their descendants are now Americans. Many having distinguished themselves as leaders of the first order in fields of education, business, the professions, civic enterprise. (These new Americans, everywhere, I reflected, are working and fighting to maintain the free status of this country that made it possible for their ancestors to prosper and help in its development.)

The men most identified with Flat Rock's beginning were Juge Mitchell King. Charles Baring and Count de Choiseul. They and their families formed the nucleus of a settlement composed mainly of Charlestonians but which later included prominent families from other South Carolina towns, Georgia and New Orleans, who came to spend long summers in the cool, health-giving climate. Mr. Baring was a member of the famous family of London and Count de Choiseul was of an old French family which had lost its entire fortune during the French Revolution. Both men represented their countries as consuls to Charleston.

When a boy, Judge King inherited some property from an uncle in Scotland and immediately set sail for India at the time of the Napoleonic wars, was captured by the French in the Mediterranean and imprisoned off the coast of Spain. Young King escaped to an American ship in the harbor bound for Charleston, reaching that port in 1805. Here he was able to begin the practice of law for he was an educated man and qualified for the profession. He served as probate judge for some years, hence the title. Also, he came to own many acres of land in North Carolina, Georgia and South Carolina where rice was the major crop.

Flat Rock dates back to 1807 when it was only a trading post and saw mill. This was before the advent of the Kings, Baring and de Choiseuls. Judge King discovered it as a location for residence quite by accident when with a party of capitalists who were investigating the possibilities for a railroad line to run from the "back country" into Charleston. Greatly impressed he decided to purchase a home site, influenced by the fact that during one of their short stays, Mrs. King's asthmatic condition was so greatly improved that she was eager to return for the climatic benefits. So, in 1830, Judge King bought the "Saw Mill Tract," which included a dwelling house, offices, saw mill and other buildings.

To this dwelling house—the frame of which is thought to antedate that of any other house in the immediate vicinity—Judge King made additions and gave it the name of "Argyle" after his ancestral home in Scotland. He brought a cabinet-maker from Charleston to construct the furniture, rather than to haul it over the long and tedious mountains roads, and to save time. Since 1830, "Argyle" has been the seat of Kings continuously. This was the beginning of that colony from the low country frequently referred to as the "Newport of the South." Mention is made of the summer exodus of Charleston's first families to Flat

Rock in the novel. "Sea Island Lady," by Francis Griswold.

Each summer the Kings came with many carriages, servants and loads of provisions, for which there was ample storage room and an ice house. There have been as many as 23 relatives spending the sesson at "Argyle," enjoying the family union. This lovely old place looks very much as it always has in every respect and is furnished according to the period of its origin. Portraits of beautiful women look out from drawing rooms where once they presided as hostesses. Dear to the memory of all of the Kings is the ancient "Grandmother Tree," with its shade which protected generations of them at play or rest. It has lived so long that its large lower limbs, curved downward in their growth, touch the ground for several inches as if to support an aging trunk, then gracefully turn upward and outward again. But for tender care and surgery it would have fallen long ago. However, it still develops foliage every spring and its roots seem to insure life for sometime to come

After Judge King's death his two daughters continued to reside at "Argyle," after which it was left to his grandson, Judge Alexander King, a distinguished corporation lawyer, who became solicitor general of the United States under Wilson and, finally, judge of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals. His widow lives at "Argyle" now, but from choice occupies a charming cottage across the driveway from the big house.

Judge Mitchell King was married twice, to sisters, daughters of McMillan Campbell of Charleston. He was a brother of Captain Robert H. Campbell of His Majesty's Troops under Tarleton in South Carolina during the Revolutionary war. Captain Campbell was favorably impressed with that section of America and settled at Georgetown after cessation of hostilities. Thus began those two-way marriages of families that resulted in double cousin relationships in subsequent generations and accounts for the names of Campbell and McMillan given to various members of the King family. Both Major General and Mrs. Campbell King are descended from these men.

In those years at Flat Rock. Judge King and Mr. Baring owned most of the land, the Judge keeping to the north and Mr. Baring to the south side of Main street, all of which was in Buncombe county. When a portion of the tract was set aside as Henderson county, Hendersonville was named the county seat, after some contention from the village of Horse Shoe for the honor. Judge King was a man of generous impulse, a man of vision and reliablity, always lending his support to aggressive development of any scheme that meant advancement for the community in which he lived.

To the new county seat he deeded 50 acres, in the center of which stands the courthouse. One stipulation was exacted—no less respected because it was verbal—that Main street must be wide enough to allow a four-horse wagon to turn without backing. His slaves cleared and opened the street and now four lanes

of traffic move with ease through this road thoroughfare.

A hundred years ago it was the custom to rely almost entirely upon the long-established universities of Europe for the higher education of the youth of the period, especially the sons. All of Judge King's sons were educated abroad, the second son, Mitchell, electing to study medicine at the University of Gottengen, Germany, where he matriculated with none other than Otto von Bismarck who, even then, maintained that Germany would become a united nation. He held to this conviction so firmly that he made a wager with a fellow student, by the name of Coffin, while they sat at dinner one day with Mitchell King. By 1870 the wager was won, largely by the efforts and agitations of the relentless Bismarck.

Mitchell King knew the gentler side of Bismarck, not only as students together but as friends and life-long correspondents. The correspondence was often of a friendly and intimate nature,, Bismarck expressing sincere interest in the plans of his friend who began his medical practice at Flat Rock soon after his return from study at Gottengen. Dr. King was the first to marry. Upon hearing of it, Bismarck wrote that he, too, desired a home and family. He realized his desires, eventually. Historians say that in private life he was a kind husband, loving father, genial friend and considerate landlord. His letters to Dr. King are on long-time loan to the Congressional library in Washington.

Dr. Mitchell King "proposed to and married Elizabeth Middleton at her famous home," near Charleston, now a shrine of beauty attracting thousands of visitors annually when spring brings a profusion of azalea and magnolia blooms. They returned to Flat Rock and built one of the loveliest homes, calling it "Glenroy," on a tract of land presented as a wedding gift by his father, Judge King. Dr. King enjoyed a long and successful practice. Naturally enough "Glenroy" is located near his father's home, "Argyle," and the entrance gate, a mile and a half from the house, has never been changed. The estate, however, is now owned by Gordon McCabe and the name changed to "Kenmure." Middleton home and gardens seem so legendary that a flesh and blood relative of the family comes as a surprise but somehow makes it seem more real, as for instance Mrs. Campbell King, wife of Major General King, who is granddaughter of Elizabeth Middleton King.

Coming down the line of Kings to the present and living, we find there are a dozen or more descendants of the first Judge King living in Flat Rock most of the time, some of them very young, forming a new generation.

When Major General and Mrs. King returned to Flat Rock they took over one of the older homes, "Dunroy," built about 90 years ago by David Williams. It consists of 100 acres with a mountain thrown in and was once part of the Baring holdings. For a number of years the James Rose Rutledge family owned "Dunroy" but General King purchased it from a more recent owner, Mrs Julius Heyward of Charleston and Greenville, S. C.

Except for short trips to Key West, Florida, each winter General and Mrs. King seldom leave "Dunroy," finding it adequate and satisfying after long years of traveling according to army schedule. At the time of the General's retirement he was commandant at Fort Benning, Georgia, largest infantry school in this country, and had been stationed in Shanghai, China, when notified of his elevation to the rank of Major General. His was a distinguished career about which he has little to say, preferring to discuss the advantage of life in Flat Rock in general and at "Dunroy" in particular. A daily habit, come rain, snow, sleet or high wind, Mrs King joins the General for a three-mile walk around their mountain.

"Dunroy" contains numerous heirlooms, (displayed with taste, for it is a delightful and hospitable home and not a museum), that excite enterest in those who have a yen for old and lovely things. All of them have to do with families connected with the Kings and to them some story of romance, history, adventure or vivid personality attaches. The small silhouettes are examples. Another is a silver tankard carried by the lusty Red Coat captain, Robert H. Campbell, when he trailed around with Tarleton and there is a three volume edition of Shakespears published by Harper Brothers in 1847, profusely illustrated with wood-cuts by noted artists of that day, belonging originally to General King's mother.

The story of Flat Rock, and the King family—even one as sketchy as this—would be incomplete without mention of the respected and respectable Negroes descended from servants attached to the Judge King household. Lavinia went to serve as cook in the home of the son, Campbell King, after his marriage. She married George Potts and their descendants continue to live in Flat Rock and are a part of its traditions. "The family, a large and creditable one, has no blot on its escutcheon," it is said. Lavinia became mid-wife to the whole countryside, lived to a very old age and at her death was mourned by everyone who knew her. John Potts, her son, is an employe of the Woodfield hotel and has the gentle courteous and dignified mannenrs reminiscent of the old South, and is held in high regard.

It was, however, Cesare and Venus, who had the most singular experience of any of the Negroes of Flat Rock, of that or any other day, for they were the only couple of their race ever to have been married in the little private chapel of St. John's in the Wilderness. At the time of their marriage they belonged to Judge King who had obtained them from the Middleton family.

Cesare and Venus have a few descendants, among them, Blanche Williams, now in the employ of Dr. Campbell King, son of General King, in whose home her grandparents worked at one time. Blanche is a girl of excellent character and has the unique distinction of being a puppeteer. She makes fist puppets that portray her people as characters in her plays which she creates and directs, all of them of a religious nature. Blanche's instructor and inspiration is Mrs. Bessie Alexander

Ficklen of New Orleans, noted author and authority on puppetry who has been a summer resident at Flat Rock for many years.

Of Judge King's two contemporaries in the settlement of Flat Rock a great deal might be written for they contributed greatly in many respects to its development. Charles Baring married the wealthy widow of Joseph Heyward of Beaufort and Charleston. Theirs is one of the grandest old homes in Flat Rock, named "The Mountain Lodge," patterned after old English country estates. It has a private chapel—St. John's in the Wilderness, where both are buried in the vault—which with the original parsonage have been enlarged to accommodate the ever-increasing congregation and requirements of the rectors of later years. The extensive land holdings which the Barings accumulated had been disposed of by the time of his death and an only son of Mr. Baring's by another marriage went to England and never returned. The Farmer hotel, known now as the Woodfield hotel, was built by a nephew whom Mrs. Baring brought from New York. "The Mountain Lodge" under new ownership of Dr. and Mrs. Ed H. Jones, has been changed to "Heaven Trees." It is very likely though that this place will always be referred too as "The Lodge" from long habit. In its finished state it is a year or two older than "Argyle."

Count de Choiseul's first home was known as "Saluda Cottages," but he constructed another and more pretentious home, very much like a French chateau and there his wife and two daughters lived the year round for 20 years. He spent all of his spare time from consular duties in other places at this new home. It is one of the beauty spots for which Flat Rock is noted, with a great formal garden and stone structure, now in the possession of Mrs. George H. Hudley.

Although the Count and Countess planted seeds of culture and contributed lasting beauty to the landscape they did not remain to realize the full harvest. After disposing of all properties they returned to their beloved France and are buried there. A son and two daughters remained here. He joined the Confederate army during the Civil war, was soon thereafter killed in action, and lies buried in the cemetery of St. John's in the Wilderness. The sisters, Elizabeth and Beatrice, were left without income but with the aid of generous friends, established a girls school at Flat Rock, which was attended by all of the young ladies of the settlement. One reason for their popularity was that they taught French "in all of its Parisian purity." Circumstances forced their removal to Greenville, S. C., where they lived to be quite old. Never having married, with their deaths the de Choiseul family passed from the American scene.

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"When money talks, nobody pays much attention to the grammar."

DWIGHT MOODY AS INSPIRATION TO OUR OWN TIMES

By Rev. J. G. Garth

I have been re-reading the life of Dwight L. Moody of Northfield. There is nothing that furnishes better reading than a good biography. Fiction is fine, but truth—which a biography purposes to be—is even finer.

I am always astonished at the life of Dwight L. Moody. He did so much with so little. My second thought is that God did so much with the little that Moody had to turn over to Him. Of course I am thinking of the Moody as we first know him; not the Moody as the world came to know him—that was after God had multiplied the five loaves and the two fishes! Moody had no education, no culture, no outstanding talents to turn over to his Lord. What he had and had in abundance was tremendous energy and boundless enthusiasm—this and a "good" mind.

Moody died at the turn of the century. He was active in evangelistic work up to the very last —in fact he was holding a meeting in Kansas City, Mo., when he was stricken with what proved to be his final illness. He stirred Britain and the United States for God. One of my deep regrets is that I never heard Moody in person. He was as close to me at one time as my home-town of Humboldt, Tenn., was to Nashville—a distance of 150 miles, but, somehow, I missed that opportunity of hearing one of the greatest evangelists of the nineteenth century.

There are two Moody stories that everybody knows. One, the story of his conversion,, the other the story of his consecration of all he had to the service of God. Both have been used over and over by teachers and preachers as illustrations, but both, I think, are worth repeating.

Moody left his home in Northfield, Mass., a lad of 17, to seek his fortune in Boston. At that time he was a turbulent youth, an ignorant, one, too, since he consistently refused to take advantage of the schooling his native village afforded; and a careless worker. "I had to mark the place where I stopped hoeing" he used to say "in order to know where to begin the next morning"; also, he was out of harmony with the church. His first job, that of salesman in his uncle's shoestore in Boston, was given there in condition that he stay off the street at night and that he attend regularly the Mount Vernon Congregational church that his uncle attended. Moody said of this church; "I like the pastor (Dr. Edwin N. Kirk) and Mr. Kimball, (his Sunday School teacher), but, these rich and pious folks at Mt. Vernon make me sick and tired."

The new boy in his Sunday School class seemed desperately needy to Edward Kimball, teacher of the boys' class, but not until a full year had passed did he feel the burden of the

Lord for him. On the morning of April 10, 1855, he made a special trip to Holton's shoe store, determined to speak to D. L. Moody about his soul. He found him in the back of the store wrapping up shoes. Kimball put a hand on Moody's shoulder and made, as he thought, a "week appeal" for Christ, but the heart of the lad lingered ever after on that sweet moment. "I can feel his hand yet" he would say as he recounted the story of his winning to Christ.

The other best known incident happened in 1872 when Moody, then 35 years of age, made his second visit to England. At a conference in Dublin he heard Henry Varley say: "The world has yet to see what God can do with and for and through and in a man who is fully and wholly consecrated to Him." It was days later when Moody returned to London and slipped into Spurgeon's Tabernacle and while he listened to the great London preacher he could hear Varley's statement over and over: "The world has yet to see . . . A man consecrated to Him" Varley meant any man! Varley didn't say he had to be educated, or brilliant, or anything else! Just a man! Well, by the power of the Holy Spirit in him, he'd be one of those men. People in the gallery that day noted a stocky young fellow who wept a great deal: but who insisted it was not a matter of sin or penitence. He had found something out—something wonderful to him. And he was just so happy he could not help himself!

Moody's early days in Chicago, 1856-70, read like a story. Fortunately after he was converted, he took his new-found religion from Boston to the western metropolis. A first step on arrival there was to place his church letter in the Plymouth Congregational church. A month later his go-getter spirit led him to rent four pews in the church and to fill them with men and boys—he didn't care what kind of men and boys, or by what method he got them there, so he got them. They, too, had souls to save! One day in his shoe-jobbing tour of the city he saw a little Sunday School mission; the next Sunday he visited the school and asked to be given a class only to be told that there already more teachers than pupils; that he could teach only if he furnished the pupils. Immediately he brought in 18 dirty urchins. He bought a pony and used it to promote attendance. It was a sight in those days to see young Moody astride his pony, with its back filled before and behind with regamuffins. "Crazy Moody"—his name now—scoured the city for recruits to his school. Within a year there was an average of 600; then 1,000; finally 1,500. The fame of Moody's school spread over the Middle West. This school was, by the way, his "side line"—Moody's work was selling shoes!

Moody's success in business was phenomenal. He sold all over Chicago and the Middle West. In a few years he had salted down $7,000 as a starter toward the $100,000 that was his goal. It was that goal that made giving up business for God a hard thing. The years 1856-59 were years of indecision for D. L. Moody; the merchant in him was

fighting the missionary. During the week, with amazing rapidity he covered the raw territory of ten midwestern states; but on Saturdays he put away his sample cases and buckled on Evangel's sword. He just had to get back to Chicago and his Mission.

1860 he made up his mind. He would give Religion all of his time. In this he had the full approval of Emma Revell, the girl that he eventually married. When asked by a friend what he would live on he replied with characteristic decision. "God will provide for me if He wishes me to keep on; and I shall keep on until I am obliged to stop." His hire that first year he worked for God was only $300—but he did not stop.

The next few years with Moody remind me of a humorous remark the late beloved Dr. R. C. Reed made about certain ministers in the Southern Presbyterian church. Said Dr. Reed: "They don't know what is the chief end of man; they think it is their feet." Moody's days were surcharged with activities but he was giving little time to study. In a letter to his brother back in Massachusetts he said: "I do not get 5 minutes a day to study so I have to talk just as it happens." It was inevitable that a man who used his power so prodigiously, without replenishing, should eventually sense frustration. Things appeared to prosper with Moody and his Tabernacle, still he felt a great lack.

And then, through the ministry of young Harry Moorehouse, whom he had met in Ireland, Moody discovered his need. He was not studying as he should, he did not know his Bible. Moody was hard to convince on this point, but true to form, once convinced, he began studying, literally on his knees . . . His sermons changed completely, he ceased preaching what Moody thought and began giving the people what the Bible actually said. With chastened heart he observed how God honored His word. New life flooded the Illinois Street church . . . Sankey sang more than ever like an angel; more than 3,000 people jammed Farwell Hall Sunday night . . . . and hot nights, at that. . . For the balance of his life Moody loved and studied and taught and preached the Bible and the Bible alone. Mastering this Book constituted college career and seminary course for this preacher. Hear him say after years of testing: What we need today is men who believe in the Bible from the crown of their heads to the soles of their feet; who believe in the whole of it, the things they understand and the things they don't understand!

Some one once asked. "How many souls have been saved under your preaching?"

Moody said: "I'm glad I don't have to keep Gabriel's book."

One writer affirms that he preached to over one hundred million people. A careful estimate reveales that he spent almost 10,000 days and nights in meetings; a stupendous total, which, if put together, would make a continuous revival over 25 years long. Twice he visited Britain, preaching to throngs in all the large cities. Practically every city of any size in his home land heard him also. He never had any difficulty in getting

a crowd, or in holding its attention. He had consecrated his vast energy to God and God used it.

A Sunday morning in November, 1899, Dwight Moody spoke in the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian church New York. He said: "Some day you will read in the papers that D. L. Moody of Northfield is dead. Don't you believe a word of it! At that moment I shall be more alive than I am now. I shall have gone up higher, that is all!"

Later that week he left for Kansas City, Mo., where he was scheduled to hold a meeting in the mammoth Convention hall . . . where audiences of 15,000 hung on his words. Then came Thursday night, November 16, and the time for closing . . . with finger uplifted, he spoke again, and for the last time, his resurrection benediction, "Good night! And I'll see you in the morning."

That night he was stricken; friends rushed him back to his beloved Northfield, where on December 22, 1899, he died.

Moody left behind him no distinctive body of followers; neither did he leave any world-wide, permanent organization to be his monument, as the Salvation Army is the monument of General Booth. He did, however, leave behind him a group of institutions which have perpetuated his memory with a significent and a far-reaching influence—the Moody Bible Institute in Chicago, and the schools and conference grounds at Northfield. Mass.

Among those great souls that followed Moody in his conference work were Dr. Campbell Morgan the great London preacher, and years later, his son, Dr.. Frank Crosley Morgan, whose recent addresses have stirred us here in Charlotte.

And so Charlotte, North Carolina, and the year of our Lord, 1942, are tied up definitely with Dwight L. Moody and his far-seeing belief in the Bible and in Bible conferences . . . . for who knows but that listening with heart uplifted to the messages that Morgan is bringing us, these privileged weeks at the Second Presbyterian church, has moved me to re-read and to review the life of Dwight L. Moody!

As there is no worldly gain without some loss, so there is no worldly loss without some gain. If thou hast lost thy wealth, thou hast lost some trouble with it. If thou art degraded from thy honor, thou art likewise freed from the stroke of envy. If sickness hath blurred thy beauty, it hath delivered thee from pride. Set the allowances against the loss and thou shalt find no loss great. He loses little or nothing who reserves himself.—Quarles.

SILVER SPRINGS

By Alice Gilbert Duffill

Silver Springs lies in a setting of tropical beauty near the city of Ocala in central Florida. When the sun shines upon it, it looks like a silver lake. Sua-ille-aha, Sun-glinting water, the Indians called it; but it is really an ever-flowing spring, fed by an underground body of cold, crystal water—one of the largest fresh water springs in the world.

Like the many limestone springs of Florida, it is ages old. Before the dawn of history the mastodon and other ancient beasts came to drink from these never failing water holes and to eat the lush grasses that grew on their shores. Great skeletons of the mastodons have recently been found buried deep within the springs. Today, instead of those ancient beasts deer, bears, panthers, wildcats, monkeys, and small woods creatures roam in the nearby jungles.

The Indians who lived in Florida when the white men first came worshipped beside these springs. They believed that the springs were the homes of the water gods and that the water had the power of washing away sin, healing the sick, and restoring youth to the aged. It must have been this idea that gave rise to the belief in the "Fountain of Youth," that mythical fountain for which Ponce de Leon was searching when he discovered Florida. In his vain quest he visited many springs in Florida.

However, it is thought that Hernando De Soto, not Ponce de Leon, was the first white man to look upon Silver Spring. The historian who accompanied the De Soto exposition recorded their visit to the Indian village of Ocali near its shores. Ocali was at that time the largest native village on the Florida peninusula. The Spaniards, greedy for gold, had hoped to find a city of marble palaces with rich treasures of gold and jewels. Instead, they found only the deserted lodges of the Indians and baskets of fruits, nuts, and grain.

Today the spring is no longer sacred to the Indians. A few Seminoles live on its shores, but they believe the pleasure boats that ply it daily have defiled its sacred waters.

We find a trip in one of the glass-bottom or underwater boats a thrilling adventure. The water is so clear that we seem to be floating through the air. The fish seem to be swimming through the air. The sun shining down upon bits of limestone and shell fills the water with many dancing rainbow colors. Far down on the bottom, many feet below, the little crabs and other creatures stand out with startling clearness. When our boat passes near the great hole in the bottom of the spring, called the great boil, we can see the water come surging in, enough daily to supply a large city with water for the day.

Many kinds of fish swim about. Some follow our boat hoping to be fed crumbs. We see sunfish, trout, mullet, perch, blue gills, pickerel, pike, shad, and strange, brightly-colored tropical varieties.

We gaze in wonder at the plants

living in the spring. We behold underwater gardens as beautiful as any upon earth, patches of fern and eel grass and beds of gorgeous yellow water poppies in full bloom. Upon a meadow of wooly moss we see grazing a herd of turtles, large and small.

There are underwater forests with trees as tall as those living above the water. They sway gently with the motion of the water. When the sun shines in upon their branches that are tipped with bits of limestone, they glisten with rainbow colors. "Surely," we think, "it was from these trees that Alladin filled his pockets with the precious gems. And in this grotto that the water has carved in the limestone, the magic lamp must be hidden.' Instead, a big old alligator dashes out of this cavern and hurries away.

During the month of March, 1941, we are told that a strange thing happened at Silver Springs. Millions of small fish called menhaden came all the way from the Atlantic Ocean, up the St. Johns, the Ocklawaha, and the Silver rivers to the springs. They arrived almost overnight in such great numbers that the usually clear water of the spring appeared cloudy. Menhaden, one of the most abundant fish along our Atlantic coast, is seldom eaten by man; but as it is a favorite food of many of the other kinds of fish, you may be sure there was great feasting in the waters of Silver Springs.

I like to see a man proud of the place in which he lives; I like to see a man live so that his place will be proud of him.

AMERICA'S OLDEST STREET

By Jasper B. Sinclair

A lot of settlements had been made in this country before the Pilgrims founded their historic Plymouth Colony. Nevertheless, the town of Plymouth can claim the oldest street in the United States.

Originally it was known as The Street; then it was called First Street. In the days of the Pilgrims it ran from the seashore to the hill where Miles Standish built his log-walled fort for the protection of the settlement.

The chronicles of the day called it "a fair street." Today we know it as Leyden Street, one of the most interesting thoroughfares to be found in America.

Only seven small dwellings, beside the Common House and the storehouses, were erected on this pioneer American street during the settlement's first year. The Common House, with its walls of hand-squared logs and its roof thatched over with swamp-grass, was the first

building to be erected on First Street.

There were no glass windows in any of the houses that fronted upon First Street in those days. Brown paper and linseed oil took the place of windows glass, and several years later Edward Winslow wrote to a friend in England about a shortage of both these materials.

Leyden Street today is familiar to tourists, scholars, historians and artists. Certainly it is one of the most picturesque and historic of all our American streets—like a picture out of some Old World story book of long ago.

No one who knows anything at all about the story of the Pilgrims can walk along Leyden Street without reflecting upon those early days when Plymouth Town was young.

Along this same street walked the redoubtable Miles Standish in company with Carver, Bradford, Winslow and the rest of the colony's sage leaders. Along this street walked John Alden on his hesitant way to Priscilla Mullins' door.

Painted and befeathered Indian tribesmen gathered here in peaceful conclave with their white neighbors, to celebrate New England's first feast of Thanksgiving. Here strod squantum and Massasoit and the rest of the Indians chiefs of that day.

Out of their meeting with the palefaces came a treaty of friendship and peace that was faithfully kept for more than half a century. It was perhaps the first compact ever made on United States soil. The Mayflower Compact, you remember, was made and signed in the cabin of the Mayflower itself before the colonists came ashore.

Walk along Leyden Street is company with these memories and you cannot help reflecting upon the part the Pilgrims played in the pioneering of our nation.

They were not the first American settlers, of course, yet they brought to America some undefinable inspiration. They brought to America a sense of determination and persistency that scorned all hardships and privations. They became the symbol of all those who reached the New World in search of the freedom and opportunity that has been the dream of mankind for thousands of years.

While Leyden Street is still an inspiration to scholars and historians, it is no less of a delight to camera enthusiasts and artists. Few American thoroughfares have been more often photographed and painted on canvas than this "fair street" of old Plymouth Town.

So real are the memories of Leyden Street that you would not be at all surprised to see Priscilla put away her spinning wheel and come to the door to welcome John Alden home from the fields.

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The constant desire of pleasing which is the peculiar quality of some, may be called the happiest of all desires in this, that it rarely fails of attaining its end when not disgraced by affectation.—Fielding.

U. S. TO BUILD ROAD TO ALASKA IN YEAR

By Charles H. Ellis, Jr

The highway to Alaska—America's Burma road—will be completed and ready to carry tons of war supplies by the end of this year, officials predicted recently.

The project, long sought as a peacetime link between the United States and its continental outpost, has been started by the War Department as an urgent step in carrying on the war against the Japanese.

Survey parties already have been going over the route, mapping out the precise path it will follow. Hundreds of United States troops are on the way to Canada to do the construction work.

And by next year, it is predicted, truckloads of supplies, guns and ammunition, tanks and armored cars will be rumbling over the road to Alaska, possible jumping off place for an invasion of Japan.

The route is a secret, for obvious military reasons. It is a secret which was better kept in Washington than in Canada, where officials announced that the terminal points will be Edmonton, British, Columbia, and Fairbanks, Alaska.

But just how the road will he laid, over the thousands of miles of forest and mountains, is restricted information, and Army officials are intent on keeping it so.

It was pointed out, however, that, in order to join the two cities, the road will have to be carried over the Rocky Mountains, and over hundreds of miles of wild, uninhabited country besides.

The road itself probably will be of gravel construction, faster to build than macadam or concrete. It will be wide enough to handle at least a double row of the biggest trucks, and officials are confident that, despite snow and heavy winter weather, they can keep it open the year around.

America's Burma road, as some officials have termed it, may well be one of the most vital features of the war effort, since it will make the first direct land connection between the United States and Alaska.

Now, the only way supplies can be sent to our fighting men on duty there is by sea, and, in the case of small articles, by air.

The dangers to those methods of transportation are obvious, with Japanese submarines operating in the Pacific, and bad weather for much of the year making flying difficult.

For some years the Interior Department has been urging the construction of a road, to connect northwestern United States with Alaska. It was urged then for its importance in developing the natural resources of the territory.

At that time, Secretary Harold L. Ickes, who was also Public Works Administrator, suggested that the road be built, and the Government of British Columbia agreed that it was desirable, but was unable to

contribute money for the project.

The route then planned tentatively was to be to the east of the coastal range of mountains, and west of the Rockies, running through a valley used for centuries by Indian tribes in their treks with the seasons.

It was felt that route, protected from winter storms and fogs by the coastal mountains, was the most practicable, and officials here were surprised to learn that the road now will have its southern terminus some distance to the east.

Army officials would not discuss the cost of the road, nor the reasons for the route finally chosen. That it was considered highly important is demonstrated, however, by the unanimous decison of Ickes, Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson and Secretary of the Navy Frank Knox to go ahead with it at once.

There is nothing noble in being superior to some other man. The true nobility is in being superior to your previous self.
—Hindoo Saying.

THE VIEW FROM YOUR WINDOW

By Margaret A. J. Irvin

One of the building commodities that has not been much affected by the present crisis is glass. For the time being the supply seems to be ample. If you cannot do some of the other remodeling you would like, perhaps you can do over some of your windows.

A view that is worth looking at is worth framing attractively. There are all sorts of ways to do it. The homemakers' magazines are full of the ideas of famous architects. They will show you how to bring outdoors indoors most beautifully. Snug and warm, you can sit in a comfy armchair and watch the scenic effects that winter brings to your gardens. Quietly relaxed, you can see the first faint veil of green creep over trees and shrubs. You won't have to shiver in the March winds to enjoy the bravely springing crocuses.

To be sure, in many sections of the country we are thinking more of blacking out our windows than beautifying them. But there is no real reason for the two things to conflict. One of our famous industrial concerns is making a blackout cloth that is black on one side and gaily flowered on the other. If we are in for a long seige of fooling the enemy, we might as well do it as pleasantly as possible.

So if you have a gracious garden or a view that you like, now is the time to frame it. If you don't care much about the view, perhaps you can change that, rather than your

window arrangement. There are going to be gardens and more gardens this summer. Vegetables and flowers are going to boom and many a neglected spot of earth is going to bloom. Many people are going to raise their own food this summer who have never tried it before. If they do not put a little artistry into their planting, and thus provide a little nourishment for the heart and mind, they are missing a great opportunity. If you don't like the view, you had better be making plans now for changing it.

That is taking it for granted that the land that you survey belongs to you. If that is not the case, your next-door neighbor may not relish the alterations you are planning for his property. You may not like the sight of his garbage can from your dining room windows, but he has probably located it in the spot that seems to him most convenient. Suggestions for relocating said article may or may not be warmly received.

If the view is something you do not like, but over which you have no control, you have even more reason for doing over your windows. All ugly neighborhood can be quite obliterated by installing opaque glass in strategic windows. Sunshine will come through just as well as through ordinary glass, but the eyesores will be shut out. On the inside, you can arrange house plants and indoor garden effects. You can install shelves for your collection of curios. You can make quaint silhouettes in keeping with the spirit of your furnishings or representing your hobby. The possibilities are almost endless.

Yes, this is a good time to become window-conscious. It won't hurt any of us to think about the view from our windows. Most of us will want to do something about it. We may want to arrange a new setting so as to make the most of it. We may want to change it. We may want to shut it out and concentrate on the inside picture.

There are not many people left in this day of a shrinking globe, who can look out of the window and see only their own garden or their neighbor's back fence. Most of us are conscious of the great world beyond our own little hedge. It isn't a very pretty world, to be sure; yet it has its own sort of beauty, if we can only see it. The quiet sacrifice of time and effort for people in distress. The budding of a seed planted long years ago in the hope that the Americas shall be "twenty-one nations, in divisible, with liberty and justice for all." The steady, trumpet-clear voice of the church proclaiming that a holy war can be fought only by a holy people. Our nation's toleration of minorities which the world calls foolish and the church calls Christlike. Here is beauty that deserves more than a passing glance. This is beauty with which we can live.

These flowers for most of us are so mingled with the most hideous sights the world has ever seen that we dare not sit and watch in comfort. We feel that we must do everything in our power to change the view and bring peace upon the earth. All our hopes are turned in that direction.

In the meantime we must have a place where we can go and shut the ugliness from our eyes. We must

have an inner life that keeps serenely on its way. We dare not neglect the indoor gardens of the heart while we wait for the world to don a new cloak of loveliness

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We sleep, but the loom of life never stops, and the pattern which was weaving when the sun went down, will be weaving when it comes up tomorrow.—Henry Ward Beecher.

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FIGHTING IGOROTS BELIEVE WARRIORS ARE HEAVEN-BOUND

(Selected)

The Philippine Igorots, who mounted and guided American tanks against the Japanese in an action reported to have annihilated an entire enemy regiment, normally are more familiar with jungle weapons of bolo, spear, and axe than with modern war machines, says a bulletin from the National Geographic society.

"The sturdy brown men, who fought with what General MacArthur called 'breath-taking, heart-stopping desperation,' are natives of northern Luzon," the bulletin continues. "Their name—also spelled Igorrote—means highlander or mountaineer, and is derived from the rugged character of the region they inhabit. The term has been somewhat loosely used to include all the inhabitants of interior northern Luzon, but now generally refers to natives of the districts of Bontoc, Benguest, Lepanto, and Ambhrayan.

"The Bontoc Igorots (ispecially mentioned in the War department dispatch on the action of General MacArthur's men) are the most numerous and warlike of the mountain people. Living in the heart of inacessible northern Luzon, they have been least affected by the white man. Although in modern times they have become more peaceful, they once were counted among the more enthusiastic of the head-hunters.

"Following similar ways of life, the pagan Igorots of the several tribes share certain beliefs and customs. They tattoo their bodies and wear their hair long, especially in the remoter areas of the island. Like the Japanese, they teach that warriors killed in battle earn a place in heaven. Spirits of Igorot mothers who die in child-birth also are held worthy of that honor, while persons dying of other natural causes are believed to find an after-life home underground.

"Most of the Igorots make their living by farming. Rice is the leading product, and the natives show considerable talent in its growth.

Though modern farm implements are so far liitle used, the Igorots long have cultivated their terraced fields by effective irrigation methods, using networks of flumes and ditches. Some of the tribes also have worked mines for hundreds of years. With the gold, copper, and iron thus obtained, they made metal objects which they traded in lowland markets. They live in small villages, and as a rule in simple houses of wooden frames, thatched with overhanging grass roofs or coverings of leaves. The total Igorot population was estimated some years ago at well over 200,000 people.

"The Igorot country, with its intermixed mountain ranges and frequent storms, bringing torrents of rain, long kept out the civilizing influnces of the outside world. The mountains also prevented easy travel between the various tribes themselves.

"While the Spiniards held the Philippines, before 1898, northern Luzon was regarded as extremely hazardous country. Although Spanish missionaries, explorers, and soldiers (the latter lured by the gold and silver mines) made their way into this region, they failed to make any permanent impression. The white outsider was unable to win their confidence and induce them to mine more gold because, as one Spanish historian put it, the Igorots felt they kept their treasure better guarded underground than in their houses.

"Even with the establishment of United States rule, and the beginning of a system of legal justice, the land of the Igorots remained little known and almost untraveled. Gradually, however, the extension of American administration, with the building of roads and schools, was bringing about a change in once remote northern Luzon. By the time of the war's outbreak, the infiuence of western ideas was beginning to be felt both in dress and customs. Headhunting was reported a vanished art, with the last organized hunt, according to constabulary records, taking place in 1916."

It is almost as difficult to make a man unlearn his errors as his knowledge. Malinformation is more hopeless than noninformation; for error is always more busy than igonorance. Ignorance is a blank sheet on which we may write; but error is a scribbled one, from which we must first erase. Ignorance is contented to stand still with her back to the truth; but error is more presumptous, and proceeds in the wrong direction, Ignorance has no light, but error follows a false one. The consequences is, that error, when she retraces her steps, has farther to go before she can arrive at truth, than ignorance.

—Colton.

KEEPING YOUR BALANCE

(Sunshine Magazine)

This letter is a substitute for the Philosopher. Yes, your guess is right—it is shortage of paper! We, too, have taken our medicine." Thus reads a recent general communication from "Uncle Jake" Kindleberger, an official of a paper mill in Michigan, in explanation of the absence of the company's "house magazine," caused by governmental priorities imposed on paper stocks. And the writer proceeds to philosophize on a recent address by Dr. Yoder, superintendent of a state institution for the mentally sick:

The question in everyone's mind when he is around mentally unbalanced folks is "How did they get that way?" Dr. Yoder gave the answer. Here it is:

1. These unbalanced folks worried too much about tomorrow.
2. They lost their faith in God, and in their fellow man, and in themselves.

These two reasons in the majority of cases caused the mental breakdown. In times like these, unless the proper remedy is applied, there will be an increase in the number of these inmates.

An outstanding physician gave one of our leading industrialists a remedy, and he charged five thousand dollars for it; but the remedy was found good. Here it is:

First: When you find yourself down in the dumps, irritable, cross, feeling sorry for yourself, and you begin to worry about the future, repeat over and over again, "I should worry! I will master the future when I get to it!"

Second: There is a higher power, believe it or not, that you can turn to, and without price, and receive for the asking guidance and courage to help you conquer the blackout and the blitz and the sacrificial loss. Read again the story of Job.

———:———

Conscience is not given to a man to instruct him in the right, but to prompt him to choose the right instead of the wrong when he is instructed as to what is right. It tells a man that he ought to do right, but does not tell him what is right. And if a man has made up his mind that a certain wrong course is the right one, the more he follows his conscience the more hopless he is as a wrongdoer. One is pretty far gone in an evil way when he serves the devil conscientiously.—H. C. Trumbull.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Milton Koontz, of Cottage No. 2, underwent an operation at the Memorial Hospital, Charlotte, several days ago. The latest report coming from that institution stated that Milton was doing very nicely.

—:—

Delma Gray, a member of the Cottage No. 10 group and of the printing class, was allowed to return to his home in Albemarle last Tuesday. His father, who came after him, told us that he had secured employment for "Red" in one of the cotton mills in that city.

—:—

For quite some time, at the regular reception periods, twice each month, the intake of boys has considerably increased. As these youngsters are admitted, they are placed in the Receiving Cottage for three weeks, after which they are assigned to regular cottages homes.

—:—

A few years ago, a severe hail storm destroyed many peach and apple trees in one of our orchards. Efforts are now being made to put this orchard back into good condition. The trees which were damaged were removed, and for several days past, our outside forces have been setting out new trees, and otherwise improving the orchard.

—:—

If present favorable growing conditions prevail throughout the season, we should harvest a bumper crop of small grain at the School this year. In looking over the fields the other day we noticed an almost perfect stand of wheat, oats and barley. Part of the farm forces recently added a top-dressing of fertilizer to the oats fields, and the young growth therein now looks exceptionally fine.

—:—

William Matheson, a former member of the Cottage No. 3 group, called at The Uplift office last Tuesday. He was permitted to return to his home in Shelby, July 21, 1941, where he went to work in a silk mill. After working there a little more than a month, he had the misfortune to sustain a broken leg in an automobile accident. Upon recovering from his injury, Bill enlisted in the United States Army, October 11, 1941. He is now a member of Co. A, 34th Infantry, Training Battalion, and is located at Camp Croft, S. C. Bill said that he was well pleased with army life, and was going to do his best to earn a promotion as soon as possible.

—:—

Earl Moore, one of our old boys, visited the School last Thursday afternoon. While a small lad here, he was employed in the sewing room, making a very good record there, as well as in his cottage and school room. He was granted permission to return to his home in Rutherford county, August 10, 1928, and was employed on a farm there for several years. He then became interested in construction work, and has followed that occupation for quite a number of years, and has worked on various defense projects at Savannah, Georgia, and at Wilmington. He has been

doing steel construction work for about a year, and told us that he was on his way to Durham, where he expects to work on a military project.

Earl is now thirty-one years old, is married, and has one child. From his rugged appearance, one could readily see that he had been doing plenty of hard work, and that it agreed with him. He has developed into a young man of fine appearance and very nice manners. We were glad to learn that he has been getting along so well since leaving the School.

—:—

The service at the School last Sunday afternoon was held under the supervision of Mr. A. C. Sheldon, of Charlotte. He was accompanied by Rev. Edward Hancox, now located at the Charlotte headquarters of the Worldwide Evangelization Crusade, who was the speaker of the afternoon.

Rev. Mr. Hancox, a former missionary to Africa, told the boys the following story before delivering his message to them. It goes something like this: A little African baby had been thrown out on the refuse pile to die. His mother died when he was born, and the natives thought he was a witch, and that he had killed his mother. No one among those savage people would care for him because of the belief that any woman who touches a new-born baby whose mother has died, will never have another baby of her own.

The baby had been there in the hot African sun all day, when a missionary heard him crying. He inquired as to why he had been placed on a garbage heap, and was told the story. Of course, he could not leave the child to die, and when he went to pick him up, natives objected strenuously, insisting that he leave the witch to die. The missionary ran home and asked his wife what to do. She immediately went to the baby and took him in her arms, the natives loudly protesting that she would be cursed, and never have a child of her own.

Despite their ravings, she took the baby to her home at the mission station. They had no feeding bottles, but used an eye-dropper to give him first a little warm water, and then some milk. They next made a nipple from the finger of a rubber glove, fitted it to a ketchup bottle, using this until a better feeding bottle could be obtained.

The missionaries called the baby Danny, and when he was nine months old, brought him with them when they returned to their home in Canada, adopting him as their own child. Danny is now a fine, healthy boy, eight years old. He is able to sing many choruses, and tries to preach like his foster daddy.

As the text for his message to the boys, the speaker selected Hebrews 7:25—"Wherefore he is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them."

At the beginning of his remarks, Rev. Mr. Hancox told his listeners that the Saviour, whom we all should love, is the one who will save us. He then asked the question, "What is the secret of Jesus' power to save?" and gave this answer: By virtue of his own spotless life. Christ was a normal boy, but grew up without

sin. When the devil was having the cross prepared for him, Jesus told his disciples that he had done nothing to warrant such treatment. If Christ had once sinned, he could not have been the Saviour of the world. He wants us to live without sin, but, knowing our weakness, is willing to save us when we falter. Christ came to the world that he might die for us. He did not need to die, for he had not sinned, but went to the cross of his own free will, taking upon himself the terrible punishment that we might be set free. It was for our acquital that he suffered. When we are saved, all that we have ever done that was wrong is wiped out, because Christ ever liveth to make intercession to God for us.

The speaker then told this story: Many years ago, in the city of Athens, a soldier in a most valiant way, had saved Greece. In so doing, he lost one hand and part of the arm. He had a brother who had gotten into great trouble, and the punishment for his offense was death. He was tried and found guilty by the jury. Just as the judge was pronouncing the death sentence on the prisoner, his brother, the soldier, walked into the court room. Walking up to the judge's bench, in full view of the audience, he raised the mutilated stump of his arm. People in the crowd wept, as did the judge and members of the jury. Turning to the prisoner, the judge said: "Although we have sentenced you to die, in remembrance of your brave brother and what he has done for the nation, we will give you your freedom, placing you in custody of your brother." Just as this brother had interceded for the prisoner, Jesus Christ intercedes for us before the thrown of God.

Jesus is able to save to the utmost extent, continued Rev. Mr. Hancox, in conclusion. God made us pure, but we became stained by sin. This stain cannot be removed from our hearts simply by our own efforts. This can only be accomplished by the redeeming power of the blood of Christ. The wages of sin is death, but God promises life everlasting to those who put their trust in Him. By giving our lives to the Master, we shall receive power to live a life of victory over sin. He offers salvation to all who seek it. He stands ready to save anyone who is willing to come to him.

When we borrow trouble, and look forward into the future and see what storms are coming, and distress ourselves before they come, as to how to avert them if they ever do come, we lose our proper trustfulness in God. When we torment ourselves with imaginary dangers, or trials, or revereses, we have already parted with that perfect love which casteth out fear.—Henry Ward Beecher.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending March 22, 1942

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Wade Aycoth
Carl Barrier
John Hogsed
Edward Moore
Robert Padgett
Weaver Ruff
Malcom Seymour
Edgar Simmons
Paul Smith
Charles Young

COTTAGE NO. 1

Thomas Barnes
N. A. Bennett
Charles Browning
Lloyd Callahan
William Cook
Joseph Howard
Curtis Moore
Leonard Robinson
Kenneth Tipton
Everett Watts

COTTAGE NO. 2

Clarence Bell
Herbert Branch
Raymond Brooks
Dewell Cooper
John Crumpler
John D. Davis
Milton Koontz
Virgil Lane
James McGlammery
Luther McIntyre
John Pritchard
Joseph Smith
Charles Tate
Newman Tate
Leo Worley

COTTAGE NO. 3

John Bailey
Grover Beaver
Donald Daniels
Jerry Jenkins
William Pegram
Robert Quick
John Tolley

COTTAGE NO. 4

John Fargis
B. J. Smith
Woodrow Wilson
Thomas Yates

COTTAGE NO. 5

Theodore Bowles
W. C. James

COTTAGE NO. 6

Elgin Atwood
Earl Hoyle
Robert Hobbs
Gerald Kermon
Marvin Lipscomb
Durwood Martin
Vollie McCall
Reitzel Southern
Houston Turner
Wesley Turner
William Ussery
William Wilkerson

COTTAGE NO. 7

John H. Averitte
Edward Batten
Hurley Bell
Laney Broome
Henry Butler
William Butler
George Green
Robert Hampton
J. B. Hensley
G. W. Kelly
Edward Loftin
Arnold McHone
John Mazoo
Albert Newton
Edward Overby
Ernest Overcash
Jack Reeves
Durham Smith

COTTAGE NO. 8

Vernon Green

COTTAGE NO. 9

Cecil Caldwell
Curtis Campbell
Leonard Church

David Cunningham
Riley Denny
Robert Dunning
James Hale
Wilbur Harding
William Hart
Edgar Hedgepeth
Isaac Mahaffey
Marvin Matheson
Lloyd Mullis
Leroy Pate
James Ruff
Hubert Smith

COTTAGE NO. 10

Wayne Allen
Amon Drymon
Marvin Gautier
Joseph Kincaid
Charles Phillips
Torrence Ware
Joseph Willis

COTTAGE NO. 11

Noah Brown
Robert Goldsmith
Edgar Shell
Sam Stewart
Canipe Shoe

COTTAGE NO. 12

Jay Brannock
Leroy Childers
William Deaton
Trelev Frankum
Marvin Howard
William Lanning
Simon Quick
Jesse Smith
Charles Simpson
J. R. Whitman
Roy Womack

COTTAGE NO. 13

James Brewer
Thomas Fields
Fred Rhodes
Paul Roberts
Melvin Roland

COTTAGE NO. 14

John Baker
Robert Caudle
Walter Carver
Robert Deyton
Henry Ennis
Audie Farthing
William Harding
Lawrence Hord
Marvin King
Edward Kinion
William Lane
William Lanford
Charles McCoyle
Glenn McCall
John Maples
Robert Moose
Joseph McKinney
John Reep
James Roberson
John Robbins
Charles Steepleton
J. C. Willis
Theodore Young

COTTAGE NO. 15

(No Honor Roll)

INDIAN COTTAGE

George Gaddy
Cecir Jacobs
Ernest Jacobs
Leroy Lowry
Herbert Lochlear
James Lochlear
Lester Lochlear
Louis Stafford

———:———

A noble man compares and estimates himself by an idea which is higher than himself; and a mean man, by one lower than himself. The one produces aspiration; the other vulgar ambition.—Henry Ward Beecher.

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CAROLINA ROOM
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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXX CONCORD, N. C., APRIL 4, 1942 No. 14

THE OLD WOUNDS

The old wounds in his hands and feet,
The sword thrust in his side,
The thorn prints on his brow tonight
Are painting the Crucified.

They torture him with all the old,
Old ache—the ancient scars
Grow livid as the world once more
Engages in mad wars.

Better the cross, and a few dark Jews,
And the black blasphemies hurled
On a lonely hill, than to face today
The mockery of the world;

Better the sweat and the agony,
And his own death, than to find,
After centuries of Light
That men are still so blind.

—Grace Noll Crowell.

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The Uplift

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

AN EASTER LEGEND

A legend says when Christ arose,
And walked in Joseph's garden there,
White lilies blossomed in His steps,
And shed their fragrance, sweet and rare;
Sprang bloom and beauty all around,
Where footsteps of the Christ were found.

'Twas so throughout His life on earth—
Rich blessings followed in His train;
He healed the sick, the lame restored;
Blind eyes received their sight again.
The beauty of His holiness
Spread far and wide the world to bless.

He walks through all the earth today,
His footsteps printed everywhere;
New lights, new cheer, new hope He brings,
New Easter life that all may share;
And when we follow day by day,
New flowers spring up along our way.

Oh, world-wide and war-weary men,
Christ walks before and backons you;
Bright flowers bloom in His steps for you,
To build the world in Him anew—
The lasting flowers of love and peace,
That bid all wars on earth to cease.

—Mrs. William C. Arnold.

EASTER, QUEEN OF FESTIVALS

Easter is often called the Queen of the Festivals of Spring, because coming in Spring, with the bursting into life of the plants, held dormant by winter, Easter commemorates the coming back to life, of Jesus Christ, after his death on the cross.

The name Easter comes from an old Anglo-Saxon word, Eostre, or Ostara, the goddess of spring. This word is only used by Anglo-Saxons. The name for Easter, in French, Italian, Spanish, and other languages, coming from the Hebrew word, pasha or the Passover. It was at the feast of the Passover, that Christ the Paschal Lamb, without spot or blemish was offered on the Cross in atonement for the sins of humanaity. His victory over death was the reward of his obedience to God's plan for man's redemption. In the words of St. Paul, (Romans 6:9-11), "Knowing that Christ being raised from the dead dieth no more; death hath no more domination over him. For in that he died, he died unto sin once; but in that he liveth, he liveth unto God. Likewise reckon ye yourself to be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord."

The message of Easter, or the Paschal Feast, is of life from the dead, both the physical death of the body, and the spiritual death of the soul. It bespeaks of the power of the Christian religion, in this world and in the world to come. So vital did the first Christians believe the resurrection of Christ, that they made the day of resurrection, that is our Sunday, their Lord's Day, in the place of Saturday, the Sabbath of the Jews.

By popular agreement at one of the early Church Councils, it was decided that the date for Easter should be the first Sunday following the first full moon that came after March 21st, or the Vernal Equinox. Thus the earliest that Easter can come is March 22, and the latest is April 25th.—Rev. F. B. Drane.

* * * * * * * *

LEGEND OF THE ROBIN

The Robin Red Breast is one of the first birds to come with the approach of Spring, and his advent is appreciated by all lovers of birds. We have seen coveys of them swoop down upon the lawn near the granary and strut around with the grace and poise of trained troopers on dress parade. Why the red breast on their silvery plumage, some one asked? The legend is timely, sweet and touching. We know that Good Friday marks the date of the crucifixion of Christ. As he hung there suffering, it was the robin that tried with its beak to draw the nails from the bleeding hands of the Savior when nailed to the cross. A drop of blood

fell upon the silvery throat of this bird, running down over its breast, which was sufficient to make a colorful decoration, and, according to the legend, is the cause of the beautiful distinctive marking of robins since that time. This beautiul story conforms to the teaching of the Word: He who tries to serve Him, receives colorful beauty in spirit and in form.

* * * * * * * * *

CAUTIOUS BUS DRIVERS

"If all motorists were half as careful as the average bus driver." a local motorist (not a truck driver) was heard to remark the other day, "there would be far less accidents on the road."

We thought this was such a pretty and well-deserved compliment to carriers who will become increasingly essential to travel as private treads grow thinner, we record it here in the hope that bus drivers will continue to be the careful motorsits we believe them to be.

The motorist who tossed the orchid quoted above went on to elucidate; "If you'll notice," he said, "they stop at every railroad crossing regardless of whether the signal is blinking or whether a train is in sight."

"And while a huge bus approaching you on the highway appears to be taking three-fourths of the road," he continued, "look more closely the next time you pass or meet one. Chances are his wheels will all be on his own side of the road."

No doubt, of all motorists stopped for the crossings and stayed on their own side of the little black line . . . and observed the fundamental rules of highway courtesy, there would be far less accidents.—Hertford County Herald.

* * * * * * * * *

GENERAL DOUGLAS MacARTHUR

The hero of heroes at this hour is General Douglas MacArthur. His fight against overwhelming odds has won the admiration of the world. He has proved himself to be a master military strategist. His courage has matched his knowledge of warfare. He is a leader of men in battle. His men have confidence in him to such an extent

that the number of heroes in our army of the Philippines is equal to the number of officers and men engaged. We gladly join with all who would do General MacArthur honor as a soldier but we resent even the suggestion that he be drafted for some political job. A soldier and a politician belong in different worlds. The soldier gives an order and it is done. He knows nothing about the devious ways of the politician. The greater soldier he is the more likely he would flop in the political world. But if General MacArthur is made President of the United States we mominate that fellow who had charge of the handful marines on the island of Wake as vice-president. And of course that soldier who killed 106 Japs, by all means, be Secretary of State. The talk is simply ridiculous and makes the ones who engage in it look ridiculous. Please let the shoemaker stick to his last and the soldier to his battle. We have an idea that the great majority of American generals would have given as good account of themselves as General MacArthur has. That in no way reflects upon General MacArthur but only that our soldiers from the highest officers to the private are fighters.

—Charity and Children.

* * * * * * * *

GIRL NAMES SESQUICENTENNIAL EVENT

"Tar Heel Heritage," the title submitted by Bonnie Autry, student in Hoke County High School of Raeford, won first award in the state-wide contest conducted by the State Capital Sesquicentennial Commission for the selection of the name of the pageant depicting the early history of North Carolina and the founding of the capital at Raleigh. The prize was $10 in defense stamps.

The pageant, with a cast of 1,200, will be presented nightly during the observance of the 150th anniversary of the establishment of Raleigh as the State Capital. The observance will open on Sunday, April 26, with a union service at which Dr. G. W. Truett, noted Baptist minister, will preach. It will extend through Thursday, April 30, featuring a Victory parade, speeches by Paul V. McNutt, National Social Security Administrator; James M. Landis, National Civilian Defense Administrator, a two-day horse show, athletic events, an art exhibit, and a coronation ball.

Observance of the Capital Sesquicentennial was authorized by

the 1939 General Assembly and it is under the direction of a State committee named by Governor Broughton, of which Judge J. Crawford Biggs, former Solicitor General of the United States, is general chairman.

* * * * * * * *

A FINE RADIO PROGRAM

The Kate Smith radio hour always reveals some interesting instances or legends that make delightful pastime. Her human interest stories never fail to take lodgment, inspiring one to a life of service, with a hope of helping some struggling wayfarer. She recently told a story, fresh and inspiring, of one, George T. Smith, Houston, Texas, who invested $10,000 in a ranch, which he wanted to be used as a refuge for delinquent boys. This fine commenator said that the more boys of that class he could contact, the happier would be Mr. Smith, for he did not believe there were naturally any bad boys. The impression left was that this man, Smith, believed boys were out of step with the right ways of living because of environment and neglect in the home.

The finest philosophy of life that anyone can possess is the desire to render a service to childhood, because when we save a youth from the pitfalls of slime and filth, there has been turned back to society either a noble man or woman. The most satisfactory and safest investment is an investment in childhood—the hope of our democracy of the future.

* * * * * * * *

Even amid the shadows cast by the dark clouds of war, there is some satisfaction in knowing that the total number of American planes destroyed by the Japanese, including those put out of action at Pearl Harbor, is not as large as the number of Nipponese planes that have been destroyed by our forces.

RIVERSIDE'S HOLY MOUNTAIN

By Marcella Craft

The Easter Sunshine Service on Mount Rubidoux has been one of the most impressive and lasting experiences of my life. In the Spring of 1914, I returned to Riverside for the purpose of singing at this service, and thereafter, for several years, I was the official singer for the Riverside Easter Service. It gives me much pleasure to tell the impressions, which I shall always retain, of the many times I have been on the mountain top in more senses of the word than the purely physical.

At the time of the year, when thousands of pilgrims climb the winding paths of Rubidoux in the dark, to await the rising sun, orange trees are in bloom, as well as roses and many other perfume giving flowers, and wild flowers. The air carries a delicate fragrance, and is generally soft and balmy. The moon is full and is in the western sky, and when there is moonlight in Southern California the mocking birds are singing all night long. Chimes are always carried to the top of the mountain, and from midnight till sunrise, every quarter of an hour their soft tones ring out across the valley, clearly to be heard for miles around in the still hours of the night. The little town wakes early, and lights shine their welcome from the windows, as people on foot or in their automobiles make the ascent of the mountain. The simple wooden cross at the top is illuminated by an invisible search light, and as the cars wind up and around the mountain toward the light, there seems to be a ribbon of light winding up toward the cross. As one draws near the top, one sees the headlight of hundreds of cars approaching on all the roads leading toward the mountain, like the lighted spokes of a wheel, and the very dim outlines of the surrounding mountains make the deep blue of the star-filled sky like a sappphire canopy over all.

To sit on the stone steps where the choir is placed, facing northesast, to hear the murmur of the multitude as it gathers, as the night fades and dawn seems almost come, to see the thousands of faces emerging from the darkness and covering the face of the mountain, as closely packed as the faces on some rare pieces of Chinese porcelain, reverent and expectant—no one can find words to describe the feeling of joy and the grip in the thoat and the throb of the heart at the sight. Elijah must have faced such a multitude when he rose to proclaim "Hear Ye, Israle! Hear what the Lord Speaketh!"

Just at the hour of sunrise, the service begins. The Easter mountains shut out the actual moment of sunrise, but for all that it is perhaps the more impressive. The mountains to the East are black against a roseate or sometimes a pale gold sky. The range of mountains to the north are a deep sapphire blue, while those to the west first receive the direct rays of the sun, and are pink and lavender from topmost peak to the slowly descending shadow of

darkness as the sun rises higher touching lower and lower on the mountain sides. At the foot of little Mount Rubidoux flows the Santa Ana River, winding like a silver ribbon through the pale gray mists of the river bottom which the sun will so soon drive away.

First in the service comes the soft tones of a cornet playing the familiar strains of The Holy City. This is a signal to all cars not to come higher than the cross roads, as the service is beginning and no noise must disturb the quiet of the morning. Then follows an Easter hymn, then The Lord's Prayer.

The soloist then sings some fitting song. I felt that the only thing suitable was Hear Ye Israel and I always sang that, and I could feel the reverential power which must have been in the soul of Elijah. The personal side of singing seemed to fall away and only the meseage seemed to remain. Following this comes the responsive reading, and then the Chorus sings. "Lovely appear over the mountains the feet of them that bring good tidings" from the Redemption, by Ground, and Unfold Ye Portals Everlasting," Between the two choruses the Soprano sings "Ye mountains, Ye Perpetual Hills, Bow Ye Down!" Over the barren wastes shall flowers now have possession, Dark shades of ancient days, full of hate and oppression, in the brightness of Joy, fade away and are gone." Almost as if prearranged as in a theater by an electrician, for several years, just at the words "in the brightness of joy" the first straight ray from the sun struck over the Easter Mountains; and during the "Unfold Ye Portals Everlasting," the sun rose slowly in his full glory. It was almost breathtaking in its loveliness. After this the poem "The God of the Open Air" by Van Dyke is read in lieu of sermon. Another hymn is sung and the Benediction is pronounced. Simplicity and reverence—the keynote of the entire service.

PERFUME OF LILIES

By Fredrick Hall

"Miss Glow."

Miss Glow Luman raised her hand. For an hour she had been sitting by the window, with her mother's picture in her hand, trying to make it look like her mother and finding it only a lifeless thing, a piece of paper on which light and chemicals had performed one of the everyday miracles of science. At the voice of Lindy, Mrs. Grayson's maid, she roused herself to answer;

"Yes."

"Somebody wants you on the telephone."

Wondering, she rose and went down stairs. It was seldom that anyone called her.

"This is Kitty Wade—" The voice was a bit breathless. "I'm secre-

tary, you know, of the young people's society. You remember Slad Wilton?"

"Yes."

And instantly Glow was on the defensive.

"I knew you would, of course. I've seen you together so many times."

Glow had never had more than a nodding acquaintance with Kitty Wade, and did not especially like her. Moreover, she had no desire to talk about Slade Wilton with anyone.

"Well," Kitty continued, "we're sending out some notices and I wanted his address."

"I would be glad to give it to you, if I had it." Even to herself, Glow's voice sounded chilling and repellent. "But I have no idea what it is."

"You—Oh! Why, he went home, didn't he?"

"I believe so."

Kitty seemed waiting for something, and Glow added:

"Detroit, you know, is a rather large place."

"Yes, I suppose it is. Well—Sorry I bothered you."

Kitty had not, of course, done it purposely but, just the same, it hurt to be reminded that Slade Wilton had left Retterton with only that brief note of good-by—and after that had written nothing. They had seen a good deal of each other during their junior year and—Oh, well, there was no sense in letting her mind dwell upon that.

She was halfway up the long, winding stairs, when she heard her name once more and looking over the bannisters, beheld the rounded figure and motherly face of Mrs. Grayson.

"You are not in a hurry?" she was asking.

"No," Glow answered listlessly.

What was there to hurry toward? Nothing mattered or counted much these days.

"Step into my room for a minute then, won't you?"

The two rooms of the old house which Mrs. Grayson had reserved for herself were crowded with what had been the best pieces of furniture in days when the pretentious residence was known to all Betterton as "the judge's place," and Mrs. Grayson had been "one of the lovely Shelton girls."

Glow sat down in a little mahogany rocker, facing the sort of desk called a "secretary." Mrs. Grayson, as was her wont, came directly to the point.

"My dear, you are not going to be beaten by this trouble?"

"I don't know," Glow answered honestly. "Something I think I am."

"You mustn't. Courage comes first and you may not realize it, but we can be brave—some brave—just by making up our minds that we will be. Life, you know, doesn't end, as the stories do. Life goes on and on."

"Are you sure of that?' '

Certainly. Why, it's my fourth life I'm living now."

"Oh, you mean your life."

"And your life,"

"I was thinking of mother's life."

"I'm just as sure of that. I don't believe death ever stops anything. We can stop things, but death can't."

To Glow the words were meaningless. Mrs. Grayson might as well have been speaking in a foreign language.

"You know," she went on, "your mother didn't surrender to things—things surrendered to your mother."

"But in the end they won," Glow insisted. "A break in the pavement was what caused the accident."

"My dear—! "The things that are unseen' are the only ones that count, really, and no break in any pavement can change them. I'm going to tell you about my four lives, as I call them, because it is so easy to give advice—but this is something that I have lived:

"My first was spent right here, as a little girl and a young lady, who had everything and took everything for granted. My second life was my married life. You know it was unhappy?"

Glow nodded, silently. Never before had she heard Mrs. Grayson refer to her marriage, though other people had talked.

"The third was my life with my son, Charles. You have heard me speak of him?"

Again Glow nodded. As if a day ever passed in which Mrs. Grayson did not mention "my son Charles."

"At his death my fourth life began: the hardest and next to the happiest. I shall not tell you about the first months, and there is no need to tell you about the depression. You have seen something of that yourself. Your mother and I compared experiences sometimes. All I had left was this house, which nobody would buy, so I took in roomers. It was hard at first, but it did not get me—'get me' was one of Charles expressions."

To herself Glow admitted that Mrs. Grayson spoke no more than truth. What she said was:

"It would not get me either, or I would not be afraid of its getting me, if I could believe, as you do, that in some mysterious fashion—"

"But, my dear," Mrs. Grayson interupted, "there is nothing mysterious about it. We know each other so well—Charles and I——knew what he thought and he knew what I though, and we do yet. Why shouldn't we?"

"And you feel—"

"I've often tried to explain it, but some things, you know, have to be lived, we don't learn them by being told. Imagine trying to describe the perfume of lilies."

Glow leaned forward.

"Mrs. Grayson, don't think I haven't tried, over and over, harder than I ever tried anything before, to reach out and find mother, to feel her near me, as you say you feel your son, and I just can't. Before Lindy called me just now, I had been sitting for an hour with mother's picture—"

The older woman shook her head.

"Your mother isn't in her picture."

"Where is she?"

"Where she always was. Why, ever since you have been grown up, you've known that your mother was more than a face to look at. Everyone could see her face, but not everyone could see what you saw. That was your mother, and that you should try to find."

Glow looked at her steadily, but without replying.

"Charles was always so full of fun," Mrs. Grayson continued, "and at first, after he was gone, it was not easy for me to be merry. Only,

I knew I told myself, isn't a baby to be cuddled—for years he had not been that; nor a young man, to whom I had to look up. 'Charles'—I said to myself—'Charles is a spirit.' My spirit can find him, and one way is to be like him."

"And you think I can find mother—"

"By being like her; thoughtful for other people, as your mother always was: busy, as she was. How has your college work been going these past three weeks?"

"Not so good," Glow admitted.

"Your mother would not have liked that. And you gave up your Saturday night job in the bookstore?"

Glow nodded, but did not speak.

"Your mother wouldn't have done that. I read something the other day that a very great doctor said about work being better than alcohol in helping people to bear hard things. But I didn't need to read it. I knew it long before he said it. I have seen people try both. You have not asked me for any advice, my dear, but if you will take the advice of an old woman, who knows what sorrow is—"

There was a tap at the door.

"Yes," said Mrs. Grayson.

"Telephone for Miss Glow," announced Linda.

"Two in one morning!" exclaimed Glow, rising to answer it.

A moment later she looked in to say:

"It was from Ethel Eaton. She told me she had a job for me' two evenings and then the weekend."

"I'm ever so glad. What was it?"

"She didn't say, but it will be all right. It is some work she is going to do herself."

"And you told her—"

"I told her I'd take it."

"That's your mother's daughter! No, I have no more advice for you: I don't think you need any. Just go on. You'll find yourself, my dear, and find your mother, too."

Promptly at six-thirty, Ethel came as she had promised. She inspected Glow's dress and found it suitable for the work she was to do but, not until they turned into Trumbull Street, did Glow learn what the work was to be and then—just for one moment of panic—she was ready to turn back.

"You know what it is now?" Ethel asked.

"It—isn't—" Glow faltered.

"Yes, it is. Black & Shuler. Helping get out their Easter orders. I remembered how much you loved flowers. They'll need half a dozen extras tonight, and tomorrow night, and all day Saturday. We may even have to work Saturday night."

But Glow hardly heard her. At the moment all she could think of was that she would be immersed in the perfume of lilies, such lilies as had been sent in after her mother's death. Could she endure it—? But there was no turning back now.

A Miss Martin, one of the regular employees, received them in a room back of the display and salesroom, and assigned them their work. Glow was set to tying bows of ribbon about the crepe paper wrappings that encircled plants. Presently Mr. Scram, a funny little man with thick-lensed glasses, who had been pointed out to her as a "designer," stopped behind her, picked up one of the plants, scruntinized her bow as if it had been a picture competing for a

prize, and then motioned her to another table. His inspection must have been satisfactory, for she spent the rest of the evening tying bows.

As she climbed her stairs that night, healthily tired, she suddenly thought:

"Mother would have approved of this."

There was nothing mysterious about it, quite the most natural thought that could have come, but— Had Mrs. Grayson meant something like this?

She slept until her alarm clock wakened her next morning. She studied hard until class time—it was the only safe thing to do: today she could count on no evening hours. Again at six-thirty. Ethel called. They put in another busy three hours and, as they left, Miss Martin said:

"We'll look for you at eight o'clock in the morning and, at the rate orders are coming in, we may have to work right through—the girls did last year."

"Ever work all day and then all night," Ethel asked when they were out in the street.

"I don't believe I ever did."

"I never did until last year, but it's sort of fun. You'll like it, I think."

What the day before Christmas is to a department store, that is the Saturday before Easter in a florist's shop. Almost from the hour of opening, customers began thronging in and two or three times during the morning Glow was called from her regular work to help wait on trade. Flowers were coming in by plane from Chicago and the west, gardenias wrapped in cotton, and roses, violets, lilies of the valley, kept fresh by bein packed between layers of ice. All these must be unpacked at once and placed in the great refrigerators down stairs. Hundreds of bouquets must be made up and, during the early part of the day, the wagons were busy making their deliveries to the church.

Glow had always been particularly sensitive to the beauty and perfume of flowers but, by the middle of Saturday afternoon, she realized that at least for the present flowers had become to her simply a commodity. They represented just so many "orders" to be filled, and might almost have been coal or cabbages.

At six she and Ethel, with two of the other girls, went out for some lunch. At seven they were back at their tables—Miss Martin had sugested that they walk—take a full hour —and there they worked until midnight, until dawn, and on for an hour or two longer, as the day brightened. Never before had Glow realized how much extra work, for someone, the flowers of Easter morning meant. Yet none of the workers seemed to feel it a hardship.

Half of them were college girls, like Glow and Ethel, and to them it was something of a "lark." About midnight, they had stopped for ten minutes to eat hamburgers, and at four o'clock a boy had brought in a great tray of malted milks, with the complimentst of the firm. For seven hours, steadily, Glow had made corsages and wondered vaguely if every woman in Betterton were planning to wear one.

As they passed the desk, on their

way out, Miss Martin handed her a crisp ten dollar bill—good pay, all considered—saying as she did so: "I saw an order go out for you today."

"For me!" Glow was puzzled. "You don't mean—from the firm?"

"No, my dear," Miss Martin laughed. "When it comes to flowers, we figure that our employees are like the boy who works in the doughnut factory. This, I think, was a mail order."

And Glow was left wondering.

Ethel did not walk home with her "Bed, just as quick as we can get there," she had said, "is the place for both of us."

Yet, as Glow walked on breathing deeply, she did not feel especially sleepy and, passing one of the larger churches of the city, she impulsively mounted the steps and went in. She had not attended church in the months since her mother's death. She had not meant to attend today, but she could not recall that ever in her life before had she failed to be at church on Easter morning.

The auditorium was empty, as she dropped into a seat in a far corner and, perhaps from habit, bowed her head. When she looked up, two people, a man and a woman, had entered the choir loft, evidently for final rehearsal. The man seated himself at the organ and in a moment the air trembled to the beautiful hymn, "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

Almost breathlessly Glow listened. Then at the end she rose and tiptoed out, not knowing that the tears were coursing down her cheeks.

As she entered her room, the perfume of lilies met her and there on the table stood a plant. Mrs. Grayson must have unwrapped it. Beside it lay a note and, picked it up, she read:

Dear Glow:

I shall reach Betterton about six o'clock Sunday evening, and hope to see you about seven.

I learned only yesterday of your mother's death. I know something of what she meant to you, and I always had the feeling that, while she was with you, no one else could count much in your life.

That was one part of my reason for leaving as I did. Another was that I had a mother too, a mother to whom I had not been as good as you were to yours. There were things that I ought to make up to her, and I have tried to make them up, all that I could. Now my mother too is gone.

I wonder if, perhaps, the two of them will look down on us now and help us patch up some old misunderstandings.

Until then—and afterward—think as kindly as you can of

Slade Wilton.

She was dropping off to sleep, her alarm clock set for five that evening, when there came a thought not inappropriate to Easter Day.

"Isn't mother, perhaps, more alive now than she ever was? Surely as much interest in me but now more able to help me in ways that I cannot guess? Was it because I gave up, that I seemed to lose her? Will she come nearer, as I live my life more fully?"

EASTER SONG

By Carroll Schell Voss

Marian Reed felt her cheeks prickle with sudden warmth as she unexpectedly let loose the question that she had been guarding for days. She had not intended to ask anyone about Keith Marshall, least of all his sister Jean. Jean and she had been strolling up the village street this late afternoon, walking slower and slower as Jean's home came into view. They had been talking about the Easter music festival, a sunrise eervice that had been held in Russelville for many years. Just as they had reluctantly come to the conclusion that the music festival could probably not be produced this year. Marian caught sight of Keith loitering about the yard.

The straight, slim figure—the thick, sandy hair—how little Keith had changed in appearance since he had gone away three years ago to the city to study violin. But how the real Keith had changed. In the weeks he had been back in Russelville, he had avoided her openly and purposely. In fact, he had shunned every one. Even now as he saw the girls approaching, he walked around to the rear of the house, right away from them.

So Marian had impulsively blurted out, "What is the matter with Keith?" Jean looked startled as her chum gave expression to the thing she had been asking herself for weeks.

"I know I shouldn't ask," Marian went on, "but I—I always liked Keith." She studied the sidewalk, broken into squares of sunshine by the long shadows of the naked elms.

"He was fond of you, too, Marian. But he seems, oh so different now—so queer about everything. We don't know—any of us—what's wrong with him."

"Did he give up his work, I wonder?"

"We don't know, but we hope not. He had a job in a wholesale store—not much, but something anyhow: Then he directed the choir of a small church and sometimes he helped in concerts. All together, he made enough to live, and study under Dalies Krantz. It's all terribly expensive, you know—but he loves his violin so."

"I know. He used to tell me about it."

"But, Marian, he never plays any more—says he can't."

"Isn't there some friend who might—who might explain things for you?"

"Well, he has a very close friend, Phillip Morgan, whom he lived and worked with, but I don't know him—we could't ask him."

"Couldn't we do something to help him, Jean?"

"I'm afraid not now," his sister said thoughtfully. "We'll have to wait until our chance comes along."

When Marian reached home, she found her mother and Mrs. Hutton, the next door neighbor, having a cup of ten together at the kitchen table.

As she joined them, Mrs. Hutton said in her slow, motherly way, "I suppose you're real busy now practicing for Easter."

"I think there won't be any Easter music this year."

The two women, surprised, waited for an explanation. Marian frowned as she thought of the choir rehearsal of the evening before. Not half of the choir members had been present. Those who were there had seemed restless, unorganized, ineffective. Camilla Grant, with her trained but unmelodious voice, had tried to drown out the alto in the duo part of the anthem and had laughed at Mr. Stillman's failure to reach a low bass note. The whole thing had ended in a disheartening sort of way.

But Marian did not mention the choir rehearsal. Instead she said, "It's hopeless to try to manage without our choir director. And it's certain now Mr. Wright won't be well enough to be out."

"It won't seem like Easter without the music," Mrs. Reed lamented. "That's one thing our little village church can be proud of. Why, folks come for miles around to hear our choir of an Easter morning."

Mrs Hutton joined in, "I always say it's the nearest thing to heaven on this earth when our choir's singing them Easter choruses. And Marian here singing them high parts—well—it makes a body wonder how anyone outside of an angel could reach up so high. We'll miss it, child."

"Marian's taken the solo parts now for five years." Mrs. Reed's voice quivered with pride. "Camilla Grant's been wanting the leading part, now that she's been having so many lessons, but the choir director won't hear to it."

Marian's chimelike laughter filled the room. "How you do talk, Mother. You'll both be turning my head." Then in a more wistful tone, "My voice isn't much yet. If I could only study—"

"Pshaw! Studying isn't everything. That Grant girl may hit notes right, but you make us feel it, my dear. Somehow—I can't explain it—your voice seems alive."

As Marian thought over the situation that evening, she bgean to wonder if her disappointment was not arising from selfish motives. Was she feeling depressed because she would not have the chance this year to sing the leading parts before the great crowd that would gather? Maybe it was only that she craved the thrill of doing the thing she enjoyed most in all the world. Perhaps she was only aching for the shower of praise and approval that always followed her performance.

That she enjoyed singing she could not deny. But Marian hastened to assure herself that her motives were not selfish. No, rather she wanted to make others feel and share the great Easter happiness that she herself felt. She wanted to see others lifted out of themselves. She wanted to see old, tired faces grow young with the triumph of Easter. She wanted to see hopeless faces quicken with the message of Easter hope. She wanted to see young faces thrill to the challenge of Easter. Oh, Easter was a time for happiness and not for selfishness.

"I must find a way," Marian determined. As she hunted doggedly about in her mind for a solution to her problem, she suddenly hit upon her conversation with Jean. Keith

Marshall—if Keith were only like the Keith who had left Russelvillle But from that moment, Marian had a plan, a plan she would carry out tomorrow.

The next day, however, the plan did not seem nearly so simple as it had the night before. After all, it was not an easy thing to walk up to Marshalls' and to ask to see Keith when you knew Keith didn't want to see you. If he had been a stranger, it would have been different, but when you had been good friends—

As soon as Marian saw Keith face to face she realized how unhappy he was. There was a cynical expression about his mouth and a deadness in his eyes that had not been there before. When she first asked him about conducting the Easter music he laughed unpleasantly. Then he grew suddenly sober and watched her intently.

"I've been doing that sort of thing," he admitted.

Marian urged the need of his help. "You know as well as I do how much Easter has come to mean to us here in Russelville. We just mustn't fail this year."

"Then you still believe in this Easter happiness stuff, do you?"

The question cut into the girl's senstitive consciousness like sharp steel into flesh. She had not expected it. But she rallied from the hurt and stood considering her answer. She wanted to tell him all that she felt about this supreme day of the year and how no beauty, no praise, no song, was really great enough for its observance.

But words were hard to find. All she said was, "Yes, I do. Don't you?"

"I used to, but I'm through with all those beautiful maxims now. They don't work."

There was an awkward pause. He asked a little suspiciously, Marian thought, "Do you still take the leading parts?"

"I've been taking them for several years," Marian admitted as modestly as possible.

"I'll do this thing for you," Keith suddenly decided. "We'll start rehearsal at once."

The following evening practically every member of the choir assembled. Fresh enthusiasm had been aroused at the news of a new director. The time was short. Keith Marshall went about his work seriously. Each voice was given a short tryout and placed in its proper section. Camilla Grant took her turn with the others. She looked strikingly pretty, Marian thought, in her vivid red flannel. She laughed and chatted with everyone in her free, easy way, and apparently impressed the new director.

"Miss Grant will take the leading soprano parts," Keith finally announced.

Marian felt every one in the choir loft staring at her to see how she would take this decision. She saw Camilla's saucy, dimpled smile turned on her as well as Keith's oblique flash. Marian's throat began to swell. She felt tears suspiciously near the surface. But up went her chin as she pretended to scan her music. In an instant the dangerous impulse had passed and she met every glance with a smile.

Rather lamely, Marian sang through page after page that evening. Each measure felt to her disappointed self like the limping step of a footsore pedestrian. But courageously she plodded on, until, after what seemed an interminable period, the rehearsal came to its close.

Camilla left the group quickly. Down stairs in the cloak room the other girls flocked about Marian.

"It's a shame," they told her warmly.

"I don't care if he is my brother," Jean defended. "No one can sing those parts like you. And I'm going to tell Keith so."

"Everyone in Russelville will be disappointed," wailed Marjory.

"Well, I really haven't studied much, you know," Marian faltered, overcome at the loyalty of her friends.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," Jean plotted. "We'll all stick together. And we just won't sing or have any music at all this Easter unless Keith comes across and gives you your place. It just isn't right."

"I should say not," echoed another of Marian's friends. "Camilla hasn't any more music or expression in her singing than a mechanical doll."

"How about it, Marian? Shall we do it?"

"Please, girls, let's not talk about it any more tonight. I must think it all out before I say more."

Once alone Marian gave way to successive surges of anger, disapointment and discouragement.

"Anyway the others believe in me and will stand by me," she recalled, as balm to her bruised ego. "I can have the parts if I want to fight for them," she told herself over and over again. "If our own choir director were only well, it never would have happened."

After all one never got anywhere struggling for it. If one let the other person walk away with all the honors—

Honors—the word grated horribly on the fine membrane of her conscience. Honors—applause of the crowd—so that was all Easter meant to her after all. Now that the Easter festival was assured she should feel supremely happy. But here she was groveling in the bitterness of her own thwarted desires. Why she was even thinking of bringing strife and conflict into the group to gain her own selfish ends. As Marian came face to face with herself that night, she felt frankly amazed. It was as though she were looking at some ragged scarecrow of herself. The unselfishness and sincerity that she had always thought a part of herself were hanging there in rags and tatters.

Marian intended to have the whole situation smoothed out in her own mind before she slept that night. But she was young and healthy, and sound sleep settled down upon her before she could unravel the snarls which seemed suddenly to have appeared in everything.

She was awakened the next morning by her mother calling her to the telephone. As she stumbled down the stairs she felt not a little disgusted that she had not been able to stay awake until she could make up her mind. She had wanted to make her decision fully and completely before seeing anyone this morning.

It was Jean wishing her a cheery good morning. Then coming straight

to the purpose of her call, she went on, "I talked to Keith this morning this and told him what I thought."

"And what did he say?"

"Nothing except that he knew what he was doing. But we're ready to stand by you."

"Thanks, dear. I'll see you after breakfast." Marian brought the conversation to an abrupt end. She didn't want to talk yet.

But the morning was bright, brimming full of sunshine. And behind Marian lay years of right thinking and right living. Her courage had risen immeasurably since the night's sleep. By breakfast time she knew that she could look at herself again squarely and unafraid.

"We're going to give Russelville the greatestmusic it has ever known," she told Jean brightly when they met a little later in the morning. "Forget me—forget anything we do not like. You and I are going to sing as we've never sung before. Easter deserves our best you know —I—I don't know how I could ever have felt any other way. but, well— it was hard last night."

Marian threw herself into the music festival with an energy she had never known before. She practiced and worked and sang as in no other year. She urged the indifferent members of the choir to be faithful to their task, she found new members, and helped many with difficult parts. If there was a hurt within at times, she gave no one any sign of it. If she felt discouraged, she was determined no one should know it, least of all Keith Marshall. During the weeks of preparation he spoke no word of approval or praise, although Marian often felt his eyes singling her out and knew he was listening to her voice, even as she sang with the others.

And then Easter came again to Russelville. Even as Marian shivered while dressing in the chill dullness before dawn, she felt something of the spirit of the day. She pushed aside the curtain and saw only desolate, gray clouds. But soon would appear flames of red and gold and a great burst of light and glory. Easter was like that, Marian thought.

A great peace and a worthy satisfaction crept into Marian's heart. The pain, the disappointment, the discouragement that had never wholly been absent were suddenly gone. She was content with her part, small as it might be. What did anything personal matter in comparison with the grandeur of Easter?

She found herself singing with an ease and a rapture she had never known before, She quivered to her very fingertips with the ecstasy of Easter song.

When the last Amen of the recessional had been sung, Marian turned quietly away from the crowd of singers. But Keith followed her as she passed into the hallway and touched her arm lightly.

"Thank you, Marian," he said simply."You do believe it all, don't you? And you've made me believe it again too."

"O, Keith," Marian cried, and found that was all she could say at the time.

"It was beastly of me not to give you those parts. But I've always admired you and —I—I wanted to see if you could take it. But I'll make

it up to you—I promisee I will. There's a scholarship I know of that I think I can get for you. Anyone with your voice—"

"Do you think there's a chance, Keith? Could you really?"

But Keith, too full of all he wanted to say, ignored the girl's eagerness and plunged into his story. "I guess I lost faith in everything and everybody for a while. You see—well, I had a friend—a young chap Phillip Morgan that I picked up when I first went away. Played the violin too. I saw he had talent. I trained him and taught him—introduced him to people. Well, I did what I could for him because I believed in him. I couldn't have loved my own brother more. And trust him—I trusted him absolutely, confided in him. Then this winter my chance came. I just as good as had a big radio contract. But Morgan—no need to go into all the miserable details—he lied on me—tricked me. He walked off with the contract himself. Then I lost the small job I had. They laid off men. Every door was closed. My life just semeed finished. But now—"

"But now," Marian repeated softly.

"I'm going back. I'm going to fight through. I'll make good. I know I can do it."

There was a breathless pause. "You've done something to me, Marian. Sort of brought me to life again."

"Not me, Keith. It's Easter, all that Easter means—Christ—the Resurrection—",

"Yes, I know," Keith interrupted. "The truth—the peace—the power of it—it's all there. Always has been and always will be. Yet I wouldn't have gotten it—not this year."

Keith stopped and groped for words. "I don't know how to say what I feel. But when you see someone believing all the old truths enough to forget herself and live them—it just resurrects a fellow—makes him know that Easter is no dead tradition. Yes, Marian, you've shown me that Easter is the real thing."

———:———

Al the performances of human art, at which we look with praise or wonder, are instances of the resistless force of perseverance; it is by this that the quarry becomes a pyramid, and that distant countries are united with canals. If a man was to compare the effect of a single stroke of the pick-axe, or of one impression of the spade with the general design and last result, he would be overwhelmed by the sense of their disproportion; yet those petty operations, incessantly continued, in time surmount the greatest difficulties, and mountains are leveled, and oceans bounded, by the slender force of human beings.—Johnson.

CROOKED THINKING

(Alabama Baptist)

One of the primary objects of what it termed "Liberal Arts Colleges" is to help men think correctly. And the one subject above others which is taught in such colleges to help men think is logic. But in spite of all helps to one's thinking, or one's natural ability to think, we suppose not many people are always quite assured of the correctness of their own opinions. At any rate there is an adage to the effect that "no one is always right but a fool." In that which follows we raise some questions on which we believe there is much crooked thinking.

It is crooked thinking to assume that Christianity has any affect upon men who are hostile to the spirit of Christ and who wish to overthrow the Christian religion. Christianity is not effective any further than it reaches and if it does not reach the lives of the Axis dictators it will not in any way control their actions.

It is crooked thinking to say, as many have done and are doing, that nothing good has ever come out of war. The plain fact is that all the liberties, both in church and state, which free people enjoy came out of a perpetual struggle, which struggle time and again in history flared forth into war.

It is crooked thinking to affirm that all of the difficulties of the world could have been settled by arbitration because those who have wielded tyranny over other men were unwilling to arbitrate except on terms which would still leave the people in bondage.

It is crooked thinking to infer that force in the hands of wicked men, being used by them to enslave other people, may not be resisted and finally triumphed over by force in the hands of other men who use it in defense of their freedom.

It is crooked thinking to assume that force may be rightly used only in a defensive war for, first, no nation ever wins a war if it forever remains on the defensive and, secondly, it often happens that the best defense, is to take the offensive. A wise man has said that this war will go down in history as a war in which good men were fighting rattlesnakes and yet they always waited for the rattlesnakes to bite first.

It is crooked thinking to infer that the Allies in the present war want to overthrow paganism and establish Christianity at the point of bayonets or to over throw the ideology of other people in favor of their own for their effort is to preserve their own way of life against those who would destroy it.

It is crooked thinking to believe that in Old Testament times God did not overrule war for the purification and salvation of the people of that day. When the people constantly sinned and forgot God they were as often overrun by their enemies until they turned back to God again.

It is crooked thinking to interpret the Sermon on the Mount with reference to turning "the other cheek" so

as to make it relate to the organized savagery now practiced by ruthless men. For if one wishes to take the passage literally and is willing to turn his own cheek personally, still he is not asked to submit to the enslavement of his wife and children and chidren's children which is certain to be the outcome of the present war if the Axis wins.

It is crooked thinking to assume that salvation comes in any other way except through the grace of God. Therefore, it is not by works, nor by any achievement of men within themselves but only through the grace and mercy of God revealed in Jesus Christ.

It is crooked thinking to assume that all centralized religious governments are not dangerous and do not have deeply embedded in them the seed of persecution, for such centralized governments have persecuted other religious people in the past and they will do it again whenever and wherever conditions are favorable to persecution and to the coercion of the faith of minority, religious groups.

A LITTLE BOY'S MA

My ma knows a heap o' things,
Gee! I'll say she's smart!
Why she can say the A- B- C's—
She knows 'em all by heart.

She knows why stars don't shine
When nights are "skeery" black;
She's great—this ma o' mine,
I know that that's a fact.

She told me why the moo-cow moos,
And why my doggie barks—
What makes the old owl "whoo"
When day turns into dark.

And never once when I'm at play
Does she call out or shout;
And never have I had to pay
For tearing shirt sleeves out.

What boys like, she knows it all,
My ma, gee! she's a joy;
I sometimes think when she was small
She must have been a boy.

—Tony Elton.

DON'T BE CONTENTED!

Something done wrong just when you thought you were sitting pretty at last? And you're disgusted enough to quit.

"Are things always going to be like this?" you cry. "Won't I ever get the breaks?"

No. Never the breaks you want. Of this you may be sure—whatever you get out of life it won't be enough.

If you're a healthy human, you'll never be perfectly happy, comfortable or satisfied. You'll always be wanting something, rebelling against something. You'll be discontented. But there's nothing abnormal about that. You shouldn't grieve over it. Or peeve over it. Still less should you settle down and try to be resigned.

Accept discontent as a normal and necessary condition of your life—and thank God for it!

For the day you're satisfied, completely contented, that day you'll be through. That day you'll be as through with this life as though you had died.

You can't go on living and be satisfied. If you're satisfied, you stay put. If you're living, you push on. And pushing on is bound to mean discontentment and rebellion. Growth is just one dissatisfaction after another.

You and I are here today because, billions of years ago, a one-celled gob in a primeval swamp rebelled. Wanted two cells instead of one. Got all swelled up with discontent until it expanded into two cells—and then grew on and on—through countless discontents—until there came a creature with brain and soul called man.

That's the scientific story of life.

And the Bible's story—

"And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life: And man became a living soul."

A little dumb dust in the great hand of God—and that was all man was at first—until God filled him with the breath of life.

What was the secret of that breath? What did the great busy God do to a little dumb dust to turn it into a man—made in His image?

He breathed into that dust His own wish for life. His own creative restlessness. His own divine discontent. God had discontent. That old Book of Genesis is the story of the magnificent, insatiable discontent. God wasn't satisfied with an empty sky, a sterile earth. He hung new stars within that sky. He planted trees within that earth. And from dumb dust He made—His partner—to share His discontent.

Do not peeve or grieve about discontent. Do not try to make yourself resigned. Accept it! Be glad for it! Get busy with it! It is the most sacred gift you have!—Elsie Robinson.

YOUR HEALTH AND YOUR WEIGHT

(Selected)

A physican who had referred a patient to a large clinic for sepcial treatment of a serious ailment asked the head of this department what he thought of the chances for his patient. The head replied that of every 100 of these serious and advanced cases about 55 were cured, but if asked which one would be cured he could not say as the treatment was more effective in some of the most advanced cases than in some cases that were not so advanced. It seemed to depend upon the individual and his own particular tissues and body processes as to the effect of the special treatment.

Similarly those who are greatly overweight do not all respond alike to the reducing of the food intake. Thus two overweights of the same height, build, age and amount of overweight present can go on the same reducing diet for one month both taking the same amount of exercise and getting the same amount of rest. One will lose 10 pounds and the other five pounds.

Close investigation will show that the cutting down on liquids was the important factor in the case of the overweight who lost the 10 pounds.

There are other cases in which one would lose more than another because in the first case the overweight is entirely due to overeating while in the other there is some gland defect such as the thyroid or pituitary that so interferes with the body processes that fat and starch foods are allowed to be stored instead of burned or used.

There is no doubt that the average daily intake of most overweight is higher than that of those of normal weight. The opposite is true of lean individuals. An experiment was conducted a few years ago in which the food intake of eight healthy lean individuals who were instructed to eat as much as they wished was accurately measured. They were allowed to move freely in the hospital. Their average daily intake was 2060 calories, which compares with the average daily intake of about 2700 calories by men of medium weight engaged in light office work where they were sitting down most of the time.

The amount of food you actually need, if you are of normal weight, depends upon the size or surface of your body. If the outer surface or skin area of the body is large, more food will be needed than if it is small. This is found by measuring the amount of heat coming away from the body by way of the skin.

However, in the overweight it has been found that they manufacture more heat in proportion to their skin surface than do those of normal weight. It is only natural that there is a need for more food to supply this heat, and so the overweight has a good appetite and feels the need of this extra food.

The thought, then, is that the overweight should cut down his food intake and so lose weight. As he loses weight his skin or outside surface becomes smaller and so he needs less food—hence appetite is reduced and further increase in weight is prevented.

In the case of the underweight, every pound he increases means more skin surface and more need for food. This need increases his appetite; iscreased appetite means more food and more weight increase.

———:———

GOSSIP TOWN

Have you ever heard of Gossip Town
On the shore of Falsehood Bay,
Where old Dame Rumor, with rustling gown,
Is going the livelong day?
It isn't far to Gossip Town,
For people who want to go;
The Idleness train will take you down,
In just an hour or so.

The Thoughtless road is a popular route,
And most folks start that way,
But it's steep down-grade; if you don't look out,
You'll land in Falsehood Bay.
You glide through the valley of Vicious Folk,
And into the tunnel of Hate;
Then crossing the Add-To bridge, you walk
Right into the city gate.

The principal street is called They-Say,
And I've Heard is the public well;
The breezes that blow from Falsehood Bay
Are Laden with Don't-You Tell.
In the midst of the town is Telltale Park;
You are never quite safe while there,
For its owner is Madam Suspicious Remark,
Who lives on the street Don't Care.

Just back of the park is Slanderer's Row,
'Twas there that Good Name died,
Pierced by a dart from Jealousy's bow,
In the hands of Envious Pride.
From Gossip Town peace long since fled,
But trouble and grief and woe
And sorrow and care you'll meet instead,
If ever you chance to go.

—Selected.

COST OF FREEDOM

By John H. Cowles

Early in the 17th century, a group of men and women braved the dangers of an ocean vofage and the privations of a primitive land for the privilege of worshipping God as they saw fit. They were prepared to pay with their lives for that privilege, and many of them did.

More than a hundred and fifty years later, the men who founded this Republic carefully weighed the costs and then pledged their lives and fortunes and personal honor to the principle that men should be free. It was not an easy decision. They knew that many would have to die in defense of their beliefs and actions.

The history of the United States is the story of bold men who were willing to pay for the right to lead their own lives in their own way. This often meant substituting hardship for luxury, toil for easy living, death for life under servile conditions.

Nothing worth having comes free. Someone must eventually pay for everything, whether it is a loaf of bread or the life of a nation. This is as true today as it was when the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock.

We paid for the boom days of the 'twenties with the depression of the 'thirties. We are paying for Uncle Sam's recent years of riotous spending with unprecedented taxes. We must pay for the years of appeasement and indecision with toil and hardship. The day of reckoning is at hand, and we must buy back the freedom that has almost slipped away through years of ease and indifference.

The price will be high. Long hours, backbreaking toil, personal sacrifiices, cooperative action will be required of all. Some will pay with their lives.

There is no use trying to fool ourselves. The longer we put off the job of smashing Hitler and all he stands for, the harder it will be. The longer we bury our heads in the sand and blindly hope for a miracle that will preserve our easy life, the more we will have to work and sacrifice.

Only the strong and willing can gain and hold freedom. Only they deserve it. Earlier men of the Republic were willing to pay the full price—pay with their lives if necessary. Present-day Americans must be willing to do the same. There are no bargain days.

No peace was ever won from fate by subterfuge or agreement; no peace is ever in store for any of us, but that which we shall win by victory over shame or sin—victory over the sin that oppresses, as well as over that which corrupts.—Ruskin.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Part of our farm force has been setting out strawberry plants in a new location during the past few days. We have been informed that the plants in the old strawberry patch are looking fine at present, giving us reason to believe that, under favorable weather conditions, there should be a generous supply of berries at the School this season.

—:—

Leroy Janey, of Greensboro, who was allowed to leave the School in 1933, stopped in for a brief chat with old friends last Saturday afternoon. As a boy here, Leroy worked in the laundry, and for a short time was house boy in Cottage No. 2. He owns a trasfer truck, and has been in business for himself about three years. Leroy is now twenty-four years old, is married, and has a son a little more than one year old. He stated that business was pretty good, and that he had been kept quite busy during the past winter months.

—:—

Don't be surprised if you should see a "one-hoss shay" traveling over the School premises before long. Due to the tire shortage and conservation of gasoline, it will be necessary to discontinue using our old truck to haul vegetables from the fields to the cottages. As some of the garden plots are located at quite a distance from the various buildings on the campus, it would be too far to transport vegetables via the old "Georgia buggy" system and get them to the cottage kitchens in time to be properly prepared for serving. In solving this problem, the local powers that be, are contemplating the purchase of a horse and wagon for this purpose. Anything to "Keep 'Em Flying." Giddap! Dobbin!

—:—

In these columns a few weeks ago we carried an item stating that John Holmes, one of our old boys, was in training for service in the United States Army, at Camp Upton, Long Island, N. Y., and that he had promised to send us his address when permanently located. True to his promise, Johnnie wrote us the other day, giving his present location. He is now a member of Co. A, Sixth QMC, and is stationed at Camp Lee, Virginia. His message was as follows:

"I hope you and all at the School are feeling fine these days. Am getting along swell so far as army life is concerned. I'm in the quartermaster's corps here, and it isn't bad at all. Am getting along fine with my training. Have been here just two weeks and have been made an acting corporal, and also manage our company's soft ball team. So I guess you can see that I'm making the best of everything.

"It sure was tough to leave my wife behind, but she can take it. She is coming down to see me next week-end.

"Will let you know as to my movement from time to time. Would appreciate a copy of The Uplift once in a while, and write me when you have time. Give my regards to all, and let me hear from you."

Rev. Frank Jordan, pastor of Central Methodist Church, Concord, conducted the regular afternoon service at the Training School last Sunday. For the Scripture Lesson he read the story of Jesus feeding the five thousand, as recorded in John 6:1-13.

At the beginning of his remarks Rev. Mr. Jordan pointed out that there were three outstanding characters present when Christ performed this miracle—Andrew, one of his best known followers; the lad who furnished the loaves and fishes; and the Master. We do not know just how much Andrew contributed on this occasion, but are assured that Jesus and the little boy played important parts in feeding so many people.

As a most interesting descriptive background for the story of this great event, the speaker tried to get his young listeners to draw a mental picture of the scene. As this large group of people assembled along the shore of the sea of Galilee, they could look across and see the beautiful city of Tiberia, built of marble, glistening in the sunlight.

It was an ideal day for an outing, he continued. Many of them had left home early in the morning and had walked great distances. They had sat there listening to Jesus all day long. That he had been able to keep such a crowd interested for such a long time, proved that Jesus must have been a wonderful speaker. They listened attentively to his every saying, never realizing that the day was drawing to a close, and they were tired and hungry.

Not knowing what else to do, some of the disciples suggested to the Master that he send them away. Jesus, thinking only of the welfare of the people who had been with him all day, did not want to do this. He knew they were hungry, and not having eaten all day, would become weak on the homeward journey, perhaps fall by the wayside, and never reach their homes

As Jesus looked upon the large gathering, he asked Philip, one of his disciples, where they might buy food for them, and the reply was that the necessary amount was not available. Another disciple, Andrew, then said: "There is a lad here, which hath five barley loaves and two small fishes, but what are they among so many?" But had the people sit down, as Christ had commanded.

Rev. Mr. Jordan then described this little boy as follows: He was probably a small fellow, who had asked his mother early that morning if he might go and hear the great man of Galilee, who had done so many wonderful things. Knowing the distance to be great for a youngster to travel, and that he would be hungry before his return, she packed a lunch for her son. This lunch probably consisted of three small loaves (something like our modern sandwich buns) split open, and a small cooked fish placed inside, and the lad went on his way. Just like any other normal boy, as this youngster walked along the dusty road, with the sun boiling down, he became hungry, and started nibbling at that lunch, until the top of one sandwich had disappeared, as had one of the fish. This might explain why

there were five loaves (or half buns) and only two fish in his possession when Andrew took him before Jesus, who took what was left of his lunch, blessed it, and fed more than 5,000 people.

The speaker then told the boys that he could not explain just how this happened, but gave these two reasons which, he said, might tell how it was done: (1) Jesus, through the power of God, to whom nothing is impossible, he might have taken that small amount of food, and caused it to multiply many times, until there was enough for everybody. (2) Or it could have happened in this manner—The boy might not have been the only one present who had carried a lunch. The others might have done the same thing, and, seeing a little boy willing to give all he had, became ashamed, and did likewise. In this manner there could have been enough for all to have a feast.

Be that as it may, continued Rev. Mr. Jordan, we find that most of the good that is done in the world, is done because people are willing to forget their own selfish interests and proceed to help others. When this lad gave the best he had, it was all that Jesus needed. When one of us gives our best, God can multiply our offering and help others. When the little boy started out in the morning, he had but one thought in mind—that of going on a day's outing, to hear the sayings of Jesus. While listening to the Master, he forgot his own interests, and when he saw the chance to give Christ the best he had, he gave all. As long as we read the Gospel, said the speaker, this story will stand out.

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Jordan told the boys there was not one present who could not do the same thing as did the lad in the story. If we take what we have and allow God to multiply it, we can render great service in leading men to the Kindom of God. He urged the boys to try it, saying they would be surprised at what remarkable men God could make of them.

Rev. Mr. Jordan has been in Concord but a few months and this was the first time he had conducted a regular service at the School. The interesting manner in which he presented his message to the boys, held their interest from the start. He made a decided "hit" on this occasion, and we trust he may find it convenient to come out often.

There is only one greater folly than that of the fool who says in his heart there is no God, and that is the folly of the one who says that he does not know whether there is a God or not.—Bismarck.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending March 29, 1942

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Wade Aycoth
Carl Barrier
John Hogsed
Edward Moore
Robert Padgett
Weaver Ruff
Malcom Seymour
Paul Smith
Edgar Simmons
Charles Young

COTTAGE NO. 1

James Bargesser
Thomas Barnes
N. A. Bennett
Charles Browning
William Cook
Curtis Moore
Leonard Robinson
Jack Sutherland

COTTAGE NO. 2

Richard Parker
John Pritchard
Charles Tate
Newman Tate

COTTAGE NO. 3

John Bailey
Charles Beal
Grover Beaver
Robert Coleman
Donald Daniels
Robert Hare
Jerry Jenkins
Dewey Lanning
William Pegram
Ronda Price
Robert Quick
Charles Rhodes
Earl Smith
John Tolley

COTTAGE NO. 4

Donald Hobbs
B. J. Smith
Woodrow Wilson

COTTAGE NO. 5

Levett Ballard
Theodore Bowles
Wilford Seegers

COTTAGE NO. 6

Elgin Atwood
Earl Hoyle
Robert Hobbs
Gerald Kermon
Marvin Lipscomb
John Linville
Durwood Martin
Vollie McCall
Reitzel Southern
Wesley Turner
William Wilkerson

COTTAGE NO. 7

Kenneth Atwood
Hurley Bell
Laney Broome
Henry Butler
William Butler
Paul Childers
George Green
Robert Hampton
Peter Harvell
J. B. Hensley
Edward Loftin
Arnold McHone
John Mazoo
Edward Overby
Ernest Overcash
Durham Smith

COTTAGE NO. 8

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE NO. 9

Gerald Amos
Curtis Campbell
Leonard Church
David Cunningham
Riley Denny
George Gaddy
James Hale
William Hart
Edgar Hedgepeth
Daniel Kilpatrick
Alfred Lamb
Marvin Matheson
Lloyd Mullis

James Ruff

COTTAGE NO. 10

Wayne Allen
Forrest Davis
Marvin Gautier
Arcemias Hefner
Clifford Lowman
Charles Phillips
Jack Warren
Torrence Ware

COTTAGE NO. 11

J. C. Allen
Bert Barnhardt
Charles Frye
Robert Goldsmith
Everett Morris
Samuel Stewart
Canipe Shoe

COTTAGE NO. 12

Jay Brannock
Jack Bright
Leroy Childers
Treley Frankum
Eugene Hefner
Marvin Howard
William Lanning
Daniel McPhail
Jesse Smith
Charles Simpson
Brice Thomas
Eugene Watts
J. R. Whitman
Roy Womack

COTTAGE NO. 13

James Brewer
Thomas Fields
William O'Brien
Randall D. Peeler
Fred Rhodes
Paul Roberts
Melvin Roland
Alphonso Williamson

COTTAGE NO. 14

John Baker
Robert Caudle
Audie Farthing
William Harding
Lawrence Hord
Marvin King
William Lane
William Lanford
Roy Mumford
Charles McCoyle
John Maples
Robert Moose
Joseph McKinney
John Reep
James Roberson
Charles Steepleton
J. C. Willis
Theodore Young

COTTAGE NO. 15

(No Honor Roll)

INDIAN COTTAGE

Cecir Jacobs
Ernest Jacobs
Lester Lochlear
Louis Stafford

———:———

Let us do our duty in our shop or our kitchen; in the market, the street, the office, the school, the home, just as faithfully as if we stood in the front rank of some great battle, and knew that victory for mankind depended on our bravery, strength and skill. When we do that, the humblest of us will be serving in that great army which achieves the welfare of the world.—Theodore Parker.

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APR 13 1942

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXX CONCORD, N. C., APRIL 11, 1942 No. 15

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LOOK UP

When you find yourself in a shadow,
A light is not far away;
And the deeper you go into night,
The sooner you come to the day.

The longer you find the climb,
The shorter the way to the crown.
And looking up won't make you dizzy;
That comes when you're looking down.

—Sunshine Magazine.

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The Uplift

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

THE COMING OF THE DAWN

Each day's dawn is like a recurrence of the first act of the Creation—as if the decree had gone forth: "Let there be light." And as the earth whirls on its orbit, sweeps westward a band of brightness, fringed by the half-light of daybreak. The sun's rays, themselves all energy, bring new energy to every living thing. Fingers of light seek out the dark places on earth and make the darkness disappear. Fogs are dissipated from the surface of the sea, and mists vanish from the mountaintops. Doubt and dread, born of darkness, are transformed by the daylight into faith and courage. The unknown becomes known; the obscure is revealed as assured truth. Men rise to their labors with strength renewed, because once more they see things as they are. With each new day, as of old, it can be said again of the light, that it is good.—Selected.

THE STORY OF APRIL

One of the loveliest months of the year is April. Its name is most appropriate, coming from a Latin word meaning "to open." It is the season of opening buds It is claimed by some learned scholars that the Romans did not name their months in this poetic manner, but there are those just as learned who defend this theory, so it appears to be safe to give the beautiful idea the benefit of the doubt. The daisy is the special flower for the month of April, and its gem is the diamond.

April is the fourth month of the year. In the time of the Romans it originally had but twenty-nine days, but when the calendar was revised by Caesar, it was found there were ten extra days to be distributed among the months, and April received one of them. The month of April is so crowded with nature's activity that no other month in the year makes a greater change in the

appearance of the out-of-door world. In northern climes the beginning of April reveals snow lingering in the hollows, and occasionally a sharp frost comes and binds fast the little brooks that have begun to be free from the shackles of winter. However, April's sun is warm and bright, and no frost and snow can long hold out gainst it.

It is a season of new life everywhere. Grass is freshly green; shrubs and trees that were apparently dead put out tiny leaves, and no longer can little twigs be snapped off sharply, for the sap is now flowing in them, providing a new strength and resistance. We now see early wild flowers peeping through the grass of the meadow or the thick woodland carpet of last year's dried leaves, and upon surveying lawns and gardens, we note the appearance of crocuses and snowdrops. The birds have started on their journey back to northern climes, and almost all things which make summer delightful are making their appearance.

This month is noted for its rapidly changing weather. Occasionally there are days so cold that they seem to have been left behind by winter, while others are so hot that they seem to be advance couriers of summer; but the month's most distinctive feature is its showers. Quick changes from flashing sunlight to pouring rains are frequent.

April has played a curious part in the history of the United States. Nearly every war in which this country has been involved has begun in this month—the Revolution, the Mexican War, the Civil War, the Spanish-American War, and World War No. 1. The last named conflict did not begin in that month, but in April the United States entered it. The lone exception when this nation did not enter into a war in this month, is the present World War No. 2, in which our fighting forces became active participants in December, 1941.

There are several special day's in April. The first day in known as April Fool's Day or All Fool's Day. It is not a holiday, but a time eagerly anticipated by children because of the sanction it gives to mischievous pranks.

It is most fitting that Easter almost always occurs in April, for it is the symbol of that new life of which April represents one phaze.

Many states in the American Union have designated one day for the planting of trees, which is known as Arbor Day.

Elsewhere in this issue may be found a list of important events occurring in the month of April.

* * * * * * * *

THE OLD AND THE NEW

From sources throughout the entire nation there come varied ideas as to the best methods to impart to school children the full meaning of subjects taught. Those who were privileged to study under instructors of the old school, back in the late 80's and early 90's, continue to have faith in the methods of that period. The primer came first, and after learning to read it, 1st, 2nd, 3nd and 4th readers had to be finished. In the same manner, geography, English and other studies were pursued. Let us not forget that spelling was emphasized, because the superior scholarship was classed by spelling and diction in writing and coversation. There was no skipping of the work necessary in the line of studies in the old schools. The fundamentals were positively stressed before a higher course of studies was taken up.

We are not for a moment trying to turn back to school days of yesteryear, but simply calling attention by comparison to the new school system of today. Each age carries its interesting changes, and truly all of us have profited thereby. The march of time has brought about the changes made in our school system. The expense of small schools was formerly borne by parents of the students, therefore, the youngsters of indigent families were denied adequate education. There are more children today, so mass education with privileges for all is provided by the money of the tax payers. Everyone is familiar with every interest of our public institutions from start to finish, but the appreciation is not commensurate with sacrifices made to measure up to the demands of the increasing army of young people.

Because of the ever changing demand of the times there is always some one or a band of far-visioned persons ready with suggestions for improving school systems, and ultimately for the betterment of childhood. For instance, in Canton, Ohio, the suggestion has been made to merge the two studies, history and geography,

feeling they are relative topics, and can be more easily and effectively taught in this manner. While we have our doubts concerning the success of such a plan, we are passing this excerpt from the press for consideration of our readers:

> History and geography have been combined as a single study in an educational experiment conducted in the public schools here.
>
> The Board of Education is convinced that the relation of the subjects is such that students will derive more benefit from a combination study of them. History and geography have been merged into one course known as Social Science.
>
> At present, the new course is being offered only in the fifth grade, but plans are being made to extend the system to upper elementary grades.
>
> In the old method, school officials observed, pupils simply learned a mass of facts which later were repeated parrot-like to the teacher. Under the new system, the students "observe and study the natural environment in its relation to themselves and to others. The children recognize that human activities are involved and come to understand the why of these activities."

* * * * * * * * *

LIEUTENANT HINTON McLEOD

In the world-wide area of activities of the most cruel war of all time, the most recent casualty reported in Concord was the tragic death of Lieutenant Hinton McLeod. When the passing of this promising young man was made known to his friends in all walks of life, it struck like a thunderbolt, and was accepted with expressions of deepest sympathy. This fine young man, well known in Concord, courageous and strong, was filled with the spirit of noble forebears who fought for liberty, was the victim of a terrible tragedy while in the course of training to meet the enemies of the allied nations.

To all normal minds it seems that Hinton McLeod was taken too soon, but the purposes and plans of God to meet the needs of mankind cannot be questioned, therefore, such fatalities have to be accepted with an understanding heart. From all sources, sympathy has been expressed for the loved ones left to mourn his death, and

among the many friends of young McLeod, the high ideals—love of liberty and freedom—that shaped the course of his life, were emphasized.

* * * * * * * *

There has been considerable controversy concerning the official rank and title of Douglas MacArthur. We recently read that the title general, that he now holds, had been bestowed on but three men in the history of America. From the columns of an exchange we found this statement to be incorrect, and are giving the complete list of our military leaders who have held this rank, as follows.

> Douglas MacArthur, Supreme Commander of the United Nations forces in the Southwestern Pacific, holds the rank and title of general. Eleven men, including MacArthur, have held the grade of general in the United States Army. Their names and dates of appointment are as follows: Ulysses S. Grant, July 25, 1866; William T. Sherman, March 4, 1869; Philip H. Sheridan, June 1, 1888; John J. Pershing, October 6, 1917; Tasker H. Bliss, October 6, 1917; Peyton C. March, May 20, 1918; Douglas MacArthur, November 21, 1930; Malin Craig, October 2, 1935; George C. Marshall, September 1, 1939; John L. Hines, June 15, 1940. Douglas MacArthur was reappointed general on December 18, 1941.

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BOOKS FOR SOLDIERS

There has been little publicity given to the Victory Campaign for books for our boys who are fighting to save the glorious privileges of democracy. Some one who knows has suggested the needs of the appeal that fiction, biography, science and poetry will answer this demand. It was during the first World War that the Stonewall Circle of King's Daughters collected books for our soldier boys, and the response was most generous. The Secretary of the Navy, at that time, Hon. Josephus Daniels, commented as to the generosity of the people of our county. What was possible then is not impossible now. Let's see that the boys at the front have good reading material for use in their spare moments.

IMPORTANT DATES IN APRIL

(Selected)

1—All Fools' Day.
1—Prince von Bismark born, 1815.
1—Construction of the first railroad in the United States begun, 1826.
1—Four provinces of British India re-constituted, 1912.
2—United States Mint established in Philadelphia, 1792.
2—Hans Christian Andersen born, 1805.
2—Richmond, Va., evacuated by the Confederates, 1865.
3—Washington Irving born, 1783.
3—Bismark resigned his office, 1877.
4—Henry Hudson sailed on third voyage, 1609.
4—United States flag adopted by Congress, 1818.
4—"Akron," world's largest dirigible, destroyed in storm, 1933.
5—British Museum originated, 1753.
5—Frank R. Stockton born, 1834.
5—Algernon Charles Swinburne born, 1837.
6—Elihu Yale born, 1648.
6—Washington elected President of the United States, 1789.
6—United States declared war against Germany, 1917.
7—William Wordsworth born, 1770.
7—Canada defeated reciprocity with the United States, 1888.
8—First Tariff Bill introduced in Congress, 1789.
8—Louisiana admitted to the Union, 1812.
8—Legislature of British Columbia passed anti-Japanese immigration law, 1905.
9—Charleston, S. C., captured by the British, 1780.
10—William Hazlett born, 1778.
10—Napoleon abdicated the French throne, 1814.
10—William Booth, founder of the Salvation Army, born, 1829.
10—Huge fire in Toronto, Canada, 1904.
11—William and Mary crowned in London, 1689.
11—Hudson Bay, Newfoundland and Nova Scotia surrendered to England, 1713.
11—George Canning born, 1770.
11—Edward Everett born, 1794.
12—Union Jack made the English national flag, 1606.
12—Henry Clay born, 1777.
13—Thomas Jefferson born, 1743.
14—First anti-slavery society in the United States, formed by Quakers, 1775.
14—Abraham Lincoln fatally wounded, 1865.
15—Horace Porter born, 1837.
15—Bliss Carman born, 1861.
15—"Titanic" sank, and about 1600 persons were drowned, 1912.
16—Charles W. Peale born, 1741.
16—First railroad in India opened, 1853.
16—William Wright born, 1867.
17—Benjamin Franklin died, 1790.
17—J. Pierpont Morgan born, 1837.
18—Paul Revere made his famous ride, 1775.
18—George H. Lewes born, 1817.
18—Earthquake and fire in San Francisco, 1906.
19—Roger Sherman born, 1721.
19—Battle of Lexington, 1775.
20—Bacon's rebellion began, 1676.
20—Sir John Eliot born, 1592.
20—Congress recognized independence of Cuba, 1898.
21—Friedrich Froebel born, 1782.
21—Canada forbade seal-catching in certain areas, 1894.
21—Spanish-American War began, 1898.
22—Queen Isabella of Spain born, 1451.
22—Henry Fielding born, 1707.
22—Contract signed for transfer of Panama Canal to the United States, 1904.
23—William Shakespeare born, 1564.
23—James Buchanan born, 1791.
23—Stephen A. Douglas born, 1813.
24—George Cartwright born, 1743.
24—Anthony Trollope born, 1815.

24—Russia began war aginst Turkey, 1877.
24—Battle of Fish Creek, Canada, 1885.
25—Oilver Cromwell born, 1599.
26—Great Plague in London, began, 1665.
26—Alice Cary born, 1820.
26—Hull, Canada, nearly destroyed by fire, 1900.
27—U. S. Grant born, 1822.
28—James Monroe born, 1758.
28—Napoleon exiled to Elba, 1814.
29—Duke of Wellington born, 1769.
30—George Washington took oath as first President of the United States, 1789.
30—Louisiana Purchase made, 1803.

THE "HAUNTED" ROAD

Burma is a small British province in southeastern Asia, having less than fifteen million peace-loving souls. It is wedged between powerful warring nations, and its people live in constant fear of war.

But war is not the only thing that disturbs the people of Burma, according to a recent communication from a Christian missionary in that part of the world. The fear of mysterious evil spirits, who are supposed to dwell all over the land, are a terrible menace to the people. Even Christian villages are not entirely free from that fear.

It is related that in one village the women, who drew water for their households, had to go a long, roundabout way to the spring down in the valley. The land where a direct road might be made was "haunted." No one dared to cross it.

The missionary, after considering the plight of the people, decided that he would do something about it. He called the leading members of his church together to help him cut a straight path across the "haunted" ground. There was nothing doing! Finally the missionary decided to "take his life in his hands," and cut a path across the forbidden ground lone-handed. The natives looked on in horror, expecting every moment the evil spirits would do their worst.

After he had finished, he escorted his wife to the new path, and both walked across the "haunted" ground to the spring, drew a fresh pail of water, and returned the same way. Nothing happened.

After a few days the native children began to play in the new path, unknown to the parents. But since nothing happened to the children, a few women, braver than the rest, cautiously began to use the new and shorter path. Now, the missionary reports, the new path is the regular water route.

—Sunshine Magazine.

FAMOUS EDITOR EULOGIZED BY FAMOUS PREACHER

(Charlotte Observer)

In the late nineties and at the turn of the century Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage of Brooklyn was one of the great preachers of America, writer and orator, who had gained international reputation. Contem-poraneously Henry W. Grady, editor of The Atlanta Constitution, had won a national reputation as a great liberal editor and public speaker. Talmage and Grady were close friends.

When Grady died at the age of 39, December 21, 1899, Talmage was traveling in the Near East, but on February 23, 1900, he was back in Brooklyn and preached the following sermon in the nature of a memorial to Grady, in the great Academy of Music, which was crowded "as it never had been before," according to reports of that day, which said that prominent in the congregation were most of the gentlemen who had attended the banquet of the Southern Society of New York.

According to Joel Chandler Harris' "Life of Henry W. Grady," from which the sermon was copied recently by Walter C. Johnson, secretary and manager of the Southern Newspaper Publishers' association, and supplied by him to The Observer, "their presence was due to the intimation that Dr. Talmage was going to preach on the life and character of the great Southern editor." According to the narrative the famous preacher was "in splendid voices, and his rounded periods made a deep impression upon all present."

Dr. Talmage used as his text Isaiah VIII-I: "Take thee a great roll, and write in it with a man's pen." He paid glowing tribute not only to Grady but to the American press and editors generally. The sermon follows:

Within a few weeks one of the strongest, most vivid and most brilliant of those pens was laid down on the editoral desk in Atlanta, never again to be resumed.

I was far away at the time. We had been sailing up from the Mediterranean Sea, through the Dardanelles, which region is unlike anything I ever saw for beauty. There is not any other water scenery on earth where God has done so many picturesque things with islands. They are somewhat like the Thousand Islands of our American St. Lowrence, but more like heaven. Indeed, we had just passed Patmos, the place from which John had his apocalyptic vision.

Constantinople had seemed to come out to greet us, for your approach to that city is different from any other city. Other cities as you approach them seem to retire, but this city, with its glittering minarets and pinacles, seems almost to step into the water to greet you. But my landing there, that would have been to me an exhilaration, was suddenly

stunned with the tidings of the death of my intimate friend, Henry W. Grady. I could hardly believe the tidings, for I had left on my study table at home letters and telegrams from him, those letters and telegrams having a warmth and geniality, and a wit such as he alone express.

The departure of no public man for many years has so affected me. For days I walked about as in a dream, and I resolved that, getting home, I would, for the sake of his bereaved household, and for the sake of his bereaved profession, and for the sake of what he had been to me, and shall continue to be as long as memory lasts, I would speak a word in appreciation of him, the most promising of Americans, and learn some of the salient lessons of his departure.

I have no doubt that he had enemies, for no man can live such an active life as he lived, or be so far in advance of his time without making enemies, some because he defeated their projects, and some because he outshone them.

Owls and bats never did like the rising sun.

But I shall tell you how he appeared to me, and I am glad that I told him while he was in full health what I thought of him.

Memorial orations and gravestone epitaphs are often mean enough, for they say of a man after he is dead that which ought to have been said of him while living. One garland for a living brow is worth more than a mountain of japonicas and calls lilies heaped on a funeral casket.

By a little black volume of fifty pages, containing the eulogiums and poems uttered and written at the demise of Clay and Webster and Calhoun and Lincoln and Summer, the world tried to pay for the forty years of obloquy it heaped upon those living giants. If I say nothing in praise of a man while he lives I will keep silent when he is dead.

Myrtle and weeping willow can never do what ought to have been done by amaranth and palm branch.

No amount of "Dead March in Saul" rumbling from big organs at the obsequies can atone for non- appreciation of the man before he fell on sleep.

The hearse cannot do what ought to have been done by chariot.

But there are important things that need to be said about our friend, who was a prophet in American journalism, and who only a few years ago heard the command of my text: "Take thee a great roll, and write in it with a man's pen."

His father dead, Henry W. Grady, a boy of fourteen years of age, took up the battle of life.

It would require a long chapter to record the names of orphans who have come to the top. When God takes away the head of the household He very often gives to some lad in that household a special qualification. Christ remembers how that His own father died early, leaving Him to support Himself and His mother and His brothers in the carpenter's shop at Nazareth, and He is in sympathy with all boys ond all young men in the struggle.

You say: "Oh, if my father had only lived I would have had a better education and I would have had a

more promising start, and there are some wrinkles on my brow that would not have been there." But I have noticed that God makes a special way for orphans. You would not have been half the man you are if you had not been obliged from your early days to fight your own battles. What other boys got out of Yale and Harvard you got in the university of hard knocks.

Go among successful merchants, lawyers, physicians and men of all occupations and professions, and there are many of them who will tell you: "At ten, or twelve, or fifteen years of age. I started for myself: father was sick, or father was dead." But somehow they got through and got up. I account for it by the fact that there is a special dispensation of God for orphans. All hail, the fatherless and motherless! The Lord Almighty will see you through.

Early obstacles for Mr. Grady were only the means for development of his intellect and heart. And lo! when at thirty-nine years of age he put down his pen and closed his lips for the perpetual silence, he had done a work which many a man who lives on a sixty and seventy and eighty years never accomplishes.

There is a great deal of senseless praise of longevity, as though it were a wonderful achievement to live a good while. Ah, my friends, it is not how long we live, but how we live and how usefully we live. A man who lives to eighty years and accomplishes nothing for God or humanity might better have never lived at all.

Methuselah lived nine hundred and sixty-nine years, and what did it amount to? In all those more than nine centuries he did not accomplish anything which seemed worth record.

Paul lived only a little more than sixty, but how many Methuselahs would it take to make one Paul? Who would not rather have Paul's sixty years than Methuselah's nine hundred and sixty-nine?

Robert McCheyne died at thirty years of age and John Summerfield at twenty-seven years of age, but neither early nor heaven will ever hear the end of their usefulness.

Longevity! Why, an elephant can beat you at that, for it lives a hundred and fifty and two hundred years. Gray hairs are the blossoms of the tree of life if found in the way of righteousness, but the frosts of the second death if found in the way of sin.

One of our able New York journals last spring printed a question and sent it to many people, and, among others, to myself: "Can the editor of a secular journal be a christian?" Some of the newspapers answered no, I answered yes; and, lest you may not understand me, I say yes again.

Summer before last, riding with Mr. Grady from a religious meeting in Georgia on Sunday night, he said to me some things which I now reveal for the first time, because it is appropriate now that I reveal them. He expressed his complete faith in the gospel, and expressed his astonishment and his grief that in our day so many young men were rejecting Christianity. From the earnestness and the tenderness and the confidence with which he spoke on these things, I

concluded that when Henry W. Grady made public profession of his faith in Christ, and took his place at the holy communion in the Methodist church, he was honestly and truly a Christian.

That conversation that Sunday night, first in the carriage and then resumed in the hotel, impressed me in such a way that when I simply heard of his departure, without any of the particulars, I concluded that he was ready to go. I warrant there was no fright in the last exigency, but that he found what is commonly called "the last enemy" a good friend, and from his home on earth he went to a home in heaven. Yes, Mr. Grady not only demonstrated that an editor may be a Christian, but that a very great intellect may be gospelized.

His mental capacity was so wonderful it was almost startling. I have been with him in active conversation while at the same time he was dictating to a stenographer editorials for The Atlanta Constitution. But that intellect was not ashamed to bow to Christ. Among his last dying utterances was a request for the prayers of the churches in his behalf.

There was that particular quality in him that you do not find in more than one person out of hundreds of thousands—namely, personal magnetism. People have tried to define that quality, and always failed, yet we have felt its power. There are some persons who have only to enter a room or step upon a platform or into a pulpit, and you are thrilled by their presence, and when they speak your nature responds and you cannot help it.

What is the peculiar influence with which such a magnetic person takes hold of social groups and audiences? Without attempting to define this, which is indefinable, I will say it seems to correspond to the waves of air set in motion by the voice or the movements of the body. Just like that atmospheric vibration is the moral or spiritual vibration which rolls out from the soul of what we call a magnetic person. As there may be a cord or rope binding bodies together, there may be an invisible cord binding souls. A magnetic man throws it over others as a hunter throws a lasso. Mr. Grady was surcharged with this influence, and it was employed for patriotism and Christianity and elevated purposes.

You may not know why, in the conversation which I had with Mr. Gladstone a few weeks ago, he uttered these memorable words about Christianity, some of which were cabled to America. He was speaking in reply to this remark: I said, "Mr. Gladstone, we are told in America by some people that Christianity does very well for weak-minded men and children in the infant class, but it is not fit for stronger-minded men; but when we mention you, of such large intellectuality, as being a pronounced friend of religion, we silence their batteries."

Then Mr. Gladstone stopped on the hillside where we were exercising, and said:

"The older I grow, the more confirmed I am in my faith in religion."

"Sir," said he, with flashing eye and uplifted hand, "talk about the questions of the day, there is but one question, and that is the Gospel. That can and will correct everything. Do

you have any of that dreadful agnosticism in America."

Having told him we had, he went on to say: "'I am profoundly thankful that none of my children or kindred have been blasted by it. I am glad to say that about all the men at the top in Great Britain are Christians. Why, sir," he said. "I have been in public position 58 years, and 47 years in the cabinet of the British government, and during those 47 years I have been associated with 60 of the master minds of the country, and all but five of the 60 were Christians."

He then named the four leading physicians and surgeons of his country, calling them by name and remarking upon the high qualities of each of them and added: "They are all thoroughly Christian."

My friends. I think it will be quite respectable for a little longer to be the friends of religion. William E. Gladstone, a Christian; Henry W. Grady, a Christian, What the greatest of Englishmen said of England is true of America and of all Christendom.

The men at the top are the friends of God and believers in the sanctities of religion, the most eminent of the doctors, the most eminent of the lawyers, the most eminent of the merchants, and there are no better men in all our land than some of those who sit in editoral chairs. And if that does not correspond with your acquaintanceship, I am sorry that you have fallen into bad company.

In answer to the question put last spring, "Can a secular journalist be a Christian?" I not only answer in the affirmative, but I assert that so great are the responsibilities of that profession, so infinite and eternal the consequences of their obedience or disobedience of the words of my text, "Take thee a great roll and write in it with a man's pen," and so many are the surrounding temptations, that the men of no other profession more deeply need the defense and the reinforcements of the grace of God.

And then look at the opportunities of journalism. I praise the pulpit and magnify my office, but I state a fact which you all know when I say that where the pulpit touches one person the press touches five hundred. The vast majority of people do not go to church, but all intelligent people read the newspapers.

While, therefore, the responsiblity of the minister is great, the responsibilities of editors and reporters is greater. Come, brother journalist, and get your ordination, not by the laying on of human hands, but but by the laying on of the hands of the Almighty. To you is committed the precious reputation of men and the more precious reputation of women.

Spread before our children an elevated literature. Make sin appear disguisting and virtue admirable. Believe good rather than evil. While you show up the hypocrisies of the church, show up the stupendous hypocrisies outside of the church.

Be not, as some of you are, the mere echoes of public opinion; make public opinion. Let the great roll on which you write with a man's pen be a message of light and liberty, and kindness and an awakening of moral power.

But who is sufficient for these

things? Not one of you without Divine help. But get that influence and the editors and reporters can go up and take this world for God and the truth. The mightiest opportunity today is open before editors and reporters and publishers, whether of knowledge on foot, as in the book, or knowledge on the wing as in the newspaper.

I pray God, men of the newspaper press, whether you hear or read this sermon, that you may rise up to your full opportunity and that you may be divinely helped and rescued and blessed.

Some one might say to me: "How can you talk thus of the newspaper press when you yourself have sometimes been unfairly treated and misrepresented?"

I answer that in the opportunity the newspaper press of this country and other countries have given me week by week to preach the gospel to the nation, I am put under so much obligation that I defy all editors and reporters, the world over to write anything that shall call forth from me one word of bitter retort from now till the day of my death.

My opinion, is that all reformers and religious teachers, instead of spending so much time and energy in denouncing the press, had better spend more time in thanking them for what they have done for the world's intelligence, and declaring their magnificent opportunity and urging their employment of it all for beneficent and righteous purposes.

Again, I remark that Henry W. Grady stood for Christian patriotism irrespective of political spoils. He declined all official reward. He could have been Governor of Georgia, but refused it. He could have been senator of the United States, but declined it. He remained plain Henry Grady.

Nearly all the other orators of the political arena, as soon as the elections are over, go to Washington, or Albany, or Harrisburg, or Atlanta, to get in city or state or national office, reward for their services, and not getting what they want spend the rest of the time of that adminstration in pouting about the management of public affairs or cursing Harrison or Cleveland.

When the great political campaigns were over Mr. Grady went home to his newspaper. He demonstrated that it is possible to toil for principles which he thought to be right, simply because they were right. Christian patriotism is too rare a commodity in this country. Surely the joy of living under such free institutions as those established here ought to be enough reward for political fidelity.

Among all the great writers that stood at the last presidential election on Democratic and Republican platforms, you cannot recall in your mind 10 who were not themselves looking for remunerative appointments. Aye, you can count them all on the fingers of one hand. The most illustrious specimen of that style of men for the last 10 years was Henry W. Grady.

Again, Mr. Grady, stood for the New South, and was just what we wants to meet there. We need three other such men, one to speak for the New North, another for the New East, and another for the New West.

The bravest speech made for the last quarter of a century was that made by Mr. Grady at the New England dinner in New York about two or three years ago. I sat with him that evening and know something of his anxieties, for he was to tread on dangerous ground, and might by one misspoken word have antagonized both sections. His speech was a victory that thrilled all of us who heard him and all who read him.

That speech, great for wisdom, great for kindness, great for pacification, great for bravery, will go down to the generations with Webster's speech at Bunker Hill, William Wirt's speech at the arraignment of Aaron Burr, Edmund Burke's speech on Warren Hastings, Robert Emmett's speech for his own vindication.

Who will in conspicuous action represent the New North as he did the New South? Who will come forth for the New East and who for the New West? Let old political issues be buried, let old grudges die. Let new theories be launched.

With the coming in of a new nation at the gates of Castle Garden every year, and the wheat bin and corn crib of our land enlarged with every harvest, and a vast multitude of our population still plunged in illiteracy to be educated, and moral questions abroad involving the very existence of our republic, let the old political platforms that are worm-eaten be dropped, and platforms that shall be made of two planks, the one the Ten Commandments, and the other the Sermon on the Mount, be lifted for all of us to stand on.

But there is a lot of old politicians grumbling all around the sky who don't want a New South, a New North, a New East, or a New West. They have some old war speeches that they prepared in 1861, that in all our autumnal elections they feel called upon to inflict upon the country. They growl louder and louder in proportion as they are pushed back further and further and the Henry W. Gradys come to the front.

But the mandate, I think, has gone forth from the throne of God that a new American Nation shall take the place of the old, and the new has been baptized for God and liberty, and justice and peace and morality and religion.

And now, our much lamented friend has gone to give account. Suddenly the facile and potent pen is laid down and the eloquent tongue is silent.

What? Is there no safeguard against fatal disease? The impersonation of stout health was Mr. Grady. What compactness of muscle! What ruddy complexion! What flashing eye! Standing with him in a group of 20 or 30 persons at Piedmont, he looked the healthiest, as his spirits were the blithest. Shall we never feel again the hearty grasp of his hand or be magnetized with his eloquence?

Men of the great roll, men of the pen, men of wit, men of power, if our friend had to go when the call came, so must you when your call comes. When God asks you what have you done with your pen, or your eloquence, or your wealth, or your social position, will you be able to give satisfactory answer? What

have we been writing all these years? If mirth, has it been innocent mirth, or that which tears and stings and lacerates? From our pen have there come forth productions healthy or poisonous?

In the last great day, when the warrior must give account of what he has done with his sword, and the merchant what he has done with his yard stick, and the mason what he has done with his trowel, and the artist what he has done with his pencil, we shall have to give account of what we have done with our pen.

There are gold pens and diamond pens, and pens of exqusite manufacture, and every few weeks I see some new kind of pen, each said to be better than the other; but in the great day of our arraignment before the Judge of the quick and dead, that will be the most beautiful pen, whether gold or steel or quill, which never wrote a profane or unclean or cruel word, or which from the day it was carved or split at the nib, dropped from its point kindness and encouragement, and help and gratitude to God and benediction for man.

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Our grand business is not to see what lies dimly in the distance, but to do what lies clearly at hand.—Carlyle.

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HOW NEW YORK CAME BY NAME OF GOTHAM

By Frank Colby

New York City was nicknamed "Gotham" 135 years ago because the American author, Washington Irving, was fanatically opposed to "mixed dancing." In applying the epithets "Gotham" and "Gothamites" to New York and its people, Irving made allusion to "The Mad Men of Gotham," a legend of old England of which we shall learn more a little later.

Irving and a friend, J. K. Paulding, edited a weekly publication, Salmagundi, the early American prototype of The New Yorker, in which the foibles of the day were dealt with in verse, allegory, and lampooning satire. The periodical waged an especially bitter crusade against the foolish Gothamites for having "waxed to be most flagrant, outrageous, and abandoned dancers—wound up by a tune, and set in motion by a fiddlestick."

If you think that "jitterbugging" is a modern invention, read what Irving had to say about "the melancholy dancing malady" that was infecting all classes of the community:

"The lady hops up to the gentleman; the gentleman, of course does the same. Then they skip one way, then they jump another; then they

turn their backs to each other; then they seize each other and shake hands. Then they whirl around, and throw themselves into a thousand grotesque and ridiculous attitudes—sometimes one one leg, sometimes on the other and sometimes on no leg at all—and they call this exhibiting the graces!

"These fits continue at short intervals for four or five hours, till at last the lady is led off, faint, languid, exhausted, and panting, to her carrige; rattles home, passes a night of feverish restlessness, cold perspirations, and troubled sleep; rises late next morning if she rises at all; is nervous, petulant, or a prey to languid indifference all day—a mere household spectre, neither giving nor rereiving enjoyment—in the evening hurries to another dance; receives an unnatural exhilaration from the lights, the music, the crowd, and the unmeaning bustle; flutters, sparkles, and blooms for awhile until, the transient delirium being past, the infatuated maid droops and languishes into apathy again; is again led off to her carriage—and the next morning rises to go through exactly the same joyless routine."

It seems that there was cafe society in those days, too.

But, since reforms have a way, by their excesses, of thwarting themselves, Irving's denunciations fell upon deaf ears, and SALMAGUNDI, the sprightly terror of the town, in due time suspended publication.

Gotham, it is said, was a pleasant village of Nottinghamshire; England. The people were an industrious, postoral folk, fond of dancing and other simple pleasures. One day, word came to the village that good King John intended to build a country palace near by, and that his architects and messengers already were en route to Gotham to select the site.

The villagers received this news with sinking hearts, for they knew that to support the extravagances of the court would surely spell ruin and bring to an end their rustic freedom.

Whereupon, the elders hatched a plot to discourage the choice of Gotham by the royal messengers. The villagers were summoned, and each was given his instructions. Soon the messengers arrived, and dismounted at the village green. At once they looked about them in amazement, for no queerer goings on had ever before been witnessed in a peaceful English countryside.

A group of villagers waded in the pond with a large ell tied to a string. Chattering idiotically, they declared that they were teaching the poor creature to swim. Other Gothamites were rolling cheeses and round loaves downhill as the quickest way of getting them to market. Three fat little men were solemnly trying to crowd themselves into a tub, in which, they explained, they would soon, embark on a voyage to unknown lands. Several rustics were frantically planting a hedge around a thorn-bush in which a cuckoo perched. This, they said, was to prevent the bird's flying away —they wantsd to enjoy its singing all the year.

Imbecility was on every hand. And at last the messengers, sadly shaking their heads, departed. King John, upon receiving their report, quickly decided to establish his new residence

a goodly way from the mad men of Gotham.

And the delighted villagers said among themselves, "Aye, we ween there are more fools pass through Gohtam than remain in it."

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Intelligence is a luxury, somethimes useless, sometimes fatal. It is a torch or firebrand, according to use one makes of it.—Caballero.

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THE MENACE OF THE COMICS

By Wouter Van Garrett

Within the past few years there has been a development in the field of the comic supplement, and the comic colored magazine, that is truly distressing. The average home seems blind to its implication. On an average Saturday, when school children are on a week-end vacation, scores of them can be seen huddled about drug store magazine racks, eagerly devouring the comic strip diet. It is our privilege to visit many homes in the course of each week, and we are amazed at the number and variety of comic magazines scattered around.

Several year ago, just about the time that many religious and normal leaders were beginning to make a serious study of comic strips in the daily newspaper and were sounding a note of alarm, the menace suddenly took on a more deadly aspect. It came in the form of a separate publication that was given over entirely to colored comics, and it grew in number and variety to such an extent that within three years it had sprung into a $15,000,000 industry. And the end is not in sight. Almost every week finds new titles on newsstands.

One of the saddest features of the whole matter is the apparent complacency of the average father and mother. Either they do not know the nature of the "literature" that is proving so absorbing to their children, or else they do not realize the moral implication of the popular use of these cheap and tawdry publications. Not only do they litter up countless homes, but they fill youthful minds with cheap melodrama and hair-raising adventure that can in no sense of the word be helpful in any normal moral and spiritual development.

Parents should bestir themselves, and become informed about the subject matter of the comics that are catching and holding the interest of their children. Year after year, in recent times, the religious juvenile publications that are carefully edited by the churches of the land have been facing a shrinkage in subscription lists to the point of alarm. Less than ten per cent of the boys and

girls in our Sunday schools read the religious papers that are prepared for them, and are made available to them at no cost to themselves. On the other hand, these secular colored comic magazines have shown a newsstand sale that is increasing by leaps and bounds.

While all this has been happening hosts of parents have felt delighted to see that at last their noisy, active youngsters seem to have found an interest to keep them quietly absorbed for long periods of time. But if the same parents were to sit down with their children, and were to read aloud to them the wild adventures that are so colorfully displayed, they probably would be horrified at many of the themes that form the basis for the imaginative stories.

If parents were to make that sort of study they might find a reason for some of the troublesome dreams their children are having at night. They might also lnd an explanation for some of the disturbing juevnile conduct that worries them. How often mother frantically exclaims: "Where on earth did you get an idea like that?" or, "Whatever made you do a thing like this!" Those comics on the table might well hold the answer. Such a study might explain the apparent lack of interest in normal children's activities that, at times, is evident.

If you have read this far, you may be prompted to ask a question or two; you may be inclined to think that we are making a mountain out of a mole hill. If such is the case, will you come with us as we take a hurried glance at one of these comic magazines? Of course, it is only fair to admit that some of the stories have themes that are wholesome; we must also admit that some are perfectly harmless; but that does not alter the fact that many are downright vicious.

We turn the first few pages rapidly because they come under the first two classifications; they are either wholesome or harmless. But we stop on page seven. It is one of the most colorful in the entire paper, and is bound to catch first attention from the youthful reader. The story has to do with a little girl who has a "date" with a little boy. He has offered to take her out for a ride on his pony, and he seats her on the animal in front of himself. Now there hapens to be another little boy, and he also likes the little girl. He is insanely jealous. So he arranges to fix a firecracker under the tail of the pony. (The artist doesn't explain how a firecracker could he kept ignited so long without exploding.) In the course of time there is a terrible explosion; the first suitor is blow clear across the moon; the little girl lands on a pile of hay. The culprit comes to her rescue, and takes her home on the handlebars of his bicycle. Of course, the young readers laugh with glee, but there are some moral implications in that colorful story that will shock the thoughtful parent.

Let's turn to another, several pages farther on. This depicts two brothers in a quarrel. They both want to go fishing, but dad has only one fishing outfit. They quarrel all the while they are digging worms, and then one brother gets an idea. He hurries over to a neighbor's house, and sends

in a false fire alarm, knowing full well that his brother cannot resist the sound of a fire siren. While the second boy runs to see where the fire is, the first boy takes the fishing tackle, and goes fishing. You see the theme of the story: the way to get what you want is by trickery and falsehood.

A popular theme for the lower grade comics has to do with the mother and son ralationship. Usually mother sends the son on an errand at the very moment when he has some "important" matter of his own to attend to. He cannot refuse to do what she orders because he would be punished, but he can figure out a way to distort her orders and to violate her trust in him. Usually there are a number of humorous situations in the story, and they are painted in glowing colors. But the theme is all wrong. It impresses upon a youthful mind that it is all right to deceive others, and that it is loads of fun to deceive a trusting mother.

These examples seem ridiculous and fantastic, but they are not as bad as many an example you can find in the comic magazines in a few minutes' study. You are anxious to teach your children good moral standards. You want them to grow into men and women of honor and integrity. You send them to school to learn, among other things, the use of good English. But in one of the most interesting and impressive ways that a child knows he is taught to sneer at home and truth, and to use the language of the gutter. Such words as "kisser," "snoot," "jerk," etc., are quite common in the vocabulary of the comics.

The pictorial method of teaching is good, so far as method goes; but no method can be better than its content. Every parent knows how important it is to have children hear stories of valor and heroism and honor; they know that the theme of the story will impress itself upon youthful minds and tend to recreate itself in conduct. But what about such themes as we have mentioned, where there is a negative approach, and where young lives are impressed with false moral standards?

What can be done about the menace? Well, something must be done, be sure of that! Never was Scripture truer than here: "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." If we continue to sow immoral and unmoral impressions, we will reap a terrible harvest in the conduct of our children. The first step toward a remedy lies in becoming aware of the danger. Study the comics your children enjoy! That should fill you with alarm. The next step is one of selection. Your children probably will read "funnies" no matter what you say or do; if they can't have them at home, they will read them at the home of a friend or at the corner drugstore. Let them have comics but make sure that they are wholesome or harmless in their tone.

Many a daily newspaper has studied this problem and has adopted a policy of using only the best comic strips. You can subscribe for the daily that recognizes this problem and is doing something constructive about it. But that is not enough.

Get after the editors of the comic magazines, and the daily newspapers, that support the trash and filth. Demand better subject matter in their wares. As a rule an editor has his ears close to the ground to get the reaction of the public to what he is printing. If he gets no letters of disapproval, he will look to subscription lists and newsstand sales as an indication of approval. No constructive criticism is cast aside. Make yourself heard!

In addition to your contact with the editors, acquaint other parents with the problem; make them see the moral menace that is threatening. Use your influence to have the subject studied and discussed at club meetings, and in monthly adult Bible class meetings; in fact, use every opportunity to awaken parents to the true state of affairs.

At the same time there are some constructive measures that can be taken right in the home to shape the reading tastes of the children. Make it a point to increase the supply of wholesome reading matter in the home. Subscribe to as many youth and children's magazines as you can possibly afford, and purchase good books that are suitable to the particular ages of your children. Try in every possible way to develop a taste for good reading that will be in harmony with their normal development. You may have to read aloud to your children in order to get them started reading the right kind of literature; but that is a small price to have to pay to develop such an important habit.

The present deluge of "funnies" deserves serious thought on the part of every sincere parent and, when home-makers do become fully aware of the menace, steps will be taken to do something about it; and the response is bound to be hopeful.

Destroy the comics? No! Just give them a good moral tone, a wholesome theme to justify their existence!

———:———

Love of country is one of the loftiest virtues; and so treason against it has been considered among the most damning sins.—E. A. Storrs.

———:———

THE HONOR ROLL

By Daisy Clay in The Young Crusader

Ruth Macey came eagerly into the school room Friday noon. If her number work was marked "correct" today, that would mean a perfect record for the week, and her name could be written under "Honor Roll" on the corner blackboard. She hurried to her desk. Yes, there was her paper with a big "C" on it! Ruth was so happy she smiled at Margie

across the aisle, and then at the teacher sitting at her desk.

Ruth tried to study her reading lesson, but she was so proud of her record that she kept looking at her paper still lying on her desk.

Suddenly she sat up straight and her book fell shut. She saw something on her paper that she had not noticed before. In the answer to the second problem she had written a 5, but it did look something like a 2. And 2 was the right answer! The teacher had thought she had written a 2!

Ruth set staring at the paper. If she told the teacher about it her name would have to come off the Honor Roll. But the thought that kept popping in and out of her mind, and never quite went away, was, "If I don't tell the teacher, I will always know that I am a cheater!"

Ruth picked up her paper and started to get out of her seat. Just then two ladies walked into the school room and up to the teacher's desk.

"I shall have to wait till they are gone," Ruth thought. But to her dismay, the teacher asked them to take chairs over by the window to listen to the class recite. This was going to make it harder for Ruth, but she bravely picked up her paper and started up the aisle.

She had just reached the desk when the door opened again and in walked the principal. The teacher put her arm around Ruth, while she talked with the principal. Then, he, too, pulled up a chair and sat down near the teacher's desk. Ruth must tell about her mistake before visitors and the principal!

"Miss Taylor," she said in a voice that trembled a little, "I meant this for a 5, not a 2, so it is wrong. I did not really get it correctly, and I am not on the Honor Roll!" And then she walked quickly to her desk, blinking back the tears.

Across the aisle, from Ruth a boy raised his hand. He had heard what Ruth had told the teacher. "Teacher, I think it was better for Ruth to be honest than to be perfect in number work."

"Yes, indeed," smiled the teacher.

"Absolutely," said the principal. And Ruth saw that the two ladies were smiling, too. And then the children clapped their hands, and Ruth did not mind it nearly so much when the teacher erased her name from the Honor Roll list.

The next morning, as Ruth came into the big front door of the school, the principal was just coming down the hall. "Ruth," he said, "I have been looking about for a very honest person, one who will go around to the different rooms to collect the money and bring it to me in the office. It is a very important and honorable job. Should you like to do that, then come to my office in the morning, and I will give you your badge, and tell you what to do."

When Ruth told Margie about her new job, Margie said, "Oh, you got honor, and a great deal more, by being honest, after all!"

———:———

"Who escapes a duty, avoids a gain."

A TREASURED RELIC OF COLONIAL DAYS

By Maude Gardner

Charleston, South Carolina, it is claimed, has more churches for the number of inhabitants than any other city on this continent. Historic interest is attached to many of these places of worship, for some of them were built in the early days and have played an important part in the history of the old city by the sea.

But not all the interesting churches of this part of South Carolina are located in Charleston proper. About sixteen miles from the city, in the section known as Goose Creek, is a little church building which belongs essentially to the past, and is, in the opinion of many, the most interesting relic of colonial days left standing in the South. This is St. James' Goose Creek Church, erected in 1714, and the oldest of all the parish churches of Charleston.

Soon after the settlement of Charleston in 1680, there came to the Province a colony of rich and influential planters from the West Indies. Instead of joining the new little settlement, where the Cooper and Ashley Rivers meet, they were granted lands along a small tributary of the Ashley, which, because of its winding course somewhat resembling the curving neck of a goose, they named it Goose Creek.

Beautiful plantations were laid out, among them "The Oaks," home of Edward Middleton, and "The Elms," estate of Ralph Izard. Stately avenues of oaks and elms formed the approach to these beautiful Goose Creek homes, and the one to the "Oaks" remains to this day.

Eventually came an act of the Colonial Assembly which authorized and provided for the construction of a number of parish churches. The first to be erected was the little building near Goose Creek, whose name it bears.

This lovely, ancient edifice is a construction unique in the present day. It still stands as originally built, no alterations or changes ever having been deemed necessary. Constructed of rough-cast brick, the little sanctuary has four windows and a door to each side. There is a cherub in stucco on each keystone, while over the west door is a pelican feeding her young.

At the east end of the church is a large window in front of which is the chancel, where stand the altar, reading-desk and pulpit, with its sounding-board above. Above the chancel, the Royal Arms still shine in red and gold. No doubt it was the lion and unicorn which saved the little English church from sacrilege and destruction by the British during the Revolutionary War. They could not burn a building in which their own emblem stood out in high relief.

On the walls are many tablets, placed there in memory of the early members of the congregation. Among these is the "hatchment" to Ralph

Izard, owner and builder of "The Elms." A "hatchment" was something like a shield and always bore the cost of arms. In ald English days the "hatchment" of a deceased person was placed before his house, on a tomb or in a church, as in the case of Mr. Izard's. So far as we know, no other. "hacthment" is in existence in America.

There came a day, long after the close of the Revolution and the winning of independence for the American colonists, when the last member of St. James' Goose Creek Church had moved from the vicinity or was buried in the little churchyard surrounding the sanctuary. So there was nothing else to do but close the doors, bar the windows and leave the ancient church solitary and alone—a mute reminder of historic past. Not that its usefulness as a house of worship had ceased, for St. James was as sturdy and strong as the day it was built, but because its worshipers were gone.

However, there is one day in the year when the little church, surrounded by the grove of trees, from whose branches hang Spanish moss, comes into its own again. This is on Easter Sunday, when descendants of those early settlers on Goose Creek and their friends make an annual pilgrimage to the church of their pioneer ancestors.

The doors are opened wide to let in the sunshine and air, the bars are taken from the windows to let in the light, and once again the seventeen high-backed pews are occupied, as well as the seats in the tiny gallery. From the high pulpit the church service is read again and once more the old familiar hymns break the stillness of the quiet spot.

———:———

HOW ABOUT IT, CHURCHES?

When a church seeks a pastor—
They often want
The strength of an eagle;
The grace of a swan;
The gentleness of a dove;
The friendliness of a sparrow;
And the night hours of an owl.
And when they catch that bird—
They often expect him to live
On the food of a canary.

—Selected.

WASTE NOT

(Morseville Enterprise)

No one needs to tell us that we are a very wasteful country. We admit it but are willing to help put a stop to it if by so doing we will assist in putting an end to this war. Perhaps it is because America has always had such an abundance of everything that we have become a nation to forget a shortage in our needs. By advertising products and offering attractive prices Americans have been sold on the idea of purchasing new rather than using up the old. It might have been all right then but not today. Of course we all know it is necessary to sacrifice luxuries during a war and few who haven't already tasted of the denial, but even at this there is no such acute shortage as has been facing the other nations, especially the Axis power, who for a long time past have been sacrificing as they built up their machine for the present conflict. They have been even cutting down on the necessities in order to be ready to strike. We are today having far more in the way of food and materials than other countries have been having for years. But now we consider what we can get along without, pulling out of trunks in the attic certain castoffs that might be fixed, bringing out of the garage discarded items that might come in handy again. But daily we must bear in mind that there are many things which we thoughtlessly wasts that are vital in defense, to squander them will prolong the war. We can help by carrying our packages rather than to have them delivered since this saves gasoline and rubber for trucks. Save old scrap iron and remember the vast amount we shipped to Japan a few years ago and what she has done with it! Don't burn paper and cardboard since you already know of its importance. Tell your merchant to save his paper bags if can carry the article without, or not have a parcel wrapped if necessary even though it has been customary.

Anniversaries are mile-stones. They are places where we pause to take breath and to consider our journey—whence we have come and whither we are going. They are the meeting ground of memory and hope.—Selected.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Mr. Alf Carriker and his carpenter shop boys spent most of last week renovating several rooms at the Cannon Memorial Administration Building. They are now repairing window screens at various cottages.

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The report comes to this office that prospects for a fine crop of English peas at the School are better than in several years. It is usually rather difficult to grow these peas here, and we are quite proud of the appearance of a good-sized field of this splendid vegetable.

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While the rain has been somewhat excessive during the past couple of months, we notice that the gardens and fields of small grain would be greatly benefitted by an April shower or two. It is surprising how rapidly these fields have dried out during the past week.

—:—

Large pansy beds in different sections of the campus are now a profusion of lovely blooms. Quite a number of them were picked the other day, and were used in various places here at the School, while others were taken to Concord, where some were distribited among friends of the institution who are ill, and others given to the Concord Community Center. These are the finest pansies raised here in a number of years.

—:—

Our school principal reports the winners of the Barnhardt Prise for the quarter ending March 31, 1942, as follows:

First Grade—Jack Evans, most improvement; Second Grade—Durwood Martin and Robert Hobbs, greatest improvement in reading: Third Grade—James Mondie and Arnold McHone, highest general average; Fourth Grade—John Bailey and Donald Hobbs, most progress in reading; Fifth Grade—Ralph Fisher and Audie Farthing, best in arithmetic; Sixth Grade—J. R. Whitman, highest general average; Seventh Grade—Theodore Bowles and Clarence McLemore, most progress in history.

—:—

According to a report recently received from Mr. J. H. Arey, extension dairyman, with the North Carolina Department of Agriculture and Home Economics, we find that the herd of Holsteins belonging to the Training School, made a fine record during the year ending July 8, 1941.

This herd of seventy-four cows produced in this period, an average for each cow, as follows: 9,873 pounds milk; 354 pounds butter fat; and the average cost of feed was $94.00.

The highest record was made by a group of four cows with an average of 15,139 pounds milk; 552 pounds butter fat; and the average feed cost was $103.00. Another group of three cows produced an average of 12,636 pounds milk; 464 pounds butter fat; the average feed cost being $100.00.

From these figures we learn that our entire herd produced well over 700,000 pounds of milk in the year.

We are proud to state that the School's herd invariably leads the Dairy Association, consisting of Mecklenburg, Cleveland and Cabarrus counties in the average production of milk. This is a very important item in our boys' diet, each boy at the School getting at least a quart of wholesome milk each day in the year, a dominating factor in our fine health record .

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Rev. C. C. Herbert, pastor of Forest Hill Methodist Church, Concord, conducted the service at the School last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson, he and the boys read responsively, selection No. 560, in the back of the hymnal used here. It was the story of the Resurrection, as recorded in Matthew 28:1-10. As a text for his message to the boys, he selected the 15th and 20th verses of the 15th chapter of I Corinthians.

At the beginning of his remarks, the speaker quoted the words of St. Paul, when he said if Christ did not rise from the dead, all of our Christian preaching and teaching is useless, and our faith is in vain. This great apostle later added the positive statement. "But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept."

Rev. Mr. Herbert then stated there are many people in the world today who believe that Jesus was the greatest man who ever lived, but when put to death, his career came to an end. They do not acknowledge the truth of his resurrection and ascension. We, as Christians, believe with St. Paul that Christ did arise from the dead, thus giving hope to all who endeavor to follow him.

The happy Easter message, continued the speaker, assures us that if we live as Christ wants us to live, we need have no fear of death, for he will take care of us in the world to come.

To illustrate how a person can influence others, Rev. Mr. Herbert told the boys the following story: Back in 1920, a football player on the Notre Dame team made a great record, gaining All-American honors. He was called "Gyp" by his teammates. At the close of the season, Gyp contracted a terrible disease, and as he lay dying, his fellow players and their renowned coach, Knute Rockne, were at his bedside. One player said, "Pretty tough, isn't it, Gyp?" He replied, "There's nothing tough about it I've tried to live a clean life, and am ready to go." He turned to Rockne and said, "Tell them to win one for me," and sank back into his pillow. A little later he raised up and said, "I don't know where I'll be, fellows, but believe I'll know one game has been won for me." These were his last words.

Eight years later, Notre Dame was playing Army, and the West Point boys were out to win. At the end of the first half, the score was 0-0. They had played well against the favorite Notre Dame eleven, and had a good chance to win, and thus sopil an undefeated season record for Rockne. The famous old coach talked to his boys during the intermission, and told them the story of Gyp. After the rest period, the Notre Dame boys played like an inspired team, and won the game. As one of the halfbacks plunged over for the winning

touchdown, he cried, "Here's one for Gyp!"

We can follow Christ and have our influence felt in the world, said the speaker. Christ's influence still lives on in the hearts and minds of men. He wants us to live such lives that we may help others. Our influence should always be for good.

Rev. Mr Herbert then told a story of a great artist who was making a beautiful stained-glass window. It was a most difficult task, but at last it was nearing completion. A small piece of glass had dropped to the floor unnoticed when the artist started on his masterpice, and had been swept to one side. The sweeper, thinking it was so vary small and of no use, had swept it up into a pile of trash. The picture was almost finished, but the artist needed a certain small piece of glass, and searched diligently for it. At last, he noticed the sunlight gleaming on a small piece in the waste-pile, picked it up and discovered that it was just what he needed. That supposedly worthless bit of glass was the piece needed to make the eye of Christ in the picture.

So it is with us, said the speaker. Each one of us has a place in God's plan of life, . If we do not fit into our place, the picture is not complete. We must never take our minds off the fact that God has placed us here for a purpose, and strive to do His will at all times. The risen Christ is asking us to do good always.

Rev. Mr. Herbert concluded by repeating the following verse from an old familiar hymn:

I know that my Redeemer lives,
And ever prays for me;
A token of His love He gives,
A pledge of liberty.

THE ERASER

I'm not a pen-point, nor a brush,
Nor typewriter, nor stencil.
I'm just a piece of rubber on
The end of a lead pencil.

I never get to write a line,
Nor even to improve it;
But each time a mistake is made
I'm called on to remove it.

The dawn brings me but little hope,
The night portends but terrors.
All that I ever get to see
Of people is their errors.

—Clarence Edwin Flynn.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending April 5, 1942

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Wade Aycoth
Carl Barrier
John Hogsed
Edward Moore
Robert Padgett
Weaver F. Ruff
Edgar Simmons
Malcom Seymour
Paul Smith
James Watts
Jacob Young

COTTAGE NO. 1

James Bargesser
Thomas Barnes
N. A. Bennett
Charles Browning
Lacy Burleson
Lloyd Callahan
William Cook
Carl Hooker
Leonard Robinson
Kenneth Tipton

COTTAGE NO. 2

Raymond Brooks
John Crumpler
John D. Davis
Virgil Lane
Amos Myers
James McGlammery
Richard Parker
John Pritchard
Joseph Smith
Leo Worley

COTTAGE NO. 3

John Bailey
Grover Beaver
Junior Blake
Robert Coleman
Donald Daniels
Robert Hare
Arthur Ingle
Jerry Jenkins
Dewey Lanning
Ronda Price
Robert Quick
Charles Rhodes
Elbert Russ
Earl Smith
William T. Smith
John Tolley

COTTAGE NO. 4

J. W. McRorie
Woodrow Wilson
Thomas Yates

COTTAGE NO. 5

Theodore Bowles

COTTAGE NO. 6

Elgin Atwood
Fred Bostian
Robert Hobbs
Marvin Lipscomb
John Linville
Durwood Martin
Vollie McCall
Reitzel Southern
Wesley Turner
William Wilkerson

COTTAGE NO. 7

John H. Averitte
Hurley Bell
Henry Butler
George Green
J. B. Hensley
Edward Loftin
John Mazoo
Arnold McHone
Ernest Overcash
Durham Smith
William Young

COTTAGE NO. 8

Vernon Green

COTTAGE NO. 9

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE NO. 10

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE NO. 11

J. C. Allen
John Allison
Bert Barnhardt
Charles Frye
Robert Goldsmith
Samuel Stewart

Henry Smith
Canipe Shoe

COTTAGE NO. 12

Jay Brannock
Leroy Childers
Eugene Hefner
Marvin Howard
Douglas Holt
William Lanning
Raiford Medlin
James Mondie
Robert Muse
Daniel McPhail
Roy Patton
Simon Quick
Jesse Smith
Charles Simpson
Brice Thomas
Carl Tyndall
J. R. Whitman
Roy Womack
George Ward

COTTAGE NO. 13

James Brewer
Thomas Fields
Randall Peeler
Paul Roberts
Emerson Sawyer
Ray Smith
Alphonso Williamson

COTTAGE NO. 14

John Baker
Robert Caudle
Walter Carver
Robert Deyton
Henry Ennis
Audie Farthing
William Harding
Lawrence Hord
Marvin King
Edward Kinion
William Lane
William Lanford
Roy Mumford
Charles McCoyle
John Robbins
John Reep
Charles Steepleton

COTTAGE NO. 15

Hiram Atkinson
William Barrier
Robert Chamberlain
Horace Deese
James Deatherage
John Gibson
Fred Jenkins
Charles Lanford
Clarence Medlin
Clarence McLemore
Marvin Pennell
D. C. Reynolds

INDIAN COTTAGE

Raymond Brooks
Edward Hall
Ernest Jacobs
Cecir Jacobs
Lester Lochlear
James Lochlear
Louis Stafford
Eugene Stebbs
Eugene Watts

———:———

Mirth is God's medicine. Everybody ought to bathe in it. Grim care, moroseness, anxiety—all the rust of life should be scoured off by the oil of mirth. It is better than emery. Every one should rub himself with it. One without mirth is like an auto without springs, which cause us to jolt disagreeably by every pebble over which it runs.—Square and Compass.

APR 20 1942
U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXX CONCORD, N. C., APRIL 18, 1942 No. 16

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FAITH TO EACH OTHER

Taught by no priest, but by our beating
hearts:
Faith to each other; the fidelity
Of men whose pulse leaps with kindred
fire,
Who in the flash of eyes, the clasp of
hands,
Nay, in the silent bodily pressure, feel
The mystic stirrings of a common life
That makes the many one.

—Author Unknown.

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

MAN'S GIFT TO MAN

I stood on a hilltop overlooking the world about my feet. Quiet beauty surrounded me like the benediction of a friend. Afar were the homes of men with snow upon their slanting roofs, and wisps of purple smoke writing their stories of warmth and comfort against the steel blue of winter's sky.

All this, thought I, is God's gift to man—the earth beneath my feet, the beauty of its hills, the gleam of its silver water, the trees, the sleeping seeds that wait in cold patience for the awakening spring. How generously and carefully, as though planning every step, has nature provided for man's needs. Has man himself, I asked, served his own kind with thoughtful generosity of the cold earth? My heart saddened as I remembered man's frequent inhumanity to man, his greed, his cruelty, his bloody wars.

But the sun broke through the dark clouds over me. I looked down from my height with new eyes. Everywhere I saw the shining evidence of man's loving heart and generous hand—the road winding down between the hills, the cheery echo of a woodsman's axe, a glimpse of a distant train rushing its freight of warmth and comfort to the city beyond the sky's edge. Strange, beautiful world! Where creatures with faces shining like the sun are toiling and playing, where calloused hands are not too hard for gentleness, nor weary hearts too tired for smiling kindness at the day's end.—World Horizons.

THOMAS JEFFERSON

Thomas Jefferson, third President of the United States, was born at Shadwell, Albemarle County, Virginia, on April 13, 1743. He was a brillant statesman, diplomat, political philosopher, party leader, architect, and was the greatest democrat of his age. From youth to the day of his death he fought for the rights of the common man against unequal laws and the privileges of aristocratic groups. Even after independence had been won, the states were far from democratic either in government or in the structure of society. The right to vote was narrowly limited, office holding was reserved for the well-to-do, in some states the people were still taxed for the benefit of the clergy, education was beyond the reach

of the masses. So successful was Jefferson in his battle against these conditions that he changed the whole character of American society. This is the true meaning of Jefferson's career, his greatest contribution to the United States,

It has been conceded by many noted historians that while George Washington gave the nation independence, and Alexander Hamilton gave it strength, it was Thomas Jefferson who made it democratic. On July 4, 1826, just fifty years after the adoption of the Declaration of Independence, this great American's life came quietly to an end at "Monticello," his lovely home near Charlottesville, Virginia.

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MEMORABLE DATES

We are calling attention to many outstanding dates, anniversaries of which occur during the week of April 12th to the 18th. These incidents in the history of our nation should be of special interest to students of high school age and the higher elementary grades, and are arranged as follows:

April 14, 1865, is the date on which Abraham Lincoln was shot in Ford's Theatre, Washington, D. C., by John Wilkes Booth. Booth was pursued and shot twelve days later by Boston Corbett, who found him hiding in a barn near Fredricksburg, Va. A military court convicted and hanged four other conspirators, including a woman whose name was Mary Suratt.

It was on April 15, 1912 that the Titanic disaster occurred, and 1,513 lives were lost in the Atlantic Ocean. Up to that time, the Titanic was the largest ship built. She left Southampton, England, for her maiden transatlantic voyage to New York City, with 2,224 passengers aboard. The ship's crew had been warned of perils ahead. Disregarding the warning, they continued at full speed until they struck a huge iceberg south of Newfoundland. In two and one-half hours the ship sank amid frantic cries of men, women and children. John Jacob Astor and Benjamin Guggenheim were among the lost, To prevent a recurrence of such a disaster, ships are now protected by a government ice-patrol service.

India is much in the news of today, so it is well to refresh the minds of our readers concerning some historic landmarks of

that country. On April 16, 1853, the first railroad opened in India. This country is divided into 11 British provinces, and 562 native states ruled by native princes who are responsible to the British representative for good government. Many attempts have been made during the twentieth century to secure independence. In 1935 a new constitution was adopted which is a first step toward dominion status, reconciling provinces and feudal states, and forming a federated nation of the whole country.

J. Pierpont Morgan, one of America's greatest financiers, was born in New York City, April 17, 1837. He began his banking career with a large bankng concern in that city at the age of twenty-three. Later on he became interested in railroads and various other lines of industry which were financed by his banking company. He gave generously of his wealth to many worthy causes and to many charitable institutions. He became the world's greatest collector of manuscripts, books and pictures, paying as high as $50,000 for originals. Morgan died at the age of 76, in 1913, and was succeeded in business by his son, who also became distinguished for his philanthropic work and cultural attainments. The younger Morgan and his sister via with each other in the growing of fine specimen flowering plants.

On April 18, 1775, Paul Revere made his famous ride from Charlestown to Lexington, Mass., to arouse the Minute Men and to warn them of the approach of the British. He also became famous as one of America's greatest silversmiths. His work is represented in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City.

April 18, 1906, was the date of the most disastrous earthquake in America, when a 450-mile strip of San Francisco was affected. The severe shock wrecked block after block of buildings, and broke many water and gas pipes. The death toll reached 452, and 250,000 people were made homeless, while many were crippled and wounded. Property loss was around $200,000,000. Railroads were twisted and ruined, and the earth for many miles sank as much as six feet.

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THE OLD "HEE-HAW"

In the United States there are 132,000,000 people, and there is distributed among this fine army of citizens, 30,000,000 motor

cars of some kind, used either for pleasure or as a means of contributing to the maintenace of homes. Old Dobbin is occasionally seen on the thoroughfares since realizing oil and rubber have to be conserved for the defense of America. The following is the estimate of the mule, as taken from a recent issue of the Mooresville Enterprise:

> This is a case of the mule giving the last laugh and it sounds like He, Haw. The lowly beast is returning and playing an important role. He was thought to have been pushed into the picture of yesteryear before the motor era burst into glory upon man. He was one of the school of 'has beens." Back in 1917 he made a return engagement that was a success in the recording in the history books, and so he returns again today to play his part in another war, for in time of battle the mule is in demand.
>
> You around Mooresville have been aware of the mule taking the place of mechanized equipment on farms since machinery manufacture has been halted or reduced to such an extent. And not only on the farm is the mule returning into his own but also on the battlefield. Wars are not fought on hard surface highways for the convenience of the men, but in mud and bogs that tax and strain and stop the best of man-made tanks. Though we are fighting in the most keenly developed mechanized war that man has ever endured up to the present, even steel and rubber will fail where the mule strains through. He comes doggedly along in the pinches. So this is the reason that the mule is now bringing the average price of $185 a head, is selling at the rate of 6,000 a month.

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THE EARTHQUAKE IN JAPAN

Perhaps many of us can remember the great earthquake in Japan, which shook the foundation of the whole empire about eighteen years ago. Newspapers carried large streamer headlines telling of the disaster, the vast amount of damage done and the number of people killed.

The United States rushed relief to the stricken territory as fast as ships could carry the supplies, to the amount of several million dollars. Countless numbers of Japs were given aid. The hand of friendship was extended in their time of distress.

We well remember the collection taken up in our home community. Solicitors went from door to dorr, giving all a chance to contribute to relief funds. Children in schools contributed pennies or other small coins in order to be classed with those who gave. The American Red Cross was strictly on the job in furnishing supplies and all possible aid.

The picture changes—On December 7, 1941, that same country of Japan, to whom we rendered valuable aid in time of trouble, stabbed its benefactor by suddenly attacking the island possessions of the United States, at Wake, Hawaii, Midway, the Philippines, and other possessions, with bombs and shells, killing many Americans and natives of the islands.

We are getting thanks from the barbarous Japs, in the war which they started. They may gloat over their first successes in this war, but success does not always come in the first round of a battle. There are many rounds to follow; then we shall see just how matters stand.

Above all the cowardly traits of man is the spirit of ingratitude, such as has been shown by the cowardly Japanese.—Exchange.

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MUSIC

We have always contended if a person did not like music, there was something decidedly wrong with him, and that he was missing one of the greatest joys of life. It is a language which may be understood by people of all nationalities. Kate Smith, beloved radio singer, has this to say concerning the value of music: "Through all history, through all trials and tribulations, there has never been anything like music and song to support morale. At this critical moment music will immediately fortify our national morale."

MONTICELLO

(Selected)

Monticello, now preserved as a National Memorial and Patriotic Shrine, was for over fifty years the beloved home of Thomas Jefferson, author of the Declaration of American Independence and third President of the United States. Here on a part of his paternal acres he early built the unusual and fascinating house from his own designs, and here he constantly returned from every absence occasioned by his long career in distinguished public offices of his State and Country.

Jefferson had already begun levelling the mountain top at Monticello preparatory to building, before the burning of his birthplace, Shadwell, February 1, 1770. He was his own architect, self-taught in drawing. His designs, derived from those of the Italian architect, Palladio, were of a standard of classical correctness new in America, the porticoed house being united with balanced "out-chambers" by level terraces over the kitchens and other service quarters, which were thus concealed from view, leaving an unbroken panorama.

The Southwestern out-chamber was completed in time to receive Jefferson and his bride when they arrived at Monticello, New Year's Day, 1772. (Restoration of the South Terrace, of which this is a part, beneath which Jefferson located the kitchen, smokehouse and servants' rooms, was begun by the Foundation in December 1940.)

By the outbreak of the Revolution the main house was substantially finished. Half of its present width, the house then consisted of the rooms along the western side—the Tea Room, Dining Room, Salon, Jefferson's Bedroom and Dressisg Room—with a stairway within the area of the present hall. So the house was seen in 1782 by the Marquis de Chastellus who described Jefferson as "the first American who had consulted the Fine Arts to know how he should shelter himself from the weather."

It was here that, on the approach of Tarleton's British cavalry in 1781, Jefferson, then Governor of the State, was warned by Jack Jouett after a famous ride which is commemorated by a star on the step of the east portico. Jefferson had ample time to leave the house and observed the raiders through his glass from the summit of Carters Mountain nearby.

It was in 1795, after his terms as Minister to France and Secretary of State, that Jefferson determined to enlarge and remodel the house. He added the eastern file of rooms, with their mezzanine story, and the dome on the west—on the model of that of the Hotel de Salm (now palace of the Legion of Honor) which he admired in Paris as the finest adaptation of Roman architecture. This work continued all during Jefferson's terms as Vice President and as President, being completed before his retirement in 1809. One of the last features to be executed was the parquet floor of the salon, in ten-inch squares of rosewood, satinwood, wal-

nut and cherry. The eagle in the hall ceiling, with its eighteen stars, must date from after the admission of Louisiana to statehood in 1812.

Of the bedrooms, one was assigned to his daughter Martha, married to Thomas Mann Randolph (later Governor of Virginia), from whom the northern out-chamber was known as "Colonel Randolph's Study." Frequent visitors were Jefferson's neighbors, Madison and Monroe, who, like Abbe Correa, the botanist-diplomat, occupied the rooms north of the hall. Jefferson's fine library, which forms the nucleus of the Library of Congress, expanded to fill the whole enlarged room across the south end, now housing relics of Jefferson and his family. In the remodeling Jefferson adopted the French scheme of alcove beds, his own being open on both sides. To give privacy to the stairs, in a house overrun with company, be placed them out of sight in the lateral passages.

The house contains many examples of Jefferson's inventive genius. In the ceiling of the east portico is a wind-vane operated by a weather-vane above. Over the hall door is a large seven-day clock, dated 1802 and made by the Swiss clockmaker, Leschot, which marks the days of the week by the descent of the cannon-ball weights, and is wound from a folding ladder. The double glass doors to the salon opposite are geared together so that either one also operates the other. Beside the chimney-breast in the dining room is a dumb-waiter by which bottles were raised directly from the wine-cellar, the empty bottles returning as counter-weight.

The furnishings of Monticello were partly assembled during his travels, partly made on the place by slaves trained in cabinet-work. Thus the small travelling-desk on which Jefferson wrote the Declaration of American Independence (a replica of which desk is shown in the Library) was designed by him and made by the famous craftsman Ben. Randolph, with whom Jefferson lodged in Philadelphia. The Wedgwood plaques in the dining room mantel were doubtless acquired in England. Many pieces of French furniture including the two large mirrors of the salon and the lamps on the hall mantel, were brought back from Paris to Monticello, as were materials for curtains—printed linen Toiles de Jouy.

In the house today (except in the salon) the furnishings have been confined to those which Jefferson himself owned, gradually acquired by the Fousdation, chiefly by purchase, gift or bequest of his descendants.

Jefferson was a passionate collector of works of art, a number of which have been returned to Monticello. A friend and patron of the great sculptor Houdon, he owned Houdon Busts of Washington, Franklin and Paul Jones, the places of which are now occupied by copies. In the hall are busts of Jefferson and Hamilton by Ceracchi "opposed in death as in life." The marble copy of the classic figure of Ariadne was a gift to Jefferson from Governor James Bowdoin of Massachusetts. In Paris Jefferson bought numerous paintings, including the "Magdalen" by Ribera, and "The Daughter of Herodias with the Head of John the Baptist" by Simon Vouet, both of

which are now in the house, as well as the copy of a Raphael "Holy Family."

The approach to the house was originally from the east, leading directly up to the front portico. The west portico looked out on the lawn, secluded from strangers, with flower beds under the windows of the house and a remarkable early landscape treatment. The Virginia Garden Club in 1939 generously appropriated the necessary funds to restore the Jefferson gardens at Monticello, following Mr. Jefferson's own drawings and plans. The work of restoring the gardens on the West Lawn was completed in 1939, and in 1940 the Virginia Garden Club began and completed the restoration of the Jefferson gardens on the East Lawn in Monticello.

Thomas Jefferson died at Monticello at the age of 83 on July 4, 1826, the Fiftieth Anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of American Independence. He lies buried in the family graveyard which he laid out on the mountainside on the road leading from the lodge to the house. The epitaph on his tombstone was written by him and found among his papers after his death. It reads as follows:

HERE WAS BURIED
THOMAS JEFFERSON
AUTHOR
OF THE DECLARATION OF
AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE
OF
THE STATUTE OF VIRGINIA
FOR RELIGIOUS FREEDOM, AND
FATHER OF THE UNIVERSITY
OF VIRGINIA

The Thomas Jefferson Memorial Foundation, a patriotic, non-profit corporation, was organized on Jefferson's birthday, April, 13, 1923, and on December 1, 1923, took title of Monticello and the surrounding property, consisting of 658 acres. Since that date, Monticello has been maintained and preserved as a nation memorial and patriotic shrine by the Foundation. The officers and directors of the Foundation have from its organization given their time and attention to its work without receiving any compensation.

The upkeep, maintenace and restoration of Monticello are made possible by the admission fees paid by visitors and by the profit received from sales in the Monticello Shop.

The most trifling actions that affect a man's credit are to be regarded. The sound of your hammer at five in the morning, or nine at night, heard by a creditor, makes him easier six months longer; but if he sees you at a billard table, or hears your voice at a tavern when you should be at work, he sends for his money the very next day.—Benjamain Franklin.

CHEROKEES GO ALL-OUT FOR UNITED STATES

By Kin McNeil, in Charlotte Observer

On small and unpretentious farm plots here in the foothills of the Great Smoky mountains, 3,600 members of the once strong Cherokee Indian tribe are doing their little bit in a big way to help their mother country in its present war emergency. Though restricted in holdings to the 60,000 acre government reservation, they feel deeply the implications which a United Nations defeat would portend; and they are feverishly devoting their undivided labor to the cause of victory.

C. M. Blair, superintendent of the Cherokee reservation and heartily interested in every activity in which the Indians participate, sounds a keynote of pride in the Indians' war effort as he talks about the ways in which the tribe is aiding national defense. But one had to go out among the Indians themselves to see the individual ardor with which the Indian men and their squaws, their girls and boys, are applying themselves to their tasks. Centuries in the distant past are the bows and arrows and other traditiopal trappings of the Indian, for only the future of their country now marks the philosophy and the labor of the Cherokee.

It is hard to become statistical about a group of persons so limited in numbers and, perhaps, limited in other ways, too. Nonetheless, national defense statistics about the Ceherokees will stand up against any other compilation, we believe, of a smilar group under similar circumstances. Here are a few, as we picked them up from Superintendent Blair, from the reservation farm agent, Jay Conyngton; from Miss Gertrude Flanagan, head of the homemakeing department at the reservation school; from the Chief of the tribe, Jarrett Blythe; and from the Indian farmers and squaws themselves.

Shortly after the outbreak of the war in the Pacific, Chief Blythe and members of his council got together and voted to invest $10,000 of their tribal funds, held in trust for them by the government, in defense bonds. Government officials gave approval to the tribal council vote, and now the Cherokees hold a real interest in Uncle Sam's victory program.

As far as actual fighting service for their country is concerned, the Cherokees are doing their part and more. Already approximately 100 Indians youths have entered the armed services since selective service laws were enacted, and more stand ready to go. More than half of the 100 now in service volunteered without waiting to be called, and some were at Pearl Harbor when the Japs struck. Others are seeing service in the Philippines. A number of the Indian nurses are also in the war zones, attending the wonded.

The Victory Garden program has really struck home with the Cherokees, and if Mother Nature is at all partial to them this season they will

grow far more vegetables and fruits than will be needed on the reservation. As the major impetus to the gardens program, some weeks ago the tribal council voted $600 for the purchase of garden seeds, the seeds to be allotted to those on the reservation who might not be able to buy them outright. A cavalry division at Fort Bragg has turned over the reservation in order that all members of the tribe may have access to workstock to carry on the garden and general farm program. Farm Agent Conyngton has his hands literally full this spring, going from farm to farm explaining the proper methods of planting and culture. The council has set its goal at 100 per cent cooperation in the Victory Garden program. From present appearances it will not be disappointed.

On the reservation school farm every effort will be made this season to obtain maximum production. Several acres of Irish potatoes have already been planted, and preparation is being made for other crops as their respective planting time comes. An orchard of small fruit trees, including raspberry and other delicate fruits, is being set in anticipation of the possible shortage of such fruits. Raw milk, pork and poultry products production also is being stepped up.

Directly related to national defense is the program of timber cutting which is going on in the reservation area. Thousands of feet of hardwood timber are being cut and marketed almost daily. The Indians, with permits issued by the reservation, cut the logs and haul them away to commercial mills in the territory.

In the reservation N. Y. A. and C. C. C. shops, valuable training is being received by the Cherokee youths in machine shop practice and general motor repair work. Wood craftmanship also is taught.

The Cherokee squaws and their daughters are not to be left out of the national defense picture. At the reservation school, young Cherokee girls, working at looms and sewing machines, are turning out vast qantities of Red Cross material. Others are busy reworking old clothes into wearables for young boys and girls on the reservation, thus conserving raw materials. A number of home demonstration clubs have been organized by Miss Flanagan, of the reservation's home-making depart ment, and she reports that more than a hundred squaws spend much of their time either in sewing for the Red Cross or in making items for the various bundles organizations.

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Lord of himself that man will be,
And happy in his life alway,
Who still at even can say with free
Contented soul: "I've lived today!"

GIRLS SPEEDING WORK FOR WAR

By Stephen J. McDonough

Several thousand n imble-fingered girls are helping win the war by turning out the fine parts of anti-aircraft shells, cartridges and machine gun bullets for the ordnance department of the army.

Their motto is "here's a kiss for Hirohito"—and they mean the moment's shell or cartridge. Many of them say frankly that they don't like their jobs. In the next breath, they add, "But the boys in Bataan and Australia don't like theirs either. We'll give them the stuff as fast as they can use it."

And they are doing it. Girls who don't need jobs are pitching in not for the money involved but because of some stronger urge. Mothers are leaving their babies to be cared for by a neighbor or putting them in day nurseries. None of them like to sit from 3 p. m. until 7 in the morning feeding cartridge cases, primers and high explosive powder into automatic machines to make a finished shell.

At times they have to be told to slow down because they are outrunning the machines. The operations are so precise—they measure the clearances on the fit of a bullet into the cartridge case to one ten-thousandth of an inch, which is much slimmer than a kitten's whisker—that the insjectors must warn the girls to ease up for fear they may think the machines are too slow, although they are turning out hundreds of thousands of rounds of ammunition in every twenty-four hours.

For example, the mechanism of a fuse, used in an antiaircraft shell, is built like a fine watch. It contains more than 100 different parts and in this arsenal workers are turning them out with clockwork regularity on a mass production basis.

Every girl knows that every shell must be timed to within two one-hundreths of a second when it is thrown thousands of feet into the air against an enemy airplane. So they don't make mistakes.

What's the work like? Take a paper match, find the smallest bit of cigarette ash and try to place it on the exact center of the match head. That's precision in the way they do it at this arsenal.

But that, to the laboratory workers who check the gages used in the manufacture of machines and tools, is crude manipulation. They check to millionths of an inch and could go farther if the army would give them time. To date there has not been a report of a single failure of an anti-aircraft fuse or a single round of rifle, machine gun or antitank shell. That is the type of precsion preparedness we are getting today.

The general who commands this ordnance arsenal is obviously proud that in his group of women technicians he has 70 girls with bachelor of science degrees and two doctors of philosophy. These experts work in the gage testing laboratories and in the optical shops. Their standards are so high that for the prisms and lenses of fire control instruments, tele-

scopes and gun sights they cut and polish glass precisely to "zero tolerance," which means that light rays passing through a 90 degree angle do not vary by more than one billionth of an ich.

These girls are practical. Slacks and sweaters are their uniforms, and they don't worry about nail polish, lipstick or rouge because it wouldn't last long in a machine shop. There are few long fingernails because they get in the way when you are making hair springs or tiny gears for a high exposive shell fuse. But these girls are still aware of the need of the feminine touch. One wearing a bright red sweater and a pair of blue slacks was feeding a 1,000 pound press turning out shell cases but she still finds time between rounds to rearrange her bobby pins and tuck her hair up.

That feminine touch is one of the most necessary things in the manufacture of cartridges and shells. The officers in the arsenal found that the hands of most of the men they put to work on fine tooling jobs were about as sensitive as an elephant's hoof. The girls, however, seem to have micrometer fingers, and many of them can tell by picking up a piece of metal whether it is the exact size.

In the huge shops of this arsenal the girls "swing it." Loud speakers frequently give out with the newest dance tunes. The general swears that he has often heard them singing to the music two blocks away. Incidentally, music has been known to step up production by as much as ten percent.

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GOOD ADVICE

Let's have no wild hysterics,
  While waving flags on high,
No useless trumpet-blowing,
  Commanding youth to die,
Let's rather, pledge allegiance
  With calm, devoted poise.
Lets' concentrate on action.
  Let's eliminate the noise.
If we need ships—let's build 'em
  Artillery and planes,
But let's not build panic.
  Let's use determined brains.
We must prepare in every way
  Required for defense;
But let's prepare with dignity
  And good old common sense.

—Earle Hilbert

OUR FIRST LINE OF DEFENSE

By Stratton D. Brooks

In time of war there is intense interest in our first line of defense. Where is it? What is it? How strong is it?

Our first line of defense is not the Rhine nor the Rio Grande; not the Alps nor the Appalachians; not the Great Lakes nor the Gulf of Mexico, not Porto Rico nor the Philippines; not Passamaquoddy nor Panama.

It is not a line from Iceland to Trinidad by way of our sea bases in the Atlantic nor from Dutch Harbor by way of Hawaii to Panama, nor the coast lines of these oceans through which these lines are drawn. It is not any natural or surveyed boundary anywhere.

Neither is its main dependence to be placed in bombs or bullets, in airplanes or artillery; nor in any of the equipment required by an army; nor does it lie in battleships, cruisers, destroyers and submarines, nor in any of the equipment required by the navy.

Certainly we must have an army and navy fully manned and adequately equipped with all the best weapons of warfare, together with all auxiliary services that may be necessary, but their effective use depends upon the efficiency and spirit of the men who use them.

The training that our soldiers and sailors have had in their regular vocations in specialized technical schools and in the army and navy after enlistment, must be such as to guarantee efficiency. But efficiency is not enough. It is the spirit of the men behind the guns that makes ultimate victory certain. The Maginot Line was presumably the last word in a first line of defense expressed in terms of fortification and arms but it was actually of little use.

The maintaining of our line of defense depends upon the basic character of our citizens; their belief in the ideals of Democracy; their appreciation of the freedom, equality and justice handed down to us by our forefathers; and our unity of purpose and willingness to work, to sacrifice, to suffer and to fight for the maintenace of those ideals.

Moral standards, habits of character, ideals of citizenship and basic beliefs are for the most part formed in childhood and youth. Consequently our first line of defense will be found in every home where an American child is born. Its most far flung outposts are the scattered pre-school classes. Its first organized skirmish line is the kindergarten. Its first trench is the first grade of our public and private schools. Its redouts and fortresses are located in the elementary and high school, the colleges, the technical schools and the universities of our land.

Its reserves are to be found in the three great agencies for establishing standards of character and ideals of citizenship, which are, the home, the church and the schools, and to these must be added as units of major importance all those supplementary organizationss that deal with character formation and the application

of right principles to right living, such as the Boy Scouts, the Order of DeMolay, various religious groups and scores of other national and local organizations working for the character education of youth.

It should be borne in mind that we are here considering only the character forming activities of the schools and colleges. The cultural, academic or technical training furnished by them may be used, and to some extent is being used, by men and women for purposes which we deem to be detrimental to the welfare of our nation. Of far more importance to the Nation are the morals, the character and the morale of its citizens.

In twenty years the young men and women now from fifteen to twenty-one years of age will comprise a majority of our voting citizens. In thirty years they will own most of its wealth and be in complete control of its destiny. What the Nation is then depends upon what they make it, and what they make it depends upon those beliefs which they acquire in their youth, and what they acquire in youth depends upon what we adults do now.

Possibly there are some who may read this who believe in communism or nazi-ism, or fascism; if so, be of good cheer, because each of these are at present training the young into a basic belief in their particular ideology far better than democracy is. Unless democracy awakens to this fact before it is too late, those of us who still believe in democracy, must view the future with foreboding.

Where is our first line of defense? It is in the hearts of our citizens. What is it? It is the spirit of all our sacrifice to preserve the ideals of our Nation. How strong is it? It is as strong as our standards of character and our patriotism.

All of us desire to render the greatest possible service to our country. There is no greater service than that of maintaining the morals and morale of youth.

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TAKE A WALK AROUND YOURSELF

When you're criticizing others and finding here and there
A fault or two, or speak of a weakness you can't bear;
When you're blaming someone of meanness or accusing some of pelf—
It's time that you go out . . . and take a walk around yourself!
There are lots of human failures in the average of us all,
And lots of grave shortcomings in the short and in the tall;
But when we think of evils men should lay upon the shelves—
It's time we all got out . . . and took a walk around ourselves!
We need so often in this life this balancing of scales.
This seeing how much in us wins, and how much in us fails:
So before you judge another, just to lay him on the shelf—
It would be a splendid plan . . . to take a walk around yourselfe!

MYSTERY OF THE OLD ROCK WALL

By Marion Brown

Who built the old rock wall surrounding St. Pauls Lutheran Church cemetery in southern Alamance county —and when? These questions long have been asked, not only by visitors to the historic site, but by historians as well.

The answers, I believe, are partly found on a little scrap of yellowed paper—a receipt—owned by Walter Anthony of Alamance. This receipt issued in 1845 by Henry Anthony to one William Moser, reads "Received of Henry Anthony ten dollars in full for masoning at the grave yard wall at St. Pauls church." It is signed by William Moser. The date is September 17, 1845.

Almost any one familiar with the history of the Lutheran and Reformed churches of this section will tell you that St. Pauls was founded around 1720 by settlers who migrated to this State just prior to the American Revolution. They will also tell you that the first St. Pauls—a log meeting house—like many other Protestant churches was used jointly, and "in harmony," by both Lutheran and Reformed congregations until 1801 when the denomination became self-sustained and separated to form separate organizations. The Reformed members went to old Steiners, or Stoners chuch—now forsaken—and also to Der Klappe Kirche, or as it is now known, Brick Church.

You also hear frequently that there are patriots of the American Revolution, the Civil War, and World War No. 1 buried in this historic walled-in grave yard. Here also rest famous pioneer ministers; men and women who were instrumental in founding Alamance and Guilford counties. Among the moss covered tombstones is one bearing the name of Daniel Boone, said to be a relative and namesake of the famous trail blazer, Daniel Boone.

Buried here also are five generations of Anthonys, a name reoccuring often in the records of St. Pauls. Other names on tombstones in this cemetery are Scherer, Shoffner, Foglemna, Neese, Wagoner, Boone, Gerringer, Hoffman, Huffman, Moser and others.

It is an established fact that Rev. Aldolph Nussman who began his work as pioneer minister of North Carolina in 1773, preached in the first St. Pauls church:; that the church also came under the influence of the well-known Scherer, one of the most notable in the Lutheran church in this State. Rev Jacob Scherer, instrumental in placing the Lutheran doctrine in the public eye around 1810, served as minister at Saint Pauls, and later his son, Simeon Scherer, took up his father's work here.

A grandson of Jacob Scherer, Rev. M. G.G. Scherer, D.D., was appointed general secretary to the United Lutheran Church in America.

No. it isn't difficult to trace the history of St. Pauls Church. For although the present unimposing white clapboard edifice standing at the edge of a grove of oaks just a mile or two from Alamance Battle Ground, is the

third church to have been built on this site, records dating back to the time when the land was owned by the Graves family have been kept. These records also disclose that the first Saint Pauls was named "Grave church," and that the original land tract now embracing only eight acres, at one time included around 60.

But, the origin of the old rock wall surrounding the two acre grave yard has been a mystery too deep for historians to solve. This old wall, now green with moss and gray with lichen stands around five feet high. The rocks or native stones vary in size from small bits to sections weighing hundreds of pounds, and are not held together by mortar. They are so well fiitted that no part of the wall has ever been known to crumble or break. The symmetry is unbroken.

In 1925, the late Dr. William Thornton Whitsett, historian-writer-lecturer, author of "Saber and Songs,'" and many historical monographs, in an address at a celebration at St. Pauls said of this wall:

"We forget too, easily our debt to the past. 'The Pyramids themselves, doting with age, have forgotten the names of their founders.' Yonder splendid rock wall surrounding St. Pauls' cemetary, and enclosing a space of near two acres, is silent witness to the great and patient industry of those who slumber within its sacred enclosure. Thousands of dollars today would not equal or replace this wall, still it was built more than a century ago, and even tradition fails to keep the names of the willing hands that must have labored long and faithfully to erect it. Travel far and wide and one will seek long to find so workman-like and enduring a piece of work as this fine work in stone."

It is possible, of course, that the receipt held by Walter Anthony was issued by his paternal ancestor to William Moser for repair work on the wall. Or, it could easily be for the entire construction. It has been pointed out that ten dollars in 1845 was a large sum to be paid for masoning. Anyway, this receipt is said to be the only tangible clue to the origin of the wall or the date of the construction. But, who knows, possibly like the Pyramids, the names of the founders, may never be known. The old rock wall though remains an attestation of the faithful pioneer who built it in a wilderness.

———:———

Tom McKnight, in his "Community Chaff" column in the Mooresville Tribune, recently published the following saying of a Negro woman resident of Statesville, who was asking for relief funds: When questioned as to the ages of her four children, she replied, "I has a lap young'un, a crawler, a porcher, an' a yard-runner."

WILL PRAYER SAVE US?

(Marshville Home)

People are inclined to go along their wicked ways paying little or no attention to right living until a great calamity comes along, and then we usually call upon the Lord to pull us out of the hole or out of danger. That kind of praying may be worth something toward getting us back on the right track, but it is going to take more than a perfunctory prayer to save us this time.

Robert Quillen gives us an example of the manner in which we are going to have to pray before it can be effective. Here it is:

God of our fathers, in this darkest hour of all our history we turn to Thee again for help.

Because our fathers, with Thy help, made us free, and because Thy bounty made this our inheritance a land of incomparable riches, we have lived carelessly and wastefully and wickedly, caring only for material blessings, and self-indulgence has made us fat and soft in body and mind.

Now we are attacked without warning by enemies as lean and hard and merciless as hungry wolves, and we have no shield but Thee.

Forgive the human frailty and ingratitude that made us foregetful and even scornful of Thee until desperation brought us to our senses.

If this is our well-merited punishment and a trial of our fitness to survive; if our leaders were made blind to the coming disaster so the punishment could strike us in full force, have pity on us, now, Father, and help us to endure the trial with humble and contrite hearts, and to comfort ourselves like proper men, with fortitude and tireless courage, until in Thine Own good time we have finished our penance and proved ourselves worthy to survive as a nation.

Help us now to see the truth with clear eyes and again accept and honor Thee as our leader, our hope and our salvation. Fill our hearts with consuming zeal for Thy service, and give us strength to battle in Thy name until Christian civilization is saved from those who would destroy it.

As we are helpless without Thy guidance, so we are a lost and helpless rabble, with no way to make our potential powers effective, unless we have wise and brilliant leaders with cunning to match the cunning of our enemies.

Raise up for us, we beseech Thee, such leaders as we need.

God give us men—steel-hard men with tough minds, incorruptible, free of all self-seeking, unhampered by vanity; men whow ill dare anything and neither court applause or shink from censure; wise and able men with the skill to weld us into a single instrument of war and use us like a two-edged sword until our hearthstones and our altars and our liberties are safe again.

Give our President the wisdom and humanity to appoint and empower such men quickly for the hour is late and our time of trial is very near.

Make us worthy to be victors. Lord, and Thine be the honor and power forever. Amen.

POISON-KEEP IN A SAFE PLACE

By Margaret A. J. Irvin

It isn't much fun to be sick. It is horrid not to feel up to par. It is disconcerting to be barred from our usual pursuits. And it is a nuisance to be taking medicine.

Sometimes the doctor hands you quite innocent looking pellets with the warning, "Put these where the children can't get at them." And you heed his advice. You tuck them away on the top shelf of the medicine cabinet. The doctor has said they aren't good for children, so you take no chances on the children's getting hold of them.

Of course, if your children are old enough to understand that when you tell them not to eat things you really mean it, that is a slightly different story. But with small children, the natural way to satisfy curiosity about anything edible is to eat it. You have to be careful what you have around.

With older children, curiosity takes a different form. They have outgrown the baby's desire to taste everything they see. They have had enough experience so that they can look at a pill, and think, "Oh, a pill," without being consumed with the desire to put it in their mouths. They are curious about things of another sort.

Most boys and girls who have just learned to read, are keen to read everything they can get their hands on. Signs in buses and store windowns. Headlines in newspapers. Labels on bottles. They read your magazines over your shoulder. They drive you frantic when they try to read your knitting directions. It's bad enough to try to read them yourself.

Even before they have mastered their school books, your son and daughter are looking about to see what you are reading. With youth's breezy disregard of other people's privacy, they pick up every book you put down. Your taste begins to mould theirs before you realize it.

And just what are you reading? The sort of thing you will be glad to share with them? Or stuff which a doctor interested in growing minds would advise you to put out of the children's reach?

You will read books that are adult. But there is a wide variety of adult literature. The cheap and flashy sort has no more place on your living room table than a bottle marked poison. Good literature presents a true picture of life. Since it is far more difficult to describe the best thngs in life convincingly than it is to describe the ugly things, it sometimes contains portions that are not pretty. You cannot shield either yourself or your child from all that is ugly either in life or literature, but you can make sure that what you read is at least no uglier than life itself. Or too much prettier.

But just as important as keeping things out of a child's reach, is puting the right things where he will be

sure to see them. There is no better way to get a child to read a book that we are anxious to have him know than to say nothing, but leave the book where he will see it. Curiosity will do the rest.

———:———

RESTFUL BOOKS

I like my books. Good friends are they
Whatever may befall.
Within the room they silent stay
When others come to call.
They've solace for my troubled breast,
And humor when I'm gay,
But never once do they suggest
A game of bridge to play.

My books are gossips, one and all,
For much have they to tell.
And when on them I choose to call
They always serve me well.
They've hope for all the fears that haunt
The mind, from day to day,
But never, never do they want
A game of bridge to play.

Good friends I have of every kind
Whose love I never doubt.
I hold them fast with ties that bind
And hoops of friendship stout,
But when I'd chat the evening through
And by the fireside stay,
There is among them some one who
Would like at bridge to play.

Good books are friends who never seek
Their own desires to gain.
They're silent when you choose to speak
And with you will remain.
And even though you shut your eyes
And snooze an hour away,
Not one among them will arise
A game of bridge to play.

—Edgar A. Guest.

YOUR HANDS TELL YOUR FORTUNE

By Margaret A. J. Irvin

Candles flicker fitfully in the dim spooky gloom. The "palmist" reaches for your hand. She turns it over. She feels the fingertips. And lo! your past, your present and your future lie before her.

You will laugh about it when the "reading" is over. You know perfectly well that she has no mysterious power that gives her special insight. If she has told you things about yourself that seem to fit into your life pattern, it is because your hands have actually told her the story.

Whether they think about it very much or not, most people judge strangers by their handclasp. There is a temperamental as well as a physicial difference between the person who grabs your hands in a grip that makes your rings cut the skin and the one who gives you a manual appendage that has all the attractive vivacity of a dead fish. One person takes your hand as though it were a pleasant privilege, another as though it were one of those silly customs that must be gone through with. Still another silently but obviously allows you the honor of shaking hands with a superior. There are almost as many variations of the handshake as there are persons who shake hands. And whether we are conscious of the fact or not, we learn something about the other fellow and tell something about ourselves every time we go through the little ceremony.

Perhaps that is one reason why women shake hands somewhat more frequently than men. When men are introduced, it is bad form not to shake hands. When a man is introduced to a woman, he shakes hands only if she extends hers first. When two women are introduced, the older or the more distinguished sets the pace. Of course, like all social rules, these are tempered with common sense. And never does one ignore an outstretched hand unless actual unfriendliness is intended,

Among "church people" there is much more hand shaking than in other circles. It is nice to think that it is because there is more genuine friendliness. So universal is the custom of shaking hands when introduced that it is sometimes a little surprising to offer one's hand to a man who is accustomel to move in other circles and find that you have taken him by surprise.

Unless someone else has started to shake hands first, a woman may with perfect courtesy simply bow and murmur a conventional phrase of greeting. Many of us prefer it, because a handclasp is such a give-away. Few of us like to let down the bars till we have had a chance to look over the person we are meeting and draw our own conclusions. The Chinese custom of shaking one's own hand seems preferable to many people.

But if we give something, we also gain something. Besides revealing our own character traits, we learn a lot about another human beng. And often we receive something that

could not be put into words. Warmth affection, comradeship and sympathy, are intangible things; but they are things that may be exchanged in the meeting of hands. To seceive them, we must be willing to give a little ourselves.

Days of stress are days when we feel a new and stronger unity with our fellowmen, especially our fellow Christians. We know in a deeper way than ever before the meaning of the phrase. "Brother clasps the hand of brother, stepping fearless through the night."

———:———

DO SOMETHING

Do something for somebody, somewhere,
While traveling along life's road;
Help somebody to carry his burden
And lighter will grow your load.

Do something for somebody gladly,
It will sweeten your every care;
In sharing the sorrows of others
Your own are less hard to bear.

Do something for somebody, striving
To help where the way seems long;
And the homeless hearts that languish,
Cheer up with a little song.

Do something for second childhood,
To smooth out the wrinkles of care,
Do something to cheer up the lonely
That you have with you everywhere.

Do something for somebody always,
Whatever may be your creed;
There's nothing on earth to help you
So much as a kindly deed.

—Selected.

THE BORROWER

By Vivian T. Pomperoy

Yesterday I was standing by my crowded book shelves, and I said to myself: "I wish people would return all the books they have borrowed. People have no conscience about books. They don't borrow and keep one's hat, one's dog, one's silver spoons. Why should they be so careless about books?"

And the more I thought about it, the more enraged I became. A gap here, a gap there, gaps everywhere, showing where borrowed books ought to be. "Instead of Mother's Day," I muttered, "there ought to be 'Book Borrower's Day—with everybody bringing back the biographies, novels and detective stories—especially the detective stories."

And while I was feeling so sore, thought I would just go round my shelves and try to remember the missing books and the villains who had taken them. I started and was getting on splendidly, when I pulled out a book I did not recognize. I frowned slightly, opened it, and hastily put it on a table. The name in it was not mine!

I passed on, looking for missing books. Quite a dozen ought to have been returned to me. I came to the bottom shelves. There were two fat volumes which were not so familiar. I took them out. No name inside; but I remembered. I had borrowed them three years ago.

I kept passing on, faint but pursuing; but my idea had changed. I now looked not for gaps but for strange covers. At the end of an hour, I had a pile of fifteen books on the table—all borrowed by me. I was chastened. I thought to myself: "Well, I suppose, before you blame the other fellow, it is best to take a look at your own book shelves."

I have not taken back the fifteen books yet; not one of them. But I am going to do it—some day.

There are many shining qualities in the mind of man; but none so useful as discretion. It is this which gives a value to all the rest, and sets them at work in their proper places, and turns them to the advantage of their possessor. Without it, learning is pedantry; wit, imperitinence; virtue itself looks like weakness; and the best parts only qualify a man to be more sprightly in errors, and active to his own prejudice. Though a man has all other perfections and wants discretion, he will be of no great consequence in the world; but if he has this single talent in perfection, and but a common share of others, he may do what he pleases in his station of life.—Addison.

WANTS AND DESIRES

(Selected)

Our wants are what we lack. The poor lack plenty. In contrast with untold wealth in nature's vaults stands out in stark reality man's poverty. What is taken out and utilized is appropriated—and misappropriated—largely by the fortunate minority. The poor stress their poverty because they lack a fair and satisfying share of what the rich enjoy. The unemployed and underprivileged lack security. The sick and infirm, the diseased and suffering, lack health. Grim want, of one sort or another, stares vacantly into the face of every man. It is almost comic, if it were not tragic, how each tells alarmingly of the demons of want that haunt him. Tearing off the mask of appearances, every individual at some time in his life confesses confidentially to his spiritual advisor, close friend, or other confidants, how he is tragically wanting in this or that. In every home, every life, something vital is lacking, something that by its absence brings distress to body, mind, or spirit—loss of health, position, comforts, estate, friends. Each shares in some way this universal feeling, and each tells his tale of trouble as though his own lot were the worst.

Our wants are what we want. When all the air is pumped out of a jar the vacuum created wants that of which the vessel is deprived, and seeks replacement of what is lacking. Try to draw out beyond its capacity, and the sides of the jar will crush in; it cannot withstand the pressure of the surrounding atmosphere plus the power of the pump. Even so, the spirit of a man will be crushed if the pressure becomes too great. Broken bodies, demented minds, show the shattering effects of being tried or strained beyond measure. A wise providence has provided, however, that normally there is a gradual replacement of what has been forced out of one's life. The "aching void" in the spirit seeks something to relieve its distress. And nature combines with providence in friendly effort to satisfy the vacant, hungry soul.

What I am concerned about in this fast-moving world in a time of crises, both in foreign and domestic affairs, is not so much a program as a spirit of approach, not so much a mind as a heart. A program lives today and dies tomorrow. A mind, if it be open, may change with each new day, but the spirit and the heart are as unchanging as the tides.—Owen D. Young.

INSTITUTION NOTES

"The Son of Monte Cristo," a United Artists production, was the attraction at the regular weekly motion picture show in our auditorium, last Thursday night.

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Mr. Perry Morgan, manager of the Ridgecrest Baptist Assembly, and his sister, Mrs. Ruth Pate, called at The Upllift office last Monday afternoon.

—:—

The first early spring vegetables to occupy a place on our daily menu was asparagus. A generous supply was gathered from our gardens and issued to the various cottage kitchens a few days ago.

—:—

Mr. T. R. Adams, of Jonesboro, one of the latest additions to the School's staff of workers, took charge of our barber shop last Monday morning. He and his young helpers have been busy all the week, giving our large family of boys a neat hair-cut.

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About thirty head of young cattle have been transferred from winter quarters in the old barn near the dairy buildings, to the new pasture on the land purchased by the School last year. The grass is now growing nicely there, making fine pasture land—something that was greatly needed at the School.

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We received a card the other day from Robert Lawrence, a former member of our printing class. Bobbie has been living in Miami, Florida, for several months, where he was employed by The Herald. He stated that he and his mother arrived in Chicago last Saturday, and that he had obtained a position as linotype operator in a printing office in that city, and would go to work Monday morning. He asked to be remembered to the boys in the shop and promised to write later.

—:—

A recent card from Mr. James L. Query, a former member of the School's staff of workers, now in the United States Army, informed us that he had been transferred from Fort Bragg to Camp Claiborne, Louisiana. He stated that he liked his new location and was getting along fine. He is a member of Co. D, 307th Medical Battalion, 82nd Division. Mr. Query is still very much interested in the activities at the School; asked to be remembered to all the boys and officers, at the same time expressing a desire for copies of The Uplift. We are placing his name on our complimentary mailing list, beginning with this week's issue.

—:—

Julian Raines, of Hendersonville, one of our old boys, dropped in for a chat with old friends at the School last Monday. This was the first time he had visited the institution since being allowed to return to his home, February 17, 1925. During his stay with us, Julian was a member of the Cottage No. 3 group and worked in the carpenter shop. He stated that he had followed this trade ever since leaving the School, that he had had steady employment, and was very

grateful for the training received here.

Julian is now thirty-two years old, is married and has three children. Having recently completed a job in Fayetteville, he was on his way to Durham, where he had obtained employment on a military project. This young man has made a very good record since leaving the School, and has every appearance of being a good, hard-working citizen.

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We recently received a letter from Paul R. Lewallen, who has been away from the School about two years, He enlisted in the United States Army, October 11, 1940, becoming a member of Battery C. 33rd Field Artillery Battalion, 1st Infantry Division. Paul visited us about two months ago, at which time he was stationed at Fort Devens, Mass., but he has recently been trasnsferred to Camp Blanding, Fla. Excerpts from his letter, dated April 9, 1942, are as follows:

"I hope you will forgive me for not writing sooner, but I have really been very busy. At present I am holding down the job as Battery Clerk, and it keeps me busy. This job calls for a corporal's rating, and I am pretty certain that in a week or two, I shall be rated as such.

"I received the copies of The Uplift which you so generously sent, and certainly was glad to receive the latest news about the school. Being an old member of the group there, I'm sure all the grain and vegetables raised on the school farm will help very much in the national emergency.

"Have not yet been able to find McKee, the old school boy to whom you wanted me to deliver a message, but as soon as I do so, will have him write you. To tell the truth, I have been too busy lately to hunt him up. The whole division moved down to Camp Blanding, and it took us quite a while to get settled, and, being on a new job, I had very little time to spare.

"I would appreciate an answer to this letter very much. Tell Mr. Boger I said 'Hello', and that we are going to give those Japs a licking they think impossible. Please remember me to Mr. Corliss, and tell him to drop me a line."

Rev. C. E. Baucom, pastor of McGill Street Baptist Church, Concord, conducted the service at the School last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson he read Matthew 13: 1-9, 18-30, and the title of his most interesting and helpful message to the boys was "Sowing."

The speaker began by saying that right now we are living in a great period of history, in the greatest country in the world, and that we are going to make it still greater. He then dwelt briefly on what makes a country great, saying no country is great simply because of its scenic mountains, huge industrial plants, fine highways, superior schools and colleges or its large cities. The only thing that can determine the greatest of a country is the goodness of its people. It's not the number of square miles it contains, but the number of square people.

Rev. Mr. Baucom then stated that in addition to the wonderful things people of this nation have inherited from their forebears, we are now

living amid conditions which challenge all of our good qualities. Our forefathers shed their blood that we might always be a free people, and in the struggle in which we are now engaged, many of our finest men are going to give their lives to preserve that freedom. Of course, none of us want to live in slavery, and it is our Christian duty to pray constantly for the splendid young men of this country who are risking their lives in order that we might not become the slaves of inhuman dictators who have an insane desire to control the entire world. The men of our armed forces are making great sacrifices, even giving their lives, and it is up to us to pray for strength and guidance, that we may be worthy of the price they are paying.

The speaker continued by saying that the season in which we are now living is the most beautiful time of year, when nature may be seen in all its glory; we see the bursting buds and feel the warmth of the sunshine. Farmers are about to sow seeds, hopeful of reaping a good harvest later. All over the country men are co-operating with God and nature, that our needs and those of suffering humanity in other lands may be supplied.

It must have been about the same season of the year, said Rev. Mr. Baucom, when Jesus told his listeners the parable of the sower, so familiar to all of us. At that moment, on the Judcan hills, farmers were probably getting ready to do their sowing, and it could be seen that Christ knew much about the soil and things necessary for the production of good crops.

Rev. Mr. Baucom then reminded the boys that they were in the springtime of life—the time when sowing should be going on. We must sow, said he, if we want to reap. Some people would like to have large incomes and all the luxuries of life, but are too lazy to work toward that end. In this great game of life, if we want to reap a bountiful harvest, we must pay strict attention to the sowing. This is the chief thought to be kept in mind if we want to have the benefits of a good harvest in later years.

In boyhood, we should select nothing but the very best seed, and right here at the School said the speaker, boys are being protected from the evils of the world, for which they should be thankful. They are being cared for it in many ways—educated, fed and clothed, and taught to cultivate habits that will later be the means of reaping most profitably. Here is the place to learn to select seed—tell what is good and what is bad—destroy the bad and cultivate the good. The boy of today is the man of tomorrow, hence good habits acquired in youth are bound to produce men of the highest quality. Here is the way in which a boy may learn to select proper seed—by listening to those who by reason of their experience and mature judgment, are qualified to tell the difference between worthless weeds and beautiful flowers in the garden of life. Such persons are worth listening to.

The speaker then told his youthful listeners that the citizenship which constitutes a great nation is made up, not of those who believe in every man working solely for himself, but those who live for the benefit of others. Just as it is essential

that we pay attention to the words of friends, those who would keep us from being overcome by evil, we, in turn, should always be willing to help others along the great highway of life. When we are reminded of the presence of weeds in life's garden, we should do our best to get rid of them and not give them a chance to corrupt our lives.

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Baucom told the boys they should be mindful of the fact that they were living in the springtime of their lives, the time for seed to be planted in their hearts, urging them to see that both the seed and the soil were good. By so doing, he assured them, an abundant harvest will later be gathered—for their own good, and for the good of the country in which they live.

WHY NOT SMILE

Sure it's hard to get along
I ain't disagreein'.
Gosh, I've had my share of trouble;
But what's the use of grievin'?
Cares and heart-aches? I've had mine,
Heavy burdens, too;
Mountains that I couldn't climb
Or even tunnel through.
Yet—I can smile.

No use to nurse along a frown
Thus prolongin' trouble.
Or keep on broodin' bout a grouch,
Till your grief is double.
Everyone must have his pain,
And his losses—true;
But there's a light behind each cloud
And it will shine through.
So—I can smile.

Yesterday has come, and left us,
Yesterday is gone;
Tomorrow never comes, you know,
Today is in the dawn.
So it's today that I'm a-livin',
And a-hopin', too;
Longin', gettin', givin', prayin',
Whate'er God bids me do.
And—I'm still a-smilin'.

—Dorothy J. Bardon

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending April 12, 1942

RECEIVING COTTAGE
Wade Aycoth
John Hogsed
Robert Padgett
Weaver Ruff
Edgar Simmons
Malcom Seymour
Jacob Young

COTTAGE NO. 1
James Bargesser
Thomas Barnes
Lloyd Callahan
Everett Case
William Cook
Wade Fisher
Jack Ray
Leonard Robinson
Everett Watts

COTTAGE NO. 2
John D. Davis
Milton Koontz
Richard Parker

COTTAGE NO. 3
John Bailey
Charles Beal
Grover Beaver
James Blake
Robert Coleman
Donald Daniels
Albert Hanes
Robert Hare
Arthur Ingle
Jerry Jenkins
Dewey Lanning
William Pegram
Robert Quick
Earl Smith
William T. Smith
John Tolley
James Williams

COTTAGE NO. 4
Theodore Bowles
Aubrey Fargis
Morris Johnson
J. W. McRorie
William Morgan
Woodrow Wilson
Thomas Yates

COTTAGE NO. 5
Levett Ballard
Glenn Drum
W. C. James
Hoyle Pitman

COTTAGE NO. 6
Elgin Atwood
Frank Fargis
Robert Hobbs
David Howard
Gerald Kermon
Durwood Martin
Jesse Peavy
Reitzel Southern
Houston Turner
Wesley Turner
William Wilkerson

COTTAGE NO. 7
John H. Averitte
Hurley Bell
Laney Broome
Henry Butler
William Butler
Paul Childers
Edward Loftin
Arnold McHone
Ernest Overcash
Durham Smith
Ervin Wolfe

COTTAGE NO. 8
Vernon Green

COTTAGE NO. 9
Gerald Amos
Cecil Caldwell
Leonard Church
David Cunningham
Riley Denny
Eugene Dyson
George Gaddy
James Hale
William Hart

Edgar Hedgepeth
Daniel Kilpatrick
Alfred Lamb
Lloyd Mullis
James Ruff

COTTAGE NO. 10

Jack Crotts
Forrest Davis
Arcemias Hefner
Charles Phillips
Robert Stephens
Jack Warren

COTTAGE NO. 11

J. C. Allen
John Allison
Bert Barnhardt
Ralph Fisher
Charles Frye
Robert Goldsmith
Everett Morris
Edgar Shell
Canipe Shoe
Ray Taylor

COTTAGE NO. 12

Jay Brannock
Leroy Childers
William Deaton
Eugene Hefner
Jerome Harris
William Lanning
James Mondie
Daniel McPhail
Roy Patton
Simon Quick
Jesse Smith
Charles Simpson
George Ward

COTTAGE NO. 13

James Brewer

COTTAGE NO. 14

Robert Deyton
John Robbins

COTTAGE NO. 15

Lawton McDowell
Ventry Smith

INDIAN COTTAGE

Frank Chavis
Cecir Jacobs
Ernest Jacobs
James Lochlear
Lester Lochlear
Louis Stafford
Eugene Stubbs
Eugene Watts

If you meet a Navaho Indian, do not spring your favorite mother-in-law joke on him. He will be shocked and offended, for that is one of his most serious tabus. The reason is theological and rests upon an ancient legend of creation. When the stars were placed in the sky, one constellation was called the mother-in-law group. Some young married men, having gazed long upon that constellation, found their eyes fixed in their sockets. When, in their fear they consulted the gods, they were told it was because they had gazed too long upon their mothers-in-law. Then their eyes were released but the tabu was established. From that time on the Navaho men were careful not to look at their mothers-in-law without great precaution, especially by sending a rich gift beforehand. The mother-in-law, however, may finally dispose of the tabu by bringing a sack of tobacco and corn-husks to the son-in-law's hut. From this she rolls a cigarette, takes four puffs, invites the son-in-law to take four puffs, and the tabu disappears forever.—Selected.

CAROLINA RO

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXX CONCORD, N. C., APRIL 25, 1942 No. 17

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GRAND OLD AMERICA

Grand old America—land so free,
Where we are happy, content to be.
A beautiful flag floats proudly high,
May it colors never fade or die.

Grand old America—gift of God.
No foreign foe, this fair land shall trod,
Where beauty floods in glowing light,
In this our land of truth and right.

Grand old America—most blessed land.
Let us pray that she may always stand.
America, 'tis of thee, we sing.
Song of liberty must ever ring.

—Mrs. E. H. Harrelson.

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The Uplift

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

FRIENDSHIP

If a man lives very long in this world and has much ability for observation he will be more and more impressed with the value of genuine friendship. There is much all around us that is of genuine value, but where can we find anything more valuable than that tie which unites persons together as friends? When it is genuine there is nothing more enduring.

Friendship is unselfish to the extent that it is true. It sees the friend instead of self and rejoices in the promotion and happiness of the other one joined in the bonds of cordial understanding.

No man is poor who has true friends. They are earth's source of abiding riches. Come war or peace, sickness or health, adversity or prosperity, friends are a rich mine containing the most precious diamonds to be possessed by the human heart.

No true man or woman can be prodigal with friends. A sincere, honest soul treasures, keeps, clings to them through all the vicissitudes of life.

The best social condition that could come to this world would be for mankind everywhere of all races and countries to be genuine friends. Every lover of his race should continually do what he can to promote world-wide friendship instead of cruel selfishness. To accomplish this humanity has a long way to go, but the journey can be made. The nations must be free and governments must be by majorities instead of dictators. The relations of the people in all the walks of life must be in harmony with the friendship attitude in the heart for this condition to obtain all over this torn and misled world. But the result to be attained is worth the utmost from every man who values friendship.—Baptist Standard.

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TIME TO CLEAN UP

When the annual "Clean-up Week" rolls around the good housewives are usually amazed to find all kinds of useless articles that clutter up closets, attics, basements and other rooms where junk is thrown. After cleaning the interior of the home of all debris and giving the walls a coat of fresh paint, the next objective is the lawn, so as to make an attractive setting of colorful flower beds for the old home.

This clean-up week is not complete unless lime, a fine disinfectant, is used freely in basements and in spots where the earth is likely to become sour. Clean-up week means better sanitation for all people, as well as a custom that curtails the danger of infection to an entire community. A clean, well-kept house and surrounding premises is suggestive of a class who appreciate the value of things that contribute to an orderly home. We know that order is beauty, and beauty inspires contentment.

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THEIR SPIRIT LIVES ON

Last Sunday was the anniversary of one of the most important dates in the history of America, the day on which the colonists started to fight for freedom from English rule. On April 19, 1775, a British force of 800 soldiers were sent by General Gage to seize supplies collected by the colonists at Concord, Mass. At midnight, Paul Revere made his name famous by riding a horse from Charlestown to Lexington, to warn the colonists of British plans. When the British arrived they were met by 70 militiamen. General Pitcairn, the British commander, ordered them to disperse, and at the same moment one of the colonists fired a shot. A brief battle ensued in which eight militiamen were killed and ten wounded. This was at Lexington, Mass. The British pushed their way through and went on to Concord, where they found the supplies had been removed, and were faced by 400 Americans who forced them to make a hasty retreat toward Boston. In this encounter the British lost 273 men. Here was fired "the shot heard around the world," and from this first skirmish on to the end of the struggle, the sturdy Americans fought desperately, and finally gained their independence. At this time, 167 years later, the liberty for which those valiant colonists so courageously shed their blood is once more at stake, in the greatest struggle the world has ever known. Since the blood of brave forebears still flows in the veins of the splendid manhood now fighting for America, we have every reason to believe they will emerge victorious in the end, and that by reason of the sacrifices they are making, the world will be a better place in which to live when this great conflict is over.

GEORGE FREDRICK HANDEL

This great composer was born in Halle, in Saxony, February 23, 1685. He studied in many cities of Italy as well as in other places in Europe. Handel was not only a composer but was one of the most skilled organists of his time. His most outstanding contribution to the world of music was his oratorio, "The Messiah" which was written in 1742.

The English people were not oblivious to the work of this great man, and just recently, even amid the confusion of war, celebrated the 200th anniversary of the first rendition of "The Messiah." In famous Westminster Abbey, London, a short time ago, the "Hallelujah Chorus," from the beloved oratorio, was sung by a choir of several hundred voices. This famous sanctuary was filled to its capacity by all classes of people. As the strains of this popular selection rang out, the people in the immense throng added their voices, and, in the words of the radio announcer, fairly made the entire edifice tremble. Older people, not being physically able to stand, remained seated on the floor as they joined in the singing. The commentator further stated that the glow of the light as it flickered through art-glass windows, made a most beautiful setting for the commemorative presentation of Handel's famous production.

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WHEN THEY MET AGAIN

A group of reporters sat at luncheon, swapping yarns, mostly concerning their superiors. "I used to meet him every morning on my way to work," said one in a more serious and dramatic mood. "He would be at the same corner selling his papers, and always with the same shy smile and cheerful 'hello'. It was always a pleasure to hand him a coin for the paper, and chat a minute."

A bedtime newsboy story seemed out of order. So the bunch looked askance.

"He was just a little fellow," continued the reporter, undisturbed, "just about twelve, I guess; thin and hungry looking. His clothes never seemed to fit, always a little small, or too large, like they had been handed down from a bigger brother, and then outgrown.

"In the summer he used to stand there in his patched overalls and

bare feet, shouting just a little louder than the rest, and always selling a few more papers.

"I can remember one cold winter morning, the snow was a foot deep, and he was huddled in the doorway out of the sweeping wind. His overcoat was so thin, and his mittens were filled with holes, and his hands were red and chapped, but the smile and cheerful 'hello' were still there. I felt so sorry for him—so small and pale and so cold."

The men looked expectant, anticipating a grand sell.

"That was the last time I saw him for several years. I heard from one of the other boys that he had been pretty sick—pneumonia, or something—but I was busy those days trying to make a living myself, and somehow I forgot to inquire about him again.

"Then I went to Paris as correspondent for my peper, and it was twenty years before I ever came back. When I did come back, I took a job with the old Chicago Press—and then I met him again!"

"A drunken printer at the back door?" chorused the bunch, grinning.

"He had the same smile and cheerful greeting. Yes, I met him again—he was the editor, and my boss!"—Sunshine Magazine.

* * * * * * * *

POSSESSIONS

Ancient philosophers used to say that a man should be able to walk out of a city, when it was sacked, with all his possessions on his back. That is to say, the more a man had in his head the less he had to carry on his back when the burdens of life begin to weigh heavily.

In this present upset world, cities are again sacked by bombers, and people are shifting about as they never did before. Refugees exist by the millions in Europe, and here in the United States national defense is moving business people into military or naval areas, or workmen from one defense project to another. The world is on the move nowadays.

Not knowing what the future may bring, many persons moving today are putting their possessions in a safe place, and renting furnished quarters until they can be more certain of what lies

ahead. It is then they realize the value of their personal possessions.

And what do they miss? It is seldom the big things. These are generally furnished with rented quarters. It is not the middle-sized things. It is the little things that are missed, such as a favorite book, a particular lamp, or a special cooking dish.

These little things, perhaps, show unconsciously the character of their owners. Trip after trip to the five-and-ten brings the realization that it is the little gadgets, the inexpensive trifles, that make our lives comfortable and enjoyable.

We realize that we would fare better, like the philosophers of old, if we could carry all our possessions in our heads, but we wonder at times if those philosophers did not tuck away a book or two under their arms, as they left the sacked city, just for solace sake.—Eleanor True Jordan.

* * * * * * * *

There are times when wealth builds a wall of security around those who by dint of good fortune suddenly stepped into a life of ease. It takes a strong personality to wear these new laurels in a way that marks those to the manner born. The spirit of an individual is unquenchable, but the material wealth of the land, giving social or political prestige, is subject to radical changes, and in a moment's time can be wiped out, and the picture changes. The most valuable assets of any one, if old friends are held, are courtesy and toleration for our fellowmen, regardless of class or creed. "Keep your feet on the ground" is an old saying that, if observed, will serve as a shock-absorber in the lives of all people. The humanitarian poet and philosopher, Edgar A. Guest, writes: "Teach me to lose my selfishness and glory in the earnest deed, which smoothes the road and lights the day for all who chance to come my way."

MACHINE GUN INVENTED BY A SON OF NORTH CAROLINA

By Mrs. J. A. Yarbrough

With the increasing roar of battle on far flung fronts and the manufacture of guns accelerated to top speed, it is a matter of interest to all North Carolinians to recall that a son of this state was the inventor of the death-dealing machine gun which revolutionized warfare.

His celebrated revolving battery gun which bears his name, the Gatling gun, gave him world-wide fame.

For years men had dreamed of a multiple firing machine but it remained for a boy born and reared on a Hertford county farm to perfect the instrument of death which brought wholesale slaughter to the battlefield.

Richard Jordan Gatling was born September 12, 1818, at Maney's Neck, a few miles from Murfreesboro, North Carolina. His boyhood was similar to that of the usual farm lad of his time. He ploughed, dropped seed, hoed grass from the young cotton plants, harvested the crops and helped to do the hundred and one things needful to keep a big farm in good running order.

Day after day as he performed laborious, back-breaking tasks, his vivid imagination pondered ways of making farm work speedier, easier and more profitable. These speculations were no idle dreams. From his father, who was an inventor, he had inherited an imaginative mind and as his father's assistant had acquired a knowledge of mechanics and developed considerable skill.

The first product of his inventive genius was a machine for sowing cotton and another for thinning out cotton plants which he and his father perfected jointly. At the age of 19 he began to teach school but all the time his creative fire was burning and his attention became focussed upon the large, unwieldy paddle wheels by which steamboats were propelled. The result of his experiments was a workable screwpropeller, now so extensivley used in steam vessels. He applied for a patent for his invention but much to his suprise and regret found that a patent for such an invention had been granted only a few months before.

Not discouraged by this disappointment, he again turned hiis thoughts to devices for lightening farm labor and in 1839 he invented and was granted a patent for a seed-sowing machine which was designed for sowing rice and which he afterwards used for sowing wheat in drills.

In 1844, Mr. Gatling went to St. Louis where he had his seed-sowing machine manufactured and placed upon the market. It found immediate and increasing sale. He was the first to introduce this class of farm implements into the Northwestern states and probably did more than any other man to secure the adoption of drill culture in the west.

His skill as an inventor received recognition from distinguished sources, including a medal and diploma from the Crystal Palace, London, in 1851 and a gold medal from the American Institute. New York City.

During his recovery from a severe attack of smallpox, he became interested in medicine and enrolled for a two-year course at the University of Ohio. He did not practice, however, for his mind was then centered on a hemp-breaking machine, also a method of using compressed air in working drills in mining operations and in the construction of tunnels which resulted in his invention of a steam plow.

Mr. Gatling's contribution to the development of American agriculture would have preserved his name as one of the nation's most valuable inventors. But his work was not destined to end with his inventions which so completely changed methods by which livelihood is wrested from the earth.

The first forty years of his life, his inventions dealt with production but the invention which brought him international and lasting fame dealt only with destruction. Best known as the inventor of a terrible death-dealing weapon, he was said to be the kindest and gentlest of men.

Deeply distressed early in the War Between the States by the sight of wounded soldiers returning from battle, he began to consider some plan of averting war. He finally decided that by making war more horriible nations would be less willing to resort to arms. With this thought in mind he constantly devoted himself to the study of ordnance and ballistics.

The idea of the machine gun was conceived by him in 1861. It was first constructed and fired by the inventor at Indianapalis in 1862. The gun was a group of rifle barrels arranged longitudinally around a central shaft and revolving with it. It was operated by two men, one turning the crank, the other supplying the cartridges. In operation it insured a continuous fire of 350 rounds per minute.

Mr. Gatling constructed six of the guns at Cincinnati which were destroyed by the burning of his factory. In 1865 he had 12 of the guns made by the Cooper Fire Arms Manufacturing company at Philadelphia. They were subjected to severe tests under direction of the United Sates War department and were first used by General Butler at the battle of the James River iin 1863.

Like some other southern men, Mr. Gatling's sympathies were with the North and he offered his invention to the United States government which in 1866 gave an order for 100 of the guns. They were made at Colt's Armory, Hartford, Conn., and delivered in 1867. He constantly improved his invention and within a few years it was adopted by every civilized nation in the world.

Mr. Gatling spent the remainder of his life perfecting his wonderful invention. He personally supervised and conducted numerous tests of its efficiency before nearly all the crowned heads of Europe. Everywhere he was received with distinguished consideration but the honor heaped upon him never changed him. He remained the same well-bred gentleman, gentle in speech and manner.

He received many honors from the associations of Inventors and Manufacturers and from scientific bodies both at home and abroad.

North Carolina can well be proud of the personal merit and high scientific achievements of her gifted son. From the highest to the lowest his name is known. Every farmer is indebted to him and every nation owes

him gratitude for an effective weapon of defense. Vicious characters of the underworld pay him unconscious tribute when they speak of a "gat." Far back in the past the words "Gatling gun" first struck terror to the hearts of southern Negroes and gave rise to the familiar doggerel:

"Old black Diamon, why didn't you run,
When you seed dat nigger wid de Gatling gun!"

Charlotte comes in for a share of reflected glory in regard to this famous gun and its inventor. E. P. Gatling, who passed away recently after having resided in Charlotte for 35 years, was closely related to the inventor, who was a first cousin of his father. He was reared in Northhampton county, adjoining Hertford, and was often in the home of his noted kinsman. In his later years he bore a striking resemblance to the inventor of the renowned gun.

ON LIFE'S SEA

Lives, like frail barques on life's wide sea,
Move on their way unceasingly.
On, ever on, they swiftly glide,
Now far apart, now side by side,
Cast here and there by circumstance—
It is God's plan and not mere chance.
Friends, through the years as strangers grown,
Are for an hour together thrown,
And all those years just drop away—
The time between seems but a day—
Then the winds change and on the tide
These same barques far and farther glide,
So often wildly tempest tossed,
Sometimes 'twould seem that all is lost.
But in God's time, on that fair shore,
The anchor cast, the voyage o'er,
All dangers and all darkness past
They'll safely rest in port at last.

—Ivy Heilman Harmon

SCIENCE FIGHTS WAR SHORTAGES

By S. R. Winters

Shakespeare, exploring into the fragrance of a rose four centuries ago, told us that it would smell as sweet by any name. Today scientists, delving further into the potentialities of that blushing blossom, have devised a scheme for turning out vitamins from those very roses which the Bard of Avon expounded.

This attempted solution to Europe's present starvation problem does not end there, for the laboratories are offering, as well, meat from whales, soap from tobacco seed oil, animal fodder from sea-weed, medicinal alcohol from chestnuts, cellu lose from cornstalks, and are magically transforming 12 garden plants and vegetables into meat.

According to Prof. Ora Smith of the New York State College of Agriculture, Ithaca, N. Y., who made the rounds of farms and experiment stations on the continent shortly before the outbreak of the war, European scientists are proving that they still have an ace or two up their sleeves. Houdini has nothing on these ingenious individuals who are literally able to pull food for the starving masses out of their backyards.

The mystical process which they employ enables them to extract Vitamin C from roses. Roses, which once lavished nothing but their beauty upon humanity, now are turning their blushing heads toward utilitarian thoughts. To the mere passer-by, the extensive planting of rose bushes along main motor highways might appear as an attempt at road beautification, but in reality it is simply another effort to stave off starvation. The planting of 400,000 shrubs along a railroad right-of-way was done for much the same reason, since pine and juniper needles and hawthorne berries were also found to be rich in Vitamin C.

Just before the Nazi aerial bombardments rained terror from the sky and the lightning action of the German blitzkrieg engulfed the country in its all- consuming blackness, the Norwegian whaling for the 1940 season had been completed German chemists and scientists at the University of Hamburg, after extensive experimenting, now claim that the meat of the whale resembles that of beef in both appearance and taste.

Although its strong flavor and toughness met with disfavor in Japan when recently introduced there, these same German laboratories insist that if suitably prepared, it could be made quite tender and palatable, with no semblance of an oily or fishy taste.

When fresh, this mammal, used by Jonah as a luxury liner in Biblical days, can be canned in tinless "tin" cans. Since tin is scarce, tinless, phosphated steel cans now are used for canning purposes. Or this tasty main dish may be smoked, dried, pickled or preserved by freezing. Although practically no food was preserved by quick-freezing three years ago, since new refrigerant gases have been found excellent for such processing, about one-fifth of the food supply is now kept in this manner.

They have even gone so far as to tronsform this whale meat into sausage or "corned beef." But where meat is scarce, it is almost a God-send, selling as cheaply as 6 to 7 cent a pound. Approximately 190,-000 barrels of whale oil were a result of the year's catch, and, after being gently tapped by the magic wand of these super-scientists, became edible as well.

In Hungary, the government has been manufacturing tobacco seed oil into soap, as well as into edible oil. The remains—extracted meal—are used in the form of by-product as suitable food for livestock. But this little hunger stricken nation isn't the only one to manifest an interest in this particular product, for Bulgaria is also cestering much attention on tobacco seed oil and its possibilities. In Iceland, it has been herring oil, instead of tobacco, that manufacturers used experimentally in the production of soaps, paints and margarines, having already built chemical plants to extract and harden herring oil.

Even seaweed—up to now considered useless—has been "drafted" in the scientists fight to dodge starvation for both men and beast. This stringy, green water-weed is at present being used as animal fodder in places where cattle and horses, as well as men are growing lean and gaunt. Fodder cellulose is being manufactured by pulp mills so that it may be mixed with other kinds of cattle feed. Fodder yeast, that is, yeast to be fed to animals, is being cultivated from sulfate liquor and then industrially transformed for stock purposes.

Hungarians are now thriving on "ersatz," a meat concocted inexpensively from 12 garden plants and vegetables. Germans sadly in need of a cheap meat substitute, are thinking seriously of borrowing the idea for large scale production. Soon, Europe will not only reach into its garden for salads, but for main courses of meat, as well.

Professor Smith himself says, "From this brief report of some of the research under way, one can understand the drastic conditions under which battles are fought, not only at the front, but in the chemical laboratories and in the minds of research workers all over the continent."

Certainly the truth of this statement is more than apparent. "Not all the battles are fought at the front," is acknowledged during any armed conflict, yet even more ominous significance lies hidden behind these words during the present chaotic struggle. The suffering at the battle-line is equalled only by that at the home-liine, but the struggle on the battlefield is certainly no greater than that unceasing struggle being waged daily in the laboratory field.

Defense stamps should be re-named offense stamps. No champion was ever crowned by defense. Winners bring home the bacon with knockout punches.—Exchange.

JOHNSTON BLAKELEY, GALLANT SEAMAN

(N. C. Historical Commission)

Although North Carolina's quota of 7,000 men for the American armies in the War of 1812 was quickly filled by volunteers, the war itself hardly touched the State. Tar Heels, nevertheless, probably contributed as much toward winning the war as did the citizens of any other state in the Union. Three North Carolinians, Johnston Blakeley, Otway Burns, and Benjamin Forsyth, because of their brilliant sucesses, were recognized as national heroes, not only by their own State but also by the entire nation. Of the three, Blakeley was the most outstanding.

Born in Ireland in the fall of 1781, Johnston Blakeley was brought to Wilmington, North Carolina, before he was two years old, and therefore is claimed by the State as one of her own sons. His father, a widower (the child's mother having died on the way to America or soon after landing) proved himself to be a sucessful merchant in Wilmington and sent his only child to a preparatory school in New York. Johsston, however, did not remain in the North long, for his father—just as his mother and himself—was destined for a short life. While still in his early teens, therefore, Johnston found himself an orphan with a small fortune. The eminent North Carolina lawyer, Edward Jones, who at one time was solicitor-general of the State, now became his guardian, took him into his household (living part of the time in Wilmington and part of the time in Chatham County), and became a second father to him. Blakeley is said to have referred to the members of the Jones family as his dearest friends on earth, and in later years, during his cruises at sea, he kept up a frequent and affectionate correspondence with them.

In 1797 Blakely entered the University of North Carolina from Chatham County and was "particularly distinguished for his proficiency in mathematics in its application to navigation, surveying and kindred subjects". He never graduated, however, for fire destroyed the property left by his father, and he departed from the University (rather than accept a loan from Jones) and entered the United States Navy as a midshipman, February 5, 1800. So began his maritime career.

Almost immediately Blakeley was assigned to the Mediterranean squadron to fight in the war with Tripoli. He was trained by capable sailors and soon, as an experienced and capable officer, was promoted to the rank of lieutenant. His first independent command came in 1811, and on July 24, 1813, he was given command of the sloop-of-war Wasp.

In the second war with Great Britain the Wasp proved to be one of the most sucessful United States cruisers. One of the 173 men on board the ship said: "The Wasp is a beautiful ship, and the finest seaboat, I believe, in the world; our officers and crew, young and ambitious—

they fight with more cheerfulness than they do any other duty, Captain Blakeley is a brave and discreet officer—as cool and collected in action as at the table."

In the summer and fall of 1814 Blakeley captured a number of British vessels and his victories aroused a great deal of enthusiasm in America. Two English ships that he captured, both "fair fights" with nearly the same force and strength as the Wasp, were the Reindeer and the Avon. In the month of November, 1814, Blakeley was commissioned a captain in the United States Navy and was given a gold medal for his victory over the English ship Reindeer.

He himself, however, never knew of these honors, for the last communication ever received from him was on November 4, 1814, when the Atlanta, (an American schooner which had been captured in the Bay of Biscay by the British and recaptured by Blakeley off the Madeiras on September 21), arrived at Savannah, Georgia. No further news ever came, and probably no one will ever know the mystery of his death.

In appreciation of the services of Captain Blakeley the General Assembly of North Carolina awarded Blakeley's only child, a daughter named Udney Maria, a beautiful silver service set weighing 352 ounces and elaborately engraved. The legislature also passed a resolution stating that Miss Blakeley should be educated at the expense of the State, and for thirteen years money was appropriated for this purpose.

FAITH

I've seen a bird with notes so shrill
Fall to the ground and there lie still.
I've seen it rise and fly away
And sing its song another day.

I've known the lowly flower seed
To spring to life beside a weed,
And then with loving watchful care
To be the fairest of the fair.

I've seen men walk with faltering tread,
With saddened heart and bended head.
I've seen them walk with new-found life
And take their place in worldly strife.

The fear and doubt we feel today
Will surely pass and fade away.
If, as the road of life we trod,
We keep our faith and trust in God.

—Charles C. Lindsay

WOMEN BUILD PLANES

By Sigrid Arne

She had tapered red fingernails. She bent over an intricate mess of wire at the Consolidated Aircraft plant here. She tightened the last screw and patted the whole network.

"Why did you pat it?" I asked.

She looked up startled and then grinned, "I do it to all of them. I say 'Goodbye, toots. Kill me a lo-o-o-t of Japs,."

"What is it?"

"That's the dingus that drops the bombs. The wires go from the controls board to the bomb release. See?" She pointed to a long blueprint on the wall. "That's my pattern."

I asked her name.

"Oh, please don't," she said "Granpa's a preacher in Texas. He can't stand me talking about killing. But come Pearl Harbor I just had to build planes.

This girl is just one of the 2,500 women now employed by Consolidated. I talked with some 30. They all seemed to have some emotional reason for working on planes, other than the mere need for a pay check.

The production men say they look up from their work less often than the men. And there's little talking on the job.

Consolidated has a larger staff of women than any other West Coast plane plant. But they're all hiring them, and they all are amazed and relieved. They'd been worrying about the effect of the draft on the work staff because airplane building is a young man's business.

But now the women are proving faster than the men on the delicate assembly jobs, and they're spoiling less material.

"They're a good-looking alert lot. They'd done everything from playing bridge to selling dresses before the war fever hit.

They wear regulation blue slack suits and low heels to work. They carry lunches in tin pails, and take any shift assignment. Half of them get through at midnight.

Many are wives and daughters of men in the plant. Many are wives and mother's of army and navy men. They're paid the same as men.

There are favorites, of course. Not because of good looks, but because they're taking to mechanics so easily.

One is plump little Mrs. Claire Belle Harvey, 33, from San Angelo, Texas. She's the wife of an auto salesman. She'd been working in a laundry and pleading for a plane job, At the training school they said "no" because she had a job. The day after Pearl Harbor she fixed that. She quit.

The school took her on, asd she got a job cutting out the first metal sheet which makes the control board.

She's on the 7 a. m. to 3:30 shift. Then she dashes ten miles to a school where she's learning the entire electrical nervous system of a plane because she wants to become a flight mechanic

on a transport. Herbert Bowling, the production chief, bets she will.

Age is no barrier. Mrs. Etty Niesche, from Green Bay, Wis., is 51. She has a son-in-law in the navy. She's fitting wires for the control boards but she arrived partly trained. She's worked in radio shops for 12 years.

There's delicate looking Elizabeth Pritchett, 24, from Salt Lake City, who swings a "hard squeezer." It's a 15-pound gadget but she handles it like can-opener. It nips wire terminals into shape.

Delicate or not, she has a terrific forearm. She worked it up on the farm where she was Dad's handyman. Repaired the fences, tractors, roofs—anything.

I stopped at only one work station that brought a chuckle. The woman was twisting a piece of aluminum under a burnisher, polishing the edges of three holes. She said, "No, I don't know what it is. But it's better than selling dresses."

Mrs. Ann Proctor, 22, of Cheyenne, Wyo., has had to do some intricate household arranging. She bends tubes which hold wires. Her husband is a plant inspector. He gets off at 4:30 a. m., and she gets off at midnight. So they eat together only on Sundays. They have three children, but Mrs. Proctor found a navy wife who was so lonesome she took over the whole housekeeping job.

Mrs. Velma Ernest is a widow from Falls City, Neb., who cuts aluminum wires and fits the ends on. She can put through 500 a night. That's fast.

Consolidated started by asking women to take four weeks' free training in the San Diego schools before they took their jobs. Now many of them come straight to the job to learn.

At first Consolidated thought it probably could use women on ten per cent of the jobs. Now Production Chief Bowling sees the day when they"ll hold 35 per cent of the job.

———:———

Yesterday is but a dream,
Tomorrow is only a vision.
But today well lived
Makes every yesterday a dream of happiness
And every tomorrow a vision of hope.
Look well, therefore, to this day!
Such in the salutation of the dawn.

—From the Sunskirt

AN AMERICAN DECLARATION OF INTERDEPENDENCE

(NOTE: The following program for America's war aims and peace objectives was offered the nation by Dr. Archibald Henderson of the University of North Carolina, in an address entitled "A Democratic Program for Victory" before a large audience in New York City's famous Town Hall recently.)

1. The American people affirm that they are battling to make the world safe, not only for democracy, but for all peoples of good will, all autonomous governments, all self-respecting states, which are guided by enlightened principles and progressive policies, whether monarchy or democracy, kingdom or republic, commonwealth or colony.

2. The American people reaffirm that they are fighting this war, as they fought the last World War, to end war; and they will initiate plans and co-operate with other nations in the future for the abandonment of war as an instrument of national policy.

3. The American people proclaim their fixed faith in democracy as a constructive ideal, a way of life, and a form of government. While acknowledging that democracy shares with all other ideologies certain manifest imperfections, the American people believe that the remedy for democracy is not more democracy, but better democracy, America practices and enjoys democracy of the people and for the people; but democracy by the people is a desiderated discipline as yet only imperfectly realized. In order to realize democracy as government by the peiple, prejudice, passion and fear must give place to greater confidence in the people; and a trustworthy labor leader should encounter no obstacle to filling the post of Secretary of Labor, an able Socialist the post of Secretary of the Treasury, a small business man the post of Secretary of Commerce, an efficient dirt farmer the post of Secretary of Agriculture.

4. The American people have faith in democracy as a great creative and human dynamic. It is the desire of the American people that the virtues, benefits, and blessings realized under democracy be adequately and purposefully communicated to the peoples and nationalities of the rest of the world, in every legitimate way, for their full consideration as the trinity of a workable ideal, a way of life, and a form government.

5. The American people highly resolve to measure up to the profound responsibility entailed upon the victors in the present conflict, and to render such beneficial assistance as may be in their power to give, to oppressed suffering, and discouraged peoples, depleted in strength and weak of will after the devastation of war and the pains of martyrdm.

6. The American people are resolved to assist to the limit of their power, in the form of personal, governmental, and financial aid, in establishing themselves firmly, such govern-

ments as may choose to adopt democracy as a form of government.

7. The American people firmly believe in the principle and practice of limitation and reduction of armament on the basis of friendly negotiation and common agreement .

8. The American people, in advance of victory and the making of treaties of peace, expressly disavow and discard the imposition of reparations and indemnities as instrumentalities for securing the sort of so-called justice, which is only a legalized form of revenge.

9. The American people no less than their Department of State, gravely deplore the decline, during recent decades, of national morality in the conduct of international affairs. The American people issue an appeal and a challenge to the nations of the world to exercise due caution in the undertaking of national obligations, to cease from disingenuously playing fast and loose with national honor, and to be faithful in the observance of international agreements. The American people strongly press upon the peoples of the world and their respective national governments the urgent need to revitalize the sense of national honor and in the light of contemporary experience and practice to reorganize and strengthen the evolving code of the now moribund body of international law.

10. The American people urge that this country, through her chief executive, call a World Conference of Powers, following or concurrent with the drafting of the peace treaties, to consider the major problems which clamor for solution, concerning the handling of business, commerce, economics, finance, armaments and their reduction, health, intellectual cooperation, cultural intercourse, and other vital and pressinng issues of international concern.

11. It is the desire of the American people that a regional association for the Americas, in the form of a Pan-American League of Nations, be constituted as a permanent organization, for hemispheral defense, mutual security, the promotion of intercontinental trade, more frequent and intimate associations, and increased cultural relations.

12. The American people firmly resolve that this country shall not again break the heart of the world, and fail to assume the buden and responsibility of striving for the establishment of international co-operation through some improved form of league, association, or federative unions; open to all nation, aiming at world betterment and the dynamic of lasting peace.

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Human happiness has no perfect security but freedom; freedom none but virtue; virtue none but knowledge; and neither freedom, virtue, nor knowledge has any vigor or immortal hope, except in the principles of the Christian faith, and in the sanction of the Christian religion.—Josiah Quincy.

WITH HORSESHOES YOU CAN DO ANYTHING

By Charles G. Muller

Tousled blond hair making him look as wild as his nickname, Turk Sherwood tossed a second iron horseshoe over his first throw, for a double ringer. Then, at last, he looked toward the barrel chested ice hockey captain who had been pleading with him for the past fifteen minutes.

"I keep telling you—there's no good reason I should have to play hockey again this year. Please go away!"

Turk walked toward the opposite end of his horseshoe pitching pit and prepared to toss the shoes back to the other stake. Buck Warren followed at his heels.

"Won't you play hockey for the honor of dear old Ridgemoor?" Buck asked in a tone that made Turk immediately alert. "I'm begging you to because everybody says you can help beat Hampshire again this year.

Turk shook his head vehemently "Can't do it! The state horseshoe tournament is coming up then I've got to practice." Again he tossed two shoes that clanked one over the other around the iron stake.

"But Turk," protested the hockey captain, "you must play hockey—"

"Every winter someone tells me that!" Turk cut in. "And every summer at camp someone else tries to make me play baseball. Heck, anybody can bat a puck or a ball around. But with horseshoes, you've got to be good. That takes practice, and—"

"The way you talk," said Buck Warren scornfully, "you'd think the only important thing in the world is horseshoes!"

Which is exactly what Thomas F. Sherwood did think. Since the day he unexpectedly had made a helpful fourth in a neighborhood game, the boy had developed horseshoe pitching interest and skill that were the despair of all his friends. When he won a local championship, they jeered. And when he had gone on to win the state championship, the jibes had continued. But Turk's enthusiasm only grew.

"With horseshoes," he told Buck Warren seriously, "you can do anything. Why, you can—"

"Turk!" The hockey captain's voice was crisp. "Know what?"

"What?"

"If we turn out a good team, I think we can fix it with Mr. Lynn to play Hampshire in the Civic Rink. We'll get a big crowd out there, the newspapers will put the game in the front page and—"

Turk refused to be swayed.

"Why don't you just challenge Mr. Lynn to a marbles match," he suggesaed, tossing another shoe. "Get him to say yes to the Civic Rink idea if you beat him."

Buck Warren shrugged, remembering how he'd played marbles against the school principal a few months before in the annual contest for an extra holiday—students against head mas, and as always Principal Lynn

had taken the would-be marble shooters. No extra holiday.

"If you're so good at those silly 'quoits' of yours, why don't you challenge him at that!" retorted Buck. "He fancies his ability along those lines, too, I hear!"

Paying no apparent attention, Turk tossed another ringer.

"I tell you what, Turk," the hockey captain was saying. "Suppose I fix it with Coach Billings to let you off a little early every day from hockey practice so's you can play quoits all you want. How's that?"

Turk was thoughtful. "Well—" he began.

Buck Warren pressed his advantage.

"Everybody'll be glad to hear you're out for the team again," said the big captain quickly, as if the deal were closed. "See you tomorrow. Good-by, now!"

Shaking his head as if wondering whether he'd been sold a bill of goods, Thomas F. Sherwood went back to tossing iron shoes over iron stake with a regularity and accuracy which were the results of long hours of training and an inordinate love of the sport.

It was funny—tragic in a way—how some people were blind to what was important in life. Like Buck—calling horseshoes "quoits." Why, quoits was a different game entirely. But horseshoes—boy! You could get your teeth into a game like that! You weren't just knocking a rubber puck away from a lot of kids who couldn't stand up on the ice too well anyhow. Turk bent, drew back his right arm, and sent a beautiful shoe clanging against the stake! Boy!

And when he reported next day on the outdoor rink down near the school gymnasium, it was obvious that Turk's real heart was not in the game of hockey.

"You're late," Buck Warren greeted him. "Tossing those quoits again, I'll bet."

Turk nodded. "I keep telling you and—"

"Get out there and skale that state tournment's coming up," the captain quickly ordered, knowing that once the boy got started talking about his hobby there'd be no hockey practice.

For the hours that Turk could tear himself away from horseshoe to concentrrate on batting a hockey puck down the rink against opposing schools, the stocky boy was a whirlwind on ice. Playing center, he was, the spark plug that kept Ridgemoor's forward line popping pucks so fast at opposing goalish that the defense thought it was facing a rubber barrage.

Turk seemed to be tireless, skating madly into every possible scrimmage like a dog racing to a fight. And once in a melee, he seldom came out of it without the puck on the end of his stick. It seemed as if the boy had nothing in the world on his mind but getting the puck, despite all obstacles.

And it was surprising how often he accomplished his aim. Literally, he looked—most of the time—like a wild man, batting and slashing away with little or no regard for form. He might, for all practical purposes, have had a bent tree branch in his hands and a wooden block on the ice instead of a carefully turned hockey

stick and a conventional black rubber disc.

"Of course, it's just shinny be plays," observed Coach Billings when Turk's activities ended in a 5-to-1 win over Warrentown, the season's first opponent, "but give me five other shinny players like him and I'll tackle the New York Rangers!"

"May I go now?" Turk's request was modest.

"To play quoits?" demanded Buck Warren. "Aren't you tired from playing this game?"

Turk's surprise was real.

"Why, compared with horseshoes, this is just child's play!"

Buck Warren pretended to faint. But he was content, so long as the boy continued to perform so brilliantly on ice. It was only when Turk began to report in for practice later and later each day that Buck became anxious.

It wasn't that Turk failed to put his heart into each practice. Nor was it that the boy didn't give everything he had in every game. It was simply that, though Turk concentrated while on the ice, he departed the hockey scene so fast that it was obvious he had more—to him—important matters on his mind.

As far as Buck was concerned, that was all right. If the kid thought his horseshoes were important, let him think so. But if he thought he could get away with holding up hockey practice by reporting after the rest of the squad was warmed up—well, he was making a big mistake there.

"We've been letting you off practice early," he told Turk in midseason, "and now you're chiseling time at the beginning of every session."

"What difference does it make?" shrugged Turk. "Mr. Lynn won't let up play Hampshire on the big rink because he says it's too expensive for the Athletic Association's budget. Why take practice so seriously?"

"But you'll go right on with your quoits practice, I suppose!"

"Certainly! Why, with horseshoes—"

Buck Warren was feeling low. Not only did he have to cope with a school principal who couldn't see why the season's final game should be staged in the huge municipal arena, he also had to nurse a hockey player who thought that chasing a puck was far less important than pitching horseshoes. He turned sharply on Turk.

"I suppose you could get us the Hampshire game on the Civic Rink —with horseshoes!" he said scornfully.

Turk nodded.

"Certainly!"

Ridgemoor's harassed captain groaned.

"Listen, Turk! You can sleep with your quoits, or eat 'em, for all I care," he said. "Only stop talking about 'em!"

Turk shrugged.

"Of course, if you're so prejudiced against horseshoes that you don't want me to—"

"Please, Turk! Do anything you want, only never mention quoits to me again!" Buck Warren clapped both hands over his ears and turned mournfully away.

Turk did not appreciably profit by the captain's lecture on punctuality.

He appeared at practice at the last moment. But while he was present, he threw himself violently into scrimmages. In the remaining games of the season, Turk also was a dynamo of action. Before practice and games—and after—however, he was never to be found.

"Where does he spend all his time?" Coach Billings asked Buck after Turk whacked the puck into the net for a last-second victory over Prescott High.

"He goes home to toss horseshoes."

"In the winter!"

"Winter, summer, daytime, or nighttime—he's always at it," reported Buck. "He has electric lights rigged up back of his house, with canvas covers over the special non-freezing goo he's got in the pits, to keep the snow off."

"The boy's crazy!" said the amazed coach. "But how he can play hockey!"

It seemed too bad, therefore, that Principal Lynn insisted on Ridgemoor's big game with Hampshire being played on the small school rink during an afternoon when few parents and townspeople could be present to see the contest. As the game neared, the entire team felt they were being let down.

"What makes me so sore," Buck Warren said, "is that the Civic Rink's available for a week from Friday night, and Hampshire'd be tickled to death to play then!"

"You fellers take hockey too seriously," said Turk. "Why care whether we play here or in Madison Square Garden?"

"Don't you want to play before a big crowd—" Buck Warren could not understand such callousness—"where there's lights and maybe a band?"

Turk was noncommittal.

"I figure," Buck continued sorrowfully, "that we'd make more'n enough money to pay for the big rink. Mr. Lynn's just being contrary!"

"You can't expect him to get excited," said Turk. "It's only another hockey game. Now if it was horseshoes—"

Buck departed abruptly, fearful of really getting mad at this fanatic. And each day his patience with Turk grew less and less. So that, the Tuesday before the Hampshire game, when Turk did not show up promptly for practice, Ridgemoor's captain was thoroughly irate. Taking off his skates and slipping into an overcoat, he went to the coach.

"I'm going down to Turk's house," he said grimly, "and yank him away from his quoits by the hair of his head!"

The coach nodded. I'll take another yank when you get him here!"

Bringing his jalopy to a grinding stop in front of Turk's home, Buck Warren was fit to be tied as he heard the clang of horseshoes in the rear yard. Half-running, he strode down the driveway—to see a horseshoe drop neatly around an iron stake.

"You're holding up hockey practice. Turk!" Buck began as he turned the corner of the house. "If you—"

Buck stopped abruptly, his words cut off like a broken phone connec-

tion. Standing next to Turk ready to throw a second shoe, was Principal Walter F. Lynn of Ridgemoor School. As the stock, spectacled, and heavily-sweatered school head prepared to toss again, Turk held up a warning figure to the onrushing Buck.

"Shhh!" said Turk.

Buck could see that the principal was just as serious as Turk. Why that should be, Buck couldn't for the life of him figure out. The idea of two intelligent people standing in a cold back yard to throw iron horseshoes—also freezingly cold—into a gooey pit, was too much for him. But there they were. He had to believe the evidence of his own eyes. Bending, Principal Lynn was taking careful aim. His arm swung back. He lifted himself with a quick, jerky movement, and his arm swung forward. A shoe arched through the air.

Buck started to speak. But again came Turk's "shhh!" as the principal's shoe hit the stake, but not over the first ringer. Once more Buck tried to speak, but Turk merely "shhh'd" and prepared to toss. First one shoe, then a second dropped over the one already around the iron pin.

"Three points more, Mr. Lynn," said Turk calmly. "That's forty-five to thirty-six. Your toss."

Ignored utterly by man and boy —both serious beyond belief—Buck Warren nearly reached boiling point. The idea of this kid playing quoits when every minute of hockey practice was so valuable!

"Now listen, Turk," Buck began again.

Without even deigning to glance at the frenzied [illegible], Turk merely raised another warning finger. Shhh!"

Once more the stern-faced principal threw a shoe. It landed an inch from the stake. Another throw—this one a half-inch away.

"Too bad, Mr. Lynn," said Turk, preparing to toss. Taking aim, the boy threw gracefully.

His first shoe clinked on the stake for a ringer. His second came down on top of the first, for a second ringer.

"I guess that's it," he said. "Fifty-one to thirty-six. Thanks a lot. Now I'll have to hurry over to hockey practice."

Turing from the man who was looking at the double ringer as if he couldn't believe his eyes. Turk was seized in Buck Warren's firm grip.

"You bet you're coming over to hockey practice!" Buck was still grim. "What do you mean by keeping the whole team standing around while you play a screwy quoits match! Why —why—" Buck cocked up.

"Oh, I frgot to tell you," said Turk quietly. "I was pitching against Mr. Lynn so we could play Hampshire on the big rink."

Buck stopped short.

"And we can!" finished Turk.

Ridgemoor's principal was pulling on his gloves and peering over his glasses.

Buck shook his head, as if to clear it.

"Turk's right," he said looking at the incredulous Buck. "You see, I'm pretty good at this game—" he nodded toward the horseshoe pit—"so when Turk challenged me to a match like the spring marbles match.

I guess I just let my self-confidence get the better of me."

The principal shook his head sadly, then went on:

"Told him I'd get you the Civic Rink for the Hampshire game if I couldn't beat him by at least ten points." Mr. Lynn shook his head again. "He beat me by fifteen!"

Turk was tugging at Buck's arm. "Come on!" he urged. We've got to hurry over to practice."

"What's the big rush?" Buck asked, still overcome by the news and frankly puzzled at Turk's sudden love of hockey.

"I've simply got to get in every minute I can on the ice," said Turk, very seriously. "Because Mr. Lynn's made me a personal deal—if I help beat Hampshire, he'll give me an extra day off to go to the state horseshoe championships next week!"

Buck Warren looked at Principal Lynn. Together, they shook their heads and shrugged.

"With horseshoes, I can do anything," Turk was saying. "But I've got to win that hocey game or I won't have the chance to. Come on, Buck!"

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THE LITTLE BLACK SHEEP

Po' lil' black sheep dat strayed away,
  Done los' in de win' and' de rain—
An' de Shepherd He say, "O, hirelin'
  Go fin' my sheep again."
An' de hirelin' say, "O, Shepherd,
  Dat sheep am black an' bad."
But de shepherd He smile, like dat lil' black sheep
  Wuz de onliest lamb He had.

An' de Shepherd go out in de darkness
  Where de night wuz col' an' bleak,
An' dat lil' black sheep, He fin' it.
  An' lay it agains' His cheek.
An' de hirelin' frown; "O, Shepherd,
  Don' bring dat sheep to me!"
But de Shepherd He smile, an' He hol' it close.
  An' dat lil' black sheep—wuz—me!

—Paul Laurench Dunbar

JEALOUS OF MYSELF

By Margaret A. J. Irvin

Every now and then a song catches the public fancy, not only because of its tune but because of some delightful absurdity of wording. That is the case with the song entitled "Jealous."

The yearning lover is jealous of everything—the stars, the breeze, the birds. And at last he cites plaintively "I'm even getting jealous of myself."

That brings a chuckle. Who ever heard of anything so silly? Jealous of myself? Who could imagine a more complete waste of emotional energy? What has started out as a love song turns into a farce. Everyone laughs, and it is good to laugh.

How silly every emotion looks when it is turned inward instead outward.

Take Love, for example. I haven't been able to figure out whether the ancient Greeks spelled it with a capital letter and thought of it as some special commodity that could be neatly packaged and labeled, as some of our modern writers do. But they certainly knew how foolish it was to let the emotion turn on oneself. Poor Narcissus, gazing lovingly at his own reflection in the pool has become the symbol of love wrongly directed.

Most of us know, now and then, a glow of pride and self-satisfaction. We think we are pretty nice people to have around. Yet custom, if nothing else, forbids our saying to our friends, "I like myself so much today! I've done everything I started out to do and done it supremely well." We may think it, but under no circumstances may we say it except as a joke. Even then, we must be very careful that people do not see through the pretense.

Of course, there are people who do think such thoughts, although they do not express the feeling in words. The people who are "stuck on themselves" are never popular. They usually know it and are hurt and bewildered that others do not appreciate their obviously fine qualities. Those who love themselves are not often happy. The world seems to treat them very unfairly.

But the height of absurdity is the person who gets angry with himself The person who goes around exploding with anger will sometimes turn it on himself, when he can find no more appropriate object. He gets so in the habit of resenting things and "bawling out" his fellowmen for their mistakes that when he himself makes a mistake, he blows up and lets himself have the full force of his anger.

"Emotion is ammunition. Don't waste it!" might be a good slogan for many of us. The world and the church both run on their emotions. The ineffectual people of the world—the people who live and die without anyone paying much attention to their existence—are the ones who lack the emotional driving force that would impel them to take the place to which "the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle them." They just don't care enough to make the effort.

On the other hand, the people who waste their inner resources on un-

worthy objects never get anywhere either. They are continually exploding. They keep up a great stir. But they accomplish just about as much as a chicken with it head off accomplishes with its violent activity.

There is a world of difference in the performance of a car that is equipped with a smooth-running powerful engine and one that depends on a noisy "thrashing machine" for its running power. The driving power of the one is far greater that the other, but it is controlled and expresses itself in smooth action.

Every human emotion has its own proper object and form of expression. Love expresses itself in service. Pity expresses itself in giving comfort. Anger expresses itself in removing the evil toward which it is directed.

Anything more futile than any of these emotions turned upon oneself would be hard to imagine.

JAPS DROP PLAGUE GERM IN CHINA

It's a nasty story which comes from Chungking, China, where the Japanese are accused of starting the bubonic plague in Changteh by droping infected fleas in air raid in November.

Dr. R. Pollitzer, former League of Nations epidemologist says that "circumstantial evidence strongly suggests the plague outbreak in Changteh was caused by enemy action."

On November 4th, Changteh was raided by a single Japanese plane. It flew just over the roofs instead of high in the air, circling twenty minutes without dropping bombs. Returning residents were puzzled to find scattered rice grains mixed with wisps of cotton rags near the main gates. Police saved samples which, upon analysis, were found contaminated with bubonic plague baccili.

The bubonic plague was likewise reported in Chekiang Province in November, 1940, after low-flying planes dropped fleas in packets of grains of rice to attract rats. Cold weather stopped the spread of the plague, but renewed cases are expected in the spring.

Dr. Robert Lim, head of the Chinese Red Cross and the Army Medical Training services, confirmed the presence of bubonic plague at Changteh. He admits that he does not expect. American, British and others to believe that the Japanese are resorting to bacteriological warfare because "they did not believe for a long time the stories that the Japs were using gas in China."

He expresses the belief that the Japs have been experimenting in China and says it is his conviction that Japan is planning large-scale bacteriological warfare, "not only here but elsewhere especially when things start going wrong for her."

—Smithville Herald

INSTITUTION NOTES

"20 Mule Team," featuring Wallace Beery, was the feature attraction at the regular weekly motion picture show in our auditorium last Thursday night. A comedy, "The New Pupil," was shown on the same program. Both are Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer productions.

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Nick Rochester and Frank E. Cobb, who were once members of the Cottage No. 2 group, recently spent a few days at the School. Nick is now a member of the United States Navy, and is in training at the naval air school, Norfolk, Va., while Frank is a member of Co. M, 120th Infantry, U. S. A., and is stationed at Fort Jackson, S. C.

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W. W. (Dub) Johnson, Jr., son of W. W. Johnson, our school principal, is making quite a record as regular first baseman for the University of North Carolina team. His picture recently appeared on the sports page of the Concord Daily Tribune. In addition to doing a good job fielding his position, Dub is clouting the old horsehide at a .400 clip, many of his hits going for extra bases.

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Mrs. John Woltz, of Greensboro, and Mrs. Ben Withers, of Charlotte, visited the School last Thursday afternoon. Mrs. Woltz is state supervisor of the WPA sewing project, and Mrs. Withers is assistant supervisor. While here, these ladies, accompanied by Superintendent Boger, visited the various vocational departments in the Swink-Benson Trades Building and other places of interest on the campus.

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Mack Hyatt, one of our old boys, who left the School in March, 1930, was a visitor here last Saturday afternoon. Soon after leaving the institution, he went to Knoxville, Tennessee, where he was employed at construction work, which profession he followed for about seven years. During most of the time spent in Tennessee, Mack was employed on the TVA project. In 1937, he came to Charlotte and secured a position with the Dixie News Company. He is still working for that firm, and has been promoted to route manager in the western district, composed of ten counties, two of them being in South Carolina.

Mack is twenty-five years old, is married and has two boys, aged four and two years, respectively. He spent most of the afternoon going about the campus and greeting the members of the staff who knew him as a small boy here twelve years ago.

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Rev. L. C. Baumgarner, pastor of St. Andrews Lutheran Church, Concord, conducted the service at the School last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson he read Luke 11:14-26, and his message to the boys was both helpful and interesting.

In the portion of Scripture just read, said the speaker, we see the tragedy of an empty house. It is a parable seldom referred to and fully understood. That Jesus had a keen eye

for tradegy was shown all through his life on earth.

Rev. Mr. Baumgarner then told the boys that no one can read the human heart like Jesus, and pointed out what a wonderful privilege is man's that he can go to him for help when in trouble. Things arise in our lives that men cannot understand, but we know that the Master can, and will not fail us when we turn to him for assistance.

In this parable, said the speaker, the house is the heart. There is something sad about an empty house, a place where once we knew the joys of life. To see this house deserted and in a dilapidated condition is a very sad picture. When we think of the many things that happened there, the gathering of the family in our youth, brings happy memories. Now to look upon an empty house, all signs of former joyful moments gone, we are saddened.

As we read this parable we see the cleansing of a human soul. This man's demon is cast out, and he is again able to live a normal life. His associates, who probably scorned him, did not now how hard he had tried to rid himself of the demon, and consequently did nothing to help him, but Jesus knew what was in his heart, and saved him.

So it is with many people today, said Rev. Mr. Baumgarner. Men and women possess certain habits which are dragging them down to the lowest level possible for human being to reach. Many of them are struggling to get rid of these habits, but quite often those around them do not realize what a struggle is going on deep down in their hearts, and do nothing to help them. We need to be more conscious of the needs of our fellow men.

Once a man has driven the demon out of his life, we can easily see that his face is bright and he is happy for a time. But that is not enough. While he has succeeded in cleaning his house, it is empty. He has made no attempt to bring light into it. In overcoming certain sins, we must take into our lives the better things—those things that will keep sin from creeping back into the place it once occupied. To leave our house empty would indeed be a tragedy. Many reformers of this day want to wipe out sin. Most of us have habits we should take out of our lives. By all means we should do this, but we must bring into our lives that which will lead us on to higher ideals. We must fill our house with good, so that there will be no room for evil.

At this time of the year we see beautiful lawns, gorgeous flower-beds, and fields covered with growing things. These things did not just happen to grow. The soil was carefully prepared, and as the tender shoots came up, the weeds were killed, that there might be room for nothing but worthwhile things, and was brought about only by the hardest kind of work. So it is with our lives. First we must cleanse our hearts of that which is evil. The next step is to plant into our lives good seed whereby good fruits may grow and thus enable us to really amount to something in the world. If our hearts are to be real houses, they cannot be empty. The spirit of Christ must dwell therein. The tragedy of an empty house is the story of an unused victory. The

soul of man cannot be empty. There must be something dwelling there, and the spirit of Christ is the only thing which can occupy the soul of man and prepare it for a more abundant life.

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Baumgarner told the boys that the many sins before them were obstacles to be overcome; that they must fight to keep themselves free from evil; and after driving sin from their lives, to let in the spirit of God. Any life occupied and controlled by His spirit is bound to be worthwhile.

MY PART

I don't care to be first in the race that is run,
To be holding the highest accounts;
For to come in the third, fourth or fifth would be fun,
Since the fact that you tried is what counts.

I don't care to to be first in our struggle through life,
Though a partial success is my aim;
I don't think what I reap in the manner of strife
Will diminish the fun of the game.

Now I really won't care at the end of the day
If I'm weary and tired plumb through;
Not if I can look back with conviction, and say
That I helped and did all I could do.

If I have succeeded in lightening the load
Of some other less fortunate man;
If I have been cheerful, have stuck to the code
That has clearly expounded His plan;

Then I'll know very well in my heart, deep within,
That my day was not wasted at all,
And the fact that I'm tired because I did pitch right in,
Will appear mighty sorry and small.

So I simply won't care when my lifetime is done,
If I've always accomplished my part,
It won't matter at all, since I've sure had my fun,
And I'll know it deep down in my heart.

—A. T. Nadeau.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending April 19, 1942

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Carl Barrier
John Hogsed
Robert Padgett
Weaver Ruff
Malcom Seymour
Edgar Simmons
Paul Smith

COTTAGE NO. 1

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE NO. 2

John Pritchard
Leo Worley

COTTAGE NO. 3

John Bailey
Grover Beaver
Charles Beal
Robert Coleman
Albert Hames
Robert Hare
James Blake
Arthur Ingle
Jerry Jenkins
Dewey Lanning
Ronda Price
William Pegram
Robert Quick
Fonzer Pitman
William T. Smith
John Tolley
Charles Rhodes
Elbert Russ
James Williams
Donald Daniels

COTTAGE NO. 4

Theodore Bowles
Winley Jones
William Morgan

COTTAGE NO. 5

Randolph Ammon

COTTAGE NO. 6

Elgin Atwood
Frank Fargis
Robert Hobbs
David Howard
Gerald Kermon
Marvin Lipscomb
Durwood Martin
Vollie McCall
Reitzel Southern
Houston Turner
Wesley Turner
William Ussery
William Wilkerson

COTTAGE NO. 7

John H. Averitte
Edward Batten
Laney Broome
Henry Butler
William Butler
George Green
G. W. Kelly
Edward Loftin
Arnold McHone
Ernest Overcash
Durham Smith
William Young

COTTAGE NO. 8

Vernon Green

COTTAGE NO. 9

Gerald Amos
Marvin Ballew
Cecil Caldwell
Leonard Church
Riley Denny
Eugene Dyson
George Gaddy
William Hart
Edgar Hedgepeth
Daniel Kilpatrick
Alfred Lamb
Isaac Mahaffey
Marvin Matheson
Lloyd Mullis
Leroy Pate
James Ruff
Hubert Smith

COTTAGE NO. 10

Wayne Allen
Roy Barnett
J. W. Cline
Jack Crotts
Forrest Davis
Henry Glover

Arcemias Hefner
Clifford Lowman
Charles Phillips
Robert Stephens
James Speer
Jack Warren
Joseph Willis

COTTAGE NO. 11

Bert Barnhardt
Charles Frye
Robert Goldsmith
Everett Stamey
Harold Shelton
Canipe Shoe

COTTAGE NO. 12

Jay Brannock
Jack Bright
William Broadwell
Mack Coggins
William Deaton
Eugene Hefner
Marvin Howard
Douglas Holt
William Lanning
Harry Lewis
James Mondie
Simon Quick
Jesse Smith
Carl Tyndall
J. R. Whitman
Roy Womack

COTTAGE NO. 13

James Brewer

COTTAGE NO. 14

John Baker
Robert Caudle
Henry Ennis
Audie Farthing
William Harding
Lewis Hord
Marvin King
Edward Kinion
William Lane
Willis Lanford
Roy Mumford
Charles McCoyle
John Maples
Robert Moose
James Roberson
Charles Steepleton
John Reep

COTTAGE NO. 15

(No Honor Roll)

INDIAN COTTAGE

Frank Chavis
Cecir Jacobs
Ernest Jacobs
James Lochlear
Lester Lochlear
Louis Stafford

THE RIGHT KIND OF PEOPLE

Once where a prophet in the palm shade basked,
A traveler chanced at noon to rest.
"What sort of people may they be," he asked,
"In this proud city on the plains o'erspread?"
"Well, friend, what sort of people whence you came?"
"What sort?" the packman scowled; "why, knaves and fools."
"You'll find the people here the same," the wise man said.

Another stranger in the dusk drew near,
And pausing, cried: "What sort of people here
In your bright city where yon towers arise?"
"Well, friend, what sort of people whence you came?"
"What sort?" the pilgrim smiled,
"Good, true and wise."
"You'll find the people here the same," the wise man said.

—**Edwin Markham.**

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MAY 2 1942 CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXX No. 18

THE ROAD TO HAPPINESS

The road to daily happiness
Is not so hard to find;
You walk ahead serenely
And leave your cares behind.

The road to daily happiness
Is not so hard to find;
It's what you do for others
That brings true peace to mind.

—Selected.

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The Uplift

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

THAT'S LIVING!

To travel on a weary road,
To stumble neath a heavy load,
To rise again and trudge along,
And smile and sing a cheery song;
That's Living!

To rise at dawning brave and strong,
To help a weaker one along,
To heal a wound or right a wrong,
And fill a heart with gladder song;
That's Living!

To meet a stranger on the way,
To shake his hand and pass the day,
To speak a word of kindness too,
And hide the sorrow deep in you;
That's Living!

To stand for right with courage true,
To show with pride the man in you,
To fill your life with noble deeds,
A sacrifice to human needs;
That's Living!

To greet life's end with no disgrace,
To meet your maker face to face,
To feel, along the path you've trod,
That you have known both man and God;
That's Living!

—Don M. Lewis.

A NEW THOUGHT

The Mexican press has caught on to a new idea relative to education that sounds good if possible to perfect the plans. We have "bookmobiles" in this country, but never thought of movable universities, figuratively speaking, as suggested by some Mexican

newspapers. However, if such plans. in the far-off future, are perfected, there will be a better understanding of customs, habits and traditional history of countries that previously we knew very little about. If traditional customs of people are known, it will be easier to smooth out any differences that may arise. The following is a new idea, but not a bad one by any means:

Plans for a "University of America"—to be founded on the premise that true hemispheric solidarity can never be completely realized without permanent cultural ties—have been drawn up by Mexico's Education Ministry.

Outstanding feature of the proposed institution would be the shifting each year of the seat of the university from one of the 21 American republics to another.

Believing such an arrangement would pay dividends in intro-continental understanding, the Education Ministry, headed by Vejar Vasquez, has suggested the university be held in 1943 in Mexico and thereafter be transferred to each of the other countries, gathering and disseminating new ideas en route.

At the outset, personnel of the university would include two outstanding professors from each country. The idea of the "traveling" University of America was taken up enthusiastically by the Mexican press.

* * * * * * * *

TRADITION

From the eastern part of North Carolina come many legends and traditions, but this one attracted our attention, and should prove of interest to all Carolinians. It is taken from Carl Goerch's most interesting magazine, The State, and reads as follows:

Bath is the oldest permanent settlement in North Carolina, but despite this fact it has never grown and has the same population today that it had in 1749. The reason is that during that year the Rev. George Whitfield, famous English evangelist, came to this country and held a series of religious meetings. He went to Bath, but the people were discourteous to him and practically ran him out of town. He had himself ferried across Bath Creek and when he got on the other side he took off his shoes, shook the dust of Bath from his feet, and pronounced a curse against the place that it should never grow. And today, despite the fact that it has such a wonderful location, Bath has exactly the same population as it had in 1749.

LOAFING TO BECOME SLACKING?

According to the Sampson Independent, the town of Clinton is about to take a step that other towns in North Carolina—verily, in the whole United States—might investigate the possibilities of. We quote:

> "Loafers in the town of Clinton are going to find it rather hard explaining to Mayor Carlisle Jackson why they are not working, if plans now underway under the supervision of the police department work out the way the mayor figures they will.
>
> "Mayor Jackson said today that there are quite a few Negro youths in the town, old enough to be working, who are parasites on their parents expecially in the matter of their livelihood, and that with such a great demand for workers of all kinds they could find a paying job without trouble. These same youths he spoke of loiter around pool rooms and roadhouses and quite frequently find themselves in police court to face charges ranging from larceny to gambling."

Winton, Jackson, Gatesville, Ahoskie, Murfreesboro, Windsor, Aulander, Seaboard, Sunbury: none of these towns are an exception to the rule. There is loafing and trouble because of loafing in every town. The government itself is going to outlaw loafing eventually; Clinton happens to be a step ahead of the inevitable.

In this day of employment aplenty, there is only one excuse for loafing—loafing as a habit, we refer to—; that excuse is physical or mental disability.

This paper is not advocating a "Clinton Clean-up" for our town. We merely pass on to you what we believe is definitely in the air; loafing will never be a crime. But it will become "slacking."

—Hertford Herald.

* * * * * * * *

KIND TO ANIMALS

Be Kind to Animals Week sounds quite a bit as though the majority of men need a reminder of a humane act that should be ever present in the make-up of each individual every day of the year. Each man has withing himself the tendency to be either kind, cruel or indifferent to animals and in the opinion of animal lovers, to be indifferent is to be unkind. It is no great feather in our national

dumbcap that we have to organize a society to prevent cruelty to the dumb creatures. Since human nature is such that there will be neglect and torture of man's 'best friend,' it is good that we do have a way of curbing this inhuman streak through such a society by fostering care and kindness on them, of finding them homes where they will be protected and loved. Of course there are many times when animals misbehave, often we might criticize their owners for not training their pets. Children usually need to be watched so they won't tease animals. Man and beast alike must learn the table of animal etiquette and help the cause on both sides.—Mooresville Enterprise.

* * * * * * * *

ALL IN A FEW WORDS

We read recently that it required three million words to tell "Who's Who In America," but someone has summed it up briefly, as follows: "It is easy to tell who's who in all the world, in just four words—'Those Who Help Humanity'"

For instance, here is a story from the daily press which bears out the truth of the above statement: "The Cabarrus County General Hospital recently received a check for $5.520 from the Duke endowment to help pay for charity service this year. A statement issued by officials of the hospital indicated that this allotment—allowing a dollar per day per charity patient—makes it possible for the institution to render more service to persons who are not financially able to pay for the necessary medical attention."

* * * * * * * *

WAR AND THE PUBLIC SCHOOL

All Americans are agreed that our war against aggression must come first in everything that we do. Production must be geared for war; priorities depend on war needs; the action of every American should depend upon whether that action will help win the war.

War should come first. This is true in industry, and it should be true in education. Educations today have an excellent opportunity to help win the war. They are in a position to strengthen

America for the future through their important contacts with the younger generation.

Many teachers are, for example, explaining to the younger generation our ideals of freedom and democracy, and the importance of protecting them. They intelligently reveal the issues, aims and progress of the war; thus, many of the young generation are able to accurately appraise the value of our heritage.

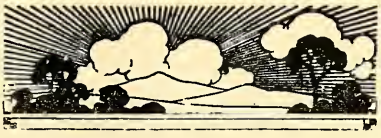
Teachers in the public schools have a great responsibility today. They must prepare the minds of the youths of the nation to withstand the terrible ordeal ahead, they must keep morals high.

—Smithfield Herald.

* * * * * * * * *

MEETING OF VEHICLES

Director Ronald Hocutt of the North Carolina Highway Safety Division, has this to say about the fellow who always tries to take his share of the road out of the middle, as he madly rushes along; "The law reads—Drivers of vehicles proceeding in opposite directions shall pass each other to the right, each giving the other at least one-half of the main-traveled portion of the roadway as nearly as possible." In other words, share the road. Don't drive on the other fellow's half of the highway. He is just as much entitled to safe passage along the road as you are, and his business may be as important as that toward which you are rushing. Give him a break.



ON GROWING OLDER

By Hugh Stevenson Tigner

These words are addressed specifically to the middleaged by one of them. Middle age is an ill-defined zone with disputed boundaries. But whatever its correct limits, it contains a spot where one looks down the road ahead and feels and acts like a balky horse.

This critical place varies with the individual traveler. It is reached through certain experiences rather than through a definite number of years. Somewhere along the middle of the way one comes to a vivid realization of the brevity of his own life. It is borne in upon one that he has used up at least half his allotted span, that he is being swept along by a current of time toward old age. And after old age comes death. The instinctive reaction is to balk at this prospect, to protest against it in some way: to become depressed, to pretend a false youthfulness, to drive the thought out of one's mind as if it were a nightmare.

My message to the middle-aged is: Stop deceiving yourself about the evils of growing older. And stop doing what amounts to the same thing: attributing values to youthfulness that it does not, never did, and never can, possess. This is no pumped-up pep talk, but the testimony of one who believes sincerely that he is speaking unvarnished, profound, incontestable truth.

Of old age I cannot speak with any firsthand authority. It seems an unfortunate thing—to young people. That is natural and proper. But I do know that I have been unable to find any evil in growing older. In fact, my experience is quite the opposite.

Yes, it was somethisg of a shock when I waked up to the fact that I had become a staunch member of the middle generation, the generation that is bearing the heat and burden of the day, and showing some signs of the strain. A few years ago I took up residence in the village where I had gone to college. I made my entry feeling just like a college student again. The first of my former classmates I met on the street looked the way I thought his father ought to look. I made a worried inquiry about the state of his health. The next one I met showed signs of weathering too. Then school opened. How young the students appeared these days! I tried to meet them on common ground. Their reactions to my approaches baffled me. When they made polite efforts to respond by seeking a common ground I discovered from their question that they thought I had fought in the Civil War.

And I confess to moods that bear a close resemblance to sadness when certain sights and events say to me, "All flesh is grass, and all the beauty thereof like the flower of the field." Taking down the old year's calendar and putting up the new has become a solemn ritual for me.

But these things do not justify any balking on the road. One gets shocks from the day he is first surprised by

breath and light. The jolts and melancholies of middle age are not a whit more unpleasant or evil, nor do they signify any more for life than the rude awakenings of childhood and the melancholies of adolescence. They devalue neither the present nor the future: and most decidedly they do not justify those romantic phantasies about what a surpassingly splendid thing it was to be young. Today's problems do not entitle one to lie about those of yesterday.

George Henry Borrow, that gifted English wanderer and storyteller of a century ago, reflecting on how fortune had turned in his favor, wrote: "Many people will doubtless say that things have altered wonderfully with me for the better; and they would say right, provided I possessed now what I then carried about with me on my journeys—the spirit of youth. Youth is the only season for enjoyment, and the first twenty-five years of one's life are worth all the rest of the longest life of man, even though those five-and-twenty be spent in penury and contempt, and the rest in possession of wealth, honors, respectability, aye, and many of them in strength and health."

That is certainly clear and emphatic enough. It was written when Borrow was fifty-three, and he had twenty-five more years to go. I don't doubt the sincerity of the author, but I don't believe a word of his statement.

As readers of Borrow's semi-autobiographical tales (Lavengro and The Romany Rye) know, he possessed an original and romantic imagination that transformed everything it touched. He was among the most excellent of storytellers and the most unreliable of reporters. In writing about his youth he recreated it. And I think he had a special reason for doing so.

Being a person whose spiritual meat and drink was carefree adventure, Borrow had the misfortune to achieve wealth and fame from writing The Bible in Spain at the age of forty. This among other things led to his dropping his sincere and spontaneous mode of life at an untmely age for a tame, sedentary, stuffy respectability. It was like transforming a still vigorous eagle into a barnyard fowl. No wonder he protested. But it was really a protest against this unsavory manner of life rather than against his augmented years.

One of my deepest convictions is that youth is a greatly overrated period—by older people. Just as we tend to make increasing years a scapegoat for our unhappiness, so do we seek compensation for the flaws is our lives by imagining that when we were young the ointment had no flies. That is pure phantasy. If one can't remember straightly about himself, let him observe the behavior of children and fledglings.

The budding powers of the young are hedged about by that most fundamental of all limitations, ignorance and incapacity. However happy and innocent a child's life may be, his days are studded with mountains made out of molehills, and he is filled with plans he cannot carry out. He is puzzled by things every adult knows as a matter of course, and agonizes over the inconsequential. Surrounded by an adult life in which he cannot participate except on a

childish level, he wants a hundred things he must be told he cannot have until he grows up. Childhood is an interminable period of deferments.

As one passes into that supposedly golden age of adoleseence he is disturbed and mystified by vague impulses and feelings he does not understand and cannot satisfy. He is unable to interpret correctly his own experience. He does not know what he is looking for, nor where or how to find it. Everything is a tremulous mystery, most of all himself. In every area of life he must be feeling out his way, testing himself, finding out about himself and other people, and slowly and painfully—if with enchantments and titilations—discovering what this complicated and unknown business of living is all about.

I do not think of my own younger years as notably bad ones, but when I see young people going through their forms of eager, awkward, noisy, embarrassed, ebullient, uncertain behavior, I am only thankful that I do not have to go through all that again.

"Backward, turn backward, O
Time in your flight!
Make me a child again, just for
tonight!

is a sentiment that leaves me distinctly cold. I think my most ardent desire when young was to grow up so that I might come into full possession of my powers. Though I feel a bit distressed at times about the limitations of my matured powers, I wouldn't give them up for a million years of youthful living without them. Whatever my difficulties I know that being younger would be an inadequate remedy. The thing that has come to impress me most about young people is that they don't know much.

The simple truth is that as I have grown older I have become increasingly more adequate for life: more able to know what I desire and more able to satisfy it, more able to discriminate among values, more able to handle my problems. I have made progress. I have gatheredd a working capital of wisdom. Life means more to me today than at any earlier period. Growing older has brought me increased enjoyment, moral strength and spiritual cosfidence I regard that record as more or less typical. Why should I now turn in resentment upon the very process that has brought me all these gains?

To be sure, growing older means that one shall eventually become old. "The years come on when you shall say, 'I have no pleasure in them.' When the guards tremble in the house of Life, when its upholders bow. . . . ." So says Ecclesiastes. No body knows who this writer was. My guess is that he was a dissipated poet of twenty-eight, a Hebrew Lord Byron One of the three overwhelming sights that sent Prince Gautama, the Buddah, in search of Nirvana was the sight of an old man. The prince was twenty-nine. No one recorded how the old man felt about it.

Of course, youth doesn't find any great appeal in old age. Why should it? To do so would involve a sort of denial of one's own being. When one is young, why, it is the time to be young. The same rule ought to apply to old age, and I think it does, if one has acquired any wisdom

and has not played dishonest, not to say pathological, tricks with his memory. From my observation post at life's high noon I can think of no sound reason why the old should have more envy of the young than vice versa.

Here is the testimony Plato put into the mouth of the ancient Cephalus in his Republic: "Some will tell you sadly of how many evils their old age is the cause. But to me these complainers seem to blame that which is not really at fault. These regrets and complaints are to be attributed not to old age, but to men's characters and tempers; for he of a calm and happy nature will hardly feel the weight of age, but to him of an opposite disposition youth and age are equally a burden. Old age has a great sense of calm and freedom; when the passions relax their hold we are freed from the grasp of many mad masters."

———:———

The difficulties, hardships and trials of life, the obstacles one encounters on the road to fortune, are positive blessings. They knit the muscles more firmly, and teach self-reliance. Peril is the element in which power is developed.—W. Matthews.

———:———

THE PRINCETON CANNON

(The Nassau Sovereign)

Some of the most colorful chapters in the history of Princeton are concerned with the three cannon left here during the Revolutionary War. In years gone by these cannon have caused considerable ill-feeling be tween the town and college, much surreptitious stealing, and at one time their existence seriously strained the amicable relations between New Jersey's two proud institutions, Princeton and Rutgers. Such famous names as Washington and Cornwallis are intimately connected with the story of these big guns.

All three of the cannon were used at the Battle of Princeton on January 3, 1777, and were apparently British guns. The Battle of Princeton, incidentally, was divided into three parts. At the beginning of the day, the town was held by the British, with the three cannon defending it against the Americans. Then, the Americans, under Washington, seized the place. However, the British soon received reinforcements and retook Princeton. After the war ended favorably for the American, the three cannon remained in the town as priceless relics.

When Washington saw that the British were being reinforced, he realized that he could not hold Princeton, and so retreated leaving behind the Big Cannon, because of its broken

carriage. The cannon, however, was fired intermittently by energetic townspeople to keep the enemy away. Thinking that Washington was still there, the British spent several hours in a complicated maneuver of deployment and were considerably disgusted when they found the gun manned by only a few lowal natives.

After the Revolutionary War, the Big Cannon was placed on the campus where the library now stands. The Little Cannon stood in front of Nassau Hall. The townspeople considered it only proper that these relics of the war should be left near Nassau Hall, the largest and most famous building in Princeton and the spot where the Continental Congress had once met. The third cannon was left on the battlefield at the end of Mercer Street.

During the War of 1812 there was a hurry call for the Big Cannon. A British squadron had been sighted off the New Jersey coast. Citizens of New Brunswick, fearing that the enemy ships would come up the Raritan and attack the place, requested the cannon for their defense. However, the Little Cannon was hidden by the Princetonians, so that the anxious New Brunswickers could not ask for it too, but the Big Cannon had to be shipped away. This removal of the Big Cannon to New Brunswick was to have unfortunate consequences culminating finally in the "Cannon War" between the towns of Princeton and New Brunswick or the former College of New Jersey and Rutgers.

The Big Cannon did not play a very distinguished part in the War of 1812, for, of course, fearful New Brunswick was never attacked. Then for several years it was used by citizens of the town for the firing of various salutes, particularly on the Fourth of July until finally the old gun was declared unfit for use and ignobly discarded.

As New Brunswick refused to return the Big Cannon, the Princetonians made several unsuccessful attempts to steal back their cherished relic. On the night of July 3, 1836, sixteen members of the "Princeton Blues," the local militia organization, set out for New Brunswick with the intention of bringing the cannon home for the celebration on the Fourth. They reached New Brunswick about two A. M., and found the cannon in a vacant lot, unpainted and in deplorable condition. The intrepid sixteen after a three hour struggle succeeded in loading the famous piece in a wagon, and they set off for Prineton. By mid-morning they had reached Queenston, or "Jugtown," a few miles from their goal, but there the wagon broke down. To celebrate the return of the Big Cannon, a salute was fired, but unfortunately the old gun was overloaded, and it cracked. Never again could it be fired.

For two years it remained on the outskirts of Princeton where the wagon had broken down. Then, one night in 1838 after a meeting in Whig Hall, several members of that organization decided to work off some excess energy and bring the Big Cannon back to its rightful place on the Princeton campus. Accordingly, they hired a wagon, west to "Jugtown," loaded the gun and returned with it before dawn. Although they were as quiet as possible in unloading and deposit-

ing the hulk on the campus, they made enough noise to arouse the popular but every-wary old "Johnny" Maclean, later President of the College, and various other members of the faculty. At first the faculty was greatly worried for they feared that the students intended to bombard Nassau Hall. This is not so surprising when one remembers that the celebrated "Reign of Terror" between students and faculty had subsided only shortly before. Soon, however, their fears were dispelled and in 1840 the Big Cannon was buried muzzledown where it now lies—behind Nassau Hall.

Meanwhile the Little Cannon had remained in front of Nassau Hall. It was used regularly for firing salutes on the Fourth of July. When the schedule of the school year was changed so that the students were not in Princeton on the Fouth, it was thought that the Little Cannon held less importance in the student mind. Consequently, in the summer of 1858, the faculty did not object when a prominent merchant of town named Duryea borrowed the cannon and placed it in front of his store on the corner of Nassau and Witherspoon Street to hold down a flag stone. When the students returned in the fall, however, they were annoyed to find their cannon doing such menial service. Some zealous members of the Class of 1859 carted the cannon back to the campus one night, eluding even the watchful Maclean. In the morning, this action was enthusiastically received by the students, but the townspeople were infuriated at such a high-handed deed. Never was there more ill-feeling between the town and the campus. The town "bully" and some satellites, well fortified with "Jersey lightning," invaded the campus to get back the Little Cannon. The students rose to repulse the attack. There is mention of a double-barreled duck gun being used, and one desperate Freshman fought with a Damascus scimitar taken from his wall. When the "bully" was captured, his followers became dispirited and soon fled. For sime time, however, the campus resembled an armed camp but the resentment of the townspeople gradually subsided. The cannon remained in front of Nassau Hall.

The origins of the "Cannon War" of 1875 between Princeton and Rutgers may be traced to the stay of the Big Cannon in New Brunswick. The people of this town, although they could not deny that the cannon rightfully belonged to Princeton, never forgave the Princetonians for "putting something over on them" and taking the cannon back. Some, of course, were actually under the misapprehension that the gun had originally belonged to them and that Princeton had stolen it. When a small brass cannon was stolen from the Rutgers campus in 1854, Princeton was unjustly accused, it happened, of having taken it. Some Princeton students to taunt Rutgers had implied that they actually had stolen a Rutgers cannon.

An unsuccessful attempt was made by Rutgers to steal a Princeton cannon in 1871. The Rutgers students were so confused and claims so false that they did not even know what cannon they were after—the Big One, the supposed Brass One or what. Os the night of April 26 1875, when the Princeton students were away on

Easter vacation, a Rutgers attempt succeeded. It so happened that they stole the Little Cannon, which had no connections with New Brunswick whatsoever. When the party got back to Rutgers, they were received with cheers—classes were called off for the day.

In Princeton the theft was viewed with consternation and anger by students and townspeople alike. President McCoch immediately asked President Campbell of Rutgers to return the cannon, but the latter refused. Thereupon, President McCoch threatened to sue. The students, however, were more in favor of retaking the cannon by force. Threats were exchanged between the two colleges and towns. The Princeton students and one hundred local quarrymen threatened to blow up all of New Brunswick. In a letter to the "Sun," a Rutgers student warned against the folly of Princeton with its small population attracking New Brunswick with its 22,000 inhabitants, all determined to protect their newly acquired cannon. According to newspapers the "Cannon War" was the great topic of conversation throughout northern New Jersey.

Finally, Princeton students took the matter into their own hands. Armed with razors, bowie knives, revolvers, and shotgun in expection of trouble, twenty of them paid a visit to New Brunswick on the night of May 22. In vain they searched for the cannon, which had been hidden in a cellar. Yet, they did succeed in prying into the Rutgers museum, which they proceeded to sack as well as they could. They also stole twenty muskets, amunition, and several Rutgers relics. On their way out of town, it is said, those intrepid raiders let forth a rousing cheer which awakened the sleeping New Brunswickers. On their return to Princeton they were received with honor befitting heroes.

After this escapade a committee of arbitration was set up composed of Profs. Duffield and Cameron of Princeton and Atherton and Riley of Rutgers. A treaty of peace in six clauses was agreed upon on May 22. The cannon was to be returned to Princeton and the muskets to Rutgers. Rutgers was also to retract its accusation about Princeton stealing its cannon back in 1854.

The people of New Brunswick were so sorry to see the cannon go that the Chief of Police had to escort it out of town with drawn revolver. The little Cannon returned to Princeton May 24, amidst the cheers and rejoicings of the students and townspeople. The learned Dr. McCosh made a speech comparing the "Cannon War" to those between Troy and Greece. On its return, the Little Cannon was planted muzzle down between Whig and Clio Halls, in a ton of concrete and it has never been moved.

The third cannon which is also a relic of the Revolutionary War has led a rather quiet life. It has remained on the battlefield most of the time. In 1878, however, it was borrowed by the students to celebrate an athletic victory, fired, and also cracked. Its present resting place is on the battlefield at the end of Morcer Street, in front of the house where General Hugh Mercer, an officer under Washington, died after the Battle of Princeton.

The Big Cannon, of course, is now used for commencements, and as the site for bonfires in celebration of athletic victories and other important events. Until some years ago, it was also the site for "rushes" between the Freshman and Sophomore classes. It was recently the victim of misguided or over-inspired Rutgers students who, late on the night of October 31, 1938, daubed it with white and scarlet paint, but it was scraped and recoated the next morning with its customary black. The Rutgers student council immediateyl offered a handsome apology for this, and also for painting some buildings and some statues of tigers. All of which seems to show that colleges are becoming much more polite these days.

BIBLES IN CAMPS AND ON THE BATTLEFIELDS

The United States is distributing Bibles by the thousands to the armed forces of this country. Many churches are also furnishing the Word of God to our soldiers. Some of the largest churches of North Carolina are sending beautiful and convenient pocket Testaments to all of their members who are in the service of our country. This we know of a certainty, for these Bibles have gone out from this office which has become an agent for their distribution. And it is worthy of note just here that more than 700 chapels have already been erected in camps at government expense for the use of the chaplains in their services and for the soldiers whenever they choose to use them for social meetings.

All this is well pleasing to everyone who is interested in the moral, spritual and social welfare of our soldier boys.

It has been often said by men and women who are acquainted with the teachings of the Bible that it has a message for every condition of life. And few people would question the accuracy of such an observation. But it applies with peculiar force to a soldier in an army camp where life is often rough and hard.

For example, note the following words from the eleventh chapter of Hebrews: "And what more shall I say, for the time would fail me to tell of Gideon, and of Barak, and of Samson, and of Jephthae; of David also and Samuel and of the prophets; who throught faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens."—N. C. Christian Advocate.

ROBERT KOCH — CAPTAIN OF SCIENCE

(The Sanatorium Sun)

The year 1882 was the turning point in mankind's battle against tuberculosis. For thousands of years a bacteriological invader had been striking down the human population of this earth and the victims had been powerless to defend themselves because they lacked that great weapon —knowledge of the enemy. Before 1882 men knew little about the agent that caused tuberculosis. Since the mysterious murderer was invisible, most men believed that it did not exist. Consumption, they thought, was passed down from generation to generation through heredity.

The quarter of a cestury preceding this momentous year, it is true, was a period of great enlightenment about the cause of disease. A number of eminent scientists, notably Louis Pasteur of France and Lord Lister of England, had accepted the germ theory of disease and by putting this theory into practice had made outstanding achievements against several deadly maladies. Prior to 1882, also Pasteur's fellow countryman, J. A. Villemin, had demonstrated the specific nature of tuberculosis and its inoculability, but so far the germ of tuberculosis had eluded discovery under the microscope.

Then just sixty years ago this spring a poor general practitioner in Germany proved beyond doubt the existence of the living microbe that is the direct cause and the only cause of tuberculosis. On March 24, 1882, a tired-looking little man, so nearsighted that his whiskers brushed his papers as he read through his spectacles, stood before the Physiological Society of Berlin and described his tedious search leading to the discovery of the tubercle bacillus. In the "Berliner Klinische Wochenscrift" of April 10, 1882, he published his thesis setting forth his findings and the experiments upon which he based them. His book, published two years later, was to find its way in translation into the hands of Dr. E. L. Trudeau in America and of many other scientists the world over.

That man was Doctor Robert Koch and the title of his thesis said by Sir Robert Philip to be "for all time a model of scientific statement," was The Etiology of Tuberculosis. Koch's discovery and its presentation revolutionized the scientific world, for it gave new impetus to the search for knowledge about tuberculosis and moved the people of all nations to apply this knowledge in vanquishing their age-old enemy.

Robert Hermenn Heinrich Koch was born December 11, 1843, in Klausthal, Hanover. His early dreams of becoming a ship's surgeon led him to the study of medicine at the University of Goettingen in Hamburg. The discovery of the tubercle bacillus might have been made in our own country, for shortly after his graduation in 1866 the young doctor seriously contemplated emigrating to the Unit-

ee States, where he had some brothers. But instead he married a childhood sweetheart (whose idea of marriage did not include traveling about the world), practiced medicine in several small towns, served as a regimental surgeon in the Franco-Prussian War, and then in 1872 settled down in Wollstein, a small town on the German-Polish border. But for his spare-time absorption in spying out the secrets of deadly germs the sign "Doktor Robert Koch" at his modest dwelling might have remained just a symbol of an unromantic country practice.

Dr. Lawrason Brown gives the following picture of Robert Koch and his start in the scientific world:

"Near-sighted, rather slender full bearded, somewhat brusque, little given to society. A man of few words except to intimates, respected for his ability but hardly loved by his fellow citizens who saw little of him (for he was the busiest physician in the village), he worked in his little laboratory, formed by curtaining off a portion of his private office. I doubt if the corner of any private office has ever meant so much to the suffering world. Here he placed a microtome, a hand-made incubator built by himself, and an old-fashioned microscope. He was unable to buy a modern microscope; but his good wife by scrimping and saving finally collected, no doubt in an old stein, a fund sufficient to make him a present on his birthday of a new microscope such as he desired."

Always interested in natural history, Koch began experimenting with anthrax, the disease that was decimating herds of cattle and sheep at that time. In 1876 at Breslau he gave a demonstration of the complete life history of the anthrax bacillus which earned the praise of Ferlinand Cohn, the greatest bacteriologist of that day.

In 1880, as his reputation was becoming established, Koch was appointed to the Imperial Health Office in Berlin. Here he enjoyed a fixed salary, a spacious, modern laboratory, and freedom day and night to pursue associates at the institute were Von Bekring Kitasato, the brillant scientists whose work with the extract of the diphteria bacillus and the extract of the tetanus bacilluh resulted in the discovery of diphtheria anti-toxin and tetanus anti--toxin. Koch was mainly interested in tuberculosis and in the summer of 1881 began his definite work with that disease. One of his assistants was Gaffky, whose name is prepetuated in our "Gaffky" scale.

One of the obstacles facing the early bacteriologists was the difficulty of staining germs so that they would be visible under the microscope. The tubercle bacillus was especially resistant to dye because of its waxy coating. By using different colored dyes on all kinds of bacteria Koch made the tiniest microbe stand out clearly. With his discovery of a method of staining the tubercle bacillus, that hitherto anonymous organism could be identifled and studied.

Another obstacle was the difficulty of obtaining a pure culture of a growing microbe unmixed with other germs. A pure culture was necessary in order to prove that each infectious disease had its own definite microbe. When the germs were cultured on a liquid medium they became mixed

with other germs. With his broth Koch used a large quanitity of gelatin, which hardened and formed a solid medium, and thus was the first to devise a method of growing pure cultures.

Dr. Brown further states: "In September, 1881 Koch made what is considered by many to be his greatest contribution to bacterilology, his poured-plate method of obtaining pure cultures from mixtures of germs, published in the contribution from the Imperial Health Office.

"This publication marks the close of the first period of Koch's scientific work, at the beginning of which he found bacteriology in a chaotic condition, and, at the end, 1881, left it, due largely to his own efforts, a well organized science, based in part upon his four postulates for connecting etiologically any bacterium with a certain disease. Not only the broad principles, setting once for all time the germ theory of disease but also the little details of technic, the knacks which change failure into success, were largely due to Koch's ingenuity. A master had arisen and bacteriology was now a medical science."

Along with the startling announcement of his discovery of the tubercle bacillus, Koch presented to the learned men of the Physiological Society that spring day in 1882 the general laws underlying the germ theory of disease. These laws, known as Koch's postulates, are the four essential links in the chain o evidence establishlishing a specific germ as the definite links in the chain of evidence estabcause of disease.

The four postulates are:

(1) That a germ of a particular type must be found in considerable quantity in the characteristic lesions of the disease in the sick animal or person.

(2)That this particular organism must be isolated in pure culture.

(3) That this pure culture, when inoculated into the body of another animal or person, must produce the disease, and

(4) That the organism must again be isolated from the lesion caused by the inoculation.

Koch's sound method of approach has formed the basis of the procedure used by all scientists. Koch showed that the chain of evidence was complete in the case of tuberculosis, and as time went on his principles revealed the true nature of many other diseases. Some of the problems of modern day science involve the completion of the chain of evidence against more elusive organisms.

That Koch had some insight into the future direction of anti-tuberculosis work is shown by his statement in 1884: "The discovery of the tubercle bacillus merely proves the correctness of the contention of Cohnheim that Tuberculosis is an infectious disease which has until now been doubted by the majority of physicans. . . It furnishes us also with a new diagnostic sign; in the future the diagnosis in doubtful cases will be determined by the presence of the tubercle bacilli in the lesions. To a large extent it does so today and the increase of this method will support my belief in the etiawe may earnestly hope that the discovery will aid in the treatment of the disease. As far as our observations go, we can expect little, if anything, from the action of chemical agents

upon the bacilli in the living body and we must turn our main efforts to prophylaxis. This means, on the one hand, effective disinfection of tuberculosis material, and on the other hand the protection of healthy individuals from contact with the bacilli.

"It seems to me none too early to insist on active prophylactic measures against tuberculosis. But considering the enormous extent of the disease we must, in all steps which we take to combat it, reckon with social conditions and consider just how far we may proceed in the right direction, if interferences and various disturbances and disadvantages are not to curtail the benefits."

Before his death in 1910 Robert Koch was the recipient of world-wide honors, having been twice awarded the Nobel prize in medicine. During the last fifteen years of his life he was sent to many foreign lands to study the chief infectious disease of those countries. On his last trip, begun in 1908, he visited relatives in Chicago and was a distinguished delegate to the International Conference on Tuberculosis in Washington, D. C.

But there were disappointments ahead also. Koch began experimenting with tuberculin, which is the extract of the tubercle bacillus, in the hope that it would offer a remedy for tuberculosis and a method of immunizing against the disease. In 1890 news of his experiments leaked out and popular demand forced his premature announcement of tuberculin as a cure for tuberculosis. Sick people flocked to Berlin from all parts of the world for a quick cure with tuberculin and were disappointed. Medical men not knowing that immunity to tuberculosis is a matter of slow cellular development, expected tuberculin to be as effective as the the diphtheria and tetanus anti-toxins in combating disease, and were disappointed. Koch's claims for tuberculin brought unjust criticism and would have ruined the career of a lesser scientist.

During his later life Koch became engaged in a bitter controversy about bovine tuberculosis. In 1882 he believed that pearl disease in cattle was the same as tuberculosis in human beings, but by 1891 he had changed his views, holding that the two diseases were different and underestimating the danger of contracting a human infection from diseased cattle. Exhaustive investigations by other scientists, however, showed that human disease could be produced by the type of tubercle bacillus usually found in tuberculous cattle. The matter was finally settled when the American patheologist, Dr. Theobold Smith, differentiated between the human and the bovine type of the tubercle bacillus.

In both of his mistakes Koch was partly right and both controversies were productive of good for they led to careful research. Tuberculin, "the cure that failed," is today widely used as a diagnostic agent and, to a limited extent, in treatment also. Likewise the difference between the bovine and the human type of the tubercle bacillus has finally been established, the former causing much of the tuberculosis of the bones joints and glands in children, and the latter nearly all of the tuberculosis of the lungs.

In addition to his work with anth-

rax and tuberculosis, Robert Koch discovered the cause of Asiatic cholera and of the serious inflammation of the eye called ophthalmia, and collaborated in the discovery of the diphtheria bacillus and the typhoid fever bacillus. Dr. D. A. Stewart has said: "He earned one great reputation in tropical diseases, another in anthrax, another in tuberculosis, another in bacteriology, and still another in epidemiology."

In tuberculosis he developed four great trends of work: (1) The nature of the tubercle bacillus, (2) the nature of the action of tuberculin, (3) the nature of allergy in its relation to tuberculosis and (4) the possibility of protective vaccination against tuberculosis. Scientists are still working on these problems.

"Numquam otiosus," "never at leisure," was Robert Koch's motto and the world has profited immeasurably thereby.

Though Japan has managed to get a one-year fisheries agreement with Russia, her Ambassador, General Tatekawa, is working hard for a long-term pact. His success would be twice valuable for Japan—securing indefinitely for her a vital foood supply and, formally at least, establishing peace along her northern boundary to the rear of her present battle line. That its value for peace, however, is very uncertain, is attested by Russia's immediate determination to test Japan's good faith by directing ships laden with supplies from Canada and the U. S. A. into her Vladivostock port. For the present Japan is anxious to make the most of the agreement, in order to mobilize all possible forces from Manchuria, Korea, Formosa, the controlled area of China and more recently conquered territories. Chunking has been sounding a warning that Japan intends to attack Russia, and is out to muster 10,000,000 soldiers from these sources in addition to her regular armies of 5,000,000. The figures carry the usual exaggerations of propaganda, though the report of Japan's straining effort is likely true enough. But, in the long run, these recruits will be a liability.—The Lutheran.

THE FIRST WOMAN EDITOR

By Doris Goerch, in "The State"

Before the Cilvil War when every mother preached to her daughter, "the woman's place is in the home" Rachel Regina Holton braved the conventions of that time to become editor of The North Carolina Whig, thus becoming the first woman editor in the state and the South, and probably the first southern woman to work in an office.

Very few women bothered their pretty heads about business affairs; so Mrs. Holton's knowledge of galleys of type, ems and ens, and advertising rates was probably a matter of much bewilderment to the pouplation of Charlotte. When other women her age were worrying about the menu for the next meal or the price of silk, Mrs. Holton was at work, writing the next day's paper.

However, her talents were not limited to the journalistic field. In addition to being a successful newspaper woman, Mrs. Holton should also be given credit for having raised 11 children and having done a good job of it. The old question of career or home life for the woman of today has kept many an "Advice to the Lovelorn" column going, but Mrs. Holton seems to have had it solved so that she was both a successful business woman and mother.

Although North Carolina may legitimately claim Mrs. Holton as the first woman editor, Richmond, too has strings on her since she was born in that Virginia city in May, 1812. Richmond knew her as the attractive Rachel Jones, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leopold Jones, who, like her other friends and acquaintances, was interested primarily in parties and dainty dresses and never had the slightest thought of sometime becoming the editor of a newspaper.

In 1834 Thomas Jefferson Holton, who was also a native of Richmond, wooed and wed Miss Jones and brought his Virginia bride to North Carolina to live.

In 1823 he had started a newspaper in Charlotte which he called the Miners and Farmers Journal, having had some experinece in the newspaper business, working in Salisbury a few years before he came to Charlotte. In 1845 the name of the paper was changed to The Charlotte Journal and in 1854 the name of the publication was again changed this time to The Carolina Whig, which it remained until long after the close of the Civil War.

The most famous issue of The Whig was that published June 28, 1834 when Mr. Holton put the paper in mourning, with heavily ruled columns on the occasion of the death of Lafayette.

In 1860, Mr. Holton was accidentally thrown from his horse and injured so badly that he never recovered from the fall. He died two days after Christmas leaving Mrs. Holton the newspaper and 11 children. She saw the possiblities of making a living for her children by continuing the publication of The Whig and so she rolled up her sleeves, went down to the office on the corner of Trade and College streets and edited the paper for two years, thus becoming

the first woman newspaper editor in the South.

After the war, Mrs. Holton gave up her newspaper work and settled down in an old three-story ante-bellum frame mansion, situated just east of the railroad crossing on East Trade Street. By this time she had accumulated quite a bit of real estate in the business section of town and from this property she had a large income.

Mrs. Holton, lived to be 92 years old and no citizen of Charlotte kept in closer touch with the activities of the city than she did, even at such an advanced age. Those who knew her during the last few years of her life have often remarked about her interest in current affairs. It is said that no one was prouder of the great forward strides made by Charlotte than Mrs. Holton. She often spoke of it as she first knew it, comparing the little scattered village that existed 60 years before her death to the beautiful city of 1905, the year she died.

In spite of her wealth one of her choicest possessions was the bound files of The North Carolina Whig. Six or seven years ago they were sold to a North Carolina library by Edwin J. Holton, Jr., of New York, a grandson of Mrs. Holton.

Mr. E. J. Holton, son of Mrs. Holton, also made a name for himself in the field of journalism, setting type for over half a century for the papers of Charlotte when it was still a village, and later for the papers of the Queen City.

Another son has gained recognition, Charles S. Holton, who was wounded in the Battle of Seven Pines, during the Civil War, and was later captured and interned at Elmira, New York until Lee's surrender.

His son is popular Dr. Thomas J. Holton of Charlotte, who is doing outstanding work in the field of medicine. He, too, rendered military service to the government, served as commander of the hospital until of the Two Hundred and Thirty-fourth Field Hospital and Twenth-sixth Machine Gun Medical Detachment, at Camp Sheridan.

Still another outstanding member of the Holton family is O. R. Strane, chief accountant of The Charlotte Observer. Like so many of the other members of the Holton family who had printer's ink in their veins, he has to be in a newspaper office. Mr. Strane is a great grandson of the original Thomas J. Holton.

With such a distinguished record as a mother and a newspaper woman, Mrs. Holton is looked upon with respect and amazement by the feminine generation of today. Her family was successful, only their records being necessary to prove this fact; her business was successful, she died a wealthy woman; her way of life was excellent, she lived to be 92 years old.

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Abuse of any one generally shows that he has marked traits of character. The stupid and indifferent are passed by in silence.
—Tryon Edwards.

TORRES LANDS NOW CHRISTIAN

(Selected)

Lands of the South Seas—where the natives pay income tax and enforce prohibition, enjoy social security and woman suffrage—are the Torres Strait islands lying between Australia and the Japanese invaders of New Guinea, says the National Geographic Society.

Fifty years ago these islands harbored cannibals, their untidy grass huts decorated with human skulls. Today they are devout Christians living in modern bungalows.

Ten of the islands were set aside by the Queensland Provincial government as reserves for their 4,000 natives. The white man, who despoiled so much of the South Seas, is forbidden to enter.

The islands are self-governing save in external affairs. Every resident over 18 is entitled to vote for the native parliaments or councils. The lawmakers are supplied with uniforms consisting of gray trousers, a Panama hat and a red jersey embrodied with the word "Councillor."

Native policemen enforce the law and native magistrates sit in judgment. Curfew chases everyone off the streets at 9, alcohol is forbidden, and uncleanliness in the home or of the person is a punishable offense.

An income tax of 5 per cent finances the communities, and a provident fund takes care of the sick and those too old to work.

The natives, owners of a fishing fleet, have some half million dollars invested in bonds. They have their own inter-island radio and their own typewritten newspaper. Approximately 1,400 children attend the schools learning English, boatbuilding, seamanship, horticulture and domestic science.

Torres strait—a 100-mile network of granite islands, extinct volcanic craters and coral reefs separated by dangerous channels—is the ancient, sunken land bridge from Australia to New Guinea. This accounts for the similarity of animal life in the two regions.

Thursday island, the strait's administrative capital bombed recently by the Japanese, is an important British empire outpost dominating the route to Darwin and the East.

It is surrounded by seven islands named Horn, Tuesday, Wednesday, Goode, Hammond, Friday, and Prince of Wales. Horn has been bombed. Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday, and presumably Thursday, were named by Captain James Cook, who was fond of commemorating his discovery days.

Thursday's port has—or had—electric lights. There are six hotels and a reservoir on the island's 800 acres. As a tourist resort, it had few equals. By night a million fireflies twinkled, yet mosquitoes and flies were almost unknown. The coral gardens were magnificent. Hunting was good on nearby islands.

Thursday had an estimated population of 1,700. Five hundred were whites. The Japanese had a colony of their own called Yokohama.

The Torres islander is not an aborigine; he is of mixed blood. Pa-

puan and Melanesian characteristics predominate. His physique is magnificent, his skin dark brown, his hair thick and wooly. He is an adept, diver and fisherman.

FIRES DAMAGE SOUTH'S FORESTS

(Charlotte Observer)

Each year nearly 20 times more forest land burns over in the South than in the rest of the entire nation —this in spite of the fact that the South contains only one-third of the total forest land. More than 90 per cent of the fires are man caused. If they are started by man, they can assuredy be prevented by man.

Many people used to think that woods fires each year were inevitable. Fires had occurred annually for generations and so probably would go on into the future. At long last, however, progressive land owners have awakened to the realization that the annual scourge of uncontrolled fires is not only a needless, but also a controllable, menace. To this end they have appealed to their county officials to work out a plan of county-wide fire control with the State Forest Service. Many counties who have seen the remarkable effects of as short a period as five years' fire protection realize that probably no other public action is so effective in building up the tax base and local source of employment as growing a new crop of timber.

It is especially important that the public give thought to forest fires during the war emergency, as the South's forests are already undergoing a terrific drain of timber used in the war effort. In many sections of the South March and April are the period of a greater number, and more disastrous fires, than any other time of the year.

One of the prodigalities of the American people is their refusal to make conservative use of the nation's natural resources. Were a foreign power to create damage commensurate with the fire damage annually inflicted on the forests by our own people, the act would be classed as that of a belligerent. But for generations the public has never been aroused to the extent of demanding the control of forest fires, which do untold loss and which benefit no one.

Today everyone is seeking a way to assist in the war effort. There exists no more effective means of doing so than by working with the State Forest Service in suppressing fires which threaten the natural reservior of materials now so essential to national defense—our forests.

The Southern Pulpwood Conservation association advises landowners to "Prevent Fires—Cut Conservatively —Grow More Timber."

BETTER TO CLIMB AND FALL

Give me a man with an aim,
  Whatever that aim may be,
Whether it's wealth, or whether it's fame,
  It matters not to me.
Let him walk the path of right,
  And keep his aim in sight,
And work and pray in faith alway,
  With his eye on the glittering height.

Give me a man who says—
  "I will do something well,
And make the fleeting days
  A story of labor tell."
Though the aim he has may be small,
  It is better than none at all;
With something to do the whole year through
  He will not stumble and fall.

But Satan weaves a snare
  For the feet of those who stray
With never a thought or care
  Where the path may lead away.
The man who has no aim,
  Not only leaves no name
When this life is done, but ten to one
  He leaves a record of shame.

Give me a man whose heart
  Is filled with ambition's fire;
Who sets his mark in the start,
  And keeps moving it higher and higher.
Better to die in the strife
  The hands with labor rife,
Than to glide with the stream in an idle dream,
  Just drifting along through life.

Better to strive and climb,
  And never reach the goal,
Than to drift along with time,
  An aimless, worthless soul.
Aye, better to climb and fall,
  Or sow, though the yield be small,
Than to throw away day after day,
  And never to strive at all.

—Author Unknown.

FACING THE TRUTH

By Margaret A. J. Irvin

I think I shall never feel quite the same again about the contents of my make-up box, now that I know the truth. You know how we take things for granted. Cream is cream. Rouge is rouge. Powder is powder. And so on. One is a better color. One has a more pleasing scent. But we don't give them any undue thought.

Then came the rumor that we are likely to be deprived of these "beauty aids" for the duration. To some of us it seemed like a good idea. If no one else used make-up, we would not feel that our own appearance suffered by comparison. And think of the time and effort we would save.

Now it seems that the rumor was quite unfounded. Even though the the same materials are needed for the war effort as for the manufacture of cosmetics, there seems to be no doubt that women will be provided with the necessary supplies for gilding the lily.

According to Dr. Emil Klarmann, chief chemist of one of the country-s largest cosmetic manufacturing concerns, it was proved last year in England that when women war workers were deprived of cosmetics, production dropped. It rose sharply when the cosmetics were restored. So, for the sake of morale, there is not likely to be any curtailment here.

Still, I can't feel quite the same about rubbing cream into my face since I know that the lanolin used in it comes from wool washings and is needed for airplane motors and de-icing planes in freezing temperatures. There is something just a little revolting about the idea of patting into one's face anything that is a by-product of washing wool. My ideals on the subject are vague, but definitely not pleasant.

Of course, there are other kinds of creams. There is the sort that uses paraffin. Most of us think of that material as the stuff we use to seal glasses of jelly and jars of preserves. It is somewhat startling to learn that it is also used in manufacturing smokeless powder. But the information that it is used as a rust preventive on machines of war, is completely deflating.

The most heartening thing we learned from Dr. Klarmann was that there will be no shortage of soap.

But why are you and I thinking about things of this sort? Haven't we anything more important to which to devote time and thought?

He that can heroically endure adversity will bear prosperity with equal greatness of soul; for the mind that cannot be dejected by the former is not likely to be transported with the latter.—Fielding.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Although the fruit crop at the School this season will not equal that of last year, we are hopeful of having a fairly good yield of peaches and apples.

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We have just been informed that our farm forces have finished planting corn and cotton. They had fine weather for this work, and the soil was in excellent condition.

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Some early vegetables are now being gathered from our gardens. Early this week, a generous supply of asparagus, onions and mustard salad were issued to the various cottage kitchens.

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Upon taking a look around the farm the other day we noticed some fine looking alfalfa fields. This is a most important crop at the School, which, together with lespedeza, constitutes our chief hay crop. Weather conditions being favorable, we should have one of the best hay crops gathered at the institution in recent years.

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Eleven of the Training School officers were required to report at local places of registration for the purpose of registering in the 45-65 year group for possible service to their country for the duration of the war. Many others had registered in the younger groups on two previous occasions, which leaves but three officers on the staff who will not be called upon to register, they being above the age limit.

For the first time in many weeks, no reports have come to this office concerning former Training School boys being back for visits. Since the beginning of the army maneuvers last fall, several old boys in uniform could be seen on the campus each week, renewing old acquaintances among boys and members of the staff. The fact that many of them are now on duty in foreign countries may account for the dwindling number of visitors here during the past month.

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A real friend creates admiration in the life of most anyone. An example of genuine respect and friendship is shown by Mr. Saul F. Dribben, of New York City, for the late Caesar Cone, of Greensboro, who was a charter member of the Board of Trustees of the Jackson Training School, for whom Mr. Dribben worked as a boy. He grew to manhood while thus employed, and developed such a love and respect for his employer, that since he passed away a number of years ago, has made a donation to the School each year on the anniversary of his friend's passing. Just a few days ago, we received a check for $25.00 from Mr. Dribben, which will be added to this fund.

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We recently received the following reports concerning the activities of two of our former students since leaving the School:

John Penninger, formerly of Cottage No. 8, who was allowed to return to his home in Charlotte, April 4,

1939, is now employed as bell boy at the Wade Hampton Hotel, Columbia, S. C., where he is making $35-$40 per week, and is getting along very nicely.

Dewey Ware, a former member of the Cottage No. 5 group, who left the School in September, 1941, has obtained employment in the machine shop at Priscilla Mill, Charlotte, and is doing well.

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Mr. William J. Propst, Jr., a hustling business man of Concord, who is district agent for the Standard Oil Company; operates a fleet of trucks for long distance hauling; is engaged in road construction work; and is a real estate dealer; certainly must be a very busy man. In spite of his many activities, Bill finds time to think of the boys at the School, and quite frequently supplies things to add to their pleasure. Only a few days ago, he inquired as to how our boys were supplied with baseball material, and left $25.00 to be used in adding to this equipment.

Bill has always maintained a great interest in the Training School lads, and has shown a desire to add to their enjoyment. Among his many contributions was that of supplying ice cream each week for all the boys (numbering nearly 500 at the time) for several months. At another time he brought out a number of standard footballs of good quality.

Our friend, Bill, seems to derive much pleasure in bringing some extra sunshine and gladness into the lives of what he calls "the little boys," and both they and the officials of the institution fully appreciate the kindly spirit manifested by him.

Mr. A. C. Sheldon, of Charlotte, was in charge of the service at the School last Sunday afternoon. Following the singing of the opening hymn, Randall Peeler, of Cottage No. 13, led the boys in the Scripture recitation and prayer, after which Mr. Sheldon introduced Mr. Guy Beatty, also of Charlotte, as the speaker of the afternoon. Mr. Beatty is well known in religious circles in his home city, being head of the Charlotte Rescue Mission, having conducted the activities of that organization for several years.

At the beginning of his remarks, the speaker complimented the boys on the manner in which they recited the First Psalm, and as the text of the message he was to bring to them, he selected Romans 12:1-2. He told his listeners that as a boy, he went to Charlotte, and, wanting to make good, looked at the type of men who were considered successful, trying to see what was in their lives that would be helpful to him.

The speaker then told the boys that God had given each one of them a body, and that they must take proper care of those bodies in order to develop into strong men. However, he added, that must not be their only ambition, for the mental and spiritual sides of our lives are not to be neglected. At this moment America is calling for men, and wants nothing but the best. Our country has no use for dead men or those not well-developed both physically and mentally. God is also calling men to His service, and He has no use for them unless they are spiritually alive. To live for one's country is the biggest thing we can do in this life, but to

live for God not only fits us better for our lives here, but assures our eternal happiness in the life to come,

Mr. Beatty then stated that just to want to do something is not enough. We must build somewhere. If we take Christ into our lives, we are laying the only foundation upon which a successful and happy life can be built. He urged the lads in his presence to study the Bible every day, saying if we are not going to be conformed to things of the world, we must have something to take the place of worldly things in our lives. Man's failures in life occur because he has not built upon a lasting foundation. He may obtain all sorts of the higher degrees of learning, but the highest goal he can reach will be to hear God say "Well done," when this life is over. If we conduct our earthly lives in such a manner as to merit this commendation, we need not worry about acquiring any other title.

While we should care for our physical bodies, it is not fair to spend all of our time in so doing, and fail to look after our spiritual needs, continued the speaker, and we can do this by letting God's will guide us all through life. The Word of God is the only sword of which the powers of evil are afraid. When the dictators in the old world take over a country, the first thing they do is to close the churches, for they know that people who live for God can only be subdued when they are not permitted to carry on any kind of Christian activities.

In conclusion, Mr. Beatty told the boys they would meet many disappointments in their lives, but would always be able to find God's Word a great source of comfort and help. We may not understand all that we read in the Bible, said he, but at the same time, we should never doubt it, for we know He has never failed those who go to Him for guidance.

THE THREAD OF LIFE

"My days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle!" So spoke Job as he contemplated the passing of the years. The thread of life is indeed carried swiftly to and fro by unseen hands. The fabric is being woven and the pattern formed. Some cloth is beautiful to look upon, but delicate of texture and easily torn. Other cloth is strongly woven of sterner stuff that will withstand the strain. From birth till death the thread of life is shuttled swiftly back and forth. That which is eventually formed is the fabric of our life. May it withstand the stress and strain of present times and the test of that Great Day.—Wayne O. Kantner.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending April 26, 1942

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Carl Barrier
John Hogsed
Robert Padgett
Weaver F. Ruff
Malcom Seymour
Edgar Simmons
James Watts
Charles Young

COTTAGE NO. 1

Thomas Barnes
N. A. Bennett
Wade Fisher
Carl Hooker
Leonard Robinson
Everett Watts

COTTAGE NO. 2

Milton Koontz
John Pritchard
Newman Tate

COTTAGE NO. 3

John Bailey
Grover Beaver
Charles Beal
Donald Daniels
Robert Coleman
Joseph Dewey
Robert Hare
Albert Hames
Jerry Jenkins
Dewey Lanning
Arthur Ingle
Fonzer Pitman
Ronda Price
Sam Pritchard
William Pegram
Elbert Russ
Charles Rhodes
William T. Smith
Louis Williams
James Williams

COTTAGE NO. 4

Theodore Bowles
Aubrey Fargis
Donald Hobbs
Marvin Johnson
William Morgan
J. W. McRorie
B. J. Smith
Woodrow Wilson

COTTAGE NO. 5

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE NO. 6

Elgin Atwood
Fred Bostian
Kenneth Caldwell
Earl Hoyle
Marvin Lipscomb
John Linville
Durwood Martin
Vollie McCall
Reitzel Southern
Houston Turner

COTTAGE NO. 7

Hurley Bell
Henry Butler
William Butler
George Green
Peter Harvell
G. W. Kelly
Edward Loftin
John Mazoo
Arnold McHone
Edward Overby
Ernest Overcash
Jack Reeves
Durham Smith
Ervin Wolfe

COTTAGE NO. 8

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE NO. 9

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE NO. 10

Roy Barnett
C. W. Cline
Jack Crotts
Forrest Davis
Henry Grover
Arcemias Hefner
Joseph Kincaid
Clifford Lowman
Charles Phillips
Robert Stephens
Jack Warren
Palmer Wilson
Joseph Willis

COTTAGE NO. 11

J. C. Allen
John Allison
Noah Brown
Bert Barnhardt
Charles Frye
Robert Goldsmith
Edgar Shell
Everett Stamey
Harold Shelton
Canipe Shoe
George Speer

COTTAGE NO. 12

Jack Bright
Mack Coggins
William Deaton
William Lanning
Raiford Medlin
James Mondie
Daniel McPhail
Roy Patton
Simon Quick
Jesse Smith
Charles Simpson
J. R. Whitman
George Ward

COTTAGE NO. 13

James Brewer
Charles Gaddy
Fred Rhodes
Paul Roberts
Russell Stike

COTTAGE NO. 14

John Baker
Robert Caudle
Walter Carver
Robert Deyton
Henry Ennis
Marvin King
Edward Kinion
William Lanford
Roy Mumford
John Maples
Robert Moose
Joseph McKinney
John Robbins
James Roberson
Charles Steepleton
J. C. Willis
Theodore Young

COTTAGE NO. 15

Clarence McLemore
Paul Morris
Lawton McDowell
Marvin Pennell
Ventry Smith

INDIAN COTTAGE

Raymond Brooks
Frank Chavis
Edward Hall
Cecir Jacobs
Ernest Jacobs
Leroy Lowry
James Lochlear
Lester Lochlear
Herbert Lochlear
Louis Stafford

There are in North Carolina 22,690 Indians which is more than live in any other state east of the Mississippi, and there are only four other states in the entire union with more Indians than North Carolina. This information comes by way of the federal census of 1940.

The Indian often has been referred to as a "vanishing race." control the children and youth of the land. This time (March population of this state in 1930, by the federal census, was 16,579. The gain between that year and 1940 was 6,111, which was 37 per cent, as compared with a gain of only 12.7 per cent in the total population.

MAY 1 1 1942

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXX CONCORD N. C., MAY 9, 1942 No. 19

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MOTHER

I keep a priceless painting embedded in my heart,
A gift to me from heaven in the Master's perfect art;
A little homelike picture of a mother, oh so dear,
Whose prayers I fondly cherish, and whose lessons I revere.
And more and more this picture is to me a sacred shrine,
I praise the God who gave it, and I thank Him it is mine;
And the sun and stars may perish, and the world may fall apart,
But mother lives forever, embedded in my heart.

—Thomas P. Carey.

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The Uplift

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

A SCOT WHO COULDN'T BE KILT

They say a Scot is rather tight
With hardly time for mirth,
That's why he's makin' slant-eye fight
For every yard of earth.

He spotted them an air force
And was many miles from home,
Hampered by a Trojan horse
And red tape 'neath the dome.

But he didn't shirk his duty
Or take it on the run,
He's just a wise old cutie
And he'll set the rising sun.

He took some reg'lar army guys
With their rods and old mess kits,
And held a mob ten times their size,
Using nothing but his wits.

The wise guys say it can't be done
But he'll soon prove them wrong
And have the rats upon the run,
From Bataan to Hong Kong.

He's sharp as the highland thistle,
And brave as the men of Bruce,
And he'll make the whole world whistle
When the yellow-backs sign a truce.

—Author Unknown.

THE MAN OF THE HOUR IS A MAN OF THE CHURCH

General Douglas MacArthur, commander-in-chief of all the United Nations forces in the Southwest Pacific, is not only a master strategist in military affairs, but has given strong evidence that he is also a loyal churchman. The high esteem in which he is

held in the church where he was christened gives an insight as to his training in early life. It was on Easter Day that Rev. W. P. Witsell, rector of Christ Episcopal Church, Little Rock, Arkansas, sent this greeting to our great military leader: "The church of your baptism sends Easter greetings and expressions of faith and loving pride in you."

Even in the midst of his many duties of vital importance to the cause for which he is so valiantly striving, General MacArthur made this reply: "At the altar where I first joined the sanctuary of God, I ask that you seek divine guidance for me in the great struggle that looms ahead." Looking backward, we feel that we can see the tender hand of mother in the MacArthur home, who dedicated her son to God.

On the day that the American and Filipino troops, after having made a gallant stand on Bataan, were forced to surrender, due to overwhelming odds against them, General MacArthur sent this message to America and Americans: "The Bataan force went out as it would have wished—fighting to the end of its flickering, folorn hope. No army has ever done so much with so little! Nothing became it more than its last hour of agony. To the weeping mothers of its dead I can only say that the sacrificial halo of Jesus of Nazareth has descended upon their sons, and that God has taken them unto Himself."

The courage and faith of this distinguished family is trasmitted to the young son of the general, little Arthur, aged four years, who, with his mother made the perilous journey from Bataan to Australia. The fact that this brave little fellow gave assurance to his father that he was not afraid, shows that he is a chip off the old block. In the following article, taken from the editorial columns of the Concord Daily Tribune, we get an idea of what little Arthur may have said to his dad on the way to Australia:

> The full reports of General Douglas MacArthur's dash from the Philippines has not told all the story. One very important member of the party has been neglected. He is Arthur MacArthur, 4-year-old son of the general, grandson and namesake of another famous United States fighter and friend of the Philippines.
>
> The published reports of the sea-air journey have said little about Arthur, other than, "Arthur was ill." One can imagine,

however, how the son and grandson of soldiers must have reacted.

You can hear the genral cautioning the boy not to be frightened as the party embarked in tiny speed boats. Even a child's scream might have betrayed the party. Then the race through pounding seas. It was tough going for hardened men of Bataan. How much more so for a 4-year-old?

But we know Arthur MacArthur took it all like a soldier—even the seasickness—and we know he told his dad, "I'm not afraid, Daddy."

We're not afraid, either, General. We'll send you planes and men and guns. We know you'll come through again. We're safe with you leading the way. Arthur and all of us.

* * * * * * * *

MOTHER'S DAY

"Mother's Day" has been observed in the past, but not with the universal emphasis as in 1942, because all mothers this year, regardless of race, creed or social position, have given sons for the cause of democracy. To win in this fight for freedom means the combined efforts and co-operation of every American mother's son, let him be either "a butcher, a baker or candle-stick maker." In the past we often heard the remark that automobiles were social levelers. If that terse statement be true, up to date we have not realized any changes made in the social set-up by the general use of automobiles. The goal for which the rank and file of the American soldiers are fighting is to maintain the freedom of a free people in the greatest nation of the world—America.

We salute the mothers of America, including all kinds and conditions, for their contributions of sons means a living sacrifice—far more precious than the gift of money expended for war bonds. This year, every mother who sends a son out to fight our battles will not be forgotten on Mother's Day, the second Sunday in May. The American home, the corner-stone of the nation, is the shrine of motherhood, and in this home at the knee of mother, the child is taught the true principles of democratic citizenship. We continue to echo the time-worn expression, "the hand that rocks the cradle, rules the world." Therefore, we feel that more red and white roses will be worn on this day than on any previous similar occasion.

THE STORY OF MAY

In the temperate zones, May is one of the most beautiful months of the year; winter's cold has gone, and the summer's unpleasant heat has not yet begun, and vegetation has reached its richest and loveliest height. There has been considerable controversy as to how this month derived its name. The opinion which carries most weight seems to be that the month was named for Maia, the Roman goddess of spring and of increase, but some scholars hold that May is just a shortened form of Majores, and that the month was so called by reason of the fact that it was sacred to men of mature years, as June was sacred to the young men, or "juniores." The flower of the month is the hawthorn; its special gem is the emerald.

Originally, May was the third month of the year, but when the Romans placed the two newly-added months, January and February, at the beginning of the year, it took fifth place, where it has remained up to the present day. Both before and after the change in the calendar, May has always been one of the long months, having thirty-one days.

According to a custom dating back to the very earliest time, the first of May has been a time for out-of-door festivities. In ancient Rome, it occurred during the period which was considered sacred to Flora, the goddess of flowers, and gay flower-decked processions were common on that day. In England, during medieval and early modern times, there were many beautiful customs connected with May Day, as the first of this month is called. On the night before, there was much excitement among the children and young people because the Maypole had been erected on the village green. The gayest finery in the way of wearing apparel had been prepared, and upon retiring that night, every girl hoped that she might be selected as the "May Queen" on the morrow. Early next morning came the procession to the woods to bring home the "may" or hawthorn blossoms with which to decorate the Maypole. The young lady fortunate enough to be chosen "queen" by popular vote, set up her court in a flower-decked bower, leaving it from time to time to dance with her loyal "subjects" around the Maypole. Many of these Maypole festivities have been revived in recent years. Many schools observe May Day by giving gay parties, with an

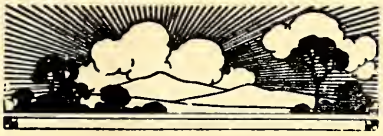
attempt at reproducing, so far as possible, the music, the steps, and even the costumes of the dancers of earlier times.

A generation or two ago there prevailed in the United States the custom of "hanging May baskets" on the eve of the first of May. These baskets, large or small, elaborate or simple, costly or of home manufacture, were filled with wild flowers and hung upon door knobs. As in the giving of valentines, it was a point of honor for the donor to slip away unnoticed.

In Canada they celebrate an important holiday in May, the 24th, known as Empire Day. It is observed as a memorial to Queen Victoria, it having been her birthday.

In the United States the 30th of May is held sacred to the memory of soldiers who have fought in their country's wars, and is known as Decoration Day or Memorial Day. In this country the celebration of Mother's Day originated. In 1914, Miss Anna Jarvis, of Philadelphia, asked Congress to provide for a day to be known as Mother's Day. It passed the House and the Senate, and President Woodrow Wilson issued a proclamation setting aside the second Sunday in May as Mother's Day.

Elsewhere in this issue we are carrying a list of birthdays, holidays and important events in the month of May.



OUR ARMY'S FIGHTINGEST GENERAL

By Donald P. Gillon

Sensing the importance of the Japanese move into French Indo-China in 1940, the U. S. Army decided to recall to active duty its "fightingest General"—Douglas MacArthur. On the 26th, of July 1941 he was appointed Lieut. Gen. in command of the United States Forces in the Far East. At the outbreak of hostiilties President Roosevelt raised him to a full four-star General; the rank he once held as the youngest Chief of Staff (age 50) in the history of the United States.

MacArthur's new command was no stranger to him. Thirty-eight years before he had entered upon his first battle assignment in the Philippines, and had subsequently served other tours of duty there; the last beginning in 1935 and ending with his retirement in 1937. After leaving active service he remained in the Philippines, accepted the title of Field Marshal from President Manuel Quezon, and prepared to prove his pet theory that the Islands could be defended.

Upon assuming command, MacArthur set out to train and equip his tiny Philippine Army, planning strategy with such determined vigor that Washington was impressed. His fervid arguments and able reports drew the attention of the figurative "brass hats," and he began to receive a small stream of badly needed equipment. He soon proved himself a veritable genius at making the most of next to nothing.

When MacArthur superseded Major General George Grunert as commander of U. S. Forces he brought with him his 20,000 fully trained Filipino regulars, and immediately prepared to incorporate some 125,000 Filipino reserves. It is this sizable little army that has won for its commander the title of "The Army's Fightingest General." It is they, with the help of the comparatively small army of American boys, with their planes, technicians, and tanks, who are now making such a gallant stand on the Bataan Peninsula.

"The Army's Fightingest General" re-entered active service with a remarkable record behind him. Born into the Army, the son of General Arthur MacArthur, (the boy hero of the Civil War) he entered West Point in 1899, and graduated with the highest scholastic record in 25 years. In 1905, as aid to his father who was then military observer to Japan, he found ample opportunity to study Japanese tactics and found them not at all impressive. He next saw action on the Mexican border with Major General Fred Funston, in 1914.

In World War I, he created and commanded the famed Rainbow Division, (first in France) composed of men from every state in the Union. A brilliant combat record—twice wounded, more than forty decora-

tions and citations—ended with a short tour of duty with the Army of Occupation.

Back in the U. S. MacArthur was appointed Superintendent of West Point, which post he held for two years. A short time later he went back to the Philippines only to be recalled to take charge of the 1928 Olympic team. He returned to the Philippines, this time as Commander of the Philippine Department., only to be called home again to assume the high post of Chief of Staff.

Whatever remains as the fate of MacArthur and his valiant troops, one important fact has been proved: The Philippines CAN be defended, but it takes a fighting man to defend them.

WIN OR DIE

"Win or die!" MacArthur shouts!
Does that leave us any doubts,
Any other course to choose?
What will happen should we lose?
Then our flag will cease to fly,
And in that hour better die.

Should the pagan hordes succeed,
Doomed is every Christian creed,
Every little garden small,
Home and school and meeting hall.
Every hour we cling to breath
Will be horror worse than death.

Should we bow to pagan guns
Or the Prussians and the Huns,
Never peace nor rest will be,
We'll go back to slavery,
Mocked and jeered at pagan feasts,
Caged and scourged like captive beasts.

Can you hear MacArthur cry:
"We shall win or we shall die!"
And not know the reason why?
"Twill be better far to die
And to lie in freedom's graves
Than to live as pagan slaves!

—Edgar Guest

M'ARTHUR—CHIEF OF STAFF

By Bob Considine in Boston Daily Record

As the youngest chief of staff in the United State's Army's history, Gen. MacArthur became the butt of that conglomeration of elements which is opposed to successful military men in times of peace. Older officers condemned his vault over heads. Hoydenish columnists poked fun at his medals. Cartoonists ridiculed his glistening sartorial perfection. And Washington society, which he ignored whenever he could, sharpened its cutting teeth on the malicious rumor that Banker Stotesbury, that arch Republican had used his influence with Hoover to get MacArthur the important post.

The truth is that Hoover appointed MacArthur chief of staff because he was the best officer the army had. As for the Stotesbury influence, he had been divorced for more than a year and had seen nothing of the society-politicos in that set.

He forgot the petty yipping at his heels and went to work on one of the toughest and certainly the most thankless task of his career: the restoration of a badly rundown army.

When he wanted relaxation he went to a prize fight, or played a couple of slam-bang sets of tennis. At such social functions as he had to attend, he was a lonely figure. No one spoke his language. No one wanted to speak it. At the annual Army-Navy reception at the White House he would arrive just in time to lead the officers in the President's receiving line, pay his respects to the First Lady, for he is the soul of chivalry, and go back to work.

He began taking cavalrymen off the backs of animals and putting them in tanks—but not the lumbering kind of tanks he knew in World War 1, He began to needle Congress for some preposterous thing called a "motorized and mechanized division."

He called for bigger and faster planes and a semi-automatic rifle. Eight years before the first jeep rolled off a Detroit production line he told an unimpressed congressional committee that he could envision "a small carrier for three or four infantrymen—a vehicle which could be turned out in mass production and travel over almost any type of terrain to achieve quick concentration of troops."

He listened with sympathy to Col. Billy Mitchell, though it was then highly improper for high-ranking officers to be associated with Mitchell, and he formed a general headquarters air force. When the House military appropriations committee complained that it was costly to keep the Philippine scouts (which his father, the late Lieut. Gen Arthur MacArthur, formed while military governor of the islands) son Douglas refused to cut expenses there. He said we would need those scouts some day.

There were a few persons in high places, during those apathetic years, who realized what MacArthur was doing. One was Franklin D. Roosevelt. When he extended MacArthur's tour of duty as chief of staff, the

first time a chief of staff had ever succeeded himself, the hue and cry of MacArthur's critics broke out once again.

They charged that he had played politics—as if that were possible: If he had ever had any political pull it would have been through Mr. Stotesbury, distinguished step-father of his first wife. But by 1935 the Republican era was nothing but a memory. MacArthur succeeded himself because Roosevelt so willed, after seeking the counsel of Gen. Hugh Johnson, MacArthur's erstwhile but coldly impartial classmate. It was simply another one of Roosevelt's breaks with stuffy precedent.

Roosevelt missed him when at long last, in the winter of 1935-36 MacArthur turned over his chief of staff's role to Maj. Gen. Malin Craig, and went back to his beloved Philippines. "I must always find a way to keep Douglas close to me," the President mused one day to a close friend. "For if we ever have another A. E. F. he's the man to take it over."

LET US BE:

Ambitious workers for "Uncle Sam."
Matchless in our war material output.
Enduring when making war sacrifices.
Ready to do our duty when need arises.
Invincible on every front,
Calm and cheerful war burden bearers.
Alert and remembering Pearl Harbor.

Tactful in interpreting news broadcasts.
Hopeful for a just and lasting peace.
Energetic and doing more than our part.

Valiant at home on our battle front.
Incurious about military affairs.
Careful not to "spill the beans."
Temperate in our use of "war" materials.
Outstanding defenders of Democracy.
Respectful to our superior officers and fellowmen.

—Selected.

BABIES, ROADS, PARKS NAMED FOR M'ARTHUR

(Charlotte Observer)

This year of 1942 will be remembered, among other things, as the year when babies, streets, parks, highways and dams were named for Douglas MacArthur.

The movement, like all movements of that kind, is spontaneous. It has cropped out in the far west and the southwest, the east and the middle west.

In Washington, D. C. for example, the conduit road which runs from the city along the Potomac river to Great Falls, Md., is now MacArthur boulevard.

Oakdale, Calif., renamed five streets constituting highway 50, running from San Leandro city limits to Bay bridge, as MacArthur boulevard.

A new street is being named MacArthur in Vallejo, Calif., and San Francisco residents have asked that 19th avenue, recently widened, be called Douglas MacArthur boulevard.

The Arkansas highway commission named U. S. 65 from border-to-border of the state the General Douglas MacArthur memorial highway.

The Little Rock, Ark., city council named city park, the site of the old Little Rock arsenal where MacArthur was born in 1880, MacArthur park.

The suggestion has been made but no action taken, that one of several dams being built on the White river in Arkansas be named MacArthur dam. This suggestion also has been made in Congress. Another idea voiced in Congress is that TVA's Douglas dam be changed to Douglas MacArthur dam.

In Cincinnati a movement started to rename the Central parkway after the general, but the idea was dropped when factories, shops and stores protested against the expense of new letterheads and directory listings.

Las Cruces, N. M. which recently built a new grammar school, now calls it the Douglas MacArthur school.

Springfield, Ill., the state capitol, has renamed one of its streets in honor of MacArthur; and an area southwest of Chicago calls itself "MacArthur Village."

One of the two Hollywoods in West Virginia named its post office for MacArthur.

The Portland, Ore., defense training school has been named for MacArthur. Portland's $5,000,000 Willamette riverfront boulevard may be named for the general but the state highway department is still undecided.

Residents in the neighborhood of a little square near Keystone place, Seattle, asked the city council to name the square MacArthur park, but the council declined, explaining that the square was to small and that a big park wou'd have to be picked.

At Fort Worth, Tex., recently, General MacArthur, a lamb owned by 11-year-old Jim Sherman of El Paso county, was grand champion lamb of the 1942 southwestern exposition and fat stock show. It weighed 65 lbs and brought $3.75 a pound.

The returns on babies being named Douglas MacArthur are incomplete. Here is a sampling: Douglas MacArthur Smith, son of Mrs. E. W. Smith of Portland, Ore.; Douglas MacArthur Lendt, son of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Lendt of Boone, Ia.; Douglas MacArthur Patterson, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Patterson, of Route 4, Bemidji, Minn,; and Douglas MacArthur Bearden, son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bearden, of Little Rock, Ark.

YOUR DUTY

You may be young and filled with vigor's crave,
And dream of noble things to do
That would inscribe your name among the brave
Who gained fair freedom's rights for you.
If you are young and dream of noble deeds
Your strength belongs to freedom's cause
To save the weaker ones from gangster-breeds
Who seek to rule by brute-breast laws.

If you are at life's busy time of gain
When dollars answer to your calls,
Amass them, to avert the stinging pain
You must endure if freedom falls.
If failure trips you under warfare's hand
You lose your garnered gain, as dust;
Spend it today, as freedom's needs demand,
And help to thwart the German lust.

If you are old, and have a little store
Put by for lifetime's autumn frost,
Give all you can, that freedom may endure
And Christian faith may not be lost.
Each soul in this great land must help to win
For justice and for threatened right;
Who does not do so bears a scarlet sin
That brands him loathsome in our sight.

—J. R. Andrews.

THE ODYSSEY OF M'ARTHUR

(Charlotte Observer)

The flight of General MacArthur and his staff from Bataan peninsula to Australia where he will now assume command of all the forces of the United Nations is an Odyssey of thrilling strategy, as prohetic as it is historic.

This bold adventure of America's most renowned hero of this war lifts up the hearts of his fellow-countrymen and inspires the hopes of the free people of all the world who fight alongside those of the United States with a more dynamic animation.

To this gallant American leader the faith of his nation, often made feeble and to grow faint, is tied as it is attached at the moment to no other personality associated in either the political or military leadership of this republic.

To his people back home he represents the embodiment of the unique genius and the invincible valor which, in the end, will turn the fortunes of this revolution to the side that fights for freedom and the higher civilization.

Out of a bleak and dismal sucession of failures on the part of the forces of the Allied Powers in the Southwest Pacific, the granite resistance of MacArthur and his heroic army in the Philippines shines out like the most lustrous star in the blackest of nights.

Only there have the armed legions of the democracies held their own against avalanches of superior forces.

And only there has the enemy failed so far in his overpowering assaults upon weaker defenders.

All to the immortal glory of this man.

The Spartans at Thermopylæ made no more illustrious record to glisten the pages of the history of man for a thousand years to come than that which has just been written by this dauntless little force of American fighters under General MacArthur.

For this record, uniquely looming up out of the rapid fire repetition of defeats and retreats in other vital sectors of the faraway Pacific, this matchless military leader of America has become the hope of the peoples of the United Powers even as he, too, has become the despair of the barbarians who are combined to tear down the pillars of the temple of human progress.

America idolizes him!

There is nothing too good for him in their moods of appreciation and and spirited assessment of his superior values.

They have been bowed down with heavy hearts over the threatened fate that eventually seemed to be his should he have remained on the imperilled peninsula.

His loss to them there would have symbolized an incomparable disaster. They have pleaded, therefore, with the President to send him reinforcements which it was impossible to send.

They have then urged that, cost what it may, some bold adventure be undertaken through which he might make his personal escape from

his sorely beset tiny stronghold projecting into the sea.

The people have with one voice spoken their demands upon Washington to save MacArthur, no matter what the magnitude of other losses—even thought a miracle were required.

That deep-souled prayer of his fellow-countrymen has now been answered.

And a new surge of inspiration and emboldened hope takes hold of the spirits of the peoples of the free world.

MacArthur has been saved to fight a better and larger and more determinant battle, the first of their offensive battles. Takink commandership of all the armed forces of the democracies in Australia, MacArthur is now set to demonstrate the genius of America's striking power.

The hour is not far hence when the enemy will be made to feel the punishment of infuriated forces who have never possessed an adequate area for militant defense, and who have always had to fight with their brave backs to the wall.

Thus the deliverance of this incomparable warrior sets hearts marching to new music in his own country, in China, in the British Isles, in the Commonwealths of other nations, in Russia and wherever humanity speaks, or mutely holds, a hope for ultimate victory over the barbarian enemies.

Into his mighty hands Destiny has now laid the stakes of the ages!

———:———

ALWAYS FIRST

General MacArthur was:

Head of his class at West Point.

"The greatest front line general of the World War," according to Newton D. Baker, former Secretary of War.

The youngest man to hold the rank of Major General.

The youngest man to serve as superintendent of West Point.

The youngest chief of staff the nation ever had.

The first Field Marshall of the Philippine Army.

The first American to take complete command of the land, sea and air forces of Allied nations.

BATAAN FALLS

(Chicago Sun)

Four short months ago, "Bataan" was an unknown word to Americans. Four hundred years from now, it will be at every schoolboy's tongue-tip. Far scattered in the annals of mankind are place names that lift the human race to consciousness of majesty. Thermopylæ is one, the Alamo another, Verdun a third. Always they tell of heroism against hopeless odds, of selfless sacrifice, of a devotion so great that Death is cheated of those who die. Among these, and greater than any but the first, will be Bataan.

What is it that exalts the hopeless struggle of a handful of men above the mightiest battles of massed armies? It is the symbolism of it— the symbol of man's defiance of the unseen, the unknown, the overpowering the sinister, the destroying. Here men glimpse the spirit that sent their forefathers into the wilderness. Here men see humanity challenging the grim fatality of the ordinary world, triumphing most in spirit when surest of bodily defeat. Here they see the best in man defying the worst, and looking beyond to see once more the best. That is why Bunker Hill rises above Yorktown, why Custer never will cease to make his last stand, why Bataan never shall be written off the pages of American or world history.

The great leaders, MacArthur and Wainwright, who gained such glory on Bataan, are not alone the ones who make it imperishable. The imperishable part is furnished by the men who fought and fell—fought till their overtaxed bodies gaped with the disabling wounds of exaustion. Here as in all supreme tests, the strength and dignity of the common man emerage from the jumbled chaos of action and emotion, to justify humanity's place in the yet unfinished toil of creation.

So it has been with Bataan—for Bataan goes to the roots of relationship between man and man. There American and Filipinos, white men and brown fought for each other side by side. Together they faced the relentless enemy waves that never ceased to come.

In a war between those who would be their brother's keeper and those who would be his master, the mingled blood of Americans and Filipinos has written the scroll of a new brotherhood among men.

Good old Saint Patrick, the Irish patron saint, may have driven all the snakes out of Ireland, but it is our opinion that a certain Scotchman by the name of MacArthur, will be the man to finally drive them out of the Philippines and other infested spots in the Pacific area.

A CHRISTIAN MOTHER USES OPPORTUNITY

By Catherine Bible Hill

Dan Odom was at his desk in the corner of the large Odom living room. His very thoughful mother had provided the desk of exactly the right height for a boy of his size, a comfortable chair, and a bright, correctly shaded study lamp. Yet, tonight, homework was not much fun. Arithmetic had been easy, and his report for the class history unit was already neatly outlined, but geography preparation was definitely another matter. The lesson was about Africa.

He believed he could remember the names of all the important rivers, lakes, and deserts and, perhaps, something about the people, animals, and plant life. But why was it so hard to remember the names of the different countries and which European government ruled or protected each? All at once Dan found himself disliking Africa and all the facts about it. It seemed too far away from anything that concerned Dan Odom to be worth much effort.

Mrs. Odom sighed and put down her copy of H. E. Watters' Youth Makes the Choice. As she took up her mending, she was thinking that she would save the book for Dan until he was a year or two older. Meantime, she meant to use some of the author's ideas in her efforts to guide Dan's youthful plans into right runways.

"I just don't care about Africa," said Dan aloud, suddenly.

"I do. I care a great deal about Africa," said Mrs. Odom softly.

Dan looked questioningly at his mother who continued to sew a leather pad over one elbow hole in his last year's sweater. She did not look up at once.

"I know so much less about it than I'd like to know," she added, "but its history is really a series of wonderful stories. Some of them I have often told you—of Joseph, of Moses, of the Punic Wars, of wicked Cleopatra, of the building of the Suez Canal. Recently, I read Mr. Emil Ludwig's book about the Nile River. Best of all, however, I like the stories about Livingstone and those about the missionaries of our own time."

"Oh, I remember about Dr. Livingstone. You told me stories about him when you finished reading the books dad gave you. Then you took Bill and me to see the picture about Stanley's search for Livingstone."

"Can you find places mentioned so often in the picture—Zanzibar, Ujiji, and Tanganyika—on your map?"

"Let's see. I've found them."

"In Northern Rhodesia there is a town named Livingstone. Can you find it?"

"Yes, Mother, here it is."

"Now locate the country called Nigeria."

"Oh, I know where that country is."

"In that country Southern Baptists have over forty missionaries working amoung the natives—teaching, and telling of Jesus—in much the same way that I told you Dr. Livingstone went about his work. The people are in great need of being taught the new way of life. Of course, the task is too

big for so few workers, but a great deal is being done. To me, Africa isn't just one of the continents. It is a challenge to all American Christians."

Dan was thoughtful. "If I should decide to be a medical missionary instead of a city surgeon in a great hospital, I'd want to be sent to Africa."

Mrs. Odom knotted her thread carefully.

"Anyway, it won't hurt me to learn all I can about this lesson now."

Mrs. Odom smiled and began to sew another leather pad on the other worn sleeve to Dan's last year's sweater.

MacARTHUR'S DECORATIONS

Few soldiers have won as many decorations for valor and distinguished service as General Douglas MacArthur. He has received all of the Army's medals, most of them more than once and one seven times. He has eleven decorations of foreign countries, including several that he would not wear, awarded by countries now hostile to the United States.

The most recent awarded was the highly prized Congressional Medal of Honor, the highest award for gallantry by an American soldier. A list of his other decorations follows:

Distinguished Service Cross (with oak leaf cluster).
Distinguished Service Medal (with oak leaf cluster).
Purple Heart (with oak leaf cluster).
Silver Star (with six oak leaf clusters).
Grand Officer Legion of Honor (France).
Croix de Guerre with three palms (France).
Commander, Order of the Crown (Belgium).
War Cross (Italy).
Grand Croix Polonia Restituta (Poland).
Grand Order of Military Merit (Hungary).
Grand Cross, Order of White Lion (Czechoslovakia).
Grand Cross, of White Eagle (Yugoslavia).
Grand Cross, Order of Military Merit (Rumania).
Grand Cordon, Order of the Crown (Italy).
Grand Cross of Military Merit (Mexico).
First Class Decoration Abdon Calderon (Ecuador).

In addition MacArthur received citations as: French Honorary Corporal of the Eight Regiment of the Line, with Legion of Honor Fourragere; French Honorary First Class Private of the Battalion of Chasseurs Alpins; and Honorary Member of the Polish General Staff.

IMPORATANT DATES IN MAY

(Selected)

1—Joseph Addison born, 1672.
1—Legislative union of England and Scotland, 1707.
1—George Innes born, 1825.
1—Dewey destroyed Spanish fleet at Manila Bay, 1898.
2—Hudson Bay Company chartered, 1670.
2—Catharine II, of Russia, born, 1729.
2—John C. Fremont started exploration of Far West, 1842.
2—"Stonewall" Jackson wounded, Chancellorsville, Va., 1863.
3—Jamaica discovered, 1494.
3—Waitstill Avery born, 1745.
3—Jacob A. Riis born, 1849.
4—Horace Mann born, 1796.
4—First Atlantic airplane flight, 1919.
5—Napoleon arrived at Elba, 1814.
5—Hubert Howe Bancroft born, 1832.
6—Maximilian Robespierre born, 1758.
6—Robert E. Peary born, 1856.
6—Secession of Arkansas and Virginia, 1861.
6—Accession of George V, of England, proclaimed, 1910.
6—Airship "Hindenburg" wrecked, 1937.
7—Robert Browning born, 1812.
7—"Luisitania" sunk by German submarine, 1915.
8-15—Second Sunday in May observed as Mother's Day.
8—Battle of Palo Alto, 1846.
9—John Brown born, 1800.
9—Richard E. Byrd reached North Pole by airplane, 1926.
10—Ticonderoga captured by Ethan Allen, 1775.
10—James G. Bennett, Jr., born, 1841.
10—Ottmar Mergenthaler, inventor of linotype, born, 1854.
10—Death of "Stonewall" Jackson, 1863.
11—Jean Leon Germone born, 1824.
11—Minnesota admitted to the Union, 1858.
11—S S "Atllanta" disappeared, 1880.
12—Charleston, S. C., captured by British, 1780.
12—William Howe born, 1803.
12—Robert Baldwin born, 1804.
12—Florence Nightingale born, 1820.
12—Amundsen crossed North Pole in the "Norge", 1926.
13—Jamestown, Va., settled, 1607.
13—Maria Theresa born, 1717.
13—Congress declared war on Mexico, 1846.
14—Gabriel Fahrenheit born, 1686.
14—Confederacy recognized by Great Britain as belligerents, 1861.
14—Louis Riel surrendered, 1885.
14—H. Rider Haggard died, 1925.
15—Matternich, Austrian statesman, born, 1773.
16—Seybert, famous chemist, born, 1773.
16—Honore de Balzac born, 1799.
16—Memorial to Queen Victoria unveiled, London, 1911.
17—Edward Jenner born, 1749.
17—First Kentucky Derby, 1875.
17—Tacna-Arica dispute settled; Tacna awarded to Peru and Arica to Chile, 1929.
18—Great fire in Montreal, Canada, 1765.
18—Lincoln nominated for the Presidency, 1860.
18—Nathaniel Hawthorne died, 1864.
19—Jacques Cartier sailed to colonize Canada, 1535.
19—Johns Hopkins born, 1795.
20—Christopher Columbus died, 1506.
20—John Stuart Mill born, 1806.
20—Secession of North Carolina, 1861.
21—Panama Canal voted by the House free of toll to American coastwise vessels, 1912.
21—Charles Lindgergh completed the first solo non-stop air journey from New York to Paris, 1927.
22—William Richard Wagner born, 1813.

22—The "Savannah" began steam trip across the Atlantic Ocean, 1819.
23—Thomas Hood born, 1799.
23—J. B. Eads, engineer, born, 1830.
23—Italy declared war on Austria, 1915.
24—Queen Victoria born, 1819.
24—First telegraph used, 1843.
24—Empire Day first observed in Great Britain as a memorial to Queen Victoria, 1904.
25—Constitutional Convention began its work, 1787.
25—Ralph Waldo Emerson born, 1803.
25—Edward Bulwer-Lytton born, 1803.
26—Washington A. Roebling born, 1837.
26—Rebel Canadian Indian chiefs surrendered, 1885.
27—Nathanie lGreen born, 1742.
27—Julia Ward Howe born, 1819.
28—William Pitt born, 1759.
28—Dionne quintuplets born in Canada, 1934.
29—Patrick Henry born, 1736.
29—Wisconsin admitted to the Union, 1848.
30—Memorial Day
30—Joan of Arc put to death, 1431.
30—Treaty between the United States and Mexico ratified, 1848.
31—Walt Whitman born, 1819.
31—The Johnstown (Pa.) flood, 1889.
31—Battle of Jutland, off Danish coast, 1916.

MY MOTHER

When twlight shadows find me all alone,
I drift away in dreams of long ago.
My thoughts go back once more to home sweet home.
And I brush away the tears that softly flow.

With a softened heart I happily recàll
Those precious gifts that only she could give;
A guiding hand to lift me ere I'd fall,
A wonderous love that taught me how to live.

She gave me all the happiness I knew,
With fond devotion in her gentle way.
Those little things she used to do
Linger in memories from day to day.

Though time has left its mark for all to see,
Her kind and tender love remains still true.
Her dream of me, some day I hope to be,
If I but live the way she taught me to.

Ted.

THE REVOLUTIONARY PASTOR OF LEXINGTON

By Frank B. McAllister

Good Parson Jonas Clarke, of Lexington, Massachusetts, had notable guests in his parsonage, on the night of April 18, 1775. John Hancock, cousin of Mrs. Clarke, prominent merchant and patriot of Boston, and Samuel Adams, fiery advocate of American independence, were occupying a chamber on the ground floor.

Upstairs were Mrs. Thomas Hancock, and Miss Dorothy Quincy, a lady to whom John Hancock was engaged and whom he was to marry in August of that same year. During the evening the little company had talked long of stirring events happening in Boston, so full of peril for the Bay colony. But, toward midnight, the house was still, and all its occupants were asleep.

Swift hoofs came beating along the road and a rider drew rein before the house. "Not so much noise!" warned a provincial soldier stationed on guard. "Noise! You'll have noise enough before 'morning," returned Paul Revere, "the regulars are coming out, rouse the household at once."

There was no more sleep that night in the old parsonage. Hancock and Adams were all for going down to the village green where already minute-men were assembling. But Parson Clarke urged that their lives were too valuable to the cause to be needlssly endangered at this stage and as day broke, these two men with the ladies of the party, were escorted off across the fields toward Burlington. The minister stayed to counsel and assist his fellow townsmen in their hour of need. His dairy, written in a rather fine but legible hand may be seen today at what is now called the Hancock-Clarke House, and on its faded pages the events of the fateful nineteenth of April are briefly chronicled. Let us look at this colonial parson who, though he never shouldered a gun, had much to do with events that finally brought about American independence. Jonas Clarke was a notable example of the fine race of early New England ministers to whom both church and state are vastly in debt. He lived in a day when the parson was literally the "Person" of the community. Besides his church duties which were always performed with devoted care he stood forth as a strong leader in every civic and patriotic enterprise. Far-seeing, level-headed, and courageous, this pastor was a tower of strength to his countrymen in times that tried men's souls.

At one specific point Mr. Clarke's service was extraordinary. It was the custom in many New England towns in years preceding the Revolution to give expression to public sentiment through "resolutions" adopted by the citizens in open meeting this expression usually occurred on the election of a new representative to the Great and General Court of the colony, and was meant to guide that officials conduct. The Lexington Resolutions, all of which were written by Mr. Clarke, became known throughout the colon

ies for their clarity and force of statement. Nowhere was the case for liberty more ably defended. One who today reads these ancient documents is struck by the logic and fervor of this minister who saw whither the arbitrary course of Great Britain was tending, and who sought to prepare his people for the inevitable conflict.

Unfortunately we have no authentic portrait of Jonas Clarke, though his sillhouette, given a somewhat unreal appearance by the clerical wig he wore, is now in the Cary Library at Lexington, and displays his strong and clear cut features. He came to the Lexington parish in November, 1775 after graduating at Harvard College, nursery of Purtain clergymen, and taking a course in theology under the famed Rev. John Cotton.

It had been no easy task to fill the pulpit left vacant by the death of the Reverend Mr. John Hancock whose "reign" we might almost say, had lasted for fifty-five years. In May, 1753, a pulpit supply committee had been chosen "to make diligent Inquire after a Gentleman suitable to Settle." The youthful Jonas Clarke, aged twenty-five, was finally selected and installed at a salary of eighty pounds a year, twenty cords of wood, and with a "settlement" of 133 pounds additional. This latter, of course, was an initial payment for extra expenses, not to be repeated. Mrs. Clarke was herself a daughter of the manse, her father being Rev. Nicholas Bowen of the neighboring town of Bedford.

The stipend promised certainly seems a meager enough income on which to support a household that in the course of the years was to include twelve children, six boys and six girls, and an invalid brother of Mr. Clarke, and which in a most notable way was to exercise the Christian grace of hospitality. The parsonage acres, however, constituted a small farm on which the minister and his sons worked continually and on which much of the family's food was raised.

Moreover, as one realizes, when standing today in the ancient kitchen surrounded by household implements of colonial days, Mrs. Clarke and the girls had their full share of work, too. What an amount of spinning, weaving, quilting, candle making, dairying and fashioning of garments must have gone on under this old roof tree! The Clarke daughters were unusually beautiful girls and many a Harvard student made the long pilgrimage from Cambridge to enjoy their society. Four of the group in time themselves married ministers, and each successive wedding, of course, meant a fresh season of household preparation.

Labors on the farm were matched for the minister by those in the study. For it was expected of the colonial minister that he be the intellectual as well as the spiritual leader of his community. Most of this study must have been done late at night after the family had retired, and, of course, by candlelight. It is estimated that Mr. Clarke produced at least fifty-six written sermons a year during the whole period of his fifty-one years of ministry.

Parson Clarke was emphatic in his pulpit delivery, and gifted with a powerful voice that might be heard in periods of "unction" far beyond the walls of the church. That the Bi-

ble was read as a regular part of the public worship is not clear, strange as the fact may seem. For in 1792, Governor Hancock offered the society a fine Bible for the pulpit, on condition that it be read at the Sunday services. Mr. Clarke announced the offer to the congregation, asking consent to its acceptance. A deacon arose to object, fearing this might mean the prolonging of the already long service, the members wishing to get home in time to do their farm chores before dark. The minister promised that there should be no more trouble on that score, and the gift was received.

Psalmody consisted in lining or "deaconing" the hymns, a deacon reading a line or two which was then repeated by the congregation. In time, throughout New England this practice was considerably changed and elaborated, though in many parishes the change proved a delicate and difficult innovation. At the church on Lexington Green, however, the new departure was evidently easily and pleasantly effected. In Parson Clarke's diary we read the note without comment, "October 19, 1766. began to sing the new version of psalms, and Dr. Watts hymns."

Could we have looked into the parsonage library it would have seemed scantily furnished, and with books of slight popular interest. Let it be bourne in mind, however, that comparatively few families in colonial Massachusetts had any books at all, save the Bible, and perhaps "Pilgrim's Progress." These and "Poor Richard's Almanac," hanging by the inglenook in most farmhouses furnished the bulk of reading matter.

Parson Clarke's library contained a variety of solid volumes and these generously loaned were of vast help to many a neighboring minister, and probably to many a town youth eager for learning. Here were such works as those of Richard Baxter, Hervey's "Meditations," "The Reformed Prodigal," "Thoughts on the Atonement," "Remarkables of Increase Mather," "Sacred Classics Defended," and others of similar nature. If such books be considered but dull fare, we may reflect that they came to a people unjaded by our modern popular excitements, and that in any event the reading of them produced a sturdy race of Godfearing men and women.

It is pleasant to imagine the wholesome social life that, amid all the toils of the day, gladdened the old colonial parsonage on what is now Hancock Street. Parson Clarke was by no means the stern, unbending Puritan parent usually depicted. He loved to go fishing with his boys, when farm work was done, or to hunt rabbits in the woods about the town. There were jollifications at corn huskings, or when the pumpkins were gathered. The girls were allowed to attend occasional parties at Buckman Tavern, or at some neighbors house, provided only that they came home betimes. There is every probability that laughter, and song, and high spirits prevailed among the boys and girls at Parson Clarke's.

Moreover, the children of the manse were permitted to listen to some of the best conversation that the colony of Massachusetts afforded. Before the great open fire they might hear vital topics of the day discussed by men who knew most about them. For to the parsonage there came as welcome

guests an almost steady stream of interesting people.

People who are wont to regard the clergy as poor financiers may reflect on the fact that this country parson on a salary of about $400 a year, and firewood, brought up and educated a family of twelve children (one had died), was able to pledge the sum of thirty pounds when a new church was planned, and at his death left an unencumbered farm of sixty acres. If that is not a clever feat of financing, one may well ask what can be so considered.

The last entry in the diary of Parson Clarke written in a quavering hand is "Finished haying today." A few weeks later, November 15, 1805, on a beautiful day of Indian summer, the patriarch quietly breathed his last, mourned by a wide family circle, and by the whole community.

Few of us would wish to return to the utterly simple and laborious life of our colonial forebears. Our religious outlook is doubtless more enlightened, kinder, more socially minded. But one must surely covet for our time a measure of devotion, of willingness to sacrifice and to bear hardship equal to that of our fathers. If their theological beliefs were somewhat hard and narrow, they were also vital and loyally held to. Love of God and devotion to his law kept their hearts warm, however their bodies might fare, in their long and sometimes freezing church services. And they laid solid foundations of a state fitted to endure.

YANK

There's a twinkle in his eye and a jest upon his lip,
No matter where you find him, land or sky or battleship.
He carries laughter with him, for it lightens duties grim;
And wherever he is ordered all the girls will fall for him.
He was born of gracious people; was an Epworth Leaguer, too,
Or a C. Y. O., most likely or a Baptist Y. P. U.

From the city, from the country? 'Twill be difficult to tell,
Give a task to Yankee youngsters and they'll mostly do it well.
Put the uniforms upon 'em and they'll swing along the street
As like in song and laughter as the shoes upon their feet.
But the Yankee soldier's different in a dozen ways or more
From the soldier bred for Hitler or the pagan warrior.

He is liberal with his money and he's generous with his smokes,
And no matter where he hails from, he is fond of drinking "cokes."
He's a "hot dog-hamburg" eater! He delights in shooting craps,
But he'll prove a holy terror when they send him after Japs;
He's a gentleman off duty, but just let the fight begin
And they'll find the Yankee soldier has his mind made up to win.

—By Edgar Guest.

THE WHOLE TRUTH

By Margaret A. J. Irvin

I don't suppose anyone ever tells the whole truth. For one thing, I don't suppose anyone ever knows the whole truth.

Take any familiar household object, for example. Can you tell the whole truth about it? A chair contains the life history of the tree from which the wood was taken, the personality of the man who designed it, the racial characteristic of a people who think sitting on chairs is preferable to squatting on heels, the development of the varnish industry and countless other things. A fork represents the development of beauty and design in metal, the progress of civilization beyond the finger-food stage, the contrast between European and American ways of using it, and the attendant social snobbishness running two directions. A window curtain reflects the current fashion in home decoration. It reminds one that cloth is no longer manufactured at home but in factories. It makes one think of labor problems and social justice. It indicates the development of civilzation.

The person who can look at any given object and say he knows all about it is either a genius, a braggart, or a person of very limited imagination.

It is even more evident that no one person can know the whole truth when it comes to human personalities. But here we do exert ourselves to find out the truth. The person who has no curiosity about the lives of his neighbors belongs in a museum. Whether we are the gossipy, nosey sort, or whether we try to keep our instinct for investigation within the bounds of decency, we cannot help wondering a bit about them. We are continually explaining to ourselves—if not to the community— just why they behave in certain ways. We want to know the whole truth about them; but if we are honest, we have to admit that we can never reach that goal.

Even the person we know best cannot be fully known. Within our own minds and souls there are unexplored regions. There are "secret thoughts and desires which we cannot fully understand" in all of us. To live with oneself it is necessary either to ignore the uncharted regions or to accept the fact that they are there and be thankful when we find a ray of light penetrating a hidden corner.

To many people the investigation and explanation of the secret quirks of their own character is a fasinating pastime. We listen patiently while our friends tell us of their likes and dislikes; why they do certain things in certain ways; what they believe about this, that and the other; what their childhood training has been that has made them what they are. We can afford to be patient, because we know our turn will come. As soon as they stop, we can have a go at a little self-revelation.

It is at such moments that our minds ought to flash a red light. STOP! DANGER! For it is not only in a material way that good fences make good neighbors. The old adage is good in the realm of the

mental and spiritual as well. Admitting another person too freely to our confidence may bring an abrupt ending to friendship. We may want to tell what we are like, but we don't want to be told. And the person to whom we open our hearts too freely is likely to feel free to be over-frank. Or we may change our minds and wish that we had never thought the things we have confided.

We never can know the whole truth about either persons or things, but things are much safer objects of speculation—that is, if we intend to share our speculatoins with others. People who "don't talk personalities" are much more comfortable companions than those whose interests are limited to themselves and their neighbors.

———:———

A show-down all along the line is on in Norway between the Lutheran Church and the Quisling government. The latest form of the struggle has to do with the government's plan to control the children and youth of the land. This time |March 22) the rank and file of the clergy voiced their solemn protest against the attempt "to control the youth of the country and separate young people from their families and church." Following the earlier heroic example of their bishops, who resigned some weeks ago from any connection with the Quisling order the ministers threaten to quit their pulpits unless the plan for totalitarian education is abandoned, saying, "The church cannot simply leave the responsibility for young people's education to the state," since "the fundamental relations between parents and children are of a divine nature." Quisling's plan is naturally copied from the Nazi procedure, and has the same end in view. On the same day in Germany, 1,1000,000 youths who had reached the age of fourteen during the year, received the Nazi "Communion" in a setting of music and sermons whose texts were chosen from "Mein Kampf." As announced, these "Communions" are to be celebrated yearly around Eastertide, to incorporate each new generation officially into the Nazi party.—The Lutheran.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Mr. Alf. Carriker and his carpenter shop boys have been quite busy for more than a week, doing some very necessary painting in various buildings on the campus.

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Jay Brannock, of Cottage No. 4, fell while playing at the cottage last Wednesday afternoon, and broke his arm. Dr. King was immediately called and the injury was given treatment. Jay was able to go to school the next morning.

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The feature attraction at the regular weekly motion picture show in the auditorium last Thursday night was "Six Lessons From Madame Lazonga", and a comedy, "Knock-Knock," was shown at the same time. Both are Universal productions.

—:—

The condenser at our ice plant, being very badly worn, ceased to function the other day, and the School's necessary supply of ice for several days thereafter had to be purchased in Concord. Mechanics from Salisbury spent last Wednesday making repairs, and we are glad to report that the plant is now operat- as well as ever.

—:—

Up until about ten days ago, the crop of early English peas looked unusually fine. It was the best stand seen in our gardens in the history of the School, and the prospects for a bumper crop were most promising. Due to extremely dry weather since that time, this crop will be greatly curtailed, and unless we get rain soon, will be a total loss.

—:—

Paul Rhodes, formerly of Cottage No. 15 and a member of the dairy force, who left the School, July 3, 1936, was a visitor here last Wednesday. Upon leaving the institution, he became an enrollee in a CCC camp, and was stationed at Mt. Sterling, in the Great Smoky, Mountains National Park, where he stayed eighteen months. He then went to work on a farm near North Wilkesboro. While engaged in farm work, Paul enlisted in the North Wilkesboro unit of the North Carolina National Guard. About two months after his enlistment in that branch of service expired, he enlisted in the United States Army, and for several months was stationed at Fort Bragg, when he was transferred to Fort Jackson, S. C. Paul is now a member of Company B, 105th Engineers, is a private first class, and has a specialist third class rating as truck driver and mechanic. He stated that he was very fond of army life, and that he hoped to be driving his truck along the Burma Road before the war is over.

Rev. R. S. Arrowood, pastor of McKinnon Presbyterian Church, Concord, conducted the service at the School last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson he read parts of the 9th and 10th chapters of St. John's Gospel, and as a text for his message to the boys, he selected John 10:9—"I am the door."

Jesus was speaking in the presence of a blind man when he made this statement, said the speaker. Perhaps the blind beggar held out his hand and asked for a coin. Jesus gave his something more valuable than money—he gave him his sight. Putting clay on his eyes, he told him to go to the Pool of Siloam and wash it off. This miracle could have been preformed without such a procedure, but Christ wanted to see if the man had faith. He did as the Master told him, and his sight was immediately restored, and he began telling those who were standing near by that the Lord had made him see.

The Pharisees, said Rev. Mr. Arrowood, began to question the parents of he who had been healed, and an argument ensued. They had previously stoned Christ. The blind man had stood up for the Master, and the Pharisees threw him out of the temple, telling him never to return. According to a Hebrew custom, he was not allowed to eat with his family or with any Jew. Should he die, he would be buried like a dog. He was an outcast—he was outside the door.

The speaker then stated that when Jesus met the blind man a second time he said, "I am the door." Christ is the door of escape from evil—a door of refuge. When the devil gets after us, we can go to Jesus, who can open a door that will lead us to safety. This door not only opens from without, but may also he opened from within. This door, which is our blessed Master, is an ever-open door. Jesus says, "Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

The speaker then told the boys that Jesus is anxious for us to enter by this door. Some people try to make the way of salvation very narrow. They have certain beliefs, such as insisting upon people being baptized a certain way. We are either inside that door or on the outside. We either believe in Christ and are safe within, or are outside, hopelessly lost. There is no middle ground. Those who are on the inside of the door are saved through Jesus Christ. All of us want to be thus situated, but only by grace, through faith, are we to be saved.

Rev. Mr. Arrowood continued, saying there is a certain liberty and freedom enjoyed by the children of Christ, that cannot be enjoyed elsewhere. When tempted to do evil, we can retreat within the chapel of our hearts. The real Christian lives in an atmosphere of faith. Those inside the door will find happiness. Perhaps the one who had been blind had been getting his living only by begging, and wondered how he could earn his daily bread after being able to see. He probably did not know how to do any kind of work, but Jesus gave him comfort by saying that he would take care of him.

In conclusion, the speaker stated that the thief comes in but to steal and destroy, but Jesus says, "I am

come that ye might have life, and have it more abundantly." He wanted to show the blind man that he had come to open his eyes to a new life—full of rich experience. A life with Christ is an abundant life, a life of continued giving. The life that is narrow, meager and self-centered, is ever contracting, and growing smaller.

TELL ME!

Tell me of your struggle friend
And how you made the grade.
You say you faced the world alone,
That you were unafraid.

You tell me that you fought uphill
And courage won you fame;
Then, tell me did you lend a hand
To help along the lame?

I question not your laurels nor
Cast doubt upon your place,
But tell me, did you leave behind
A saddened tear-dimmed face?

You tell me that along the way
You met severe disaster;
Then did you push the throng aside
So you could travel faster?

You say you trod the brier path
To gain this lofty peak.
I wonder, did you ease the way
By trodding on the weak?

I'm sure your feats in all respects
Were wonders to behold,
But tell me did you trade in good
Or wickedness and gold?

When singing of your praises will
The world behind you claim,
Here is a man who is a man
Who well deserves his fame?

—Donald P. Gillon.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending May 3, 1942

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Wade Aycoth
Carl Barrier
John Hogsed
Robert Padgett
Weaver F. Ruff
Malcom Seymour
Edgar Simmons
Paul Smith
James Watts
Charles Young

COTTAGE NO. 1

N. A. Bennett
Lloyd Callahan
Everett Case
William Cook
Leonard Robinson
Kenneth Tipton
Frank Walker
Everett Watts

COTTAGE NO. 2

John Crumpler
Virgil Lane
Luther McIntyre
Richard Parker
John Pritchard

COTTAGE NO. 3

John Bailey
Charles Beal
Junior Blake
Grover Beaver
Robert Coleman
Donald Daniels
Joseph Dew
Albert Hames
Robert Hare
Arthur Ingle
Jerry Jenkins
Dewey Lanning
Fonzer Pitman
Ronda Price
William Pegram
Samuel Pritchard
William T. Smith
Earl Smith
John Tolley
Louis Williams

COTTAGE NO. 4

Aubrey Fargis
William Morgan
J. W. McRorie
Woodrow Wilson

COTTAGE NO. 5

Theodore Bowles

COTTAGE NO. 6

Elgin Atwood
Kenneth Caldwell
William Harding
Gerald Kermon
Marvin Lipscomb
John Linville
Charles Pitman
Reitzel Southern
Houston Turner
Wesley Turner
William Wilkerson

COTTAGE NO. 7

Henry Butler
William Butler
George Green
Robert Hampton
J. B. Hensley
G. W. Kelly
Arnold McHone
John Mazoo
Edward Overby
William Young

COTTAGE NO. 8

Cecil Ashley

COTTAGE NO. 9

Gerald Amos
Marvin Ballew
Curtis Campbell
Leonard Church
Riley Denny
Eugene Dyson
George Gaddy
James Hale
William Hart
Edgar Hedgepeth
Marvin Matheson
Lloyd Mullis
James Ruff
Lewis Sawyer
George Strayhorn

COTTAGE NO. 10

Roy Barnett
Forrest Davis

Amon Drymon
Arcemias Hefner
Clifford Lowman
Charles Phillips
Jack Warren
Palmer Wilson

COTTAGE NO. 11

J. C. Allen
John Allison
Bert Barnhardt
Charles Frye
Robert Goldsmith
Horace Guffey
Everett Stamey
Harold Shelton
Canipe Shoe

COTTAGE NO. 12

Leroy Childers
Mack Coggins
Eugene Hefner
William Lanning
James Mondie
Robert Muse
Roy Patton
Simon Quick
Jesse Smith
Charles Simpson
Carl Tyndall
J. R. Whitman
George Ward
Jack Williams

COTTAGE NO. 13

James Brewer
Charles Gaddy
Edward Hammond
Carl Moose
Randall Peeler
Fred Rhodes
Paul Roberts
Ray Smith

COTTAGE NO. 14

John Baker
Robert Caudle
Robert Deyton
Audie Farthing
William Harding
Marvin King
Edward Kinion
William Lane
Roy Mumford
John Maples
Robert Moose
John Robbins
Charles Steepleton
J. C. Willis
Theodore Young

COTTAGE NO. 15

(No Honor Roll)

INDIAN COTTAGE

Raymond Brooks
Cecir Jacobs
Ernest Jacobs
Leroy Lowry
James Lochlear
Herbert Lochlear
Lester Lochlear

———:———

These are the things I prize
And hold of deepest worth:
Light of the sapphire skies,
Peace of the silent hills,
Shelter of the forest,
Comfort of the grass,
Shadows of the clouds that quickly pass,
And, after showers, the smell of flowers,
And the deep brown earth;
But best of all, along the way,
Friendship and mirth.

—Henry Van Dyke.

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U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXX CONCORD N. C. MAY 16, 1942 No. 20

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THE BUILDER

I am building me a secret place
With stones that cut my hands;
But I must build and build and build
Until a temple stands.

The edges of the stones are sharp,
But I shall travel far;
For I must seek and seek and seek
Wherever such stones are.

—Caroline Giltinan.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

GOD GIVE US MEN!

God give us men! A time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and ready hands;
Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honor; men who will not lie;
Men who can stand before a demagogue
And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking;
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty, and in private thinking;
For while the rabble, with their thumb-worn creeds
Their large professions and their little deeds,
Mingle in selfish strife, lo! Freedom weeps,
Wrong rules the land and waiting Justice sleeps.

—Joseph Gilbert Holland.

ICE CREAM FOR OUR BOYS

At some time in the course of life we have heard this sentiment expressed, "there is good in every heart of man, and even the darkest heart to doubt it, has some good about it." We believe to the fullest there is a divine spark of love that at times lights up because the needs of the underprivileged have been observed. In the midst of the confusion and diversion arising from the reports of the spilling of human blood on the battlefields, there are men who have a warm and undying interest in the unfortunate boys, who, if given a fair and equal chance, will develop into noble citizens.

Again the good news comes to the desk of the associate editor of The Uplift that Mr. J. W. Propst, Jr., heard that our Jackson Train-

ing School youngsters were not getting their quota of ice cream during the summer months. Despite the busy life as one of Concord's outstanding business men, Mr. Propst has taken time out to have placed at the School an ice cream machine, with a capacity of forty gallons, so that our young boys may be served this delicacy regularly. It is natural to conjecture this splendid citizen understands boys' problems and by contributing to their desires helps to smooth out many imaginary troubles.

Kindness and consideration are the finest and most effective elements of human nature, if used properly, to lift the morale of the "lowly in spirit." If a tree is judged by its fruits, likewise kind deeds of mankind reflect the inner spirit. We take this means, through the colums of this little magazine, the mouthpiece of the Jackson Training School, and say briefly, "We thank you, Bill Propst, the friend of the boys."

* * * * * * * *

BANANAS AS A LUBRICANT

From all sources comments have been heard relative to the ever-changing prices of articles of food. Nothing has been quite as confusing as the marked advance in the price of bananas. The following, clipped from an exchange, tells why this fruit is so much higher, and it is safe to assume that the good housewives will not complain, understanding bananas are being used to aid in the economic system which contributes to national defense:

> "Yes, We Have No Bananas," is due for an unwelcome return to common use. The object or theme of the song has been introduced into a number of the Texas shipyards for use in lubricating the ways for launching ships. Perhaps it was originally intended as a means of saving the heavy grease formerly used for that purpose, though that seems a strange procedure in the territory that flows with crude oil and its products. Nevertheless, for the launching of a 165-foot subchaser at Houston recently, over seven tons of bananas were used. Other shipyards have been using the same form of lubrication, and the consuming public is wondering whether that is the reason why bananas are growing scarcer and dearer. With ship production stepping up fast, the yards multiplying, and larger vessels making a much greater demand proportion-

ately on this fruit, we may all soon be singing the ancient blurb with tears in our eyes.—The Lutheran.

* * * * * * * * *

MALTA

This island stronghold is the most bombed spot on earth. It has another distinction. Malta as a whole has been awarded the George Cross, which is a unique honor in the history of the British Empire. This award is to a territory and not to an individual as military honors are usually bestowed.

Malta has a long history in war and sieges, and it is also conspicuous in the history of the Christian religion. Malta was the island upon which St. Paul and his fellow passengers drove their wrecked vessel when caught in the storm as they journeyed to Rome. It was here that Paul remained three months and established Christianity which has flourished unto this day. The story of Paul's stay at Malta and the subsequent journey to Rome as recorded in the 28th chapter of Acts is a story of universal human interest as well as of religious beginnings.

Malta is 17 miles long and its greatest breadth is 9 miles, its circumference 60 miles. It has 10,000 stone wall farms that average four acres each. In this respect it is strikingly like Norway in the size of its farms and in their being protected by stone walls from erosion and from slipping down the steep mountain sides. There are 270,000 inhabitants on this island fortress. The British expends $15,000,000 on this fortification and there is a considerable tourist trade. These supply the inhabitants nine months of the year, to which is added enough grain, fruits, and vegetables produced on the island to feed the inhabitants three months of the year.

For its size, says Newsweek, Malta is probably the best protected spot in the world. Ringing its rugged coastline are at least ten big fortresses mounting 16.5-inch guns which are concealed in rock emplacements when not in use. With these and numerous smaller forts, no fleet can safely come within 20 miles of Malta.

But as is well known the bombing planes are now being used day after day to capture this English stronhold for the Nazis.

—N. C. Christian Advocate.

ANNIVERSARIES OF MEMORABLE DATES OBSERVED THIS MONTH

May 3, 1494

It was on this date that Jamaica, largest of the West Indies Islands, was discovered by Columbus. It lies 90 miles south of Cuba and 100 miles west of Haiti, and is 140 miles long and 50 miles wide. The central part of Jamaica is very mountainous, some of its peaks reaching 7,000 feet. Among the important products grown on the island are sugar, coffee, spices, bananas and oranges. As early as 1905 the population was 806,690, and although it has grown slowly since that time, the population is now one million.

May 4, 1796

On this date Horace Mann, great American educator, was born at Franklin, Mass. To him belongs the honor of having established the common school system in the United States. He was also the founder of the first normal school for teachers, at Lexington, Mass. For ten years he practiced law, but was more interested in educational reform than anything else. Finally he gave up his law practice and political ambitions to devote his entire time to establishing educational improvements. While he had much opposition, he persisted, and eventually practically every state in the Union adopted his measures and profited by them.

May 5, 1832

The above date marks the birth of Hubert Howe Bancroft, in the state of Ohio. At the age of 20, he went to California to engage in the publishing business. He became so fascinated in the history of the Pacific regions that he collected a library relating to the subject and gave himself up to its classification, and then to original work on the subject. He became the author of many historical books, and the Bancroft series of histories have been used extensively in public schools as text books.

May 6, 1856

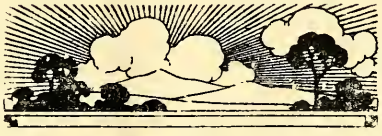
Robert E. Peary, famous American Arctic explorer, was born at Cresson, Pa., on the above date. He graduated from Bowdoin

College at the age of 25, became a civil engineer in the United States Navy, where he attained the rank of commander. Later on he made five expeditions to the polar regions, penetrating farther than any other explorer up to that time—reaching 870 degrees, six inches, north latitude. He was awarded several medals by American and foreign geographical societies, and was made honorary member of scientific associations in all parts of the world.

May 7, 1812

Robert Browning, one of the great poets of the Victorian age, was born in England on this date. He received his education from private tutors and from extensive travel. At the age of 34 he married Elizabeth Barrett, much against her parents' wishes, she being a semi-invalid, and was six years older than Browning. However, the marriage was one of great happiness, and her death, 15 years later, was a shock from which he never completely recovered.

Browning was definitely a realist, but he felt so positively that the world was but a place of training for a better life, and that the struggles against evil were but a strengthening force, that no matter how hard the struggle, or deep the worry, he was always able to be hopeful and happy. He wrote with deep feeling, great strength, and beauty of expression.



FAMILY OF FIVE COULD EAT ON $10 PER WEEK

By Elizabeth Phillips

Three good meals every day for an average family of five at a total cost of $10 per week sounds incredible but it can be done, according to Miss Margaret Messenger Edwards, head of the home economics department of the Woman's College of the University of North Carolina.

The statement should be qualified, of course. "Good meals" mean menus balanced in food value with adequate nutritional provision. "Good meals" mean variety in foods prepared with an economy of time, labor and money. This for a family of five, including father, mother, five-year-old child, 11 year-old girl, and 15-year-old boy, an average sized group, is no simple task if the grocery budget is limited to $10 a week, Miss Edwards points out.

Students in the class in food economics took the problem as a special project this year and have worked out market lists, based on actual prices in local stores, have suggested menus for low cost grocery lists and have studied points to be considered in economical food buying and preparation.

By "shopping around," the students found that they could buy an amazing amount for $10. Their week's grocery list included: 24 quarts of milk, either butter or skim milk bought in gallon lots; three large sized cans of irradiated, unsweetened, evaporated milk; 20 pounds of white potatoes; four pounds of pinto beans; six cans of tomatoes; six pounds fresh cabbage; four pounds of turnip greens; two pounds of onion, four bunches of carrots; two pounds of prunes; one and three-fourth dozen eggs; one pound of fresh pork liver; two and one-half pounds of fish, a fat sea fish such as croaker or shad; four pounds of lean chuck roast; six pounds of wheat corn; four pounds of corn meal; 12 pounds of flour; 10 grapefruit; one and one-half pounds of fat back; three pounds of odorless shortening; three pounds of margarine, enriched with vitamin A (9000 thousand units); two and one-half pounds of white sugar, rationed amount; two quarts of cane syrup; and one-half pound of coffee. The total cost of these items as of last week end in Greensboro was $9.19.

With this basket—or carload!—of groceries and a little imagination the housewife can serve 21 attractive and adequate meals. Miss Edwards and her students have a few pointers, however.

Beginning with breakfast, the principal cereal is made from the whole wheat germ, soaked in cold water for several hours and cooked. All breads used are also whole wheat and are home-baked. This is more economical. The specialists also place emphasis on use of more cane syrup, for this season, or molasses and sorghum for fall and winter, in place of rationed sugar because the unre-

fined sugars are not only cheaper but also richer in iron.

Their advice is to buy fresh skim or buttermilk by the gallon or dried skim milk for cheapest price and make up for loss of vitamins by using reinforced margarine or irridiated unsweetened canned whole milk.

In selecting fruits for the table, it is sensible to choose those in season because they can be had in largr quanitities and in most cases contain more food value. That goes for vegetables too. "Select fruit and vegetables for weight, smoothness, freedom from spoil, of medium size for least waste. Buy color in all goods—the greener the leaf, the yellower the carrot, the redder the beef, the browner the flour—the higher the food values," the experts say.

In addition to taking advantage of seasonal price changes, it is wise to compare prices and to watch for food bargains through use of the week end newspaper ads. The thrifty shopper according to Miss Edwards, will make out a bargain list from the ads and list the supplies she has on hand and those she needs; then she is prepared to make out menus for the week from these lists.

It obviously is better to buy staples such as flour and sugar on weekly, monthly or longer basis, according to available storage, family needs, keeping-quality, and in co-operation with defense needs. Where it is possible foods should always be bought in bulk, because packaging raises the price.

The smart shopper also reads and compares labels for weight, variety of uses, and grades; she watches the scales to be sure of accurate weights and reports inaccurate weights to the salesman; and she checks sales slips for all purchases. These are simple responsibilities of any purchasing agent.

About those dinner and supper menus: the conventional plan of two fairly equal meals at noon and in the evening is followed. The low cost budget doesn't include steak and mushrooms every meal and there is nothing elaborate at any time, but the lists have their virtues.

Monday being a bad day for cooks and chefs alike, it is interesting to see what the home economists had planned for tommorrow. Dinner: cold sliced chuck roast (left from the Sunday meal), boiled potatoes with the skins to retain every bit of their food value, turnip greens, crisp uncooked carrot strips, whole wheat pan bread and margarine, pdune whip and milk for the children. Supper: pinto beans, stewed tomatoes, cabbage slaw, whole wheat biscuits and margarine, molasses cookies and milk.

There are many additional hints for the whole week. "Buy more meat substitutes, such as eggs, large block cheese and cottage cheese instead of prepared cheese in jars and packages, dried beans and peas, peanuts and other nuts. Buy and use cheaper cuts of meat, select solid lean cuts as free as possible from gristle, bone and excess fat. This also lends variety in the main course," the dieticians declare.

In cooking, plan to prepare the right amounts of food for your family to avoid wastes. Never heat the oven for just one dish, and when possible by use of refrigerator stor-

age, cook enough foods at one time for two or three servings. It is tricky, also, to eat as many fruits and vegetables raw as possible because they can be prepared at the last minute and served fresh. Vegetables should never be soaked previous to cooking, soda should not be added to them, and they should be cooked in as little water and for as short a time as is necessary.

These simple procedures will make for health and happiness in the family. The more industrious will have a home garden planned for providing as many of the foods as possible.

The United States Department of Agriculture has free of charge excellent helps on victory gardens for the asking, Miss Edwards points out. These are bulletin No. 483 and the Consumer's Guide for March, 1942. For those who are eligible it is also advisable to get a permit from the city-county welfare office for securing foods on the surplus commodity list by the use of the orange and blue food stamps.

Extra services such as charge accounts and special delivery will mean that the shopper pays slightly more for purchases. These are matters of personal preference, of course.

Working with the home economics department head in the project especially for the civilian defense program of the Greensboro-Guilford County Consumer-Retailer and Nutrition councils were five special students. They inrlude two undergraduates, Misses Marveign Cockfield and Maribelle Guin of Greensboro; and three graduate students in nutrition, Misses Clara Gehring of Raleigh, and Eunice Outlaw of Zebulon, and Mrs. Doris Surbough of Greensboro.

———:———

In a batch of 20,000 pamphlets bought by Emil Hurja, the political statistician, for the amusement of his leisure, he found this prophecy uttered in 1888 at Kensington in England by James Stanley Little, of the Imperial Federation:

By 1965 Ireland will have secured home rule, England will have rid herself of her colonies, the British navy will be powerful, the island an armed barracks, and marriage will be a terminable contract. The monarchy and the House of Lords will have been saved from extinction by their policy of acquiescence, Canada and Mexico will have been absorbed by the United States, France will have disappeared into the German empire, China will have been taken over by Russia, Japan will be fighting for its life, and war will have broken out between Russia on the one side and the English speaking commonwealths of the United States, Australasia and South Africa on the other.—Fact Digest.

FACTS, OLD AND NEW, ABOUT JOHN CHARLES McNEILL, POET

By Alice Morella Polk

Research, under the direction of Dr. Jay Broadus Hubbell, professor of American Literature at Duke University, has revealed hitherto unknown imformation about John Charles McNeill. Biographical and critical data are scattered through many magazine and newspaper articles, but material herein contained came largely from oral sources.

John Charles McNeill was born in the old Scotch community of Spring Hill, now Scotland county, July 26, 1874. His parents were Duncan McNeill and Euphemia Livingston McNeill. He was a lineal deknown information about John Monroe; his grandfathers, John McNeill and Charles Livingston, for whom he was named, emigrated from Argyleshire, Scotland, during the early part of the nineteenth century.

Youngest of a family of five children, John Charles was a favorite with his aunts, uncles, and cousins. His sisters were: Mary Catherine, Ella and Donna. His only brother was Wayne Leland.

McNeill was a first cousin of the following living men: Gerald W. Johnson, author and editorial writer for The Baltimore Sun; Dr. Wingate M. Johnson, surgeon; John Arch McMillan, editor of Charity and Children: Hudson McMillan, foreign missionary; and Robert L. McMillan, lawyer, Jasper L. Memory, his nephew, is professor of education and director of the news bureau of Wake Forrest college, John Charles McNeill grew up with a group which furnished able men to several professions.

McNeill's boyhood was not unlike that of many residents of the Old North State. Until he was 12 years old, he lived on a large plantation which his father called Ellerslie, in Scotland county, three miles northwest of what is now Wagram. There he led the normal life of country boy.

His family moved to another farm, a mile and a half south of Wagram on the Maxton highway, and settled in a little Scotch village which has been known for the last half century as Riverton. This village now has 12 residences inhabited by people of Scotch descent, all of whom are interrelated and well educated.

"This community," it is said, "has produced more college graduates per square mile than any other settlement in North Carolina, and the quality of its hospitalityy is as high as its culture."

McNeill was the acknowledged leader of the "sunburnt boys," of whom he later wrote, always full of fun and ready for a joke. His genial personality won him many friends in youth as well as in later life.

From his entrance in school, McNeill proved to be an apt pupil. He attended the Spring Hill school until he was ready for his last year of preparatory work. The master of the school, J. A.. Morrison, said to his father, "Your son, Charles, is

the brightest and best scholar that I have ever taught, and I have taught for twenty years."

After McNeill had finished his work at Spring Hill, he lived in the home of his sister, Mrs. J. L. Memory, Sr., in Whiteville, North Carolina, and attended Whiteville Academy, where he completed his college preparatory work under the supervision of A. G. Burkhead. (Mrs. Memory died recently.) He worked during his out-of-school hours, but he took the school honors and kept the friendship of his fellows.

In those days one who had completed college preparatory work was eligible to teach school, and McNeill secured a position in a country school near Statesville, Ga. There he lived with another sister and assisted with the duties of the household and the work on the farm. Careless of personal appearance but attractive in personality and efficient in his school work, he pleased the community as teacher of the school. He modeled his teaching on that of the master who had taught him at Spring Hill. His salary was small, but he enjoyed his work and saved his money.

From a child McNeill's ambition had been to attend Wake Forrest college. His teaching experience in Georgia brought him to an immediate realiziation of the need for further training. Encouraged by his family and friends, he entered Wake Forrest in the fall of 1894 without necessary funds to defray his expenses. Very soon after he reached Wake Forrest, the college authorities and professors realized that he was a trustworthy student of unusual ability and they appointed him theme-reader for Dr. Benjamin F. Sledd, who was highly influential in training McNeill's talent.

Although Dr. Sledd recognized McNeill's talent as a writer early in his freshman year, the young man showed decided interest in other subjects as well as in English. He pursued courses that required much study and thought, such as advanced courses in French and German, philosophy, and law. At the end of the year, 1897, he took the oral examination for admission to the North Carolina bar and received his license to practice law.

The records of the college show that during his senior year McNeill made the following grades: Physics, 100; chemistry, 99; moral philosophy, 98; English, 100; and biology, 99. Having maintained his excellent scholastic record throughout his four years of undergraduate work, he was graduated with the degree of A. B. summa cum laude in 1898.

Throughout his undergraduate career many honors came to him. Aside from his being appointed theme-reader, he won the Thomas Dixon Medal, awarded to the best essayist, and he was valedictorian of his class. He was a member of the college choir and the Euzelian Literary Society. The recognition which pleased McNeill most was the editorship of the college magazine, The Wake Forrest Student, which he held two consecutive years. To this work he gave the best that was in him. Fearless of spirit, he expressed his opinions in concise and forceful editorials, besides contributing essays, short stories, book reviews, and poems to the magazine.

As a student, McNeill was "charitable in his judgments, courteous

in his bearing, and kind in his actions; however, his nature was rich in essential manliness, Scotch independence, and indifference to adverse criticism." His geniality and sense of humor won him many friends. The general opinion of the student-body was expressed by one of the students in these words: "We recognized his genius, but we appreciated him more for the charm of his personality, for he was one of us."

In 1899 McNeill returned to Wake Forrest to do graduate work for a master's degree in English and law, and to fill the position of part-time instructor in English. During this year he showed keen interest in philosophy, particularly metaphysics and the doctrines of the Christian and other religions. At this period McNeill experienced doubt, unrest, and skepticism, though Wake Forrest was a Baptist institution, where orthodox religious doctrines were taught. However, he finally held to the orthodox faith, and participated in the religious activities both on the campus and in the comunity of Wake Forrest. He received his M. A. degree in English in 1899.

One of his Wake Forrest students has given an intimate glimpse of McNeill as a teacher:

Before his class Mr. McNeill lost nothing of his magnetic manner. It was rather intensified, especially when presenting one of his favorite authors. He was naturally more sympathetic than critical in his discussions. He felt the inner beauty and soul of poetry and endeavored to imbue the mind of the student with something of the same appreciation. His manner was simple, direct, forceful. His vein of quaint, elusive humor appeared here at great advantage. Tactfully, and yet without the least indication of studied effort, he held the attention of his class. His rich, low voice—marvelously musical—possessed a holding power such as is rarely met.

McNeill was not only sucessful in scholastic achievement but also in the field of teaching. He made for himself such a record as part-time teacher at Wake Forest that he was recommended and appointed to the position of professor of English at Mercer University, Macon, Georgia, during the temporary absence of the regular professor in 1899-1900 Here he taught classes in freshman, sophomore, junior, and senior English, but, having the mind and heart of a poet, he did not enjoy teaching students who did not seem to be interested in language and literature. Teaching grammar and composition, and presenting literature without obtaining a response to its beauty and meaning, were not his mission; therefore, he lost interest in teaching and turned to law as a means of livelihood.

During the latter part of 1900 McNeill returned to North Carolina and began the practice of law in Lumberton. He was somewhat successful in this profession, but he soon realized that his talents did not lie in the direction of law because he did not enjoy his work. The cases that interested him most were dramatic ones dealing with Negro fights in which the numerous witnesses afforded him an opportunity to observe many types of Negro nature and those involving vague land titles where he could check the surveyor's

work and the fine points of law involved. Apparently he would not accept a case in which he did not believe justice was on his side, and this was a handicap in the practice of law. He was concerned with the beautiful more than the practical, and the cases of his clients were foreign to his real interests.

In 1901 McNeill purchased an interest in The Argus, a weekly newspaper published in Lumberton. The Argus was a four-page newspaper carrying local news, a few other items of current interest, editorials written by McNeill, a few humerous anecdotes, poems, announcements, and advertisements. In 1902 McNeill sold his interest in the paper and moved to Laurinburg, thirty miles from Lumberton, where he continued to practice law in partnership with Angus McLean. He spent much of his time writing poetry.

In 1902 The Youth's Companion and The Century Magazine began to publish his verse with illustrations, paid him for his work, and encouraged him to send more manuscript.

In 1904, H. E. C. Bryant, then a member of The Charlotte Observer staff, became interested in McNeill's poems through reading The Century Magazine and as a result McNeill was offered a position to write what he pleased and when he pleased to write it.

He began to write regularly for The Charlotte Observer on August 1, 1904. With such freedom to use his talent in such a congenial atmosphere, it is not surprising that the poet found himself, and that in the three years of his connection with The Charlotte Observer, he produced nearly all of his best work. In addition to his poems he wrote excellent reports of the public addresses, paragraphs portarying life, humorous incidents, and a series of homely and realistic fables.

"His column was a forerunner of the 'columns' found in the newspapers today." It appeared not daily but from two to four times each week. It was usually on page four, column five, and bore his signature or his initails. Unlike the columnists of today, McNeill varied the title of his column to suit the material to be published, but this was typical of his nature, for he was not interested in conforming to any set rule about anything that he did.

His criticism of musical and dramatic programs that were brought to The Academy of Music in Charlotte was published under the title, "At The Academy." Once a month he wrote reviews of the best magazines under the title, "Magazines." Some of the magazines which he reviewed were: The Atlantic Monthly, McClure's, Scribner's, The National Reveiw, The Century, and Current Literature. Two or three times each month he wrote reviews of new books under the title, "Book Reviews."

McNeill often wrote sketches of what he saw or heard in the club lobby or on the streets and published them under "From Street and Lobby." His anecdotes, early fables, and a few poems were headed "Unclassified Stunts," His essays on current social, political, economic, and literary subjects were entitled "Little Essays," B. S. Swearingen illus-

trated "A Jug of All Sorts," where McNeill published short poems, many in Negro dialect. He wrote verses about the peculiarities and characteristics of childhood for his column, "A Little Child Verse."

The title which he used most often was "Songs Merry and Sad," under which he published the majority of his poems that he later included in his book, Songs Merry and Sad. Much of his Negro dialect appeared under "Coonalities," "Coon Songs,' "Warblings," and "Love Lyrics and Coon Rhymes." Many of these dialect poems were republished in Lyrics from Cotton Land (1907.) Titles used occasionally were: "Verses and Remarks," "Verses and Essays," "Potpourri," Sonnets and Rondels," "Squaw Talk and Ginger," and "Scotchman En Route."

In 1907 most of McNeill's work was fables published under various titles: "Fabulous Philosophy," 'Fables from the Forest," "Fables for the Fireside," "Fables and Verses," and Fables from Farm and Forest." Most of his prose and some of his poems appeared under "Weeds and Idleness," which later changed to "Weeds by the Wayside." His column appeared several times each week from September, 1904, to June, 1907. A few articles and poems appeared from June to October.

As a journalist McNeill covered court reports, public addresses, local happenings, weddings, funerals— anything. Among the prominent men who came to Charlotte to lecture was Dr. W. L. Poteat, president of Wake Forest College, who delivered an address on a scientific subject; later Dr. Poteat said that the report was better than the address itself.

McNeill showed some literary talent as a critic of plays; one of the best efforts in this field was a criticism of The Clansman, which was played with Thomas Dixon, Jr., the author, making short talks between acts. Occasionally McNeill went to the recorders court and got features that most men would overlook. His artless boyish manner of doing things often enabled him to obtain articles about the humorous side of a court session.

Among McNeill's literary honors was the state's formal recognition of his work on October 19, 1905, when he was awarded the Paterson Cup for the best contribution to literature in 1905. He won this award for having published in The Century Magazine and The Charlotte Observer during the preceding twelve months work showing "the greatest excellence and highest literary skill and genius" in the state of North Carolina.

After recognition of his literary ability, McNeill was invited to speak before various literary organizations in the state. His first appearance in public as a reader of his own poems was before the Round Dozen Book club in Hickory, January 2, 1906.

During the same year, 1906, McNeill published his first volume— the only volume that appeared in his lifetime—a slender book of verse entitled Songs Merry and Sad. Most of the poems this book contained had been published in The Youth's Companion, The Century Magazine and The Charlotte Observer.

Although this volume was published by a local firm, the Stone and Barringer Publishing company, Charlotte, it found ready sale and the edition was soon exausted. The popularity of this volume encouraged McNeill to continue to write poetry. He had planned to publish another volume in 1907, but his health failed him and he was unable to complete his plans for publication.

Early in 1907 pernicious anemia began to take hold upon McNeill, and he was advised by his physican to spend some time in the mountains of western North Carolina. His disease weakened his body, but his mind remained clear. He was aware of his condition, but he did not lose his hold upon life nor did he stop writing poetry.

Sometime during the last few weeks of his life McNeill wrote two of his best poems, which were included in Lyrics from Cotton Land (1907): "In the Woods" and "To Sleep." The latter poem, a sonnet, is quoted here because it was the last poem that he wrote and because it shows that his mind remained clear to the very end of his life:

TO SLEEP

Wherein have I displeased you, fickle sleep,
O, sweetheart, Sleep that thou so far away
Hast wandered and hast made so long thy stay?
I perish for some spell to call and keep
Thee near me, that thy gentle arts may steep
My brain with calm, from dusk till dawn of day!
The night's long hours are blind and love delay,
But, with thee, I would bless them that creep.
Once, night by night, as love's own self wast thou;
Over my boyhood's couch didst loose the powers
Born of the opiate breath of autumn flowers,
And with thine own cool hand assuaged my brow;
Wherefore, I pray thee, keep not from me now,
For I am summer, and thou art her showers.

McNeill died at Riverton in his bedroom, which he called "Castle Thunder," on October 17, 1907. His last words were : "Draw back the curtain, boys, so that I may see the blind in the trees and catch the last rays of autumn sundown." In his pocket at the time of his death was a typewritten copy of Stevenson's "Requiem" with the first stanza underlined. He was buried in Spring Hill cemetery near Spring Hill church, October 18, 1907. As a comment suited to his short life, the second stanza of his own poem, "Sundown" is engraved upon his tomb:

We know, O Lord, so little what is best;
Wingless, we can move so lowly;
But in thy calm all-knowledge let us rest—
Oh, holy, holy, holy!

At the time of the poet's death there were accounts of his life and

works in newspapers from Atlanta, Georgia, to Danville, Virginia. Two months after his death, The Wake Forest Student, which McNeill had edited, dedicated an issue to his memory. Throughout the years many articles, mainly eulogistic and appreciative in tone, have appeared in North Carolina newspapers and magazines; a collection of these is kept in the North Carolina room of the University of North Carolina Library.

In 1907 Lyrics From Cotton Land was published posthumously, and it has gone through several reprintings, as has Songs Merry and Sad, published by the Stone and Barringer Publishing Company, Charlotte, 1906, and by the University Press, Chapel Hill, 1932. Select Prose of John Charles McNeill, edited by Jasper L. Memory, the poet's nephew, appeared in mimeograph form in 1936.

There is a "John Charles McNeill Literary Society" at Wingate Junior college, and book clubs in Wagram, Benson and Charlotte, are named for him. There is also a John Charles McNeill Library Association in Wagram. A similar organization established the John Charles McNeill Memorial Library in the Spring Hill school, which McNeill attended.

A portrait of McNeill was destroyed in a fire at Wake Forest college, and an attempt is being made by the Wake Forest Alumni to replace it.

In 1914 the art committee of the Woman's club of Charlotte placed a bust of the poet in the Charlotte Public Library. The North Carolina Historical Commission has placed a marker outside Wagram showing the way to the poet's grave.

In 1938 the Mecklenburg County Superintendent of Education had a copy of Select Prose of John Charles McNeill placed in every Mecklenburg County school. A school-wide activity unit entitled "Lyrics from Cotton Land," was developed in Cool Spring school, Iredell county, during the 1940-1941 session.

In the spring of 1941 the Charlotte chapter of the North Carolina Poetry Society invited J. W. Atkins, president of The Gastonia Daily Gazette, to speak on the subject, "John Charles McNeill," before the Charlotte Writers' league.

Two these in partial fulfillment of the requirement for the degree of Master of Arts have been written, one at Columbia University in 1926 and one at Duke University in 1941.

I have so great a contempt and detestation for meanness, that I would sooner make a friend of one who had committed murder, than of a person who could be capable, in any instance, of the former vice. Under meanness, I comprehend dishoncsty; under dishonesty, ingratitude; under ingratitude, irreligion; and under this latter, every species of vice and immorality.

—Sterne.

FRANCIS CHRISTIAN TIERNAN

By R. C. Lawrence, in "The State"

American women have been both prolific and prominent in the field of litertaure. The "Uncle Tom's Cabin" of Harreit Beecher Stowe is credited with having done more to hasten the conflict of the Civil War than all the phillipics of politicians and all the orations of statesmen. The "Little Women" of Louisa M. Alcott was for many years a best seller, and moved more than one generation, of American women to laughter and to tears. And in our own generation, such women of letters as Mary Roberts Rinehart, Edna Ferber, and Edna St. Vincent Millet, have written best sellers in their respective fields.

Most gifted among women authors of Carolina was Francis Fisher Tiernan, who wrote under the pen name of Christian Reid, and by her pseudonym I shall designate her. She lived in and wrote of two entirely different worlds. The first was the South of ante-bellum days, of "Ole Marster" and "de Missus," crinoline, hoopskirts, life on hospitable plantations, mint juleps, the dancing of the minuet. The other was the South of the renaissance, emerging phoenix-like from the ashes of reconstruction into an era of industrialism. She heard the clarion calls of Henry W. Grady for a "New South"—but she remained to the end, a rebellious rebel of the old South.

She came of distinguished ancestry, numbering among her forebears officers of the Revolution, Colonels of militia, Congressmen and other men in public life. Her father was Charles F. Fisher, President of the Western North Carolina Railroad, who, when the war drums throbbed in '61, hurriedly raised a regiment and rushed it to the front, reaching Virginia in time to participate in the battle of Bull Run, first great battle of the war. There, charging against the enemy at the head of his men, the gallant Colonel was killed. This fact should be borne in mind in any appraisal of his daughter's work.

She was born at the ancestral home in Salisbury in 1846. In her girlhood she typified the boyish, roughish "Jo," so realistically described in "Little Women"—moody, fantastic, imaginative, romantic, with a yearning for self-expression. When yet in her 'teens she took to scribbling, not with any definite idea in view, not even in expectation of a purely local publication, but merely because she loved it, and because of the "Ahs" and "Ohs" it brought from the girl friends of her little circle.

But the close of the Civil War found her faced with a condition of hard realism. The head of the house was no more; the family fortunes had ebbed away under the stress of the strife; the cupboard was about bare—a "condition and not a theory" confronted her. It was then that she conceived the idea of literature as a livelihood.

Setting herself to her task, in 1870, she produced her first novel, "Valerie Aylmer." It immediately aroused the interest of the literary public, and,

considering the social and economic conditions which existed at that time, it had a considerable sale and sufficient popularity to stimulate her to renewed literary activity. In rapid succession she produced "Morton House," "A Daughter of Bohemia," "A Question of Honor," and, above all, a short travel sketch, "The Land of the Sky." You may be a Carolinian; you may know nothing of our literature; you may never have heard of Christian Reid; but you have heard of the "Land of the Sky" —and here is the woman who gave to this beautiful region its lovely designation. Her striking phrase stuck in the public mind, and soon western Carolina had it fixed upon it.

This little volume was originally published as a series of travel sketches in Appleton's Journey, and while it is probably the most widely known of all her work, yet it cannot be claimed that it is a literary classic. But somehow the folk liked it; it was read by hundreds of thousands; and it did more to advertise and to popularize our western region than any other one thing.

On Pack Square in Asheville, there is an imposing monument to the memory of Zebulon B. Vance, Buncombe's great statesman, erected by a people grateful for his service to that section. Should not common gratitude cause the women of our mountain metropolis, even at this late date, to erect a monument, even if of modest proportions, to honor the memory of this woman who did so much to make Asheville the resort center it has since become?

In 1880 she went abroad, and upon her return published "Hearts of Steel," a most vivid and striking description of Italy and an exquisite portrayal of life in the Eternal City. The author was now reaching the maturity of her powers, and foreign travel served but to broaden her outlook and to deepen her insight, and its result became manifested in her future work. In rapid succession novels came from her pen—"Armine," "Roslyn's Fortune," "The Child of Mary," "Phillips' Restitution," and "Miss Churchill," this last being one of her best works and her most remarkable contribution to our literature.

In 1887 she was married to James M. Tiernan, and removed her residence to Mexico, where her husband had extensive mining and other interests. Her marriage did not, however, terminate her literary career, and her residence in Mexico served but to increase her powers as an imaginative and descriptive writer of fiction. Here she produced "The Picture of Las Cruces," which enjoyed wide popularity, not only in this country but also in France, where it was republished in the Parisian magazine, L'-Illustration, and where it had considerable vogue. Its success was such that she undertook a sequel which, however, did not prove so successful. Other travel sketches followed descriptive of Mexico scenery and the life of its colorful people—"The Land of the Sun," "Carmela," "Little Maid of Mexico," "A Woman of Fortune," "Weighed in the Balance," and other novels. The sheer volume of her work is simply amazing, to say nothing of its characteristic qualities.

More foreign travel followed, this

time to the lovely isle of Santo Domingo, reminiscent of Columbus and the discovery of a new world. In this place of romance she found abundant new material, and there followed an increased product from her prolific pen. Of course one end of the island—Haiti—is French; the other Spanish, and she undertook a portrayal of both ends in two volumes, "The Man of the Family" and "The Choice of an Heiress." Both of these are notable for the power of descriptive life as portrayed by our author.

Turning now to an entirely different realm, she found a new subject for her thoughts and entirely new ideas for her pen by dealing with subjects having a religious background. The first of these, "Light of the Vision," appeared in 1911, "The Wargrave Trust" was written the same year; "A Far Away Princess," "A Daughter of a Star" and the "Secret Bequest," all appeared as early as 1915, showing the prodigality of her production, and the ease and facility with which she wrote.

It would seem that the foregoing would represent quite a lifetime of creative effort, but she had something left in reserve, for she produced two dramas and quite a quantity of verse! Her verse cannot be said to equal her prose, and it would, perhaps, have been better for her fame had she not essayed the role of rhyme.

As to her dramatic work, "Under the Southern Cross" is frankly sectional in its character, quite as much so, and just as overdrawn in the picture it depicts, as was its northern prototype, "Uncle Tom's Cabin"—both being written with a sectional bias and a partisan viewpoint—its design being to stimulate Southern patriotism, make the crowd yell for "Dixie" and the sort of thing that went over in a large way in Southern cities even as late the '90s. But when we remember Bull Run, this may well be forgiven her.

Her other drama, "The Princess Naline," appeared not only as a stage play, but also in printed form, and she was honored by seeing it translated into the Italian.

Both in the volume of her work and in the quality of its character, she easily ranks as primate among woman authors of Carolina. She enjoyed the high distinction of being the first Southerner of either sex to whom was awarded the Laetare Gold Medal for distinction in the field of letters—an honor conferred upon her by Notre Dame University.

She was Southern—of the deep South—in her sentiments, her sympathies, her affections. Typical of her feeling were the words she addressed to ex-Confederate soldiers in delivering crosses: "You are to wear these that a new generation may recognize in you and salute one of the immortal soldiers who marched and fought with Lee, one who in his young manhood wore the grey and followed the flag, red as our hearts blood and dear as that blood, which waved over the soldiers of the South and which now stands as an enduring symbol to mark forever the highest point the valour of the Anglo-Saxon race has ever attained. And you are to wear them to remind you always that the cause for which you fought was a just cause."

"Miss Fanny" sure was Southern. Yes, suh!

U. S. LOOKS TO HER NEIGHBORS IN SOUTH FOR RAW MATERIALS

(Charlotte Observer)

With many sources of supplies vital to homes and industries shut-off or endangered by the wars in Europe and Asia, the United States is looking to the "good neighbors" south of the Rio Grande for new reservoirs of raw materials.

Outstanding among war essentials now cut off by military operations in Asia are rubber and tin, says a bulletin from the National Geographic society. But many other mineral and agricultural products have been placed on the official list of "strategic materials"—that is, necessary supplies obtained in large part or wholly outside the continental limits of the United States. These are tungsten, mercury, antimony, ferro-grade manganese, chromium, sheet mica, quartz, crystal, nickel, manila fiber, quinine, coconut shell char, and silk.

In production of crude rubber, Latin America normally accounts for only about two per cent of the world output, although the Amazon basin was the original home of the tree Hevea brasiliensis, leading source of the substance that "keeps 'em rolling." Most of the Latin American rubber exports (18,100 long tons in 1938) have been obtained from the wild trees of Brazil, plus substantial amounts from Mexican guayule, a wild desert shrub that grows also in southwestern United States. Smaller supplies of rubber have been found in Bolivia, Peru, and Ecuador, which together with Columbia, share in the rubber-potential country of the Amazon basin.

The United States, in co-operation with Mexico and various governments of the Caribbean and Central and South America, is seeking to extend the existing producing areas for natural rubber and to develop new ones. In 1939 United States rubber consumption was estimated at 592,000 long tons. The amount Latin America can supply within the next year or so has been estimated to range from a conservative 5,000 tons annually to ten times that much.

For tin supplies no longer available from the rich mines of British Malaya, the Netherlands Indies, Thailand, and Burma, Bolivia is by far the leading source of the Western Hemisphere, with Argentina and Mexico adding smaller amounts. Most of Bolivia's tin ore, being difficult and expensive to smelt, was formerly exported to the United Kingdom to be mixed with the purer content ore of Cornwall and Nigeria. Because of the emergency, however, the United States is opening up a new tin smelting plant in Texas, with an annual capacity of some 50,000 tons of tin concentrate. It was estimated in 1941 that with production stepped up, the Latin American countries, notably Bolivia, might provide from one third to half of the tin needs of the United States.

Tungsten and mercury are produced in large quantities within the United States, yet the amounts are

not enough to meet even peacetime needs. Tungsten is a steel hardener used in high-speed tools and machine parts, mercury an important ingredient for explosives, medicines, and a non-fouling paint for ship's bottoms.

Latin America supplied in 1940 more than a third of United States tungsten imports. They came chiefly from Bolivia and Argentina, with lesser amounts from Peru, Mexico, Brazil and Chile. With increased output both at home and to the south, Latin American tungsten is expected to go far in filling the gap caused by loss of supplies from China and elsewhere. A similar picture is presented in a rising production of mercury (quicksilver) within the Western Hemisphere. The already extensive supply of the United States—third largest source after Italy and Spain—is augmented by that of Mexico, and small but potentially important, amounts from other Latin American nations.

Still more significant are other essentials of which the United States produces little but uses much. Bolivia and Mexico now lead in world output of antimony, important in the manufacture of storage batteries that help to operate tanks, airplanes, and submarines. The output of these two countries, plus small quantities from Peru and Argentina, accounted for 96 per cent of the 1940 antimony imports into the United States.

The United States produces only a small share of its necessary ferrograde manganese, so important in the making of steel. In 1940 Latin America, largely Brazil and Cuba, supplied nearly a quarter of the United States imports. With improved transportation by rail and sea, Brazil alone—it has been estimated—could provide up to half of the United States' needs. Cuba, Chile, and Mexico also could increase their exports. Normally, the major share of high-grade manganese used in the United States is imported from such widely separated places as British India, Soviet Russia, and the Gold Coast of Africa.

Chromium, especially useful in steel alloys, also is obtained by the United States from such scattered peacetime sources as the Philippines, South Africa, and Turkey. Imports from Latin America have come chiefly from Cuba, with some from Guatemala. Brazil, however, holds South America's largest chrome ore deposits.

Again, Brazil—together with Argentina—is an important source of block mica. This form of the mineral, as differentiated from the more available but less useful scrap mica, may be separated into sheets of desired thickness.

Sheet mica is particularly valuable for such uses as airplane spark plugs and in radio condensers and tubes. Both sheet mica and "splittings" (the latter pasted together to form built-up mica used in electrical equipment) have come chiefly from British India, where the industry developed large numbers of skilled workers. Latin American exports of block, or sheet, mica have increased sharply and are expected to provide a considerable share of the necessary supplies in the United States.

Within the Western Hemisphere is one strategic meterial which is a virtua' monopoly, This is high-grade quartz crystal, known as "Brazilian

pebble," because it is obtained commercially only from that Latin American country. Quartz crystal is used in such precision instruments as gun sights and periscopes, and for devices employed in locating submarines and aircraft. It is essential for airplane guidance and communication by radio. Except for some lower-quality quartz crystal found in Madagascar, Brazil's output has met practically all world needs. Japan was the leading purchaser, followed by the United Kingdom, Germany, and then the United States.

The five remaining materials on Uncle Sam's strategic list of 14 are silk (for parachute and gunpowder sacks); coconut-shell char (for gas masks); nickel (for hardening armor plate and gun barrels); manila fiber (for rope); and cinchona bark (source of malaria fighting quinine).

Least available from Latin American sources is silk—conspicous peacetime product of Japan and China. For the Gas-masks substance the American countries of the south also lack any appreciable coconut palm industry. There is, however, a new process for obtaining substitutes within the United States for this purpose. United States nickel needs long have been met chiefly from the vast deposits of Canada. Cuba and Brazil have some available supplies.

On the other hand, Latin America is expected to play an increasingly important role in supplying manila fiber and quinine—nearly all of which the United States obtained from the Philippines and the Netherlands Indies respectively. In 1941, tropical Panama was the only Western Hemisphere nation producing the abaca plant for manila fiber. There are prospects of future abaca cultivation in other suitable regions, as well as for obtaining certain substitute fibers.

The cinchona tree is a native of Latin America whose success story like that of rubber, was written in the Far East. Although the quinine content of the Latin American trees is lower than that of the Netherlands Indies trees, the bark is available in considerable amounts for emergency expansion of the industry in Bolivia, Peru, Ecuadore, Colombia, and parts of Central America. Normally, Latin American exports of cinchona bark are less than ten per cent of the world supply.

FABLE

A master was asking the boys to guess certain proverbs that he was trying to demonstrate. To illustrate that "unity is strength," he laid himself flat on the floor, and asked four of the boys to try to lift him, at first individually and then by a joint effort. Of course they only succeeded collectively.

"Now can any boy tell me what proverb that action illust-

"Now can any boy tell me what proverb that action illustrates?" he asked. —Irish Weekly.

FREELY SOWEN

By Vivian Pasniak

Down the road plodded Johnny Appleseed. He was barefoot, dressed in an old coffee sack, and a queer, funny cap upon his head. Long hair fell down to his shoulders. On his back was a heavy bag. A hoe and cutter were in his hand.

"Hello, Johnny!" called a man going by with his team. "Want a lift?"

"Thank you kindly. I'll ride a way, thank you."

"How is your business?" the man asked, after helping Johnny into the wagon.

"Business is always good. Seems like everyone wants apple trees. It's my job to supply them. Don't make much money but I get a lot of pleasure out of my work. Have a few seeds with me now to set out. I would like to visit some of my old nurseries. Fences get pulled down and the trees need pruning. Keeps me busy but it is the work my Master gave me to do."

Johnny jogged along comfortably. He talked pleasantly on the subject he like best—apples.

"I started this business when I was a young man. My brother and I went one fall to all the cider presses in the neighborhood. They willingly gave us the seeds. We told them we wanted to make the country a little more homelike for those families drifting west. A lot of folks found apple trees ready and waiting on their land. First few years I worked western New York state, parts of Pennsylvania and Ohio. As the people came moving in I kept moving onward. Folks were kind about letting me store my seeds in their cabins or barns."

"Here we are at my cabin, Johnny. Will you come in? Pretty near noontime."

Johnny stepped out of the wagon and helped unload the supplies the man had brought out from town. Then he ate a dish of his favorite food—mush and milk.

"Go right ahead," he told them as they hestitated at eating the partridge the woman had cooked. "I never touch meat but don't let that stop you from enjoying your meal."

Johnny was soon on his way. He planted some seeds in back of the cabin. The couple promised to look after the seedlings. In payment he had received a pair of shoes.

Walking down the road came a farmer. Johnny saw that he was thin and poorly dressed. He was also barefooted.

"Here, fellow." Johnny thrust out the shoes. "Here's a good pair of shoes I can't wear. Never did care much for shoes. You need them worse than I do."

The astonished farmer took the shoes and thanked Johnny heartily. Pleased, Johnny tramped along. Sometimes he put a few seeds at fence corners. Other times he watched the birds and examined grasses and bushes.

He walked a long way. It was after dusk when he came to a lonely cabin. He was invited in cordially. Strangers

were very welcome. Almost everyone had heard of him.

Johnny ate his bowl of mush and milk and then said:

"Would you like to hear some news fresh from heaven?" drawing his Testament out of his ragged shirt.

After he had read a portion of the book, he closed it reverently and sat holding it in his hands. His face was quiet and his eyes looked into the fire.

"Johnny," said a little fellow after awhile, "there's a hole in your book."

"Yes, there is, Gabe. That hole saved my life. You know I always carry my Testament over my heart. One time I heard about some Indian trouble that was brewing. So I hurried to General Harrison. He was glad to see me and I did scout duty for him. I even visited the troublesome Indians .The whites were getting uneasy as they expected a powow and the Indians had not come near. When we went to see them the chief promised we would hear from them. That morning they came creeping down upon us. They expected to find us napping but the guards were wide awake. I helped in the battle. Tippecanoe it was called, taking the wounded off the field and making myself useful. In my old army coat I was a fine target. After the skirmish I found bullet holes in my Testament. I wasn't touched at all. Saved my life, this book."

After a little silence Gabe spoke again.

"Indians never harmed you, did they, Johnny?"

"No, never did. They figure I'm some kind of a medicine man. And I am, in a way. I know the uses of grasses and hurbs as well as the Indians. I've lived for months in Indian villages and enjoyed myself. Was there once when they brought in Daniel Boonee. They considered him a prize. Adopted him into the tribe after they scrubbed his white blood out with sand. Five months later I was glad when he gave them the slip and fled to Kentucky.

"The Indians talked freely around me. I knew the language and heard them plot raids on lone settlers. In the dead of night I would fly and warn them. Folks said I half scared them out of their wits appearing like that. Guess though they'd rather be scared by Johnny Appleseed than a band of murdering Indians." Johnny chuckled with dry humor.

That was the end of the conversation for the night. He was offered the use of the bed though his host knew the stories of his perferring the floor. Johnny declined politely and curled up in front of the fire.

The next morning he was on his way early. He gave the woman a small packet of flower seeds. She was very thankful to have them.

"I do miss my garden that I had back east. Perhaps I can have one again. Thank you, Johnny."

Johnny swung through the woods, walking carefully. There were many snakes in these parts. He had had to kill one once and felt very badly about taking its life.

Presently he caught sight of a tall figure leaning against a tree stump. An ax was near by. The tall fellow was reading intently and did not hear Johnny approach.

"What are you reading, young fellow?" called Johnny in greeting.

The young man started, then said, "It's a book I borrowed from a neighbor. You never see Abe Lincoln without a book handy. Reading is what I like best. Should be splitting rails though."

"Give me an ax! cried Johnny and in a few moments had beaten his new-found friend in a rail splitting contest. His long arms were powerful.

"You're good!" Abe cried in admiration. With a hearty handshake Johnny bade him good-by.

That Sunday he chanced to be in a small settlement. The minister who was expected did not show up.

"Will you speak to us, Johnny?." a friend approached him.

The schoolhouse was filled with people. Some of the hymns that Johnny had learned in the east were sung. Then he delivered his sermon to an attentive audience.

Afterward he was invited home to Sunday dinner. After dinner they discussed his sermon with him.

Monday morning after his usual bread and milk he was on his way. There he goes down the road, planting not only little brown apples seeds but seeds of love and kindness in the hearts of those he meets.

———:———

Sugar grows more scarce each day,
But here's one thing I have to say—
It surely will be quite a while
"Till they ration the sweetness of a smile.
—Selected.

———:———

A CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE

By Dr. Walter K. Greene

(At a meeting of the Methodist Young People's Union, held at Durham recently, Dean Walter K. Greene, of Duke University, was chief speaker. His theme was "A Christian Philosophy of Life," and is reproduced in part, as follows.)

By way of introduction Dr. Greene said: "We have a philosophy of government, a philosophy of science, a philosophy of history, a philosophy of education, and a philosophy of religion. Why should we not have a philosophy of life? Things can never be so important as human life, although we do not always behave as if we really believe it. A philosophy of life is to life itself what a rudder is to a boat, what a steering wheel is to an automobile, or what a compass is to a marine on a starless night. It is much better, then, to have a definite set of beliefs and life values than it is to float about in the sea of one's own logic."

The speaker called attention to the following words of a great British philosopher of the nineteenth century;

"The most important thing for any one of us is to determine rightly his relation to the universe, his duty and destiny here." "That," added Dr. Greene "was his way of saying that every person should have a philosophy of life and should live it." "It is not to be a a philosophy handed down to him ready made," Dr. Greene insisted, "but one he formulates for himself out of his study, observation, and experience—a philosophy of life adequate for purposeful, Christian living."

Dr. Greene insisted that a young person, in building for himself a Christian philosophy of life, might profitably consider the inclusion of the three following statements as a part of that philosophy, because his attitude toward each of them would inevitably color his philosophy and might, in large measure, determine what that philosophy is to be: ("1) We live in a spiritual universe: (2) there is power and there is reality in invisible things; and (3) the foundation stone in the pyramid of human greatness is purposeful self-abandon in some great and enduring cause."

After discussing in detail each of the principles, Dr. Greene pointed out what seemed to him to be the highest conception of Christian living of which the human mind is capable; "It is the thought that a real Christian can conceive of himself, in his daily conduct, as a loyal partner, and trusted representative of Jesus Christ." In order to translate that conception into conduct, he said, a person must practice this principle in his daily livng: "All I am, all I have, all I know, and all I can do is a trust from Almighty God, to be used for my highest good, for the blessing of my fellowmen, for the glory of God, and for the advancement of His kingdom thoughout the earth." Then, added the speaker, one can rightly call himself a loyal partner of Jesus Christ in a world-wide plan of human redemption.

———:———

Henry Van Dyke once asked Lord Tennyson what lines of his poetry he would wish remembered longest. For reply he wrote:

"Love took up the harp of life,
And smote on all its chords with might;
Smote the chord of self, which trembling,
Passed in music out of sight."

INSTITUTION NOTES

The feature attraction at the regular motion picture show in the auditorium last Thursday night was "Abe Lincoln In Illinois." A short sports picture, "Winter Playground," was shown at the same time. Both are R-K-O productions.

—:—

Part of our outside forces are building a bridge on the new road leading from the barns to the farm. This was constructed for the purpose of keeping the tractors and heavy farming machinery off the driveways about the campus.

—:—

Craven Pait, of Lumberton, who left the School in 1926, called on friends among the members of the staff last Tuesday. Craven is now thirty-one years old, is employed by a chemical company, and reports that he has been getting along nicely.

—:—

Morris Leftkowitz, who left the Training School in 1917, was a visitor here the other day. Although it has been more than twenty-five years since he was a lad at this institution, Morris never fails to stop in and see us when in this section of the country. For several years past he has been doing very well in the jewerly business in one of the large cities of the state.

—:—

Part of our farm force is now quite busy fiilling one of the silos with barley. Due to the shortage of molasses, a chemical substitute is being used to help in the farmentation of the ensilage. This is the first time this product has been used at the School for this purpose, but it comes highly recommended by agricultural experts, so we have every reason to assume the ensilage for use at the dairy next winter will be up to the usual standard.

—:—

Mr. Ives, teacher of the Men's Bible Class, of the First Baptist Church, Concord, conducted the service at the School last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson he read Luke 24:13-31, after which he addressed the boys in a most interesting manner.

At the beginning of his remarks, Mr. Ives told the story of three or four small boys, outside of one of our baseball parks, looking through knot-holes in the fence. An old man who happened to be passing, sympathized with the boys, and, knowing how they would like to be on the inside, said, "Pretty poor way to see a game, isn't it, boy's?" One of the lads replied, "Mister, you can see a whole lot through a knot-hole." So it is with us. We should try to find something worthwhile wherever we are. Some of the men in our country's service today probably think they have nothing to enjoy, but after all, there are bright spots everywhere. It is not what is on the outside, but what is happening on the inside that really counts.

The speaker then told of two mothers mentioned in the Bible, who really knew Jesus. On one occasion he went to a very small village to get away from the great crowd of

people who were hindering his work. While there, he had an opportunity to do some good. A mother came to Christ and told him her daughter was seriously ill. She was not a Jewish woman, but when she asked the Master to heal her daughter, he said, "Go thy way; thy faith hat made thy daughter whole." The woman believed him, went home and found her daughter fully recovered.

Another mother had a son who was critically ill. Apparently, Jesus did not get there in time, for as he and his disciples approached the place, the funeral procession was coming out. This boy was the woman's only son; he was all his mother had. Jesus recognized that mother's love, stopped the procession, took the young man by the hand, and death fled. This son was given back his mother when it seemed she would never see him again.

Christ always recognizes our needs, said Mr. Ives. We all need the things he can give, so let's not be like the two who walked with him and failed to recognize him. Jesus is everywhere, but sometimes we do not seem to be aware of the fact. We cannot see the beautiful flowers, growing grass, trees, etc., without knowing God's hand has made all things good to those who submit themselves to Him. It is the little things in our lives that tell those around us just what kind of boys, men or women we might be. It is up to us to see that the idle words we speak tell those with whom we some in contact that we are the right sort of people. If we have Jesus Christ as our counsellor and guide, people will know that we are of the right kind.

Mr. Ives then stated that we must think of Jesus as an elder brother; of a person who has been tempted in the same way as we have. We should recognize him as he walks our way, with our hearts and minds ever ready to accept his teachings. The little things we do today will determine the course of our lives tomorrow, and our lives tomorrow may determine the way people will think one hundred years from now. It takes a real man or woman to be what the Master wants us to be, but we should take time to walk with him, fi we want to enjoy the happiness of the life hereafter.

AN ISLAND BOSSED BY RATS

South Georgia, a tiny island in the lower regions of the South Atlantic, is infested with more rats per square mile than any other place on earth. How the rodents got to this cold spot, and are able to survive there, is a mystery.

A few people operate a little British whaling station on the island and the rats live on the refuse left after the whales are cleaned. The human inhabitants of the island know that they will have to leave it the day comes when there is not enough whale meat to satisfy the hungry rats.—The American Weekly.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending May 10, 1942

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Carl Barrier
John Hogsed
Robert Padgett
Weaver F. Ruff

COTTAGE NO. 1

James Bargesser
Thomas Barnes
Lloyd Callahan
William Cook
James Pitman
Jack Ray
Everette Watts

COTTAGE NO. 2

Bernice Hoke
Milton Koontz
Virgil Lane
Luther McIntyre
Richard Parker
Charles Tate
Newman Tate
Peter Tuttle
William Williams
Leo Worley

COTTAGE NO. 3

Grover Beaver
John Bailey
Charles Beal
James Blake
Robert Coleman
Donald Daniels
Joseph Dew
Albert Hames
Arthur Ingle
Jerry Jenkins
Dewey Lanning
Fonzer Pitman
William Pegram
Samuel Pritchard
Ronda Price
Robert Quick
Charles Rhodes
Elbert Russ
Earl Smith
William T. Smith
Louis Williams

COTTAGE NO. 4

Donald Hobbs
William Morgan
Woodrow Wilson

COTTAGE NO. 5

Theodore Bowles
Glenn Drum
Sidney Knighting
Eugene Martin
Eugene Stubbs
Eldrid Watts

COTTAGE NO. 6

Elgin Atwood
Douglas Daniels
Earl Hoyle
Robert Hobbs
William Harding
Gerald Kermon
Marvin Lipscomb
John Linville
Durwood Martin
Reitzel Southern
Houston Turner
Wesley Turner
William Wilkerson

COTTAGE NO. 7

Hurley Bell
Laney Broome
William Butler
Henry Butler
Paul Childers
George Greene
Robert Hampton
J. B. Hensley
G. W. Kelly
Edward Loftin
John Mazoo
Albert Newton
Edward Overby
Ernest Overcash
Wilbur Russ
Ernest Turner

COTTAGE NO. 8

Cecil Ashley
Jack Crawford

COTTAGE NO. 9

Gerald Amos
Cecil Caldwell
Curtis Campbell

Leonard Church
David Cunningham
George Gaddy
James Hale
William Hart
Edgar Hedgepeth
Winley Jones
Daniel Kilpatrick
Alfred Lamb
Marvin Matheson
James Ruff

COTTAGE NO. 10

Jack Crotts
Forrest Davis
Arcemias Hefner
Clifford Lowman
Charles Phillips
Palmer Wilson

COTTAGE NO. 11

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE NO. 12

Jack Bright
Leroy Childers
Mack Coggins
William Lanning
Roy Patton
Simon Quick
Jesse Smith
Charles Simpson
J. R. Whitman
George Ward
Jack Williams

COTTAGE NO. 13

James Brewer
Charles Gaddy
Paul Green
Edward Hammond
James Johnson
Carl Moose
Randall Peeler
Fred Rhodes
Paul Roberts
Melvin Roland

COTTAGE NO. 14

Robert Caudle
Walter Carver
Henry Ennis
Audie Farthing
William Harding
Marvin King
Edward Kinion
William Lane
Roy Mumford
John Maples
Robert Moose
John Reep
Charles Steepleton
J. C. Willis
Theodore Young

COTTAGE NO. 15

Hiram Atkinson
William Barrier
Robert Chamberlain
Horace Deese
Paul Deal
James Deatherage
John Gibson
Fred Jenkins
Charles Lanford
Lawton McDowell
Clarence Medlin
Wade Medlin
Paul Morris
Ennis Miller
Clarence McLemore
Marvin Pennell
Floyd Puckett
Ventry Smith
D. C. Reynolds
Donald Sides
Basil Wetherington
Samuel Williamson
David Williams
William Whittington

INDIAN COTTAGE

Raymond Brooks
Frank Chavis
Edward Hall
Cecil Jacobs
Ernest Jacobs
Leroy Lowry
James Lochlear
Lester Lochlear
Herbert Lochlear
Louis Stafford
Eugene Watts

MAY 25 1942
U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXX No. 21

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UNCLE SAM

U—stands for Union, state to state
N—stands for Nation, strong and great
C—stands for Color, black or white
L—stands for Liberty, America's birthright
E—stands for Era, when dictators shall cease

S—stands for Security, sanctioned by peace
A—stands for Americans, who may die in the fight
M—stands for My Country, may she always right!

—Theodore R. Hubbard.

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The Uplift

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

THE HEROES

The flag they followed overseas
Floats silent overhead,
Soft blows the poppy-scented breeze
Above our hero dead.
From all the cruel, bitter pain
Their souls have found growing grain
They lie, in perfect peace.

Snow-white, in many a serried line,
The little crosses stand,
Each cross a grave, each grave a shrine
Amid an alien land.
Their part, through flaming, shrieking war
Was bravely, nobly done;
For us to keep for ever more
The peace that they have won.

—Vincent Aderente.

A NOBLE VENTURE

While scouting about for news it was our good fortune to learn that the underprivileged boys of Concord will, during the summer months, be given an outing with all activities, very similar to those arranged for Boy Scouts while in camp. This project, conceived in the minds of Messrs, Walter L. Furr, city engineer, and Waller D. Brown, city attorney, reflects an interest in the underprivileged, who at least are God's children, therefore are entitled to privileges that make them feel there is someone who cares. All of the plans for recreation grounds, up to date, have not been worked out, but we do know recreation grounds and a lake will at first furnish the major part of the sport for boys. On

account of economic conditions at this time, sleeping quarters will not be available, but daily transportation will be provided for forty boys. We were further informed that in the course of time the spot selected for this specific purpose will be developed, and as a natural consequence the long monotonous days of the good old summer time will be bearable and pleasant for the youngsters.

Perhaps this undertaking to some will seem a hazardous one, but nothing is impossible if love for childhood is the motivating power. We predict this venture upon the part of these far-sighted citizens will soon pass the experimental stage, and prove a necessity in developing boyhood. In fact, we forecast the citizenship of Concord will rise to the emergency, and make a dream for physical, mental and spiritiual development of the underprivileged, fully realized. "Co-operation," said one of our brilliant commentators in a recent broadcast, "spells success." It requires only a bit of interest and money to save a child, but it requires a goodly percentage of all one possesses, financially and otherwise, to snatch one, once in the clutches of the law, back to a normal life.

* * * * * * * * *

TEACHERS ANSWER THE CALL

The school teachers throughout the nation made a most generous and cheerful contribution toward national defense during the rationing of sugar to families and individuals. The job was a big one, and most monotonous, but like the soldiers who answered the call to the colors, despite the fatigue of school work during the final examination period, prior to the closing of schools for the summer months.

These teachers need and deserve much praise for their splendid service in this particular work. Their duties are varied and heavy. They are expected not alone to teach the many subjects, but inspire the pupils to higher ideals of living, along with lessons in ethics and order. The magnanimous response of the personnel of all schools in the country is strong evidence of the fact that it is the busy person who finds time for extra duties. We bow to this army of instructors and say, "well done, ye good and faithful servants."

The picture presented by teachers in rationing the sugar exemplified team-work to the superlative degree. We all know that team-work means co-operation, and co-operation is the key to success.

* * * * * * * *

HOW ONE WOMAN'S IDEA BECAME A NATIONAL MOVEMENT

The morning of November 9, 1918, a young Georgia woman, serving on the staff of the Y. M. C. A. Overseas Headquarters in New York City, received a copy of a magazine containing Col. John McCrae's poem, "In Flanders Fields." Touched by the poem's reference to the poppies growing between the crosses of the war cemeteries this young woman, Miss Moina Michael, of Athens, Ga., decided to wear a poppy in honor of the war dead.

Purchasing a number of poppies, Miss Michael distributed them among the members of the headquarters staff. This was the start of the custom of wearing poppies in memory of the men who lost their lives in the World War, a custom now observed by millions of Americans on Poppy Day, the Saturday before Memorial Day, and by millions of others throughout the English-speaking world.

When the American Legion was organized by the returned veterans, the poppy was officially adopted as the Legion's memorial flower. After the American Legion Auxiliary was established the Legion's poppy program was turned over to the women's organizatinon and has since been carried out annually by the Auxiliary.

Wearing the poppy draws its wide appeal from its dual purpose of honoring the dead and serving the living. Every poppy worn on Poppy Day means that the wearer has thought, at least for a moment, of the men who lie beneath the poppies in France, and has contributed something to the relief and rehabilitation of those who are still suffering from results of the war, the disabled, their families and the families of the dead.

* * * * * * * *

A GREAT COMPOSER

Wilhelm Richard Wagner, the greatest of modern composers, was born in Leipzig, Germany, May 22, 1813, and music lovers

everywhere will celebrate the anniversary of that event. Wagner was educated at Leipzig and Dresden, and at the age of twenty-one, he began his musical tours, receiving great honors wherever he went. In Paris and London he composed his famous operas, "Rienzi" and "The Flying Dutchman", which secured him the conductorship of the Royal Opera of Dresden, in 1843. In 1845 and 1850 he composed "Tannhauser" and "Lohengrin." He made such a great impression on the King of Bavaria that he supported an opera house which had been built by friends especially for Wagner. About a year before his death he composed "Parsifal," which was his last creation. His subjects were created from ancient German legends. He believed that a perfect musical drama should be composed of the three arts—poetry, dramatic representation and music—all welded together into a balanced composition.

* * * * * * * *

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE

St. Mary's College, Raleigh, one of the finest institutions for young ladies in the entire South, is celebrating its 100th anniversary this month, it having been established in 1842. This school of learning is one evidence of the majesty of little things, as it first opened its doors with just thirteen young girls registered as students. Since that time, thousands of girls have gone out from St. Mary's filling responsible positions, and proving to be valuable acquisitions to this and many other states. In another section of this little magazine, we are carrying an interesting article, concerning this fine school, written by Doris Goerch, which appeared in a recent issue of "The State."

* * * * * * * *

SAVE THE FAT

In the old days when life was less simple and scented soap a luxury that was appreciated by families much if the soap for household use was made at home from surplus fats and greases from cooking. We are asked to return to the old custom of preserving our cooking fats and greases and informed that our government will collect the drippings and pay the housewife perhaps around

five cent a pound for it. Meat dealers will turn in the cooked and uncooked fat trimmings, and rendering plants will convert it into glycerine and fatty acids which go into the making of soap. With the increased production of soap, there will be an increased production of its by-product glycerine, and here is where the government is interested since glycerine is important for war purposes.

There was another suggestion made by the committee which met to iron out the subject of collecting these surplus fats and greases. This was to educate the people to use, for commercial needs, the boneless meat developed by the Army Quartermaster's Corps to feed the troops during manoeuvers. The method they used was to remove all the bones and fat from the meat in the packing house, ship it to the consumers in large slabs in cartons, then for cooking or serving you slice the meat from the slab instead of from the carcass as now in the markets. This needs much education campaigning. If this war teaches us nothing else it teaches us the value of thrift.—Mooresville Enterprise.

* * * * * * * *

HOW TO MAKE FRIENDS

The above caption may be difficult for some people to answer, but the class who believe in the brotherhood of man and the Fatherhood of God will practice the Golden Rule. If love fills the heart of man, the mind is motivated to be charitable as well as tolerant. We take the following from the North Carolina Christian Advocate, quoting Bascom Anthony as saying: "I saw recently that two million people had bought a book on how to win friends. That information has been free for three thousand years. There is no mystery about it. It is so simple that even dogs understand it and practice it except when they prefer to fight. It says, 'He that hath friends must show himself friendly.' "

ST. MARY'S 100TH BIRTHDAY

By Doris Goerch, in "The State"

If in the very near future a soft, low murmur should come from the stately portals of Smedes Hall on St. Mary's campus saying, "Goodness! I feel as old as Methuselah," the students will just look up and smile, for what the old school murmurs is true. St. Mary's celebrates her one hundredth birthday this month.

St. Mary's had her first birthday in 1842. Formerly only boys had been admitted and the school was known throughout Raleigh and the surrounding counties as Ravenscroft Grove, an Episcopal school for boys.

Soon after the school was established, Dr. Aldert Smedes, the principal, saw the need for a chapel and in 1854 Judge Duncan Cameron built the "little brown chapel," which with the addition of transcepts, an organ chamber, robing room and a new recess chancel is the same chapel today that stood on the campus 88 years ago.

In a letter from a former student, Mrs. Montgomery, to Dr. William Way, living conditions in the three buildings in the early days are commented upon. She speaks of five dormitories: two in West Rock, one in East Rock, and two on the fourth floor of Smedes Hall. "These dormitories were divided into alcoves, five on each side of the hall, with a half-window to each alcove except at the four corners where there was a full-sized window. There are no springs on the beds, only mattresses. Our only bathing facilities were in wash bowls. Each night we filled our pitcher from a large tub that had been filled at the well, brought in by two Negro men and placed on a stool in the hallway. For a hot bath we went to the kitchen where a huge cauldron was kept filled and a constant fire underneath."

Only 13 girls attended the first session of St. Mary's while today the enrollment is around 225. The students in the early days ranged from kindergarten to college ages and were instructed in all of the courses that were considered necessary for the training of a young lady.

Although the girls of the present-day complain about the regulations regarding their activities at St. Mary's there's many a girl who'd be thankful she wasn't among the students who were enrolled at the school during the first twenty-five years after its doors were opened.

"At five o'clock in the morning the young ladies arose, dressed, made their beds, tidied up their alcoves, and reported to the schoolroom for roll call and prayers. After breakfast the young ladies walked for an hour. Five times around the grove was considered a good day's exercise. Later in Chapel, the Rector lectured on the preceding Sunday's Bible lesson and afterwards each pupil was required to write an abstract on it. Recitation periods lasted until sunset with time out at one o'clock for dinner. After tea there was a study period. At 10 p. m. there were prayers and

roll call in the parlor before the young ladies retired."

This was St. Mary's at the beginning of its hundred years of "successful living." Many are the lovely ladies who have tripped over its front steps: Annie Lee, daughter of General Robert E. Lee; Margaret Wilson McAdoo, daughter of President Woodrow Wilson; Frances Fisher whom the world knew as "Christian Reid," the popular writer during the War Between the States; Emily McVea, former president of Sweet Briar, and many others.

Many of her fair daughters will come to Raleigh on May 17 to wish her "many happy returns of the day."

Representatives from the outstanding school of the South will be present on this very important day in the history of the old school. Delegates from Duke, The University of North Carolina, Georgia State College for Women, Salem, Chatham Hall, Meredith, Wake Forest, William and Mary Peace, Converse, Randolph-Macon State, Greensboro College, WCUNC, Sweet Briar, Hollins, and Hampden-Sydney.

On Sunday, May 16, a Commemorative Cantata by Russell Broughton, head of the music department, will be presented and on Monday night, an unusual historical pageant written by Miss Martha Dabney Jones of the English department will be given.

The commencement exercises will take place Tuesday morning with Miss Virginia C. Gildersleeve, Dean of Barnard College, New York, as principal speaker.

Alumnae from all over the state and many surrounding states, will gather for the alumnae luncheon on Monday and at that time will receive their copies of the new book about the history of their alma mater, Life at St. Mary's.

And so St. Mary's will have her hundreth birthday party and after the last alumna has left, she will launch into the next hundred years putting her age behind her and feeling as young as the students who climb her steps.

OLD GLORY

Land of our hearts, upon whose troubled breast
Earth's weary sons from many lands find rest;
Teach us thy love, that we may ever be,
One flag, one nation, everlastingly.

—Anonymous.

BRAIN MUSCLE AIDS DOCTOR IN AMAZING SURGICAL FEAT

By Stephen J. McDonough

For the first time in history the brain has acquired a muscle to help it think.

This phenomenon of medicine is an amazing surgical feat which creates a new pipe line of blood to the brain and restores normal circulation which has been stopped by blood clots or hardening of the arteries.

The victims of such brain conditions are those usually described as having "a stroke," and the entire right or left half of the body is paralyzed. If they walk at all, it is with great dificulty and they cannot talk or eat normally. Until now they have continued to exist only half-alive until death.

Dr. Frederick E. Kredey of the Medical College of South Carolina formed it on five carefully selected patients. He reported it for the first time at the meeting of the Southeastern Surgical Congress in Atlanta and was astonished that it attracted so much attention from surgeons many years his senior.

His operation is one of the most delicate in surgery but, because the brain itself is insensitive to pain, it can be done under local anesthesia of the scalp. The only shock to the patient is the sound of drills and saws going through the skull.

Dr. Kredel opens up the scalp and peels off the temporal muscle—the one which attaches to the lower jawbone and aids in chewing and talking—from the skull. He then makes four small holes in the skull just above the ear and with an electric saw cuts a small "window" into the brain.

When the brain is exposed, he cleans out the area if necessary and then with a series of quick, fine stitches attaches the temporal muscle to the dura, or outer covering of the brain. A small portion of the skull is then sawed away to accommodate the lower part of the muscle, the skull cap is replaced and the scalp sewn back.

The operation is done on the side opposite the one paralyzed, because the brain workes in reverse, the left portion controlling the right side of the body and the right portion controlling the left. The part of the brain operated on is known as the motor area, which controls the muscles of the body used in walking, talking and eating.

The temporal muscle, which is fed by a large artery, begins to grow to the brain within a few days and tiny blood vessels between the two begin to connect automatically. The result is that the motor area begins to revive and paralysis gradually disappears.

"More than half of the brain injuries which result in paralysis on one side or the other are due to blood clots rather than to hemorrhage," Dr. Kredel declares, and some can be aided by this operation.

One of the most essential things is to perform the operation before the neurones, or parts of nerve tis-

sue which transmit electrical impulses, die from lack of blood nourishment.

In one case, however, an elderly man with a three-year old brain clot was restored to normal. He had suffered a skull injury three years before and was completely paralyzed on his right side. At the end of the first year after the accident he was barely able to stagger about with the aid of a cane and had numerous attacks of epilepsy.

Dr. Kredel performed the brain-muscle operation and within ten days the man began to speak clearly and and rapidly and within a month he could walk well without a cane, stand on his right foot, extend his fingers, and raise his hand to his head."

In another case a carpenter developed slow paralysis from a blood clot on the right side of the brain. He finally had to quit work because he was smashing the fingers of his left hand with a hammer and could not co-ordinate his movements. He complained that his entire left side was "getting numb."

A few months after the operation was done on his brain, he was back at work on general carpentering and intricate cabinet making.

Dr. Kredel does not perform the operation on just anyone who applies in the hope of relief, but picks his cases carefully after thorough diagnosis of the cause of the paralysis.

"We think we have something of great importance, but it is much too early to make any predictions about it," he declared.

CONSUMERS' DURABLES

Last week, as the natural, inescapable climax of the trend that has been gathering speed for many months, came an order from War Production Chief Donald Nelson banning manufacture of practically all consumer durable goods by May 31. While it means no more ice boxes, vacuum cleaners and radios for most of us, Nelson pointed out that the production-stopping orders will have a "relatively slow effect on the standard of living" because manufacture of maintenance and replacement parts for most durable goods will continue—and besides, there still is a fair backlog of these goods in retailers hands. But in the long pull, this order is going to "change the face of American industry," the War Production Board chief said. The order is just one more milestone in marking industry's swing over to war production, and incidentally, the swing of the business pendulum appears to be really accelerating at this writing. The pace of Uncle Sam's war production effort for March has just been reported by Nelson as being at the rate of $30,000,000,000 annually—a new high.—Selected.

JAMES CARDINAL GIBBONS

By William Agar

When James Gibbons was born in Baltimore in 1834 his parents had recently come over from Ireland. They were honest, industrious, but obscure. Before he reached his 60th year he was James Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore, loved by fellow-citizens of every creed, whom the nation turned instinctively for guidance.

After he died the New York Herald explained his importance very simply: "Nearly always what he said was what the mind of America was thinking."

Gibbons always attributed his rise to fame and power solely to American institutions, and if he gloried over any accomplishment of his it was only this—that he lived as he was born, simply, a man of the people.

Like many another Catholic boy, Gibbons was drawn to the church from his youth. He entered the Baltimore Seminary at 21. At 34 he was a Bishop, the youngest in the church, and was sent out immediately as a missionary to North China.

Always frail, he could eat few things, so the prospect of unending journeys was not too pleasent, but, undaunted, he at once undertook a tour of his diocese. It was, perhaps, a lucky chance that there were few churches and that Catholic homes to shelter him were rare since that put him in constant touch with people of different faiths.

In Greenville he was welcomed and taken into the home it a Protestant physican. He was offered the Town Hall in which to preach. But, since the trustees of the Methodist church were kind enough to put their church at his disposal, he chose to hold his service there and read to them from their own Bible. It was in this spirit that he went from place to place throughout the State, rounding up his own sparse flock, yet, under the circumstances, preaching mostly to Protestants, dispelling prejudice, making friends, until his biographer could write of him: "There developed a pride in the youthful prelate, their own bishop, preeminently a man of the people, mingling with all and gaining friends everywhere by his rare graces of manner."

It is characteristic that once in a church in Tidewater, Maryland, at the height of the summer heat after the priest whom he had designated to preach had completed a discussion of Catholic doctrine, he, a Cardinal by then, arose and preached another sermon on Christian unity. Later, in answer to the priest's question, he said, "Did you not see that most of the congregation were Protestants?"

His fame grew. After attending the Vatican Council, and his return to America, he was made Bishop of Richmond. At 43 he became Archbishop of Baltimore, the senior See in America. At 52 he was a Cardinal, an honor acclaimed throughout the land since he was now identified in the public mind with the welfare of his country. An honor confered on him

was already an honor conferred on America.

In 1887 he was in Rome again, this time to receive the Cardinal's red hat. He used the opportunity to emphasize what was nearest to his heart; namely, the importance to America and to the church in America of the separation of church and State.

Throughout Europe at this time Catholics and Protestants alike believed that some form of union between Church and State was necessary. Separation meant antagonism to them, and many looked askance at the American system as a sign of the irreligion of our government.

It was not customary for a young Cardinal to make more than a formal acceptance speech at such a time, but Gibbons did. He ascribed great progress to the church in America and praised the civil liberties enjoyed "in our enlightened states." In his words, "The civil government holds over us the aegis of its protections, without interfering with us in the legimate exercise of our sublime mission as ministers of the gospel of Christ. Our country has liberty without license, and authority without despotism." Separation, he claimed, did not mean hostility, but protection.

The Knights of Labor, tne first powerful American workingman's union, grew in importance during the difficult years that followed the Civil War. Already the Canadian Hierarchy had condemned the organization as a secret society seeking to abolish religion and the Congregation of the Holy Office in Rome had sustained the condemnation. Many American bishops concurred, since they feared the revolutionary tendencies of the Knights. But the young Cardinal did not fear them. He feared rather that the Church should appear as the oppressor of the poor.

After conferring with President Cleveland and assuring himself that the Knights were in no way unpatriotic, he succeeded in winning many bishops to his point of view and determined to take the matter to Rome. But no one believed he could affect the decision of the Holy Office. It was impossible; it had never been done before.

The details of his campaign are unimportant now. He persevered. His letter to Cardinal Simeoni is one of the great charters of the labor movement. His advice finally withdrawn. Thus was a mistake prevailed and the condemnation was corrected, a mistake that could have set back the labor movement throughout the world; and the seed the Cardinal had sown blossomed shortly in Pius XI's immortal encyclian, "The Reconstruction of the Social Order."

At this time also the ever increasing number of immigrants from Catholic Europe who remained in the eastern seaboard cities favored the development of national groups. These groups tended to establish their own churches and to bring over their own priests with closer ties to Europe than to America—a fact that was obviously dangerous to the church and which prepared the way for the growth of powerful political units.

Gibbons believed one of the duties of the church was to Americanize and absorb these people; insofar as this has been accomplished, it was due largely to his efforts. When Arch-

bishops of Ireland and Spaulding sought to colonize the midwest with Irish from the eastern slums. Cardinal Gibbons was one of the few eastern prelates who helped them. Yet men were being lost to the church, indeed to civilization, because of the conditions under which they lived, conditions which Archbishop Spaulding of New York condemned in lurid terms.

"The description," he wrote, "given by sanitary inspectors of these habitations would soil a page intended for all eyes. People who live in this atmosphere and among these surroundings must drink. The perfectly sober would die from mere loathing of life."

But America was making money. Cheap labor was useful, so the attempt failed. But Gibbons and his few fellow churchmen were right. The cancer spread. America woke up one day to discover herself infested with gangsters bred in the slums she had been too short-sighted to clean up.

President Theodore Roosevelt said there was only one public man with the courage to speak the truth on all occasions and that man was Cardinal Gibbons. For the Cardinal decried the vices of America as fervently as he praised the American way.

No man has ever been so outspoken without making enemies. Because of his eminence in the church and his friendship with the President, Gibbons was accused of seeking to control America. His declarations of Catholic loyalty were sneered at as Catholic wiles, as a screen to hide his true intentions. But President Cleveland defended him and the mutterings of his detractors were of no importance compared to the acclaim that came to him. He had proved by his life that in order to be a good Catholic in America one must also be a good American.

He was not called upon to lay down his life for his country. He left behind no words to stir the pulse of patriots. But he loved America and believed in her. His religion was a practical thing. His life was a life of action. In his presence prejudice grew dim and man learned to understand his fellow man. Because of him America drew closer to her ideal.

He died in the city of his birth. The bell in the City Hall tolled once for each year of his life. City Courts were suspended. Legislatures of New York and Delaware adjourned. Ex-President Taft declared that he belonged not to the church alone, but to the world at large.

It was the Governor of Maryland who told us why the Cardinal was important to the American idea; what we can learn from him today. The Governor said: "He has broken down many barriers between men."

An official of the Pasteur Institute in Nazi-occupied Paris said today that a posotive anti-typhus vaccine has been found by two French doctors after 18 months of laboratory tests.

The vaccine is produced by injecting typhus baccili into the respiratory organs of rabbits, instead of the former methods of injecting the germs into lice and mice, which produced quantities of vaccine too small for any practical value.

GENERAL LEW WALLACE

By Booth Tarkington

Daniel Webster said: "America has furnished to the world the character of Washington. And if our American institutions had done nothing else, that alone would have entitled them to the respect of mankind."

There are two rather startling words in this admirable statement—"character" and "respect"; both have been scantily existent in our national consciousness during what have been called the rioting, twenties and jittery, thirties. We have let "personality" serve us for "character" and as for "respect" we've not even needed to find a cheaper, less respectable word with which to sell its meaning short. Danger is sobering, however, and so today, suddenly and hugely sobered, we emerge from spree and hangover and seek to become realistic overnight. What have we got —what belongs to us—that we can respect? we ask; for be sure the twitching slave of cynicism, the nervous creature who respects nothing (and, usually, fears everything) cannot survive—and small loss if he doesn't.

To begin with, all Americans own the character of George Washington and can with heart and mind respect it, for neither the debunking nor the beglamoring legends accruing upon the fame of our First President have hurt the superb truth of him. There are many other Americans, living or, alas, dead, widely or too meagerly known, whose characters are richly worth the consideration of a people in search of enduring mental, moral, and physical strength; and it is well for us to gain and cherish knowledge of our great and good men, not so that we may brag of them as pertaining to us and strut a moment in reflected light, not in order that we may strive to imitate them, for imitations are fruitless, but because by consciously valuing what is valuable we must inevitably be the wiser personally and at the same time compose the form and quality of our national character. What a nation respects comes close to being what a nation is.

In his lifetime. Lewis Wallace—General Lew Wallace—of Indiana had the admiration and respect of his fellow countrymen, of most of the wide world's literate inhabitants, indeed, and it is creditable to his day that this was so. It can be both creditable and useful to us of this day to recollect Lew Wallace. Why? With our minds exposed, by radio, to such a multitude of information as never before beat upon human brain cells with variety and persistence, how can we afford room in our heads for Lew Wallace? Is what he did really worth our overburdened attention? Let us see .

Is he important to us now in 1942 because in 1843, when he was only 17 years old and already entirely on his own, earning his living, he began to write at night a historical romance, "The Fair God," about the Spanish conquest of Mexico? Or because, an ardent boy of 19, he joined up for our war with Mexico, in which he

saw no action? Should we know about him because he made himself into a fine lawyer, or because being a Democrat and having a horror of civil war, he yet was convinced by Abraham Lincoln and fought bravely and well on the Northern side in our War for the Union?

Beginning as colonel of the Eleventh regiment of Indiana Volunteers, he was almost instantly promoted to brigadier general; but need we know this or that he commanded a division in the taking of Fort Donelson and then was made a major general? Need we care now because he suffered the unhappiness—through a series of mischances not his fault—of coming up a day late for the Battle of Shiloh?

Subsequently General Lew Wallace saved Cincinnati from capture, and also, with courageous foresight and although many times outnumbered (2,500 men against some 20,000!) he provoked the delaying Battle of Monocacy and thus saved Washington itself from the Confederate army under Jubal Early. These were important deeds; but, with so much in our minds as we have now, ought we to trouble ourselves to continue to honor them and is it our duty to be informed that the hero of them was an excellent Governor of New Mexico from 1878 to 1881, and then was an illustriously capable United States minister to Turkey?

Most of us already do know, though not now with excited interest, that Lew Wallace wrote "Ben-Hur"—a book prodigiously read during more than half a century; must we also be aware that he wrote "The Boyhood of Christ," "The Prince of India," and a life of Benjamin Harrison? Perhaps it is important that more of us should know that he wrote his autobiography, which isn't read today, but most emphatically should be.

On the whole, however, the vital statistics of General Lew Wallace's life needn't gravely conecrn anyone not a specialist in American history. Acts of his may have somewhat altered the course of that history for the better; but so may the acts of millions of other men, and few of us can enjoy the luxury of speculation upon an infinite series of had-it-been-otherwise.

It is, then, Lew Wallace's character to which it will be invigorating for us to pay our respects. I was a child of 10 when I first saw the General. My father and I were standing together in the street before a newspaper office building in Indianapolis, watching election bulletins, when suddenly Father's face lit up, as we say, and he exclaimed, "General Wallace! General Wallace, this is my boy, Booth."

The General shook my hand, no doubt a limp one, for I was a little frightened; he was so soldierly and his eyes were so keen, so militarily examining. I can see the picture of him still, for some visual memories stay fixed in clarity. He was getting grey then; but he had peculiarly that eagle look belonging to men of action who are men of brain and heart besides, an dage would increase, not diminish, the unaffected moral gradeur of his being and his bearing. He frightened me; but there was something reassuring about him, too, and I felt then, correctly, a little explosion of pride within me that Gene-

ral Lew Wallace and my father and I were fellow citizens of the same United States.

Not long ago as mundane time is measured, Mr. James Hilton, referring to the League of Nations, wrote: "It is sickening now of the deadliest of modern disease—popular approval without private faith." Today we may justly apply this diagnosis to ourselves, for the United States of America is at this moment not entirely free of a like infection—as a whole, the country approves the ugly necessity of war against the Axis aggressors; but what of our "private faiths"? General Wallace and other manly men of his generation were untained by such sick disintegrations; their simple rectitude made it impossible for them to suppose that a man of any character whatever could hold an opinion upon serious public affairs that he wasn't willing to back up with his life if need be.

It was as simple as that to them; and let us not presume to think their simplicity stupid. Have our sophistications concerning the "futility of war" been productive of so much in the way of peace?

Lew Wallace, who was not a professional soldier, be it remembered (though he was indeed a "born" one), gives us an honest history of his attitude toward war. When he was a boy it was primitively romantic.

"Denial and qualification aside," he writes, "I was hungry for war. Had I not been reading about it all my life? And had not all I had read about it wrought in me that battle was the climax of the sublime and terrible, and that without at least one experience of the kind no life could be perfect?"

When he went off to the Mexican war, his father bade him farewell. "The moment came for me to climb into the wagon . . .he took my hand and said: 'Good-bye. Come back a man. Suddenly I gave him a shower of tears."

Lew Wallace came back a man, and a brave one because, although he didn't experience battle, he did fear. He had an adventure alone one night; it's unimportant in itself, but it enabled him later to write thus: "The sight of a child in fear always stops me now with quick appeal—since that night . . . .because no one knows better than I how blind and unreasoning panic is." There speaks the true soldier. No really staunch and seasoned warrier of intelligence denies fear; he learns to handle it in himself and others—as did General Wallace before Fort Donelson: "Then, in a jiffy, the bellows of the guns were upon us, followed by puffs of pallid smoke and sharp explosions in the air overhead. . . The space to be crossed before reaching cover was three or four hundred yards; seeing which, -someone -suggested -double-quicking; instead of that, I sent word to Colonel Cruft to set all his drums and fifes going, my argument being that the double-quick would soon degenerate into a run, while inspiring contempt of shells in the beginning was better than demoralizing the men with fear of them. The music began, and the stiffening up was magical. . . "

Other wars other manners, and good sense must take protean forms; but wherever and whenever educat-

ed courage liberates the operation of good sense mankind stands a little higher, by so much becomes less of a slave to circumstances.

Lew Wallace said: "I thanked God for the law that makes war impossible as a lasting condition, however it inspires the loves and memories of comradeship, and teaches that each succeeding generation of freemen are as brave as their ancestors."

In 1894, addressing a graduation class of the Naval academy at Annapolis he said: "I have not committed myself . . . .to the assertion that there will be no more wars; that would be an Arcadian dream. . . . There is no end to the greed of nations, and the Pacific coast from Alaska to the Horn, and the Atlantic coast from the Horn to Halifax, bear temptations more frequent than lighthouses. . .The next ship from Honolulu may bring a cause of war; and, for that matter, the Nicaragua canal, though but in proposition, is a nest-egg of war. . . .Undoubtedly hostilities will come; they are inevitable. . . Mira, young gentlemen, behind your opportunities!"

Today we embrace the dream General Lew Wallace called "Arcadian"; we challenge the inevitability of everlasting successions of wars; we dimly foresee the possibility of justice and liberty made so widely available that outlawed war must eventually be forced to become obsolete. Can this happen anywhere under Jap or Nazi tyranny? If echo answers yes, it's no echo from Lew Wallace's strong voice.

Here is an echo from the voice of that stout realist, who was also a reverent student of Christianity: "I know nothing more honorable, nothing greater, in fact, than going down in the bitter water of defeat—holding victory overhead."

Going down in the bitter waters of defeat is what America has been doing in these opening months of her greatest war; but this very descent has been indeed great and honorable. Those who perished and we who suvive have seen Victory forever overhead.

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What plowing, digging, and harrowing is to the land, thinking, reflecting, examining is to the mind. Each has its proper culture; and as the land that is suffered to lie waste and wild for a long time will be overspread with brushwood, brambles, and thorns, which have neither use nor beauty, so there will not fail to sprout up in a neglected, uncultivated mind, a great number of prejudices and absurd opinions, which owe their origin partly to the soil itself, the passions, and imperfections of the mind of man, and partly to those seeds which chance to be scattered in it by every wind of doctrine which the cunning of statesmen, the singularity of pedants, and the superstitution of fools shall raise.—Berkeley.

HUGE CASTLE BUILT AROUND BIG ORGAN

By Frank Carey

You may have heard of men designing musical organs especially to suit their homes—but this is the story of a man who built a home around an organ.

He's John Hays Hammond, Jr., millionnaire inventor, art collector, musician, and sportsman whose contributions to military science and radio communication are known throughout the world.

Now, 54, he has been an inventor since he was 12, when he rigged an electrical device to enable his schoolmates to keep their reading lights hidden after bedtime—and was paid off in royalities of double-dip chocolate ice cream sodas.

Son of the late famous mining engineer, Hammond holds patents on 600 inventions, ranging from a hair tonic to a radio-controlled torpedo and a device that can operate a 10,000-ton battleship by remote control.

Beneficiaries of his wizardry run the gamut from Premier Mussolini of Italy, for whom he once constructed a secret radio communication system, to "a millionnaire friend of Pa's on whose bald head I grew a pink fuzz with my hair tonic."

He also invented a hydrocyanic acid projectile used by the Allies during the first World war, and he claims that he originated the thermite incendiary bomb which the Germans first used after, Hammond said, they gypped the plans from him.

But it was to solve a real estate problem of his own that he set up housekeeping at a new address just to accommodate a musical instrument.

Hammond was living in a fairly large mansion on the Gloucester coast a few years ago when he decided to build a great organ in which to test various musical devices conceived in his laboratories.

"But gradually," he smiled, "as the thing grew, asd the great pipes became more numerous, I found myself being offered the choice of living on the lawn and giving my house over to the organ—or building a new home large enough to accommodate it."

So he built himself a huge baronial castle of medieval pattern, the style being dicated by the fact that Hammond had all kinds of art objects of the Middle Ages in his possession. It's a brooding palace of stone that lies atop a rugged seaside ledge and lifts its turrets among pines that quiver and sigh in the wind from the sea. It overlooks treacherous Norman's Woe reef, scene of the storied wreck of the Hesperus.

Grinning gargoyles leer down from the rounded battlements, and two stone lions guard the outer end of a drawbridge that stretches over a moat. A rather good-natured Germas shepherd dog ambles through the thin woods around the castle but you'd scarcely be surprised to see a dragon

prowling around the place, looking for a return match with St. George.

Behind those grey walls, Hammond now has plenty of room to house his completed organ, one of the largest and best in the world.

As he told the story, Hammond sat in a shadowy alcove of the castle. Surrounded by medieval treasures which he gathered from out-of-the-way parts of the world, he sipped a sociable eggnog and wiggled his toes in yellow sandals. His tortoise-shelled glasses and natty leather jacket seemed almost profane in an atmosphere just ripe for the visitation of a restless Crusader, clanking armor and all.

There are so many rooms in the place that the owner has to refer to architectural drawings to give the correct number, and there are some rooms Hammond doesn't see for six months at a time—"Here you can have guests for days at a time—and never meet them."

It isn't quite the labyrinth of mystification that was hinted when the place was under construction—but even Hammond will admit that its narrow, winding passageways and odd lighting effects make for complications certainly not to be found in an apartment in Boston's Back Bay.

"A dowager got stalled behind a door in one of the organ towers," he grinned, "and she nearly starved to death before someone came along!"

The great organ speaks into the main room of the castle, a room the size of a large church, and known as the "great hall." It is designed to give the feeling of an abandoned church, and as Hammond escorts you through it, he helps the illusion by ducking behind a drapery and throwing the electric switch of a recording device.

Immediately, the voices of a Gregorian choir swell mightily from everywhere and nowhere.

But there was one day when the cathedral-like room sheltered proceedings that were anything but celestial in spirit. It was a day when Hammond played host to a special session of a United States customs court, held in the bizarre setting of the great hall.

At issue was the amount of duty the inventor should be required to pay on some valuable stained-glass windows he had imported. Hammond claimed the windows were pure art and that he should get a bargain rate on the duty. But Uncle Sam maintained the windows were just so much stained glass—and would Mr. Hammond kindly get it up, please?

As the argument went on, the presiding justice reclined in a chair that once was the throne of a spanish bishop five centuries ago. Lawyers and art experts sat about a refectory table from which generations of Monks ate their frugal meals in the Middle Ages. Tall wax candles in antique candlesticks lighted in the lawyers' briefs, and a fire roared in a great fireplace that once warmed a 14th century castle in Italy.

"It was really pretty cozy," Hammond recalls, "and after the arguments were all in, we had a fine dinner and a few drinks. But—I lost the case!"

At the far end of the great hall, there is a reproduction of a medieval courtyard, complete even to a 30-foot water pool, flanked by shrubs and flowers. The walls of the court are the ends and sides of real houses which Hammond had brought from abroad.

It is here, among the ghosts of dead-and-gone peasant and Crusader, that art and science interplay according to the whims of Hammond, the man of gadgets.

Push the right button in this place, and you turn on the rain; push another, and you have moonlight.

There are some rooms of the court where lights are turned on by the sound of the human voice, and there are some doors that only Hammond can open by means of an electric eye system in which the inventor inserts a pin in the lock to break the electric band.

"I rigged that one," he said, "because I was forever losing my keys!"

The architecture of the castle and the design of most of the art objects are in the Gothic mode, but Hammond has made no attempt to keep everything within a certain period of medieval years.

"And yet," he sighed, "I'm sometimes visited by a purist who is horrified that there's a difference of 15 years in the ages of a spittoon and a commode that are standing side by side."

Hammond has his guests dine on a table once used by Cesare Borgia whose talents in the gentle art of poisoning his tablemates are well known. After dessert, mine host sometimes shows the folks a cute little mural depicting a martyr having his tongue ripped out.

While most of the bedrooms are reproductions of the medieval, Hammond says, "I sleep early American."

His room is furnished in the mode of Vermont of 200 years ago, and there's a tricky wallpaper arrangement in which the paper is placed on the doors as well as the walls. The result is that when the doors are closed, the room appears to be enclosed by four solid walls.

One night, Hammond had Charles MacArthur, the author, and husband of Actress Helen Hayes, stopping over as guests. MacArthur rated the "Early American" room—but lived to regret it.

"Charley woke up in the middle of the night and lit the light so he could have a smoke," grinned Hammond. "Whes he saw the four solid walls and tried vainly to locate the door he damn near tore down the walls trying to get out."

At 54, Hammond is light of step and sound of body, but he has his mind on the hereafter. He's built his own tomb among the oak trees that are separated from the castle by a pathway of crumbled oyster shells.

He led the reporter up a long flight of steps flanked by Norwegian fire to the tomb, and swung back a great steel door on creaking hinges.

"You can see, it already is occupied by a great lady," he said softly, as he pointed to a steel box bearing the inscription. "Su Lin."

"And who," asked the reporter in a tone of equal reverence, "was Su Lin?"

"She was our Siamese cat."

AMISH FARMERS GO MODERN—PARTLY

(Baltimore Sunday Sun)

Relaxing their century-old tradition of hand labor, many of Southern Maryland's new Amish colonists today are enlisting farm machinery in their struggle to create comfortable homes where a scant two years ago stood only weeds and pine.

Although the Plain People continue to do the major portion of their tasks in the same way as their grandparents and great-grandparents, the put-put of the tractor and the rumble of the reaper echo more and more frequently across their well-kept fields.

The tractor and reaper have been joined on some Amish farms by disc harrows to turn and prepare the soil, by high-pressure sprayers useful in the war on bugs and plant molds, and by giant drills, capable of seeding many acres in an hour.

Behind this change lies much thought and many conferences, hours of prayer and meditation. Fathers and sons discussed its wisdom while working side by side. And all of the Amish had a voice in the decisions reached at the all-day religious services held on Sundays.

The reason for so much debate is that the Plain People long have believed in the dignity of manual labor. It is an article of their simple faith that God approves only of what is earned by the sweat of the brow.

So intense is their belief in this that the Amish will not place their money in banks, for the interest paid on such deposits is "profit without labor" and, consequently, sinful. Likewise, they will not allow their children to attend bond-financed schools.

Fundamentally, the question they asked themselves about farm machinery is whether it produces such profit without labor. But there was a second question of almost equal importance: Will we be able to maintain our old traditions of humble toil and humble living in the face of worldly devices and machinery of great cost?

Their answers to these problems were as simple as the Amish themselves.

"Machinery does not mean the end of labor," they explained to interested neighbors. "It means only that we will be able to improve our rundown lands more rapidly. Also it will make it possible for us to show our Pennsylvania brothers that there is an honest living to be gained here.

"As for our way of life, there is no reason why it should be altered by the use of machinery within limits. But it is up to us whether we use or abuse machinery. We must see that it does not come to dominate our lives. We must see that there is ample manual labor to do. A wise combination of the two will be safe."

The Plain People have agreed on a number of steps to protect their way of life. First, despite their use of machinery, they are continuing to till many of their fields by hand. Fathers and sons, for example will

plant and cultivate two acres of wheat in their traditional way, while using machinery on four or five adjoining acres.

But perhaps more important is the fact that their most profitable crop, tobacco, does not lend itself well to machine cultivation. Tobacco, although requiring relatively small acreage, they still tend by hand.

There is still another safeguard the Amish have taken, a safeguard which seems a trifle ludicrous to their Southern Maryland neighbors. To keep machinery from softening them, they have stripped tractors, drills and reapers of their rubber tires. In some cases, they have removed spring; in others, they have tightened connections so that more effort is required to operate the machinery.

Ludicrous or not, the success of the Amish in their new homes is evident. A colony which began with a mere handful of Plain People, led by the Rev. Stephen B. Stoltzful, who died recently, has grown until it numbers 110 Amish. Original holdings of less than 1,600 acres have increased to more than 4,000 acres.

Still more convincing, however, is the condition of the Amish farms. When one drives down one of the dirt roads leading from Newmarket to the Amish fields, one perceives without difficulty where the lands owned by the Plain People begin and end.

For in a maximum of two years they have turned sun-baked acres of weeds and scrub pine into well-turned fields in which the corn stands 12 and 15 feet high. Their tobacco is the envy of veteran Southern Maryland farmers. And they are getting a very high yield of wheat per acre.

Their homes and farm buildings reflect their industry and relative prosperity, also. Taking farmhouses in many cases dilapidated, they have almost literally rebuilt them by hand. Today they glisten with paint and are models of cleanliness.

Dozens of barns have been built. For this, as for many other tasks incidental to building new homes, they have worked together. Any day in the week may find all of the Amish men and boys assemled on one farm for a barnraising. By twilight a huge barn stands completed ready to shelter horses, cattle, hogs and tons of grain.

The Amish have made good use of their native ingenuity. Typical is the 500-acres farm of Ben L. Stoltzfus. When Stoltzfus had repaired his house, he found it stood on ground higher than any of the nearby springs. The problem of getting running water, therefore was considerable.

Stoltzfus did not want to use a gasoline pump to bring the water to his house. So he studied all of the possible water sources and got an idea. A half mile away was a swiftly running stream. He would harness this and make it work for him.

He constructed first a square wooden bucket with a spring-closed bottom. This he attached to a long boom so that it was below the lip of a small falls in the stream. To the other end of the boom he fastened a kitchen kettle filled with cement for a counterbalance. The water flowing into the wooden bucket forced it

down until the water over came the spring and forced open the bottom, emptying the bucket.

That is where the counterbalance came in. It brought the bucket up to the lip of the falls again, to be refilled. The up-and-down motion he harnessed to a heavy steel cable carried on poles to his house. There the cable was attached to a pump, which today is supplying a steady flow of water to all parts of his home.

The success of the Amish can be measured also by dollars and cents. Their system of crop rotation, their heavy use of fertilizer and patient care of the soil has returned heavy dividends at local markets. And their new use of machinery has added still more to their profits.

Two of Ben Stolfus' sons, lads of about 18, this summer received $980 for the tobacco they raised on three acres of ground their father gave them. Other Amish farmers will show you market sales slips ranging from $1,500 to $5,000.

All in all, Southern Maryland's newest colonists seem to be proving that hard work and modern methods can wring a good living from the most run-down soil. It is a lesson that other farmers are taking to heart.

ALARM

Sound an alarm to all the world
That Liberty lies bleeding.
The tyrant hosts from near and far
For ruthless conquest marshalled are.
They march beneath an evil star
With dreadful banners wide unfurled.
On awful carnage feeding.

Awake! Oh, land of Freedom's choice!
From far-off shores repeating
There comes a loud, insistent call
From those who bravely fight and fall.
Awake and quickly summon all.
And all will answer to thy voice.
Whose hearts for thee are beating.

Then forth to meet the deadly foe
While Liberty is crying.
Let Freedom's sons together meet,
Strike down the despot from his seat.
Bring all his minions to defeat
And on to final victory go.
With Freedom's banner flying.

LANTERNS FOR HAPPINESS

By Winfred Grafton

Betty and Clarke were both disappointed but, of course, they were far too polite to say so. They had waited so eagerly for the picture that Uncle Tom said he was bringing them from China. And now that they had it, unrolled in front of them—well, it certainly was a queer-looking thing!

Uncle Tom was watching their faces with twinkling eyes. He knew just exactly what they were thinking.

"Let me tell you a story, a perhaps-it-might-have-been-this-way story," suggested Uncle Tom. "A story about this picture."

Betty and Clarke looked up eagerly. If there was a story to the picture, maybe it was worth liking after all.

"Long years ago," began Uncle Tom, "there lived in one of the far provinces of China, an artist of great renown. He was famous near and far for his beautiful pictures done on silk—pictures painted in the soft colors and formal fashion of Chinese paintings of his day. The artist's name I do not know, but we shall call him Ling Shui.

"Ling Shui, I do not know how, heard one day about our Lord Jesus. He heard the whole, wonderful story of his life, and thought about it day after day as he painted his pictures."

Uncle Tom paused. "It is hard to tell when and how a person becomes a Christian in his heart, but that is just what happened to Ling Shui. He became a Christian, a follower of our Lord Jesus.

"And one day, after that, he began to think about painting a picture. Like hundreds and thousands of other artists of all times and all countries, he had the idea of painting a picture of the first Christmas.

"Ling Shui," went on Uncle Tom, "had never seen a picture of any part of the story of Jesus. So he planned his picture in the Chinese fashion. In the background he put mountains, just exactly like those around his own little village. Joseph and Mary, he thought, as they came traveling to Bethlehem must have had a hard journey among the craggy hills.

"He chose to paint the moment when the shepherds came, and that meant that Mary and Joseph and the newborn Child were in the stable. Ling Shui considered. Behind the inn in his own village, on a little crag, stood the pagoda with its wind-bells sounding sweetly in the breeze. Under the side of the crag was a rough stable. Perhaps that was the way it was in Bethlehem.

"So," said Uncle Tom, "as you see here, in the picture, he painted the rocky hills, towering into the sky, and a near-by crag with a pagoda on it, and under an overhanging cliff, the stable.

"Then he painted Mary and Joseph."

"Oh, oh," said Betty. "I didn't think of that. But she's Chinese! And so is he! "

"Why not?" smiled Uncle Tom. "Remember that Ling Shui had never seen anyone but Chinese people in all his life. So he painted his Chinese

Madonna as the most beautiful and lovely Chinese mother he could think of. And look as Joseph. His face is wise and strong and full of wisdom."

"I like Joseph," decided Clarke.

"Then something happened," said Uncle Tom. "There are no sheep in that part of China, but there are lots of goats. So instead of shepherds, Ling Shui put goat-herds into his picture, bringing a little, soft kid to be at the Baby's feet."

They all looked at the sweet Chinese baby lying in the manger and the Chinese goatherders, kneeling to one side, with their goats beside them.

"It was just then," said Uncle Tom, "that Ling Shui's small granddaughter came dancing into the courtyard. She loved the picture and watched while her grandfather painted, slowly and carefully. She chattered on and on as she watched.

" 'It was a day of great happiness, honorable Grandfather, was it not?' she asked.

"Ling Shui agreed. 'Great happiness!' he said.

" 'Then why do they not have lanterns?' she asked, 'like we children do, in the Feast of Lanterns when we are all so happy?'

"Ling Shui stroked his very small beard. 'That is an idea,' he said. 'A good idea!' And he smiled to himself.

"Then with skillful fingers he made new brush strokes, and there, clustering around that rough, rocky stable, were Chinese-faced angels. And every single one, carried a gay Chinese lantern on a bamboo pole."

"Lanterns for happiness," said Uncle Tom softly. "How do you like your picture now?"

"I love it," said Betty.

"I like it very, very much," said Clarke, who secretly wanted very much to be an artist. "Uncle Tom, do all the people of other countries paint the Christmas pictures as if Bethlehem were in their land?"

"Not all," answered Uncle Tom, "but many do. Because it helps their people to see what the Christmas story ought to be for every person in every land. A story of the happiness that can come into every heart that welcome the Christ child and his message of peace and love and happiness."

They all looked quietly at the lovely, old picture. "Lanterns of Happiness," said Betty softly, "that's the name I'm going to give our picture."

———:———

I never yet heard a man or woman much abused that I was not inclined to think the better of them, and to transfer the suspicion or dislike to the one who found pleasure in pointing out the defects of another.—Jane Porter.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Since the rationing of gasoline, due to emergency needs for carrying on the war, we have noticed a decided decrease in the number of automobiles passing along the highway near the School daily, and an increasing number of horse-drawn vehicles appearing on the road.

—:—

There was no motion picture show at the School this week, due to the fact that the films failed to arrive as usual. It is needless to say that the boys were greatly disappointed, for the regular weekly picture shows are most enjoyable features in the lives of our boys.

—:—

Since the coming of recent rains, our early Irish potatoes are showing a fine growth. For several years past this crop at the School has been greatly curtailed by extreme dry weather, but from present appearances, and with continued favorable growing conditions, we should gather a bumper crop of potatoes this year.

—:—

A severe electrical storm visited this part of the country last Wednesday night, and considerable damage was done to the power lines in some sections of the School grounds. Several transformers were put out of commission temporarily, and part of our buildings were without current practically all night. A hurry call was sent to the power station, and a repair crew was soon on the job.

—:—

Marshall White, a former member of the Cottage No. 13 group and of the laundry force, who left the School, January 11, 1941, was a visitor here last Wednesday. Upon leaving the School, he returned to his home near Davidson, and for the next nine months was employed in the laundry at Davidson College. He then went to work in a cotton mill, remaining there about five months. Marshall stated that he had been operating a washing machine in a laundry at Norfolk, Va., for the past two months and that he was well pleased with his present place of employment and was getting along fine.

—:—

We recently received a letter from William Furches, a former member of the printing calss, who left the School, August 4, 1941. Shortly after returning to his home in Winston-Salem, Bill enlisted in the United States Marine Corps, and now has a private first class rating in the marine guard aboard the "U. S. S. Arkansas."

This was the first time we had heard from Bill since he left us. He asked to be remembered to the boys in the printing department, as well as to several members of the staff. Bill also stated that he was keeping a nice snap-shot album, and requested that we send him any extra pictures taken around the School that we might have on hand, together with a copy of The Uplift.

—:—

Just now we are reminded of the following old story: A customer seated himself at a table in one of our fashionable restaurants, called a

waiter, who walked up in a peculiar manner, and asked: "Have you frogs' legs?" "No, sir," replied the waiter, I've got arthritis, and that makes me walk this way." If some of our readers should happen on the School campus during the next few days, and see some of the officers and matrons walking about with a strange, hopping gait, we would suggest that they be in no hurry about calling the doctor, for quite a number of them have been feasting on frogs' legs for the past few days. There seems to be an unusual number of frogs in our little pond this year, and some of the folk hereabouts have been catching them in considerable quantity. Two of the officers went out the other night, and came back with twenty-four fine big frogs.

—:—

Mr. and Mrs. Clyde A. Bristow, and young son, Clyde, Jr., one year old, called at The Uplift office last Wednesday afternoon. This young man, now thirty-one years old, was once a member of our printing class, and was permitted to leave the School, April 1, 1927. For several years he has been operating a service station for the Sprinkle Oil Company, his last place of employment being in Raleigh. Due to the emergency restriction on automobile tires, gasoline and oil, his service station was closed recently, and he was thrown out of employment. Clyde told us that he expected to take off the rest of this week as a vacation, after which he was going to work as truck-driver, a position he once held for several years, during which time he piloted huge transfer trucks all through the Southeastern States, and some in the Middle West.

For the past fifteen years, Clyde has been deeply interested in the work of the School, and has been one of the most consistent correspondents among our former pupils, and we were delighted to see him again. It was also a pleasure to meet the "Missus" and to see the fine baby boy.

—:—

Rev. L. C. Baumgarner, pastor of St. Andrew's Lutheran Church, Concord, conducted the afternoon service at the School last Sunday. For the Scripture Lesson he read part of the third chapter of Galatians, and as the text for his message to the boys he selected the 26th verse: "For ye are all the children of God by faith in Christ Jesus."

Paul was writing to the people of the Church in Galatia, said the speaker.. Many of them were people he had known, and he was familiar with their failures and shortcoming. They were ciildren of God by reason of their faith in Jesus Christ. In a rather loose and meaningless way people of today are saying they are children of God, but in many cases, when they make such claims, they are really children of Satan.

Rev. Mr. Baumgarner then stated that Paul was writing to the people of the Christian Church when he uttered the words quoted in the text, and was not referring to those who had never become associated with the Church. Nor does Paul's message apply to those people of today who send their children to Sunday school, but by their own example of living, show an utter disregard of everything concerning Jesus Christ. The

greater proportion of true children of God have been those who have had the wonderful experience of Godly training, by parents who tried to keep their children close to Him.

It is quite certain, continued the speaker, that no Christian father would tell his son a falsehood concerning the vital things of life. There are many young people in the world today who are blaming the Church and Christianity for things that have happened to them, but we know in our own hearts that whatever failure comes into our lives, it is not caused by religion. There are those who would close their ears to the call that comes to them at all times, especially to the ringing of the church bell on Sunday morning.

Faithfulness is a very fine virtue in anyone, said Rev. Mr. Baumgarner. Our Lord always commended faithful service. "Child of God" is a fine title to be used and when we hear the expression that someone it a "child of God," there is bound to be something back of it. What a wonderful thing it is for us today when we see men, women, boys and girls living Christian lives. When we find ourselves among those coming to Christ on their own inititative, we, too, may truthfully exclaim, "Thank God, I am a child of the King."

In conclusion, the speaker told the boys that it is well for us to check up on our lives from time to time, and ask ourselves this question ,"Am I a child of God?" adding that there is only one way we shall be able to recognize Him as our Lord and Savior, and that is by endeavoring to live closer to Him day by day.

DO NOT NEGLECT THE YOUNG

Increases in childhood crime are giving many police departments serious concern. We must give earnest thought to conditions as they are. Many a young man who headed a boy's club or was the inspiration of a scout troop has left for the service of his country. Very often, his place has not been filled. Too many activities for young people have fallen apart while our attention has been upon other problems. The excitement of war is itself a stimulant, and youngsters restless for excitement have had less direction when they need it more. In other areas, many fathers have had to leave homes for war work. Mothers, too, are finding jobs in defense industries. Youngsters are often left on the loose. Also a good many young people have found jobs that pay them more money than they ever had before. It is the solemn duty of those who are still at home and able to display human interest and Christian concern for the young to assume such obligations as they can.—Watchman Examiner.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending May 17, 1942

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Wade Aycoth
Carl Barrier
John Hogsed
Malcom Seymour
Edgar Simmons
Weaver F. Ruff
Robert Padgett
Charles Young

COTTAGE NO. 1

James Bargesser
Lloyd Callahan
Everette Case
William Cook
Leonard Lovelace
Durwood Martin
Leonard Robinson
Kenneth Tipton
Everette Watts

COTTAGE NO. 2

Raymond Brooks
John Crumpler
Virgil Lane
James McGlammery
Luther McIntyre
Richard Parker
John Pritchard
Charles Tate

COTTAGE NO. 3

Grover Beaver
John Bailey
Charles Beal
James Blake
Robert Coleman
Donald Daniels
Joseph Dew
Albert Hames
Arthur Ingle
Jerry Jenkins
Dewey Lanning
Fonzer Pitman
Robert Powell
William Pegram
Samuel Pritchard
Ronda Price
Charles Rhodes
Earl Smith
William T. Smith
Lewis Williams

COTTAGE NO. 4

Aubrey Fargis
Morris Johnson
Woodrow Wilson
Thomas Yates

COTTAGE NO. 5

Theodore Bowles
Eugene Martin

COTTAGE NO. 6

Kenneth Caldwell
Earl Hoyle
Robert Hobbs
William Harding
Marvin Lipscomb
Buddy Marshall
Jacob Myres
Reitzel Southern
Houston Turner
Wesley Turner
William Ussery
William Wilkerson

COTTAGE NO. 7

Hurley Bell
Henry Butler
William Butler
George Greene
J. B. Hensley
Edward Loftin
John Mazoo
Edward Overby
Durham Smith
Ervin Wolfe
William Young

COTTAGE NO. 8

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE NO. 9

Gerald Amos
Marvin Ballew
Cecil Caldwell
Curtis Campbell
Leonard Church
George Gaddy
James Hale
William Hart
Edgar Hedgepeth
Winley Jones
Daniel Kilpatrick

Alfred Lamb
Isaac Mahaffey
Marvin Matheson
Lloyd Mullis
Leroy Pate
James Ruff
Hubert Smith
George Strayhorn
Glenn Wilcox

COTTAGE NO. 10

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE NO. 11

J. C. Allen
Noah Brown
Bert Barnhardt
Robert Goldsmith
Horace Guffey
Horald Shelton
Canipe Shoe

COTTAGE NO. 12

Jay Brannock
Jack Bright
William Broadwell
Leroy Childers
Mack Coggins
William Deaton
Eugene Hefner
Robert Muse
Daniel McPhail
Roy Patton
Simon Quick
Jesse Smith
Charles Simpson
J. R. Whitman
George Ward
Jack Williams

COTTAGE NO. 13

James Brewer
Charles Gaddy
Paul Green
Edward Hammond
James Johnson
Fred Rhodes
Melvin Roland
William Shoppel
Louis Talent

COTTAGE NO. 14

Robert Deyton
John Robbins

COTTAGE NO. 15

Hiram Atkinson
William Barrier
Robert Chamberlain
Shearld Cline
Paul Deal
James Deatherage
Horace Deese
John Gibson
Fred Jenkins
Charles Lanford
Ennis Miller
Clarence Medlin
Wade Medlin
Clarence McLemore
Paul Morris
Lawton McDowell
Marvin Pennell
Floyd Puckett
D. C. Reynolds
Ventry Smith
Donald Sides
Basil Wetherington
William Whittington
Samuel Williamston
David Williams

INDIAN COTTAGE

Raymond Brooks
Frank Chavis
Edward Hall
Cecir Jacobs
Ernest Jacobs
Leroy Lowry
James Lochlear
Lester Lochlear
Herbert Lochlear
Louis Stafford
Eugene Watts

All affectation proceeds from the supposition of possessing something better than the rest of the world possesses. Nobody is vain of possessing two legs and two arms, because that is the precise quantity of either sort of limb which everybody possesses.—Sydney Smith.

U. N. C
CAROLINA RO

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXX CONCORD N. C., MAY 30, 1942 No. 22

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WE DARE NOT FAIL

We have a pledge that we must keep,
Made with those who are asleep.
And some day they will rise and ask
How well we did their broken task.
They did not fight for gain of land,
Or just to make some kingdom grand.
They fought and died that peace might live;
And we who still remain must give
Continued effort to that cause:
We must not even stop or pause
Until we know that perfect peace
Throughout the world will never cease.

—Edward C. Briner.

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The Uplift

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on life's parade shall meet
That brave and fallen few.
On Fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread ,
And glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead.

The neighing troop, the flashing blade,
The bugle's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout are passed—
Nor war's wild note, nor glory's peal,
Shall thrill with fierce delight
Those breasts that never more may feel
The rapture of the fight.

Like the fierce Northern hurricane
That sweeps his great plateau,
Flushed with the triumph yet to gain
Came down the serried foe—
Who heard the thunder of the fray
Break o'er the field beneath.
Knew well the watchword of the day
Was victory or death.

Sons of the Dark and Bloody Ground!
Ye must not slumber there,
Where stranger steps and tongues resound
Along the heedless air;
Your own proud land's heroic soil
Shall be your fitter grave;
She claims from war its richest spoil—
The ashes of her brave.

Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone,
In deathless song shall tell,
When many a vanished year hath flown,
The story how ye fell;

Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,
Nor time's remorseless doom,
Can dim one ray of holy light
That gilds your glorious tomb!

—Colonel O'Hara

THE BEGINNING OF MEMORIAL DAY

In memory of our fallen dead, flowers will cover the graves in almost every state in the Union. No humble mound will be neglected. Even in far-off France, poppies and roses will be strewn on the graves of our brave dead. A beautiful custom, this, of having a memorial day, and the story of its origin is just as beautiful.

It began one April day in 1863, when the white-hot conflict of the Civil War had been waging for two whole years, in the little town of Columbus, Miss. Hatred burned deep then, but not in the heart of a little old lady who had lost two sons in the gray-clad ranks of the Confederacy. With a little group of women she had come to the quiet village cemetery to lay her offering of flowers on the graves of her two sons. Nearby, neglected, were the grass-covered graves of two Union soldiers. She turned aside, and gently placed some of her flowers there.

Her companions were aghast.

"Those are the graves of Union soldiers!"

"And somewhere a mother or a wife or sweetheart mourns their loss just as we do ours. They are heroes too," she said simply.

The other women did as she had done, and every year thereafter the growing number of Union soldiers' graves were decked with flowers too. When peace had been declared, though hatred still ran high, the New York Tribune printed an account of the beautiful act performed by the women of Columbus, Miss. Many, many times that account was republished. A wave of good feeling and of friendliness swept the land.

"Peace has come again. We are all friends and brothers. Blue and Gray alike shall receive our homage," said community after community. John A. Logan, national commander of the G. A. R., named May 30 as the date on which this beautiful custom would be perpetuated by his organization. He chose this day because

the last soldier of the Union Army had been discharged then.

Throughout the nation most of the states declared May 30 to be a holiday. A few states chose other days, but every state in the Union has now set aside a day in which to call to memory the gallant defenders of our nation.—Selected.

* * * * * * * *

FORGET TO WORRY

In a timely essay on the present world turmoil, Channing Pollock, the sage of Long Island, says that worry is largely a bad habit, and rather often the product of idle-mindedness, and affects those who have little to do and less to disturb them.

"Some things we worry about," says Mr. Pollock, "do happen, of course, and a few unpleasant ones might not have happened if we had given more thought to preventing them. But there is an immense difference between thought and worry."

The author cites an incident of an acquaintance whose affairs were in a bad way during the depression. He was cheerful, nevertheless, and when asked how he managed it, he laughed. "I'm planning and working so hard that I haven't a moment for anything else. If I can pull through, I've nothing to worry about; if I can't, what's the use worrying?"

The amazing thing about the war in England, Mr. Pollock points out, has been the improvement in public health. Neurologists and psychiatrists find their waiting rooms vacant; people stopped worrying about the future when they had life-or-death matters to occupy their minds. Shutting out all but the greatest concerns, and concentrating on the tasks in hand, is healthful.

The following remedies are recommended for the worriers. They involve calmness and courage, of course, but isn't it better to develop these than to go through life "stewing in our own juice?"

Mind your own business—and have plenty of it.
Don't bite off more than you can chew.
Tackle one job at a time.
Make decisions quickly, and don't fear the outcome.
Learn to delegate part of your work and responsibility.
Don't stake too much on success.
Don't be afraid of failure.

Don't overvalue the unattainable.
Don't undervalue what you have.
Forget the people you don't like.
Keep your sense of humor.
And your sense of proportion.
Forget yesterday. It's gone.
Don't dread tomorrow. It isn't here yet.

* * * * * * * *

WALT WHITMAN

Walt Whitman, an American poet of Dutch and English ancestry, was born at West Hills, Long Island, N. Y., May 31, 1819. For generations, his ancestors had earned their living with their hands. There was not a scholar among them. Whitman himself left school at thirteen, and learned his father's trade of carpentering. He also worked as a type-setter, taught school, wrote for magazines and for a short time published a weekly newspaper. He loved the company of the laboring class of people, worked with them, lived with them. It is said that he drove a cab one entire winter, to help a disabled cab-man, a friend of his.

He made long walking trips through Canada, the West, and the South, whereby he gained much material for writing later. His first collection of "Leaves of Grass" was published in 1855, and received only ridicule until Emerson praised it.

During the Civil War, Whitman volunteered as nurse to care for his brother, and remained in war hospitals until peace was established, supporting himself by writing for the "New York Times." For the next eight years he worked in the Treasury Department, when a slight stroke of paralysis forced him to retire. At Camden, N. J., he settled down serenely, despite feebleness and poverty. His last years were devoted to enlarging his much-discussed "Leaves of Grass." He tried to express naturally his belief in individual freedom and the brotherhood of man, and was interested in tracing this ideal in his country's development. His best-known poem is that on the death of Abraham Lincoln, "Oh, Captain! My Captain!" He died at Camden in 1892. Elsewhere in this issue we are carrying an interesting article on the life of this great American.

HERE COMES THE ICE-MAN

From an article taken from an exchange we judge the ice-man has strong hopes of again supplying the demands of the housewives, as he did prior to the days of the general use of the frigidaire. If horseless vehicles are to be parked in garages and frigidaires lulled to sleep, we will be living somewhat as we did decades ago. The following tells of the anticipations of the ice-men.

A spokesman for 300 ice manufacturers gathered in convention in Atlantic City, said the members of his organization had not felt better for 15 years. They expect a record-breaking business.

It is all because of the priorities, of course. The home refrigerators have become casualties of war.

Of course the fact is that the ice man has never disappeared from the picture. Ingenuity has brought the art of refrigeration to the home, but the ice manufacturers have continued to prosper is a modest sort of way. It is one of the paradoxes of the machine age that a substitute often stimulates the demand for the original product.

At all events the only thing that can dampen the prospect of the ice man this year is a cold, wet summer.

* * * * * * * *

May Day in Europe, once the time-honored occasion for starting trouble by dissatisfied and revolutionary labor groups, was a very tame affair this year. The parades and flag-wavings were likely not missed, because Europe has had more than enough real trouble to engage its attention. The most obvious reason for the lack of parades, however, was that labor on the continent was being kept too busy for any display on that day. Its commandeered millions were hard at the task of fulfilling the demands of their self-appointed overlords for more munitions. They are being told continually in unmistakable terms that this is the only right they have—to do what they are told to do without questioning or grumbling. Switzerland and Sweden were the only countries on the continent where parades were allowed or attempted; and even there under restrictions. There were no demonstrations by the Communists, since both countries have banned their party organizations. In fact, in a number of the Swiss cantons all parades and flag-wavings were prohibited.—The Lutheran.

WALT WHITMAN

By Mark Van Doren

A great poet once loved America with such passion that the whole of it was constantly before his eyes. And what he could not see of it he heard; and what he could not hear of it he touched.

Walt Whitman's delight in his country was so enormous and so simple that he could not bear the thought of its absence from him. This is why his poems are so full of the names of things: of rivers, of States, of cities and tools and occupations. He is always itemizing his love, calliing it by its myriad titles, bringing it home to his senses so that it shall not escape him and grow cool. No man ever loved his land at closer range, or ever said so more eloquently.

All of it was about him all the time. He possessed in supreme degree the power of pausing and listening to the great life beyond oneself. At this moment, now, his poems seem to say, while I, Walt Whitman, sit in my Brooklyn boarding house or stand at the prow of a ferry which is puffing toward Manhattan, a woodsman in Michigan is lifting his axe; an engineer along the Mohawk is peering at his gauges; a slave in the rice fields is bending over his sack; clerks are hurrying to their offices in St. Louis; an officer is barking commands at his soldiers on the Indian frontier; Indians are slipping their fishing canoes into the Northwestern waters; a man is bringing meat home in brown paper; a baby is going to sleep in its mother's arms; lovers are strolling; an old woman is dying in an Allegheny cabin; factories are smoking, whistles are getting ready to blow, the rivers are rushing through their valleys, the fish are quiet in their pools, an eagle is measuring the Rocky Mountains with its wing, and the philosopher is frowning at his desk.

Walt Whitman himself was by trade a newspaperman in Brooklyn and New York, nor was he particularly sucessful at his trade. But his calling was wider. It was the breathing and beautiful earth, whose manifold realities he slowly fashioned into an original kind of poetry to celebrate. "Leaves of Grass" in its various editions, from the first in 1855 to the last which he saw through the press in 1891-92, is the testament of his love; and it is a book which Americans have continued to feel, hear, see, touch, and smell their country, and to find it good.

"Leaves of Grass" enriches our landscape and deepens its tone. In a sense it has created the world in which Americans are aware of being alive. And this world is primarily human. Sensitive as Whitman was to the genius of place, he was still more sensitive to the species man. The bodies of young men bathing, the runner leaning forward, the miner with his sooty cap, the ox tamer, the tiller of tobacco fields, the bookeeper, the oarsman, the statesman—all these and more he must keep with him as the companions of his thought. It is almost as if he were jealous of their absence, as if he felt a fierce determination to hold them here.

They literally intoxicate him, as the

land does, with their nearness and yet their strangeness. Whitman's descriptions are fabolous at the same tmie that they are familiar. This is America. It is, hoyever, an extraodinary America, a land of super-dimenston, a place "Leaves of Grass" brings us back to after an ideal journey elsewhere. It is the same, but better. It is our own, and more. It is perfectly itself.

But the Civil War came to Whitman's America, and it was his "mighty privilege" to live through that terrible time. Terrible as the experience was to him, he did not miss its grandeur.

"In my judgement," he wrote after it was over, in the autobiographical work called "Specimen Days," it will remain as the most encouraging spectacle in any age, old or new, to potilical progress and democracy. It is the best lesson of the century."

The awakening of the general will, the prosecution of a huge social task, and then the peaceful surrender of animosities once they could serve no further purpose: these things moved him not only to his best poems, culminating in 1865 with his hymn for Lincoln, "When Lilace Last in the Door-yard Bloom'd," but to his best efforts as a man.

Whitman's part in the Civil War was not as a soldier but as nurse. Hearing in 1862 that his brother George had been wounded in Virginia, he hastened there from Brooklyn and found him at Falmouth, where for the first time he saw quantities of maimed men in the field. He had written newspaper articles about a New York hospital, but this was different and it was worse. The sight determined the rest of his life.

He went as soon as he could to Washington and began the hospital rounds which kept him busy until 1865 and which, he believed, cost him his health; for he attributed his later paralysis to infection from the fever and gangrene he was never far away from through three years.

His "Memoranda" dealing with these days spare the reader no ghastly detail of pain and death, nor did Whitman ever minimize the horrors he witnessed. But the story is chiefly of one who went among the hurt and the dying with a cheerful voice and a friendly hand; who brought comfort also in the form of oranges, jellies, sweet cookies, books and magazines to read, pipes and tobacco, and above all paper on which letters could be written home. When the soldier was too weak to write, Whitman did it for him; or from a collection he had raised in the cities of New England he gave small sums of money to men whose dignity this would restore.

"During those three years in hospital, camp, or field," he writes, "I made over 600 visits or tours, and went, as I estimate, counting all, among from 80,000 to 100,000 and of the wounded and sick. These visits varied from an hour or two to all day or night; for with dear or critical cases I generally watched all night. Those three years I consider the greatest privilege and satisfaction, and of course the most profound lesson, of my life."

The Civil War, in other words, was not lost on the author of "Leaves of Grass." If his bodily strength declined thereafter, his art gained in purity and strength; and though he continued to make America the sub-

ject of his poems the emphasis changed. He described less and interpreted more. He ceased to accept everything at its present value; indeed, both in prose and in verse he underlined the limitations of postwar America. For it was now the ideal of future America which occupied his imagination.

And since he was rigorously ideal he could be unhesitatingly critical. His "Democratic Vistas" (1871) contains some of the most penetrating strictures ever pased upon American morals and manners. He could speak thus because he had no doubt of his basic principle, and because he was that most valuable kind of democrat, the kind who insists at all times upon speaking the truth. Democracy is never served by those who flatter it. Its best lovers know its faults and ask in a firm voice that they be corrected.

So with Whitman, whose later poems are far different from his first ones. They are mellower and wiser, and put less stress upon the uniqueness of America, not to say its isolation. The future of the country includes for him now an intellectual and spiritual free trade with the rest of the world, both past and present: With the ripest ancient cultures, which once he had repudiated, and with the best that was being thought and said in contemporary Europe. Walt Whitman's love of America had become mature.

Early or late, however, his poems have a wonderful power to brighten as with dew the features of our land. Whether he is cataloguing facts or revealing their import, whether he is shouting loudly or singing well, he is seldom without this power, which no one has had in like degree. "Night of sound winds! Night of the large few stars!" "I am he that walks with the tender and growing night." "I loaf and invite my soul." "I am large—I contain multitudes." "Give me the splendid silent sun." "Affection shall solve the problems of Freedom yet; those who love each other shall become invincible."

He could make such phrases as those, and they signify another power, another genius. Nor does the word America appear anywhere among them. For the final truth about Whitman is that he loved mankind even more than he loved America, the world even more than his continent. This is why his feeling for home can be so sure and strong. The world begins at home and comes around to it again. So with Walt Whitman, whose muse returned to her first love, America, without illusion and without loss.

Knowledge, has, in our time, triumphed, and is triumphing, over prejudice and over bigotry. The civilized and Christian world is fast learning the great lesson, that differences of nations does not imply necessary hostility, and that all contact need not be war. The whole world is becoming a common field for intellect to act in. Energy of mind, genius, power, wheresoever it exists may speak out in any tongue, and the world will hear it.—Daniel Webster.

MEATLESS DIET IN FOOD STUDY

By Alton L. Blakeslee

A handful of human volunteers—patiently following meatless diets built around a bitter chemical "cocktail"—may help solve a serious postwar feeding problem.

They are seeking basic new knowledge in human diet, primarily to find more efficient ways of using vegetables as food in areas where, due to war, there is a scarcity of animal foods.

They already have made a significant discovery bearing on human fertility and diet.

They are the first human beings to be subjected to a type of dietary deficiency never before a studied in man. It is research in a problem as essential as vitimins—a study of the amino acids, the tiny protein building blocks of all animal tissues.

The work is being done by a research team headed by Dr. Anthony A. Albanese of the Harriet Lane home, Johns Hopkins hospital.

Twenty-three amino acids are known, and all are necessary for formation of cells. Some of the 23 the body can manufacture itself from simpler substances. The others it must have already preformed in food.

About 25 years ago the late Professors Thomas B. Osborn and Lafayette B. Mendel of Yale started research to discover which of the amino acids must come preformed in food—which are essential in food. That task, recently completed by Prof. W. C. Rose at Urbana, Ill., indicates nine amino acids are essential in the food of the laboratory rat.

The Hopkins team set out, with human volunteers, to learn whether the same holds true of man. In the first two experiments, they found that lysine and tryptophane are essential for man, just as for the rat.

Then they took up arginine, which in rat work had been thought not to be essential, and made a startling discovery.

On a diet deficient in arginine, the human reproductive system cannot maintain itself.

When the volunteers were fed for several weeks in food lacking arginine their bodies apparently took that vital chemical from plasma in the reproductive system, to use it to ofrm other body cells. The reproductive system was impaired to the form other body cells. The reproduc- was quickly corrected as soon as arginine was restored to their diet.

Meat, milk and eggs contain all 23 amino acids. Vegetables, however, often lack one or another of them, and in war areas animal foods are becoming scarce as livestock is destroyed. Completion of this study will make it possible—by knowing what amino acids are essential for man—to feed vegetables more scientifically, combining them so an amino acid deficiency in one is supplied by another.

Each experiment with a single amino acid takes up to five weeks, and a mainstay in the volunteers' diet

is the "cocktail"—a measured amount of dark, bitter casein, the principal protein of milk, treated so it contains all but the one amino acid under study.

The volunteers receive some fat, starches, sugar, and certain fruits and vegetables chosen for low-protein content. In caloaries and vitamins the diet is sufficient. Everything is there but steaks, chops, bread, certain delicacies, and that single amino acid.

The experiments are based on the fact that every normal, healthy human being is in nitrogen balance—his body gives up as much nitrogen as it takes in. The omino acids are the building blocks that supply the nitrogen.

If the one under study is essential, the volunteers' nitrogen balance fail. His output of nitrogen increases over the intake. It means his body cells are breaking down because his body cannot make enough of that amino acid. Though he has 22 of these chemicals of life, he is literally starving, eating his own body.

The entire rescarch task will take perhaps three more years, with indications that still more biological discoveries may come from the study of different individual amino acids.

Do not lay things too much to heart. No one is really beaten unless he is discouraged.—Lord Avebury.

EARLY AND LATE NEST BUILDERS

By Etta W. Schlichter

No bird lover will willingly disturb a nest. To pry too closely into the nest building of birds will only cause them to flee to where they may carry on their house building out of your sight. But if you have keen eyes and patience and know how to see without being seen, you can have a most interesting time studying the building habits of birds.

Most of them of course build in the spring. If you have the space it would be worth while to plant an apple tree near the house just so you could watch from an upper window the pair of robins that in time would almost surely claim it for a building site. The robins won't mind being watched when they are assured that you are friendly, and to see them weave a rough nest of grass, straw and rootlets, plaster it with mud and then put in a softer lining such as grass or rootlets, will make a good beginning toward getting acquainted with bird nests.

Where shall you begin to look? Not only in trees, but in bushes, on the ground, in holes, and in houses made by man.

Nests on the ground are hardest to find. This is not so much because the ground is harder to search than a tree, as because the birds hide them

with greatest care, knowing how easily they may be disturbed.

The bobolink, "little upside-down bird," builds among tall grasses. If you live far enough north to get acquainted with him, you will se him darting up from the weeds and grasses and singing on the wing, and you may be sure that somewhere beneath him is the home for his little family.

The meadow lark builds on the ground in a field of grain, protecting the nest with part of an arch of dried grass.

The towhee, or chewink, sinks its nest in the ground among twigs and dead leaves, where it is safe unless it should be stepped on accidentally.

One of the hardest ground nests to find is that of the killdeer. The parent birds will do everything they can to draw your attention away from the nest and as soon as the baby birds are hatched, they can and do run away. It is claimed that even the egg shells are spirited away, nobody knows where, as soon as the nestlings have gone. Whether this can be proved, I do not know, but once quite by accident I came upon a killdeer's nest in Canada. I watched it for days, and then one morning it simply wasn't there. There was nobody around to harm it. Had the babies run away and the shells been "spirited"?

Other ground nests are those of the bank swallow and kingfisher. The former tunnels into the ground along a creek or the banks beside a railroad, or into a sand bank, and lines its nest with something soft. The kingfihser also burrows along a stream, sometimes placing its nest a little way in, again making a hallway leading to it several feet long.

Quite a number of birds build their nests in holes. Of these the woodpeckers are commonest. They bore into trees of poles or stumps. The redhead, the downy, the sapsucker and the flicker all chose partly decayed trees or poles. Near my home is a very old locust tree with several holes in its trunk. Sometimes a flicker's head will be sticking out of one of these holes. The number of holes doesn't necessarily mean that that many flickers have their nests there, for sometimes the flickers will pound out several holes although they can use but one. They just seem to be working off superfluous energy. One used to wake us in the morning by pounding on a water spout. It made as much noise as a small boy with a drum.

Nuthatches and chickadees build their nests in holes which they dig in decaying trees. Sometimes they are said to appropriate last year's nests of woodpeckers. These woodpecker holes are also sometimes taken possession of by the little screech owl. You will have an amusing experience if some day you chance to see one with its head just about filling the hole as it peeps out.

We all know that man-made dwellings furnish the houses for certain birds that could manage otherwise if they had to. The bluebird, if the sparrow gives it a chance, will enjoy a home in a little birdhouse; the swift will glue its nest of sticks to the inside of a chimney not used in summer; the house wren will come to our homes year after if we place a box for it and will fight off the English sparrows. Too bad that the martins are not so pugnacious. Years ago, martin boxes were frequent and

the martins were good company, but now the sparrows have driven them away, I know not where.

The birds that build in trees and bushes are too numerous to mention. There are two exquisite little creatures that wait until late summer to do their nest building and we do not want to miss them.

The goldfinch with his bright yellow coat and wings, tail and cap of black, is a beautiful sight as he flits about. He is often called the wild canary. He has an undulant flight and sings both on the wing and when he alights. He is such a joyous little fellow that we are glad he only wings and sings through spring and early summer. Not till August does he build his nest in some tall tree.

The cedar waxwings are not so familiar as the goldfinches. They travel in flocks, descend upon a spot and eat berries, cherries, worms and insects, and when the food supply is exhausted, fly off to a new feeding ground. You are lucky to see them when they come, for they are a beautiful sight with their rick brown plumage, the black band around the head, and the red waxen tips of their wings.

In late sumer they break up their companies and go off in pairs to build their nests in orchards or whereever their favorite food abounds.

Probably both the goldfinch and the waxwing wait until so late to build because the food they like best will be abundant when the nestlings arrive.

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The happiness of your life depends upon the quality of your thoughts.—Marcus Aurelius.

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HOW THE WHITE HOUSE GOT ITS NAME

(Selected)

When George Washington was President, there was no "White House." As a matter of fact, there was no Washington, D. C. The Capital of the United States was New York City, and George Washington's family lived there in a small rented house on Cherry Street during the first term.

Plans were at once set on foot for a new capital city. Advertisements in the newspapers announced that a large cash prize was offered for the best architect's design for an "Executive Mansion." The contest was won by an Irishman from South Carolina, Captain James Hoban, who received a cash award of $500 for his work. As soon as President Washington selected the site for the new city on the banks of the Potomac, the cornerstone of the structure was laid.

As it was not completed for many

years, President Washington never lived in what is now called the White House. The first tenants were President and Mrs. John Adams. They found their new home anything but a palace, though it was often referred to by that name. It was built of Virginia sandstone in dignified colonial style, but was far from completed when the Adams family moved in. The roof leaked, Mrs. Adams wrote in her diary, and the open fireplaces did not keep the many rooms warm in the winter. Outside, the grounds were littered with stones and lumber left by the workmen. Holes in the ground caused many a night visitor to stumble in the dark.

No one ever thought of calling it the "White House." It was always referred to as the "Executive Mansion" or as the "President's Palace." The young government set out proudly to imitate the courts of Europe, even though its capital city was little more than a wilderness clearing for many years to come.

The War of 1812 with, England had no important political results. But it gave us the "Star Spangled Banner" and the named "White House."

In the year 1814, a British naval force invaded the United States. Admiral Cockburn led a British detachment up the Potomac and easily captured the defenseless American capital city. The troops proceeded at once to the "President's Palace," where they ate a dinner which had been intended for President Madison and his family. News of the British attack had reached Washington in time to allow the President to escape.

Having eaten their fill, the soldiers then set fire to the President's home. The carefully designed building, with all its furniture and belongings, went up in smoke in a few hours. The same treatment was accorded the other public building of the young city before the troops departed.

The following morning, the citizens of Washington awoke to a melancholy seene. Charred and blackened ruins were only evidence of the British visitation. Twenty years of painstaking work was destroyed in one night.

No time was wasted in idle despondency, however. Work was began at once to restore the President's home to its former dignity and beauty. The charred woodwork, was replaced with new, and the entire building emerged from the ruins more magnificent than before. In the course of rebuilding the entire structure was given a coat of white paint to hide all marks of the flame and smoke. It is to this that the now popular name "White House" owes its origin. In three years, the work was completed and ready for President Monroe's occupancy, and the "Era of Good Feeling" began.

The name "Executive Mansion" appeared on all the President's stationery for almost one hundred years. During the term of President Theodore Roosevelt, however it was officially changed to "The White House," for that was the name everybody was using.

In recent years, the building has been modernized extensively. Increased office space has been added, as well as fire-proofing materials such as steel beams and a tile roof. Electrical equipment and air-conditioning have done much to bring the White House up to date without sacrificing any of its classic beauty.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

By Francis Hayes

White people may remain stodgily conventional in christening their babies if they like, but not so the Negroes. Call it odd custom, indelicate thinking, primitive eccentricity, or what you will, but when a negro names a son he is named.

"Dese here is my three sons, 'John The Baptis' Preachin' in The Will'erness,' 'Image of Christ Lord God,' and 'Jesus Christ and Him Crucified,." This was the introduction a South Georgia woman made of her three sons to an astonished university folklorist.

Many surprising bits of scripture turn up as names! King Solomon, Virgin Mary, Judas Iscariot (whose parents didn't want him, and "like Judas in de Bible, hit would 'a' been better effen he hadn't never been born"), I Will Arise and Go Unto My Father Smith, Verrily ("verily, verily, I say unto you") Pisalem Civ- (Psalm CIV).

But not the Bible alone is the inspirer of names. The circumstances of birth may prompt the oddest, gaudiest, and most picturesque christenings: Gladys Over (expressing the mother's relief), Caboose ("aimed him to be the last one"), Jesus Hoover Christ (family helped by relief), James Lowdown, Lucifer ("because it was so dark"), Sea Bo'd ("dat air Sea Bo'd Railroad w'a'nt never knowed to be on time, and dis here baby were a whole mont' late"). Big Apple's birth-time is definitely placed at a dance, however ambiguously his personality may be described. Do Ploma was a young Negro girl who came home from school in the middle of the term with her new baby. It is possible that there is some sort of fiesta in connection with the christening of Flat Foot Floogie of Raleigh, N. C.

Whoever considers the Negro primitive for choosing picturesque names should look to his own family tree. Probably half of all names were chosen much in the way Negroes do their name picking. We've just forgotten all about it.

We all formerly had only one name, in most parts of the world. The custom of assigning two or three names dates roughly to the thirteenth century.

Our names sum up and may recall a great deal of folklore, history, linguisties, poetry. But having got sophisticated we white people of British, Irish and American colonial origins have quit being poetical in making our names.

Our colored brethren just don't think we should have done so. They are still poetic, realistic, original. One mother called her boy L. P. ("don' stan' for nuthin' . . . I jest want him to have a 'nitial"). Another was merely being whimsical, perhaps, with Nosmo King. It's hard to say what the parents could have been thinking who chose Pleasant Smiley, Filthy McNasty, Truly White, Masterkey, Dill Pickle, Converse Knockles (who just recently pressed my clothes for me), and his brother O. C.

Naturally jewels, real and pseudo

—have played a part in Negro onomastics: Onyx (both gemmological and obstetrical, "she came onexpected") Topaz, Opal, Bryte Jewel. Medicine has made some rare contributions. In Baltimore the young interns gave out so many fancy Latin and Greek medical terms of dubious monicker value that they had to be regulated in the practice. These young doctors, however, had nothing to do with the following: Opium ("I read where it say opium come from de juice of wild poppy, and dat air baby sho' got a wild poppy"), Sal Hepatica, Castor Oil, Black Draught (one of the most common remedies in the South), Peruna, Ether (incidentally the name of a town, as well as of a pickaninny, in North Carolina), Cholorine (sic), Paris Green, Constipation ("Consto" for short), and Pill.

The vegetable and animal kingdoms have not failed to prompt their share of names: Butterbean, Spinach, Goobey (goober?), Turnip, 'Tater and Boll Weevil. Famous and infamous men have inspired Negro naming: Admiral Dewey, Jesse James Outlaw, Pistol Paul Foster, Rosy Belle ("ain't no she, it's a he, named after de President"), Booker T. Washington, Roberta Lee. Even the Classics have inspired Pishy (Psyche). Baby Venus, Quo Vadis; and in one instance at least poetry has left its impression: Twigga Little Stah ("his pappy liked po'try") from Chapel Hill, N. C.

The most exuberant manifestations of the passion for the high-sounding and honorific occurs in long names—some with reason, a few with rhyme. Negro names, like blank verse, demand the dignity and emphasis of live representation. Some of them are epics in miniature; a few are lyrics. Recitation of them is an art perfectly known only to the bearer: Sandy Alexander Soap Fish and Tobacco Box, Lee Columbus Capitain Jesse Jimmy Joseph Rachel Miller (persons the father had worked for), George Washington Thomas Jefferson Fitzsimmons Henry Clay, Asia Minor Doctor Number Nine Ball, Rosa Belle Locust Hill North Carolina Beauty Spot Evans. These names deserve special citation for their compressed descriptive and epic art: Frank Harrison President Of The United States Eats His Lesses Candy and Swings On Every Gate, Mary Jame Katherine Katie Fisher Valentine Seesaw And The Butcher Kissed The Pink The Prettiest Pink I Even Did see (a kitchen romance?), Palmetta Penelope Palmyra Hinds Bonds (called Vanilla for short), No Dine ("wouldn't nurse at first") and Sooner ("sooner wet de bed than git up on a cold night").

Twins deserve special mention: Never and Seed 'Em (twins who never saw their father), Neuralgia and Pneumonia, Orange and Lemon, Furman and Vermon, Gasoline and Kerosene, Stink and Stunk (sons of a driver of a santiary wagon in Rocky Mount, N. C., in the days before sewers).

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Of all the things you wear, your expression is the most important.—Readers' Digest.

MARY, THE VETERAN

By June Douglas

It was all so sudden and unexpected that it quite took Mary's breath away. As she hung the scattered cloths neatly away in the closet, there was a funny lump in her throat.

Mary had made grand preparations to be in the Memorial Day parade, and now she would be obliged to take care of her invalid grandfather, since her mother and father had been called suddenly away, to be gone until after Memorial Day. But Mary always believed in doing her duty without complaining, so she told her parents she would do her best to take care of Grandfather, which brought a remark from her father which she never forgot: "What a wonderful comfort you are to me, Mary."

Of course, Mary was disappointed that she could not be in the parade, and somehow Grandfather sensed it. "Come and sit down with me, Mary, and I'll tell you some war stories," he said, intending that this would cause her to forget her disappointment.

Mary sat down, and Grandfather told her a thrilling story. "Now Mary," he continued, "you can take your part in the parade tomorrow; I can stay here alone for a little while."

Mary was quiet for almost a whole minute. Then she said, "Thank you, Grandfather. But wouldn't you like to see the parade?"

"Oh, well, I can't, so I'm not going to be grumpy about it." And Grandfather smiled.

"Nor am I," thought Mary, but she didn't say it.

That evening at dusk, after her grandfather had been tucked in bed, Mary made a mysterious trip down the street. It was quite dark, and she was a little frightened, but she had planned it all day, and she must not fail.

"Well, if here isn't Mary Barnes!" explained Judge Tippon as he opened the door. "Nothing wrong at hime, I hope."

"Yes, and no," replied Mary, nervously. "You see, Judge, Grandfather can't walk much, and my folks had to go away, so Grandfather won't get to see the parade, unless—" And she almost broke into tears.

"Unless what, my child?" said the big-hearted judge. "I would do almost anything for your grandfather."

"Well—couldn't you have the parade come past our house?" Mary's voice almost failed her.

"Bless you, Mary," replied the judge, "that is just what it shall do. And I'll see that the band plays especiallly for your grandfather."

"Oh, I just can't thank you!" cried Mary, and she rushed through the door.

At ten o'clock the next morning Mary had the house all set to order. "Let me help you to the porch, Grandfather," she said, "where we can hear the band play."

"Aren't you gong to the parade?" asked the astonished grandfather. ed "No, Grandfather; I'd rather stay with you."

"Bless you, child," he said, and smiled. "Oh, I hear the band now."

"Hurry, Grandfather, hurry!" exclaimed Mary.

"How near it sounds!" Grandfather remarked; "that's almost as good as seeing it. Bless me' I can see them —they're coming up our street! It can't be true!"

"It is true, Grandfather," said Mary, almost too happy to speak; "I see them coming right past our house!" And as the parade came opposite the house, it stopped, and the band played Grandfather's favorite song. He rose reverently to his feet and saluted the old soldiers. And Mary's eyes filled with tears of joy.

"Oh, it was wonderful—wonderful!" Grandfather exclaimed as the last parader disappeared. "But how did it all happen?" But Mary said nothing.

It was not until Judge Tippon called at the home some days later that Grandfather learned that Mary was responsible for it all. Then he took Mary aside, and taking her little hand in his, said tenderly "Mary, you are the best little soldier of them all. You did it all for others, and that is real memorial spirit. I am proud of you."

"And I'm proud of you, too, Grandfather," said Mary, with two big tears rolling down her cheeks.

NO MORE BLUFFING

You've got to have the goods, my boy,
If you would finish strong;
A bluff may work a little while,
But not for very long.
A line of talk all by itself
Will seldom see you through;
You've got to have the goods, my boy,
And nothing else will do.

The fight is pretty stiff, my boy;
I'd call it rather tough,
And all along the route are wrecks
Of those who tried to bluff—
They couldn't back their lines of talk
To meet the final test.
You've got to have the goods, my boy,
And that's no idle jest!

—Selected.

SHIFT IN THE WIND

By E. Mark Phillips

Lida Minter knew that her brother Red was worried. He had taken her up to see his supplies in the storeroom above the kitchen the day after she reached his little trading post on the Beaufort Sea, to spend the Arctic summer.

From Fairbanks, where Red and Linda had always lived, she had flown to Barrow. There Red had met her with his sled and brought her the last hundred miles to the place of his year-old perhaps rash venture.

Red was as excited as Linda at her coming. Aside from the fact that they were devoted to each other and had no other relatives except the aunt and uncle with whom Linda lived, Red was hungry for someone he could talk to in a regular way, and not in the pidgin English or native dialect he had had to use for so long.

Yet Linda was positive all was not well with Red.

"Well it's a snug little place, Red," she said now. "You have everything —good living quarters, storeroom, ice-proof pelt room, ice cellar. The man who built this meant business. You were lucky to get it so cheap."

"Yeah, it was cheap," Red said noncommittally.

Linda looked at him. He had opened the storeroom's single window. He was leaning out, looking toward the sea where the ice pack that had moved down last fall, still marched along the shore line in tall peaks and boulders and ridges that the pressure had thrown up. The wind off the sea ruffled his red hair, and the sun, which for two weeks now had circled the horizon without dipping, seemed almost to make it blaze.

Linda's smooth brow wrinkled. Something was wrong. She looked at the sacks of flour and sugar, boxes of tea and chocolate and canned goods and dried fruits; traps, hunting guns; bolts of cloth.

"My, but you have a good stock of supplies here. You must have started out with a huge supply."

"No," Red said after a long pause, "little more than I have now."

"Oh," Linda said softly. There was the sore spot. In a moment she changed the subject briskly. "My, isn't it quiet? Where is everybody? After all, it is almost noon."

"Some of the women and children have gone inland to fish and most of the men and boys are out at the edge of the ice floe hunting whales."

"Are they having any luck?" Linda came to stand beside him and look beyond the ice peaks to where the open water lay quiet, miles away.

"Yes. They've already brought three back. Jim Anglook, the husband of Sarah, the woman I had make your seal and muskrat outfit for you, is said to be the best whale hunter in Alaska. His father, Old Kuleah the village headman, was before him. Kuleah is too old for that business now," Red ended shortly, as he drew his red head inside and closed the window, "but he still is headman."

"And you don't like him?' Linda hazarded.

"Like him? Well as a matter of fact, I think I would if he gave me a

chance. He doesn't like me." Red grinned sourly.

"Doesn't like you?" Linda knew that most people did like Red. "But why?"

"Oh nothing personal," Red laughed "but as far as I can find out, my predecessor wasn't any too scrupulous in his dealings with the natives. They don't have enough contact with white men to know that trying to cheat them isn't necessarily one, of our attributes. And I guess some of the whaling-shipmasters that make it this far once in a while have struck some pretty sharp bargains."

"So that's why your predecessor sold out so cheaply?"

"I suppose so. But I'm not going to spoil your visit by grousing about it. If I can hold out long enough I'm sure they'll realize that trading with me will be as much to their advantage as to mine. They are always getting their pelts damaged or lost by holding them too long and sending them just any old way down to Nome. I'm better equipped both to hold them and transport them. If I got more to handle I could ship oftener and get better prices."

"And if you can't hold out, Red?" Linda knew how hard Red had worked, hunting and trapping through the mountains and across the tundra, saving his money to buy and stock up this trading post that he thought would be so profitable because it was in such a good hunting and fishing territory and so far from any other station.

"Why, I suppose I would go back to my hunting and trapping again."

Linda was afraid of that. It was such a lonely and even dangerous thing to do. When she went back to her teaching job at home she would be so much happier if she knew Red was living and working near other people.

"You wouldn't think of coming back home?" she asked.

Red shook his head as she knew he would. "Nope, the far north has me, I guess. But I am going to try to make this a go. I could make a nice thing of this. And I could help these people to manage so that even their poor dogs would be fed the year around."

That was another sore spot with Red. He had lived in the Arctic long enough to be accustomed to the hard lot of most of the natives' dogs. But, he couldn't help getting fighting mad every time he saw one of them misused or ill-fed here in the village. The villagers for the most part, merely thought that the way the white man in their midst pampered his team of huskies was just another one of his peculiarities.

The next morning Red told Linda he was taking his sled and a half-dozen other sleds and drivers he had hired to the coal mines some eight miles down the coast to get some coal.

"I've leased one of the mines, bring the coal up here and store it and sell it in little lots as it is needed. That is one thing they are learning to buy, since it keeps a better fire and leaves their blubber and seal oil for food. Want to go along? We will be gone only six or eight hours."

" Of course I do," Linda said, "it will give me a chance to wear my new parka and seal boots and trousers. Who is going?"

"Sarah and another women and four men.."

"Old Kuleah?"

"He's going part of the way—to where the trail turns off to go out to the whaling camp. He's going out to tell them it's time to break camp, which it is. The ice pack is due to start cracking up and moving south most any time. But I am glad he's not going all the way. It would be just my luck to have something happen to set him more firmly against me and all my ilk than he is already."

An hour later they were off, Red's team in the lead, Red on the runners, holding to the handlebars and Linda in the sled, because it would have been impossible to keep up on foot.

The dogs, lead by Sooki a great hulk of an animal with a dirty yellow coat and upstanding ears, stretched out tandem, six of them, each a good five feet from the one behind it.

They ran low to the ground, Sooki in the peculiar sidewise gait that permitted the leader to watch the driver, all going like mad, down the steep embankment from the tundra to the frozen sea, across the broad flats, up and over the high ridges, following the trail that wound in and out among boulders and peaks.

"Are they running away?" Linda shrieked, and Red laughed. No, but they would be hard to stop. They haven't had any exercise for two days."

But at last their first wild enthusiasm ebbed and they slowed up. Red and Linda took off their parkas and ran along beside the sled. The other sleds, that had been left behind, began to draw nearer.

Then about an hour out of the village, just after they had gone slithering down the steep incline of a ridge, without warning the dogs leaped aside and laid back on their haunches with such suddenness that the sled turned a somersault and Red and Linda had their feet knocked from under them and went sliding into the tangle of dogs, harness and sled.

"Well, that's a swell—" Red began as he picked himself up, but Linda, already on her feet interrupted, "Red, look!" pointing across the flat where their trail led.

Red looked, whistled softly, got up.

Another team topped the ridge behind them. It was Kuleah, his keen-eyed, wrinkled old face peering out of the wolverine banding of the cape of his parka like a little old gnome's. Then came Sarah with her team.

They hauled up beside Red's righted sled and stopped.

"Ah!" Sarah said stolidly. "Ice go away."

There, before them, zigzagging across the flats and through the pressure ridges and peaks, as far as they could see, lay a dark and slowly widening ribbon of water.

Sarah, without another word, turned and waddled back up the ridge. At the top, she pulled off her sealskin glove, held her hand high in the air for a moment.

When she came back her dark face was set and serious. "Wind him change. Him blow from land. Floe go the quickly now."

And she was right. From where they stood, protected by a ridge, they could not feel the offshore breeze, but they could see its work. Shoving against the great peaks and boulders

ahead, it was pushing that great field of ice toward the open sea.

"But, Red," Linda whispered, awed by the others' attitude, "we can go back, can't we?"

"The whalers' camp," Red told her quietly, "is out at the far edge of that floe—thirty men and boys with one oomiak—and they don't even know, probably, that they are being carried out to sea."

"Oh!" Linda's eyes widened in horror. She looked at Sarah standing beside her. Sarah's two boys, as well as her husband, were there, yet Sarah had not changed the expression of her face. And Linda knew that it was not that the other did not care. It was just that she was facing one of the griefs and hardships of this hard country that her people had come to think was their lot—facing it stoically.

The other four sleds came over the ridge, stopping short at the yawning peril before them. Then, slowly, everyone drew nearer to it.

Already, from one jagged side to the other it was a distance of a good fifteen feet, and it widened as they watched.

"Kuleah, Sarah," Red appealed to the two who would be the natural spokesmen for this group of silent Eskimos, all of whom had some close relative out yonder, "what can we do in a case like this?"

And Kuleah and Sarah had each made the same reply—a shrug, not of indifference, but of submission to the inevitable.

"But, we must do something," Red urged. "I'm sure I could swim that lead now."

"Oh, Red, no!" Linda protested. "If you didn't drown you would be chilled to death."

"Small chance of either. But I was thinking how long it would take me to walk the eight miles or so over there. Then, on the trip back we would have to drag all their equipment and the oomiak behind us—for they wouldn't think of leaving them—and by that time this lead will be so wide and so full of dangerous sharp-edged cakes of ice churning around in it that a skin boat would be torn to pieces."

The Eskimos nodded their heads in grim agreement. And even as they agreed, with a resounding report, a huge piece of ice broke off just above them from the opposite ledge and sent a geyser of water upward. Instinctively everyone moved backward.

"No," Red went on, "it's dogs we need on the other side."

He turned and looked back at his own six dogs, who stood where they had first stopped, restless and uneasy. As though they understood his words and look, they whimpered. Even Sooki looked away.

"I'm going to do it," Red said firmly, walking toward them.

"Red!" Linda cried. "They won't do it. They can't."

"They have never refused me, Red answered. He took his parka from the sled, pulled it on.

Then Kuleah spoke up firmly.

"No, Not for you. Eskimo save Eskimo."

"Your dogs won't do it for you," Red said hotly. "Why should they?"

Kuleah only shrugged. After all, they had all heard Red's opinion of

their treatment of dogs many times. He spoke to the others briefly in his native, guttural tongue.

Then followed a mad, hectic scene. One by one each of the teams of the Eskimos were brought to the water's edge—dragged there in fact, snarling, howling, whimpering. But screaming and shouting and blows were unavailing. Time and again dogs were shoved overboard into the icy water only to crawl back, cringing and whimpering.

"Oh, stop it, Red, stop it!" Linda begged, unable to endure it any longer.

And Red stopped it. "You can't do it," he shouted above the din, "and you're wasting time. Look, the lead is much wider than it was. It's my turn now."

His own team had stood trembling but silent as the mad struggle went on. Red took hold of the handle bars, swung his sled toward the lead. Reluctantly, the dogs got into line.

"All right, pups," Red tried to keep his voice natural. "Mush!"

There was a moment's hesitation; then Sooki looked back at his mates, moved out slowly. The traces tightened as the others followed. Another great block of ice fell with a boom and a splash. The dogs halted, but at Red's command went on until Sooki stood within a foot of the water washing over the edge of the lead.

Sooki turned sidewise, looked up at his master, whined once. The water sloshed against his broad feet. He crouched back a foot or so; the other dogs crowded up close behind him.

"Sooki!" Red's voice was tense. The silence of the Eskimos behind him was heavy with doubt. "Sooki! On, boy, on. Take it, Sooki!" Red's voice was almost shill with urgency.

Maybe they wouldn't take it, he thought despairingly. Maybe he had not bred in them a greater loyalty to their duty and his commands than had the Eskimos with their mistreated, underfed dogs. Once, they had traveled across the tundra in the dead of winter for thirty-six hours without food and with little rest; once they had brought him over endless miles from his hunting camp into a settlement when he was too ill to do anything but cling to the sled. He had raised them all from pups. Never once had they failed him.

But this, this widening stretch of dark water, was different from trails or blizzards or hunger.

"Sooki!" His voice cracked like the crack of a sealskin whip. "Mush!"

Then, Wolf, the youngest one of the team, lifted his sharp nose and howled dismally, sitting firmly back on his haunches.

It was the spark that fired Sooki, yet for a terrible instant Red thought it meant complete rout.

The great, broad-shouldered leader glanced once at his yowling mate, leaped at him, nipped him so savagely that Wolf's yowl turned to a yelp of pain. Then Sooki was back, standing with both forefeet in the lapping water. For only an instant he hung over the lead, then he was down, pulling with powerful strides for the other side. Arook, the second dog, a hard-working, steady dog, who had always faithfully followed Sooki's lead, went over after him. With

the two leaders pulling them on and Red's voice urging, one after another took the cold plunge. Only young Wolk needed the shove to put him in. He was the fifth dog. When the last dog went down, Sooki, was scrambling up on the opposite bank, Arook close behind him.

Red pulled his parka up over his head, sprang back to the handle bars and shoved the ten-foot sled towards the water.

He looked once at Linda, standing mute and white-faced between Sarah and Kuleah, and gave her a smile she tried to answer.

"Take it on, Sarah!" Red shouted, and Sooki, waiting for the next command, leaned against his collar and took it on just as Red went overboard, clinging to the handlebars. He sank from sight.

Linda screamed. Then he was up, sputtering and whooping. The Eskimos shouted lustily as the laboring dogs hauled him across the water.

As the last dog scrambled up and the upcurved runners struck the ice, Red heard an ominous cracking noise. But the dogs had heard it too, under their flying feet. It gave an added spurt to their strength and speed. Red felt his body scrape over the edge, then he was being dragged bodily along behind the sled.

With a deafening roar a great slab broke under his trailing legs, sent a mountain of water spewing high, but he was beyond it.

A moment later he halted the dogs, pulled off his dripping parka. The great lead had almost doubled its width; great chunks were churning about in it in earnest now. Perhaps in that eight mile stretch of ice between him and the campers, he would find other breaks in the floe, but Sooki and the others would get him through. He turned and waved a triumphant arm at the watchers on the other side. "We all come back the quickly," he called in the quaint, Eskimo manner, and turned to his dogs.

Linda, watching them streaking across the ice towards the next peaks and ridges, heard a throaty chuckle from old Kuleah.

"Him pretty smart. Mebbe him teach Eskimo more the quickly now," he said good-naturedly, and Linda knew that the wind had shifted definitely in Red's favor.

How many ages and generations have brooded and wept and agonized over this book! What untellable joys and ecstasies, what support to martyrs at the stake, from it! To what myriads has it been the shore and rock of safety—the refuge from driving tempest and wreck! Translated in all languages, how it has united this diverse world! Of its thousands there is not a verse, not a word, but is thick-studded with human emotion.—Walt Whitman.

THE GOOD IN LIFE

Where shall I turn to find the good in life
In this dark night when all the lights burn low
And storms of hate more terrifying grow?
The awful crimes that fill a world that's rife
With blood and sweat and tears and evil strife
Engulf my heart in one unending woe.

While musing thus, I hear the chiming bells
Ring out upon the midnight clear and still,
Proclaming hope and faith through good and ill.
In unison their music grows and swells,
And all the crushing weight of gloom dispels
I raise my head and feel the New Year's thrill!

The thrill of life—mere life, its joy and pain,
The thrill of home, of friends who walk with me
Along the path of now and yet-to-be;
Those sweet and simple human joys remain
To soothe the mind, relieve the stress and strain,
Uplift the heart and make the spirit free.

To find the good in life, I've learned to turn
To those with whom my daily lot is cast,
Whose gracious human kindness holds me fast.
Throughout the year-to-be I want to learn,
Though wars may rage and nations overturn,
Those deep simplicities that live and last.

The echo of the bells has died away,
The first faint blush of dawn lights up the night—
A prophecy of which the sages write,
When peace shall come and righteousness hold sway,
When spears be pruning hooks—God speed the day
When men shall seek the good, the true, the right.

—Charles G. Reigner.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Once more we hear the "snip-snip" f scissors and the hum of electric lippers in the barber shop, just cross the hall, as Mr. Tom Adams nd his group of youthful tonsorial rtists give the boys a neat hair-cut.

—:—

"Charlie Chan at the Wax Museum" as the feature attraction at the egular weekly motion picture show n our auditorium, last Thursday ight. An educational film, "War in he Desert," was shown at the same ime. Both are Twentieth Century-'ox productions.

—:—

During recent rains, various walks nd driveways about the campus have een pretty badly washed. We have me of the finest gravel pits in this ection, and as this is being written, ve can see teams hauling gravel, going past our window, and feel sure he necessary repairs to the roads vill soon be completed.

—:—

We have recently learned that Donald Parks Earnhardt, of Charlotte, one of our old boys, enlisted in the United States Navy in April of this year. According to an item appearing in the Charlotte News a few days ago, he has completed his basic training course at Norfolk, Virginia.

Donald returned to his home in Charlotte in July of last year. While at the School he was a member of the Cottage No. 7 group and was employed in the poultry yards. We are glad to know that he has become a member of this country's naval force, where quite a few of our former boys are serving Uncle Sam. His many friends here, among both officers and boys, wish him well as he takes his place among the guardians of the seas.

—:—

Fred Carter, formerly of Cottage No. 12, who left the School in March, 1938, called at The Uplift office last Wednesday. For about five months after being permitted to return to his home in Columbus county, he was an enrollee in a CCC camp, working on a project near Washington, N. C. Upon leaving the CCC he went to Baltimore, Md., and was employed in a glass factory there for nine months. He enlisted in the United States Army, December 1, 1941; is now a member of the 789th QMC, and is stationed near Spokane, Washington.

—:—

A letter came to this office the other day from Clyde A. Kivett, a former linotype operator in our printing class, who left the School a little more than six years ago. For about two years Clyde has been in the United States Army, and has been stationed in the Panama Canal Zone. He is a member of Battery M, 82nd Coast Artillery, and gives his present address as Box 668, Gatun, Canal Zone. His letter reads as follows:

"Pardon me for not writing you sooner, but I have been living the life of a gypsy for the past few months. I'm a field soldier now. We have just finished maneuvers and I have been transferred back into the coast artillery and like it much bet-

ter than the infantry. The change was like coming out of a storm into bright sunlight.

"Thanks a lot for sending me the pictures taken at the School. The next time I get a chance I will get those pictures for you. It will probably be a month from now, but I am going to get some good ones, everything from a palm tree to a boa constrictor.

"I have received copies of The Upleft several times and appreciate them immensely. In a short time I will start sending you the Panama Coast Artillery News, a weekly mimeograph production, published by the army personnel.

"Not so long ago, I met another old boy from the Training School who is in the service lown here, Richard Freeman, who used to be in Cottage No. 8. He asked to be remembered to you and to Mr. Walker, and said that he would be glad to hear from you.

"Right now, I can't think of anything more to write, but you will hear from me more frequently than in the past. Give my regards to all the folks at the School, and let's hear from you soon."

—:—

Mr. A. C. Sheldon, of Charlotte, was in charge of the service at the School last Sunday afternoon. Following the singing of the opening hymn, and the Scripture recitation, led by Randall D. Peeler, of Cottage No. 13, he presented the speaker of the afternoon, Rev. C. Alfred Cole, rector of St. Martin's Epicopal Church, Charlotte.

At the beginning of his remarks, Rev. Mr. Cole told the boys that he was going to tell them of three people whom nearly everybody in the world knows something about, and one person we all should know. The first person to whom he referred was a young man, of good family, who was willing to take the chance of losing a most valuable possession—moral character. He went down and down until he reached the bottom. One day he realized that God really cared for him, and by the help of the Heavenly Father he rose to great heights .Today the world knows of that great and good man as the famous St. Augustine. The second man to whom he called attention was a young man of a very wealthy family. He used his money for all this world could afford. He was bent on having what he called "a good time," but still was not satisfied. Visiting a famous art gallery one day, he saw a painting of Christ on the cross, upon which was also painted the words: "I died for you." That caused him to think of his wasted life, and he then and there determined to live for Christ. That man was Count Nicholas Zinzendorf, who played an important part in the founding of the Moravian Church. The third man was one, who, as a little boy, was baptised in Christ Episcopal Church, Little Rock, Arkansas. He recently received this message: "The church of your faith sends Easter greetings and expressions of faith and loving pride in you." He made this reply:

"At the altar where I first joined the sanctuary of God, I ask that you seek divine guidance for me in the great struggle that looms ahead." That man is General Douglas Mac-

Arthur, now in Australia as supreme commander of all the United Nations' fighting forces in the Southwest Pacific. These three great men, said the speaker, believed in and lived for Jesus Christ.

The speaker then told the boys that the fouth person to whom he referred, one we all should know, is Jesus Christ. He said that he was tired of seeing pictures showing Christ as a weakling, for in reality he must have had a strong, healthy body, developed by hard labor. He worked as a laboring man in a carpenter shop nearly thirty years, before going out into the world, giving men a message which has never died and never will. There is a God, a loving Father who cares for us. Jesus believed in this fact so strongly and sincerely that he even staked his life on its truth, and won.

Rev. Mr. Cole then very cleverly illustrated his next point, using only a plain sheet of white paper. All of us are given a life, said he, just as smooth and clean as the sheet of paper he held in his hand. As this life is first given, it is perfect. There are no wrinkles in it.

He then folded the paper once, saying, as time passes we do something wrong, and no matter if we turn back the sheet, there remains a crease in it. So we go through life, putting in creases. Our lives, instead of being smooth, are marred by countless deep creases.

One day, continued the speaker, we become aware of the fact that our evil deeds have made our lives most miserable, and begin to look for a source of help to sustain us on the rest of the journey, saying with the poor publican: "Help me. I'm a sinner." Deftly tearing the folded sheet of paper, Rev. Mr. Cole told his listeners how they might hear the voice of God, saying: "I'll tear those wicked things out of your life," and unfolding the sheet, held up to view a perfect cross, the symbol of true Christianity.

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Cole stated that Jesus Christ staked his life upon the assumption that all men were good at heart, and gave his life in proof of his conviction. By his cruifixion, death and resurrection, mankind has the opportunity to be saved, even from the lowest depths.

THE ERASER

I'm not a pen-point, nor a brush, nor typewriter, nor stencil;
I'm just a piece of rubber on the end of a lead pencil.
I never get to write a line, nor even to improve it;
But each time a mistake is made, I'm called on to remove it.
The dawn brings me but little hope, the night portends but terrors;
All that I ever get to see of people are their errors.

—Clarence Edwin Flynn.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending May 24, 1942

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Wade Aycoth
Carl Barrier
John Hogsed
Malcom Seymour
Robert Padgett
Paul Smith
Charles Young

COTTAGE NO. 1

Lloyd Callahan
William Cook
Carl Hooker
James Pitman
Leonard Robinson
Frank Walker
Everett Watts

COTTAGE NO. 2

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE NO. 3

John Bailey
Grover Beaver
Charles Beal
Robert Coleman
Donald Daniels
Arthur Ingle
Jerry Jenkins
Dewey Lanning
William Pegram
Samuel Pritchard
Robert Quick
Charles Rhodes
Elbert Russ
William T. Smith
John Tolley
Louis Williams

COTTAGE NO. 4

Luther Coe
Morris Johnson
Woodrow Wilson

COTTAGE NO. 5

Eugene Martin
Charles B. Ziegler

COTTAGE NO. 6

Kenneth Caldwell
Earl Hoyle
Robert Hobbs
William Harding
Marvin Lipscomb
Vollie McCall
Rufus Massingill
Reitzel Southern
Wesley Turner
William Ussery
William Wilkerson

COTTAGE NO. 7

Hurley Bell
Henry Butler
George Green
Robert Hampton
Peter Harvell
Fred Holland
G. W. Kelly
Edward Loftin
Albert Newton
Ernest Overcash
Jack Reeves
Wilbur Russ
Durham Smith
Ervin Wolfe
William Young

COTTAGE NO. 8

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE NO. 9

Gerald Amos
Marvin Ballew
Cecil Caldwell
Leonard Church
David Cunningham
Riley Denny
George Gaddy
James Hale
Wilbur Harding
William Hart
Edgar Hedgepeth
Daniel Kilpatrick
Alfred Lamb
Isaac Mahaffey
Marvin Matheson
Leroy Pate
James Ruff
Hubert Smith

COTTAGE NO. 10

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE NO. 11

J. C. Allen
Bert Barnhardt
Robert Goldsmith
Horace Guffey
Everett Stamey
Harold Shelton
Canipe Shoe

COTTAGE NO. 12

Jay Brannock
Jack Bright
Mack Coggins
William Deaton
Eugene Hefner
Marvin Howard
James Mondie
Robert Muse
Roy Patton
Simon Quick
Jesse Smith
Charles Simpson
J. R. Whitman
George Ward
Jesse Williams

COTTAGE NO. 13

James Brewer
Otha Dennis
Edward Hammond
Donald Hobbs
Burley Mayberry
William O'Brien
Randall Peeler
Fred Rhodes
Melvin Roland
Paul Roberts
William Schoppel
Louis Talent

COTTAGE NO. 14

Robert Caudle
Walter Carver
Robert Deyton
Audie Farthing
Lonnie Hord
Marvin King
Edward Kinion
William Lane
William Lanford
Charles Pitman
John Robbins

COTTAGE NO. 15

(No Honor Roll)

INDIAN COTTAGE

Edward Hall
Cecir Jacobs
Ernest Jacobs
Lester Lochlear
Louis Stafford
Eugene Watts

OUR FLAG

Hail to our flag, and may it wave
Wide over land and sea!
Though others love a different flag,
It is the flag for me.

And that's the flag for all our land
We will revere no other;
And he who loves the symbol fair,
Shall be to us a brother.

The glorious stars and radiant stripes
With youthful joy I see!
May no rude hand its beauty mar!
It is the flag for me.

—Selected.

JUN 8 1942
U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROO

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXX CONCORD N. C., JUNE 6, 1942 No. 23

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IDEALS

You are today where your thoughts have brought you; you will be tomorrow where your thoughts take you. You cannot escape the result of your thoughts, but you can endure and learn, can accept and be glad. You will realize the vision (not the idle wish) of your heart, be it base or beautiful, or a mixture of both, for you will always gravitate towards that which you, secretly, most love. Into your hands will be placed the exact result of your thoughts; you will receive that which you earn; no more, no less. Whatever your present environment may be, you will fall, remain, or rise with your thoughts, your vision, your ideal. You will become as small as your controlling desire; as great as your dominant aspiration.—Selected.

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

THE AFTERGLOW

The sun had long set, and the twilight time
Was softly hovering down,
When there suddenly came in the western sky
A radiance like flowers in bloom.
The clouds were all tinged purple and pink,
Colors so soft, yet bright,
And I marveled to see such lovely hues
So near the coming night.
And as I watched the miracle grow,
Someone said, "It's the afterglow."

I saw a mother, so dainty and frail.
Relaxed in her easy chair,
And on her face was a smile so sweet,
I wondered to see it there,
For her life had been one of grave hardships;
The years had brought sorrow and pain.
I recalled for her few sunny hours,
But days darkened with rain.
But someone said, as I watched her so:
"Can't you see—it's the afterglow."

The darkness and sorrows have all faded out,
And to her forever are gone;
And only the happy memories remain,
To make her days a song.
Like the radiance bright in the western sky,
After the day has passed.
Comes this lingering, sweetly hour;
Quiet and peace, at last!
And as I watched the miracle grow,
I said, "Thank God for life's afterglow!"

—Roselyn C. Steere.

THE STORY OF JUNE

June, sixth month of the year, has always been a favorite with poets. One of them calls it "the leafy month of June", and rightly,

for during its long days the trees and shrubs are at their peak of freshness, and the flowers most plentiful and richest in colors. This month is especially noted for its roses.

It is also a month of brides. This is not a modern idea, but may be traced back to early days in Rome. The ancients thought May a particularly unlucky month for weddings, but June, especially that part when the moon was at the full, was considered luckier for marital events than any other month. This superstition remained in force all through the Middle Ages. The beauty of the month and the luxuriance of its flowers fit it well for all festivities, as does the fact that in most localities June has as many days of sunshine as any other month.

The Romans gave June its name, and with them it was originally the fourth month of the year. Some scholars seem to think its name was taken from that of Juno, which seems reasonable enough, for this great queen of the gods was the patron deity of marriage. It is more probable, however, that the name was derived from Juniores, as this month was particularly dedicated to the younger men, as the preceding one was to their elders. June had thirty days in the time of Romulus. Later it lost four of these, then regained three; so at the beginning of Julius Caesar's calendar reform, it had twenty-nine. He added the extra day, and ever since, June has had thirty days.

June is one of nature's busy months. At this period the blossoms of fruit trees have had their day, and the tiny green fruit is making its appearance. The bees, too, are hard at work, carrying home honey and helping to fertilize the flowers, though they are not aware of this. An old rhyme tells us.

"A swarm of bees in June
Is worth a silver spoon."

We also see butterflies hovering over the roadside flowers and watch the mother birds brood over their eggs, while their mates sing to them and bring them food.

Transition is not so noticeable in June as in May, for summer has really come, but there is much activity at this season, although the "letting down and the drying up" which come in the hotter months of July and August have not yet begun. June is a great month

to interest the children and draw them out-of-doors. This is also a fine time for the study of bees and butterflies, of many of the sweetest flowers, and of certain phases of the "home life" of birds.

Quite extensive lists of birthdays and special events occurring in this month are easily accessible, from which the teacher or parent may arrange special talks or exercises, the length of which can be varied. Flag Day, June 14th, is now quite generally celebrated in schools all over the United States. The rose is the flower of June, and the pearl or moonstone its special gem. Elsewhere in this issue we are carrying a list of important dates occurring in the month of June.

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NATHAN HALE

Today is the 187th anniversary of the birth of an American patriot of the Revolutionary period, who suffered the fate of a spy and faced death with a courage that has made him one of his country's noblest heroes, he having been born on June 6, 1755, at Coventry, Connecticut. Nathan Hale was teaching school at New London when the colonists of Concord and Lexington "fired the shot heard 'round the world." In the following July, he joined a Connecticut regiment of volunteers, with the rank of first lieutenant. In January, 1776, he was commissioned a captain in the regular army, and was assigned to duty in the vicinity of New York City.

When General Washington called for a volunteer to enter the British lines to secure needed information, Hale offered his services. Disguised as a Dutch schoolmaster, he visited all the enemy camps in New York and Long Island, made drawings of the fortifications, and obtained other important facts. Just as he was planning to return to the American forces, on the night of September 21, 1776, he was recognized and captured, and the following morning he suffered the shameful but inevitable fate of a spy, death by hanging. The farewell letters he had written to his mother and to the young lady he was to marry were destroyed before his eyes, and it is said that his captors refused to send for a clergyman or to permit him to see a Bible. Bravely facing

death, the young hero uttered at the last words that will ever be an inspiration to young Americans: "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country."

In City Hall Park, New York City, probably near the spot where he lost his life, a beautiful statue has been erected to the memory of Nathan Hale. The city of Hartford, Connecticut, has honored him with a like memorial.

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BLAIR ANSWERS THE CALL TO SERVICE

Our attention was directed to an article in The Montgomery Herald, relative to the career of young Reece Blair, a son of the county in which his father located when a young man, and gave to his adopted home every ounce of his interest and energy. Despite the fact that Reece, Jr., has spent most of his time from his home in Troy in the pursuit of education, he has been kept in close contact with the activities of childhood friends by his mother, who continues to live in the old home. To say he is a chip off the old block, or blocks, the implication would certainly fit, because the interest of this "Tar Heel" reflects both parents.

Like all normal children, he attended the public schools of Troy. Although his father was a lawyer, medicine was by heritage in the blood stream. His grandfather, a great uncle and two uncles were outstanding medical practitioners, and two uncles were druggists. For the profession of medicine, he studied first in institutions of this country, and then finished at Oxford, England.

Recently, while a professor in the University of Alabama, teaching the subject of his choice, the War Department called him into service. The purpose for which Reece Blair was called is one that requires skilled technique, and it is quite apparent that all conditions, including age and physical qualifications, were found in this young man, a native of Montgomery County, but first and foremost young Blair is a North Carolinian, and the state is proud to claim him. He is a product of environment as well as the son of noble forebears who helped to blaze the way for a greater Old North State.

We are carrying on another page, an article of appreciation of this fine young man, taken from his home paper, The Montgomery Herald:

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JEFFERSON DAVIS

June 3, 1942 marked the 134th anniversary of the birth of Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederate States. The people of the South remember with admiration his gallant service on the battlefield of Mexico; they are glad to recall his career in the United States Congress, both in the House and Senate, where he proved himself worthy to be grouped with Clay, Webster, Calhoun, and other "giants" of an illustrious period; they are proud of his record as head of the War Department during the Presidency of Franklin Pierce, and they cherish the memories that cluster about his stainless life and character. But more than this, Jefferson Davis won a place in their hearts that possibly no other man could fill. For his people he went to prison; for them he endured hatred, slander, and ill-treatment. For all this, he won undying affection.

His last years were spent in dignified retirement, in which he gave himself up to writing and study. He died on December 6, 1889, and was buried in New Orleans, but in 1893 his body was removed to Richmond, Va., where a monument has been erected to his memory.

IMPORTANT DATES IN JUNE

(Selected)

1—Kentucky admitted to the Union, 1792.
1—Tennessee admitted to the Union, 1796.
1—Brigham Young, Mormon leader, born, 1801.
1—Two-cent postage established between United States and Great Britain, 1908.
2—John Randolph, of Roanoke, born, 1773.
2—Beginning of Reign of Terror in French Revolution, 1793.
2—Thomas Hardy, English author, born, 1840.
3—Jefferson Davis born, 1808.
3—First steam vessel arrived in Boston from England, 1840
3—George V, of England, born, 1865.
4—George III, of England, born, 1738.
4—Treaty of peace between United States and Tripoli signed, 1805.
4—Charles C. Abbott born, 1843.
4—Woman suffrage amendment adopted in the United States, 1919.
5—First public balloon ascension in France, by the Montgoflier brothers, 1783.
5—First telegraph line, Philadelphia to Baltimore, established, 1846.
5—Monoplane flight of Chamberlain and Levine, between Long Island and Germany, 1927.
6—Nathan Hale Born, 1755.
7—Edwin Booth died, 1893.
8—Robert Schumann born, 1810.
8—Commodore David Porter born, 1813.
8—Charles Reade born, 1814.
8—John Everett Millais born, 1829.
8—Lincoln nominated for President, 1864.
9—John Howard Payne born, 1792.
10—Navigation Acts enforced in colonies, 1664.
10—A committee appointed by Colonial Congress to draw up Declaration of Independence, 1776.
10—Tripoli declared war on the United States, 1801.
11—Discovery of Comstock Lode in Nevada, 1859.
11—King and queen of Serbia assassinated, 1903.
12—City of New York incorporated, 1665.
12—Charles Kingsley born, 1819.
12—American Army sailed for Cuba, 1898.
13—Winfield Scott born, 1786.
13—Thomas Arnold born, 1795.
13—First Canadian Parliament opened in Ottawa, 1841.
13—Department of Labor created, 1888.
13—General Pershing arrived in Paris, 1917.
14—United States Congress decided on a national flag, 1777.
14—Harriet Beecher Stowe born, 1811.
14—Hawaii organized as a United States Territory, 1900.
15—Magna Charta signed, 1215.
15—Arkansas admitted to the Union, 1836.
15—Great Britain and the United States signed the Oregon Treaty, 1846.
15—Willaim II. became Emperor of Germany, 1888.
15—Boy Scouts of America incorporated, 1916.
15—First non-stop trans-Atlantic air flight, 1919.
16—Texas annexed to the United States, 1845.
16—Santiago, Cuba, bombarded, in Spanish-American War, 1898.
16—United States battleship used in the Panama Canal for the first time, 1915.
16—Death of General Bramwell Booth, for many years head of the Salvation Army, 1929.
17—John Wesley born, 1703.
17—Battle of Bunker Hill, 1775.
17—Corner-stone of Bunker Hill Monument laid, 1825.
18—United States declared war on Great Britain, 1812.
19—Albany Convention met, 1754.

19—West Virginia admitted to the Union, 1863.
19—Statue of Liberty received from France, 1885.
20—Lord Baltimore granted charter to Maryland, 1632.
20—English prisoners perished in Black Hole of Calcutta, 1756.
20—Steamship "Savannah" reached Liverpool, 1819.
20—Accession of Queen Victoria, of England, 1837.
20—Presidential proclamation announcing the purchase of Alaska, 1867.
21—McCormick patented reaping machine, 1834.
22—Abdication of Napoleon, 1815.
22—H. Rider Haggard born, 1856.
23—William Penn made at treaty with the Indians, 1683.
24—John and Sebastian Cabot found the shore of North America, 1497.
24—King Philip's War began, 1675.
24—Henry Ward Beecher born, 1813.
25—General George A. Custer killed by Indians in battle, and his command annihilated, 1876.
26—English Corn Law repealed, 1846.
26—American troops arrived in France. 1917.
27—First telegraph message passed between New York and Boston, 1847.
27—Paul Lawrence Dunbar, Negro poet, born, 1872.
28—Henry VIII of England born, 1491.
28—Jean Jacques Rousseau born, 1712.
28—Coronation of Queen Victoria, 1838.
29—Peter Paul Rubens born, 1577.
29—Henry M. Stanley born, 1841.
29—George W. Goethals, builder of the Panama Canal, born, 1858.
29—Parliament authorized Canada to establish new provinces, 1871.
29—Archduke Ferdinand and wife assassinated, 1914.
30—Treaty of peace between United States and Algiers, 1815.
30—Indian Territory set aside for Indians, 1834.
30—Ulysses S. Grant graduated from West Point, 1843.

Lend a hand. Do not think that because yours is small, or because from its fingers no riches may fall, it was meant that you should render no succor at all.—J. Walcott.

NATHAN HALE—SYMBOL OF COURAGEOUS YOUTH

By Catherine Beach Ely

Nathan Hale has survived the centuries and lives today—a vital energetic young man in our gallery of national heroes. Connecticut's Three Hundredth Anniversary Celebration, (1635-1935), has brought him more than ever into the foreground. Before we consider the traits which made him so popular as a comrade in his Connecticut home-town, so outstanding as a Revolutionary hero, so sucessful as a teacher, we will briefly refresh our minds concerning the main facts of his short but eventful life.

Born in Coventry, Conn., Nathan Hale attended college at Yale, where he was a star pupil. Immediately

after graduation he obtained a job as a teacher in East Haddam, but most of his teaching career was in New London, Conn. Early in the Revolutionary War he became a first lieutenant. After serving on recruiting duty in New London, he took part in the siege of Boston. When onyl twenty-one years of age he was commissioned a captain in the regular continental service, and gave up teaching. We are told that the same year he went to New York, where he belonged to The Knowlton Rangers, a daring company of Revolutionary soldiers. He was destined to die September 22, 1776.

Disguised as a Dutch school teacher, he entered the British lines to obtain information vital to the sucess of the American Army. Having accomplished his purpose, he was about to return to the Continental Army on the night of September 21st, when he was recognized and captured by the British. The next morning he was hanged as a spy. Standing there just before he was killed, this courageous youth is said to have spoken the immortal words, "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country." It is a pleasure to turn from this tragedy to our hero's happy days in New London.

In the beautiful town of New London, Conn., situated on the Thames River and Long Island Sound, Nathan Hale became influential as a school teacher. In those times they did not have the big graded schools we know today. But the small schoolhouse where he taught is probably the most famous one in our country. It now stands near the "Antientest Burial Ground," against a background of beautiful trees. Every one who visits historic New London seeks out the Nathan Hale schoolhouse. A guide shows the visitors around in the schoolroom where this intelligent young man patiently devoted himself to the welfare of his pupils, himself scarcely out of boyhood, for he was only twenty years old.

Although Nathan Hale was absolutely frank and independent, he was very popular in the town and the school. He was socially inclined, and entertaining in conversation. As he had natural ability for imparting knowledge and maintained kindly but firm discipline, his sucess as a teacher was great.

When a teacher at this school, Nathan Hale took active part in all the patriotic measures of New London. He was a natural orator and leader. Directly after the Battle of Lexington he made a thrilling speech on behalf of liberty and independence at a town meeting in New London. This speech profoundly moved his audience.

After the Battle of Bunker Hill, Nathan Hale was offered a commission in the army, and he resigned from his position as a school teacher. The teaching year for which he was engaged would have been over in a fortnight. We are told that the parting scene before he left for the army made a deep impression upon his pupils. He seemed almost like a loving parent as he gave advice to his pupils out of a warm heart, prayed with them and said good-by to them individually, taking each one cordially by the hand. Then he left to join his regiment in Boston. His letters written while he was in the army show him to have been a conscien-

tious, intelligent, observing young officer.

In the darkest hour of the Revolution, George Washington deemed it necessary to have accurate knowledge about the strength and plans of the enemy. He called upon the Knowlton Rangers for a volunteer. It was then that Nathan Hale offered his services to go on this dangerous mission inside the British lines. Two months after he had said good-by to his pupils in New London he was executed as a spy by the British. We are told that he was denied the use of a Bible on the morning of his execution, and that farewell letters he had written to his family were destroyed before his eyes. Yet he stood calmly there regretting only that he could not sacrifice more for the cause in which he so strongly believed.

Famous statues of Nathan Hale may be seen at City Hall Park in New York City. in Hartford, Conn., and In New London, Conn. The one in New London is beautifully placed on the hill against the foilaged background of Williams Park. The young man portrayed in bronze looks at us with expressive, yet quiet, features, his hands and ankles fettered by the chains of his captors.

Nathan Hale is known as the "Martyr Spy" of the Revolutionary War, and as the "ideal youthful hero of the Republic." It is interesting in connection with his fame to consider his family training and his favorite occupations. His father was a farmer. Both his parents were extremely well informed on public affairs and were devoted patriots. He had twelve brothers and sisters —six of his brothers took part in the Revolution. He was an athlete, fond of fishing, wrestling and swimming. He was also an ardent student, a lover of books. His athletic powers made him a favorite among men, his courteous, thoughtful manners made him a favorite among women, his intelligent mind won for him the confidence of older people.

Nathan Hale was deeply religious. After he became an army officer, if any of his soldiers were sick he always visited them and prayed with them in their illness.

A description of Nathan Hale by his friend, Elisha Bostwick, pictures him as rather tall and broad shouldered, with straight limbs and regular features. He had blue eyes and light hair. His physical dexterity was remarkable. His friend says, "I have seen him follow a football and kick it over the tops of the trees in the Bowery, New York."

Nathan Hale's nephew, also named Nathan Hale, became an influential journalist and editor in Boston, swaying the public by his political opinions. Edward Everett Hale, a grandnephew of Nathan Hale, became a very famous Boston writer of books and articles for newspapers and magazines. A new Nathan Hale schoolhouse was erected on Williams Street, New London, about thirty-five years ago—a handsome brick edifice—a graded school.

As a farsighted educator Nathan Hale, the young Revolutionary hero, appeals to us today. In his day it was not customary to give girls much education. Very few girls went to school, and when they did they were taught sewing and domestic branches. But Nathan Hale had ideas far in advance of that period. He believed that girls had a taste for knowledge,

and that their brains should be trained. In those days schoolhouses were not provided for young women. So some of the mentally ambitious girls of New London asked Nathan Hale if he would form a class for them from half past five to nine o'clock mornings before the regular school clases for boys began. This he did to the satisfaction of all concerned. The girls appreciated his culture and teaching ability. This was probably one of the first, if not the first, class in our country for teaching girls the regular branches of instruction.

For many years the old Nathan Hale schoolhouse was used as a private dwelling on Union Street in New London, but when changes were contemplated in Union Street, New London desided to preserve the scooolhouse as a national mecca, and to move it to what was more nearly its original location. So today it stands high and picturesque, one of the most famous historic sights in our country. The Nathan Hale schoolhouse is a memorial to a beautiful character which combined such mental and spiritual qualities that it has become a precious national heritage.

JEFFERSON DAVIS

(The Charlotte Observer)

The following article on Jefferson Davis, president of the Confederacy, was written by Mrs. Grady Ross of the James H. Lane chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy:

The president of the Confederacy, Jefferson Davis, was born on the third of June, 1808 in Todd county, Kentucky. Later, the family moved to Mississippi.

His ancestors were from Wales and Scotland, and this mingling of blood was characterized by his courage of convictions and his eagerness to risk all to preserve them. Because of these convictions, he gave his heart, soul, and brain, unreservedly, to the cause of his people.

Just as many of the military leaders of the South were educated at West Point, so was the great political leader, Jefferson Davis. He graduated from West Point in 1828, and spent seven years in service along the northwestern frontier, where he distinguished himself for his courage and bravery in the Black Hawk and Semionle wars. His ability as a soldier was further recognized by his appointment as a colonel in the Mexican war, under Zachary Taylor. Colonel Davis was conspicuous for his bravery, gallantry and skill. He was filled with a sense of justice and fair play, and he did not tolerate confiscation of enemy property by his men. Fields of corn were left as they were found—the rich and elaborate ornaments of churches and cathedrals were untouched, and plundering was forbidden. The personal rights of the enemy were respected and Colonel Davis conducted himself at all times as a perfect gentleman and soldier.

In June, 1835, Jefferson Davis

married Miss Sara Knox Taylor, daughter of Zachary Taylor. They went to the Davis plantation in Mississippi where his bride contracted malarial fever and died within three months. So great was this loss to Jefferson Davis that he went into voluntary seclusion for over seven years. His second marriage to Miss Varina Howell united two of the South's most prominent and influential families. The wedding took place in February, 1845, and to them were born four sons and two daughters. Mrs. Davis was a constant companion to her husband, stimulating and encouraging him to greater heights, and comforting him in his sorrow, disapointment and old age.

As a statesman in the United States Senate, Mr. Davis distinguished himself as an orator. He was a man of moral courage and he was gifted with a speaking voice of sincereity, earnestness, and power. His graceful figure, dignified bearing, cool self-control, and intelligent ability, commanded the respect and admiration of all his hearers. He served eight years in the United States Senate, in addition to four years as Secretary of War during Franklin Pierce's administration. Davis made important improvements in the condition of the War department; he increased the strength of the army; he introduced an improved system of infantry tactics; he increased the number of coast surveys and fortifications, and he ordered the survey for the construction of Pacific railroads.

In December, 1860, Senator Davis served on a committe to study the condition of the country and reccommend plans to secure peace. He was a staunch defender of States Rights, although he did not advocate secession at that time, and he earnestly sought some compromise which might, as he thought, be fair to the South. His efforts failed and when his state of Mississippi seceded, he resigned from the Senate in an earnest speech setting forth the motives which impelled his action.

When the Confederate states met in Montgomery, Ala., in February, 1861, Davis was unanimously chosen provisional president of the Confederacy. He was without question, the best qualified man in the South to be given this responsibility, because the combination of his military and political careers fitted him for the great task ahead. He was inaugurated on February 18, 1861 in Montgomery and on May 20th, the Confederate capitol was removed to Richmond, Va., where President Davis was re-elected for a term of six years, and he took the oath of office on February 22nd, 1862.

During his seven years retirement, following the death of his first wife, Jefferson Davis and his brother Joseph Davis, devoted themselves to the study of government. They read and discussed the writings of imminent men—Hamilton, Madison, Jefferson, and others—and the subject of the greatest interest to them was the Federal Constitution. To Jefferson Davis' mind, this document embodied principles for the greatest government of mankind, and the first set of the Confederacy was its adoption, with a few changes.

The South was in war and was totally uuprepared for it. She was without any army or navy, without arsenals, armories, foundries, or man-

ufactories, and the organizing of a new republic with all of its responsibility of finance, government, law and order, was a tremendous task for anyone. With his calm assurance, earnest endeavor, and splendid courage, Jefferson Davis undertook this grave responsibility and he was loyal throughout his life to the principles upon which the Confederacy was founded. Lee said, after the war was over, when asked his opinion of President Davis, "If my opinion is worth anything, you can always say that few people could have done better than Mr. Davis. I know of none who could have done so well."

After the collapse of the Confederacy, President Davis was imprisoned for two years at Fortress Monroe, Va. Following his release, he went to Canada with his family and after a year's residence they went to England and Europe, where they were warmly and graciously received. While there, Mr. Davis accepted the presidency of an insurance company in Memphis Tenn. Later, he purchased a home at Beauvoir, Miss., and spent the rest of his life there. In this quiet, peaceful atmosphere, Jefferson Davis wrote "The Rise and Fall of the Confederacy," giving an account of his administration and his policy. Although Mr. Davis had lost so much in life—his four sons, his brother, Joseph E. Davis, his plantation, his home, his money, and his health—he was able to maintain his keen, alert mind and spirit up to the last.

It was on December 6, 1889 that Mr. Davis died in New Orleans, La., at the age of 81. He was so respected and loved that nine governors of Southern states were present at his funeral, in addition to prominent men and women from the entire United States, and representatives from foreign governments. He was buried in one of the prettiest cemeteries in the South, in New Orleans, and in 1893, the body was removed to Richmond, where it was placed in Hollywood cemetery on the banks of the James.

Hororable John W. Daniels, United States Senator from Virginia said of President Davis. "A ripe scholar, a vigorous writer, a splended orator, a brave soldier, a true gentleman, an accomplished statesman, a sturdy champion, a proud-pure patriot, a lover of liberty, a hero. This is the Jefferson Davis that history will cherish."

Jefferson Davis—His Life and Personality by Morris Schaff Life and Reminiscences of Jefferson Davis by Distinguished Men of His Time Statesmen of the Lost Cause by Burton J. Hendrick.

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Good breeding is the result of much good sense, some good nature, and a little self-denial for the sake of others, and with a view to obtain the same indulgence from them.—Chesterfield.

BLAIR ANSWERS THE CALL TO SERVICE

(Montgomery Herald)

There are some people who make me mad and I get hotter at a friend than I do at a casual acquaintance. This time, my dander is up, yes mixed with my dandruff and falling hair, a boy has really stirred my ire; his name is Reece Blair..

Reece was at home a few days ago, we stopped and chatted on the street, he did most of the talking and his conversation goes thusly: "Charlie you are doing a nice job with the paper, some articles are interesting and I enjoy reading the Herald. You seem to be trying to keep the soldier boys in touch with their folks at home.' There I stood gawking and drinking in his words of praise. He said some nice things about people, but what burns me up is that he didn't tell me a thing about himself, and what makes me feel like the dummy that I am, I didn't ask so much. Well thank goodness my nose is as long as it is, for here of late, through prying and prowling around, I have managed to stick my proboscis into some foul atmosphere; then to, I have caught the scent of nice deeds done by people who talk very little about themselves. To me, Reece Blair has done one of the fine things that should be written about, so here goes.

A telegram reached the University of Alabama some two weeks ago. The wire was from the War Department in Washington. "We need a man who is qualified to do research work in the Air Corps." Reece Blair of Troy is on the medical staff as a professor at the University of Alabama. The staff called a meeting for conference on a telegram that was received in the morning and demanded an answer the same afternoon. The man wanted must be under 35, unmarried, good physical condition and with ability to fill a very important post. The only statement that Blair made, (Gentlemen if you think that I can do the job, I'm your man." (These are my words, but I'm willing to bet 10 to 1 that they carry the substance of Blair's statement.)

Reece Blair of Troy had a wonderful future before him at the University of Alabama. Alabama liked him. Years had been spent for education to fit him for life as a doctor and instructor. Money had been spent in acquiring a medical education, both at home and abroad. This was in days of peace, when young Blair studied in England and France.

Our country is at war, whether some of us realize it or not.

Research work in the Air Corps; what does that mean? My friends it means simply this. Climb into a a bomber, climb six or eight miles in the air and study reaction of all conditions to the human body, as the plane dives at 300 miles per hour. Medical care in the air is the sum and substance of the term; Research Work. The army must find how high our pilots can go before bombs are released. The Air Corps is trying to

save us as many of ous boys, as is humanly possible. There are many things that Reece Blair will be called on to do. He must make the flights himself, so as to get the information that the Air Corps needs.

Montgomery County should feel justly proud of her boys that have gone out to fight in the different branches of the service.

Life is strange. It seems such a short time ago that Reece was a boy in knee breeches, bouncing an imaginary ball on these streets. I can see him now as he makes a pass at an imaginary basket ball goal, with an imaginary basketball. Strange it is, that a boy who studied in England, should go back and put into practice the lessons that he learned in London; strange that those lessons will serve to protect the people who dwell along the Cliffs of Dover.

So to Montgomery County, and Troy in particular, I give you Reece Blair, who puts into service his ability and courage, that our service may be greater.

THE STATE BANK OF NORTH CAROLINA

(N. C. Public School Bulletin)

Until the beginning of the nineteenth century the progress of North Carolina, in comparison with that of the other thirteen original states, was hindered by her lack of strong financial institutions. The charter of the State Bank of North Carolina in 1810, therefore, was to have a wholesome effect on finance and commerce. As early as 1804 the State already had two banks (the Bank of Cape Fear and the Bank of New Bern) with a total capital of $450,000, but the State Bank was established primarily to absorb these two banks and to stabilize the relation between currency and specie. This bank which was expected to provide a suitable credit system, was to have its central office in Raleigh with six branches, located in Edenton, New Bern, Wilmington, Fayetteville, Tarboro, and Salisbury. No other bank was to be established in North Carolina until 1830, when this bank's charter was due to expire, and its charter was extended for five years longer by and amedment passed in 1811 since the subscriptions for stock in the new corporation were not as liberal as was hoped for.

At first the State's investments in bank stock was profitable, but depending upon such investments for public revenue had a bad effect on the State's fiscal policy. The general opinion was that the profit from the State Bank would remove the burden of taxation from the land and polls; therefore, in 1817, the legislature reduced the tax rate on both. This step, diminishing a steady source of revenue from the land of poll taxes, was very unwise, for the revenue from

the State Bank was uncertain and was continually fluctuating. "The old evils of inflation and depreciation, which had characterized the long experience with paper money in all its forms, were perpetuated." The bank notes engraved on silk paper which replaced the "ragged" State currency caused confusion and commercial depression. A tremendous increase of bank-notes in circulation occurred during the years from 1815 to 1819, but in 1819 there was a sudden return of the notes for redemption—a panic had started. There was the outcry, "banking monopoly," and the excessive speculation that had caused the inflation of the currency caused a widespread depression. Finally the banks were forced to suspend specie payment, and because of "innumerable bankruptcies and insolvencies of individuals" there was a strong anti-bank movement led by Governor John Branch, who strongly criticised the practices of the banks. Drastic reforms were demanded by the anti-bank and pro-debtor elements, but because the legislature was controlled by a pro-bank majority, all effects at reform failed, and one couldn't even get an investgation of the banking situation. Finally the legislature had the State Treasury comes to the aid of the State Bank by buying stock with the surplus money in the treasury.

Banks dwere few and scattere in the Unitel States during the early half of the nineteenth century anyhow, and the inexperience and the incompetence of the American people didn't help to solve banking problems. The most important question in the election of 1832 between Henry Clay and Andrew Jackson was the United States Bank. Jackson, who favored state authority and believed in state banks and a low tariff, won the presidential election of that year, and he set out to destroy the United States Bank by declaring it unconstitutional, vetoing a bill for its rechartering, and removing the United States money from it.

By 1832 the State Bank of North Carolina had declared a stock dividend of fifty per cent and was nearly ready to close its doors. New provisions for banking were urgent and six bills for a new bank were introduced in the North Carolina legislative session of 1832-33, but it was at the next session of the legislature that the charter was remodeled, and the bank was given a new name, Bank of the State of North Carolina. Its charter was to extend to 1860, and the capital, which was to be paid in gold and silver or "their equivalents" was to be fixed at $1,500,000, of which the State was to subscribe two-fifths.

Today at 11 New Bern Avenue, Raleigh, the State Bank Building, which was erected about 1818 as the North Carolina State Bank and the residence of its president, still stands. One of the first three brick buildings in Raleigh, "it . . .has double-gallery porticoes on the east and west elevations, each of which has eight massive modified Doric columns in two tiers of four." In 1873 the building was bought by the Christ Church (Episcopal) to be used as a rectory.

THE MERCHANT AND THE GOLDEN BOWL

(Alabama Christian Advocate)

Two merchants were crossing a river. On the opposite bank lay the city where they were going to sell their wares. They were not partners, but they agreed to divide the streets of the city between them. They also agreed that when one of them had gone through all the streets of his division, the other might follow and sell what he could, since the things they had to sell were not alike.

One of the merchants could hardly wait for the boat to land. He was the first to leap ashore, and he plunged at once into the nearest street of his division where he began crying: "Waterpots to sell. Waterpots to sell."

Presently he came to a house which looked promising. It was large and well built, and it seemed to him that a family who could afford to live in such a house ought to buy a good deal. But it happened that the people in this house were poor. They had once been rich, to be sure, but now their money was gone, and the strong men who had earned it were dead. There were left only an old woman and her grand-daughter, who got their living by working out. When the little girl heard the merchant's voice in the street, she said:

"O grandmother, I do wish I could have something—a ring, perhaps, which ought not to cost very much."

"We have no money, dear, for anything," said grandmother, "and what could we give in exchange for it?"

"Here is and old bowl," said the girl, "it's of no use to us. Let us exchange that for it."

The bowl did look very old and useless. It was crusted over with dirt which had been hardened in the fire and would not wash off. It was so black that neither the grandmother nor the little girl knew that the bowl had been bought when the family was rich, and that it was really made of gold.

The merchant was invited in and given a seat. Then the grandmother showed him the bowl and asked if he would exchange it for a ring or some other little trinket for the child.

Now the marchant had handled many bowls, and he knew as soon as he lifted it that it was better than it looked. To make sure, he turned it over, and scratching it on the bottom with a needle, saw that it was gold. but he was a mean man, and had no intention of paying the grandmother what it was worth. Instead he hoped to get it for nothing.

"What is the value of this?" he exclaimed. "It isn't wirth a cent!"

He threw it on the floor and left the house, expecting to be called back; but the grandmother took him at his word. "It is just what I thought, dear," she said; "it is good for nothing. I am sorry about the ring."

Later in the day the second merchant came through the street.

"O grandmother!" said the girl,

"this man looks kinder than the other. Let us ask him about the bowl."

The merchant was invited in, and examined the bowl as the first had done.

"Why." he said at once. "This bowl is pure gold!"

The astonished grandmother did not know what to say at first. Then she told him of the other merchant who had said the bowl was woth nothing.

"It must be your goodness that has turned the bowl to gold," she said. "Do take it and give us something or other. We shall be satisfied."

At last she persuaded the honest merchant to take the bowl, but he insisted upon leaving with them everything he had in his bag, keeping only the bag itself, his scales, and enough money to pay the ferryman.

After he had gone the first merchant returned. He said that he had changed his mind about the bowl and was willing to give them a little for it—a ring, perhaps for the child, if it were not too expensive.

"You dishonest man!" cried the grandmotier. "That was a golden bowl, and you knew it, although I did not. But now you are too late. Another merchant, more honest than you are, has given all he had for it."

The dishonest merchant did not stop to ask questions. He ran as fast as he could go to the river

"It should have been my bowl," he muttered as he ran. "I saw it first I will take it from him if I catch him."

When he reached the bank, the ferryman and the other merchant were already half-way across.

"Come back! Come back!" called the angry man on shore.

But the ferryman did not turn, he kept straight on.

The dishonest merchant saw his former companion land on the opposite shore and disapear down the road, Through his meanness in telling a lie to a poor old woman and a little girl, he had lost the golden bowl forever.

EXPLORING EGYPTIAN SAND

By Stephen Barker

Heedless of the war raging on their doorstep, men are digging excitedly in the desert sand not far from Cairo. And they aren't digging trenches, either.

They are archeologists, and in recent weeks they have reported several important finds.

It may seem odd to call anything but the war important, but these scientists feel that the work they are doing is of lasting value. To some extent, at least, the Egyptian press shares their interest. Accounts of the diggings have been front-page news.

The latest excavations have been taking place at Sakarra, location of the famous Step pryramid and site of the onetime capital city, Mem-

phis. Each week-end the place is invaded by khaki-clad visitors from Caifo.

Here a few weeks ago the Egyptain archeologist Dr. Achmed Badawai discovered the 19th dynasty tomb of one of the governors of Memphis. Later the sarcophagus itself was opened and what must once have been a richly decorated silver gilt coffin was found, together with more than 300 mortuary statues and fragments of rare iron weapons.

There was evidence, however, that thieves had rifled the tomb. Such thieving, done back in antiquity, is the bane of Egyptologists.

The most important clues discovered may lead to the unearthing of the tomb of the bull god Aphis.

In the course of the same excavations a few weeks previously the tomb of young Prince Shishenk of the 22nd dynasty was unearthed. Wall reliefs were discovered depicting the prince making sacrifices to the gods. Inscribed on one of the offering tables was the name of King Nikkaw, who planned a red Sea-Mediterranean canal thousands of years before De Lesseps.

Another more ancient tomb dating to the 7th dynasty was found recently in the Sakarra region by Egyptian Egyptologist Professor Zaky Saad. More than 5,000 years old, this tomb was opened from the bottom of a 60-foot Persian well.

It was in a state of almost perfect preservation and much is hoped for when the large basalt sarchophagus is opened, because it is believed that grave robbers have not made a previous visit.

While this field work continues, 74-year-old Indiapolis-born Professor George Reinsner, who has made a life work of his excavations in the Giza pyramids region, is rounding off his researches.

The Giza pyramids are The pyramids. It will take the work of generations of egyptologists to explore fully this vast necropolis.

Apart from the three great pyramids of the kings, there are seven queens' pyramids, 15 mastabas of the tombs of other monarchs, the official cemetery of the ancient Egyptian royal children, court officials and others, to all of which have been added mastabas of crude brick dating from the Static, Persian, Ptolemaic, Greco-Roman and Roman epochs.

A Harvard graduate, Professor Resiner began his work in this region in 1903 when the University of California's erpedition financed by Mrs. Phoebe Hearst was entrusted with clearing one-third of the historical treasure heap. Later he also began work in another region west of the great pyramid of Cheops.

When his health and sight began to fail, Reisner set about completing his records, to aid those who will carry on what he has begun.

A few months ago the professor was seriously ill. Recovering gradually, he stubbornly refused to stop working. He daily dictates a full day's work to his secretary from his bed in Cario's Anglo-American hospital.

Not entirely oblivious of the distracting influences about him, Reisner humorously boasted shortly after war came to the Middle East that he had the finest air raid shelters in Egypt —a suite of rooms in one of his beloved tombs.

METEOR'S FALL STUDIED

By Howard W. Blakeslee

The solid earth splashed like water when the big meteor hit near Odessa, Tex.

That was thousands of years ago. Today the incredible things that happened have just come to light.

The meteor, about the size of a garage, mostly solid iron, drove straight down to rest 164 feet under the surface. Drills have located it and given the approximate size.

They tell the first complete story of what happens in the impact of a great meteor. In all the world there is but one known larger meteor, which crashed to form Canyon Diablo, Arizona. That record is still obscure.

Dr. E. H. Sellards, University of Texas geologist, heads the Odessa meteor men. Excavation is done by the Works Progress Administration. As sisting are the Humble Oil and Refining company, and the American Askania corporation, whose experts showed that oil prospecting instruments also can locate buried meteors.

Others are Ector county, ading in exacvating the underground museum; the state government and some Texas landowners.

All around where this big chunk fell, were thousands upon thousands of smaller meteors, loosely grouped, enough perhaps to form the head of a small comet.

The big one hit at a speed of a good many miles a second. It might have been expected to drill a more or less clean hole, like a rifle bullet.

So it did, for the last 74 feet. But in the first 90 feet it just splashed everything. Some of the forces that did this splashing are still mystifying, even though their effects are plainly recorded in the present rocks.

Unlike water, the sides of the splashed earth did not close again. The surface and near suface rocks just went up and out and to one side. They left a shallow saucer, 500 feet across the top, 90 feet deep at the middle.

These rocks in the Odessa region were then, and are today, in level layers, one on top of another like superimposed floors. But at the edges of the big splash they are turned upward, some of them standing vertically as if the big meteor had shot upward from the depths and emerged from earth, their upward bulge forms the rim of a crater.

This saucer was almost completely filled. The fill is a in four different layers.

Of the four, the bottom one is all but incredible. It is made entirely of rock flour 10 to 20 feet deep. The flour is ground-up rock and sand.

If a woman should rub some of this rock flour on her cheeks, she would feel no grit. The flour would remain on her face only as a delicate coating.

What is it doing in the bottom of the saucer? Why didn't it puff away, like the smoke it resembles when tossed into the air?

Evidently some force in addition to a giant hammer-blow was at work.

The guess is that some sort of swift earthquake vibration broke and ground up deep rocks and sand so that not even a grain was left.

Next above the flour is a 10-foot deep layer of ricks, from the size of auto hoods to pebbles. These are rocks which were ejected, straight up into the air, to unknown height, and fell back into the hole.

Their identification is no guesswork. They match, geologically, the rock strata of all the layers whose broken edges form the saucer.

On top of them is another fill, about 50 feet at its center. It is rock and earth windblow or washed in from the rim of the crater, much of it now cemented in the long ages the filling took.

Above, topmost, is 25 feet of a different kind of material, which gives a clue to the long time ago when the meteor or comet fell. This layer comes almost to the top of the crater. It is dust blown in by winds, silt brought by rains.

Right in its middle were found the fossil bones of the long-extinct American horse. He was as big as present horses—but present horses were imported after Columbus. The extinct horse dates the last phase of the crater at thousands of years ago.

Below the bottom of the saucer, where the meteor drilled a straight, narrow hole, a shaft is being sunk to the huge piece of iron. More chapters of the celestial story are expected along this shaft.

The drills have hit solid iron which appears to be at least 10 feet across. They indicate that the chunk is not more than 18 feet across its top. There is a possibility that it struck end on, and may be longer in depth.

This large meteor is probably of the same composition as a small iron found near the crater. The small one was 90.69 per cent iron, 7.25 nickel, .74 cobalt, .02 copper, .35 carbon, .23 phosphorus, .03 sulphur, and a trace of chromium.

The oil prospecting instruments indicate numerous other meteor falls nearby. Two have been verified by digging. One is a crater more than 100 feet distant, 70 feet across, 17 deep. In it are thousands of small meteors.

The second is several hundred feet from the main crater. First digging indicates it may contain 6,000 to 7,000 small iron meteors.

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An inexhaustible good nature is one of the most precious gifts of heaven, spreading itself like oil over the troubled sea of thought, and keeping the mind smooth and equable in the roughest weather.—Washington Irving.

THE CASE OF DR. FELL

(Selected)

"I don't like you Dr. Fell,
The reason why I cannot tell,
But this I know very well
I don't like you, Dr. Fell."

In the chemistry of souls, repellency is a most curious element. But it is also the most undeniable. We must not deceive ourselves. For whoever we are there is somebody who does not like us. No human force ever comes into the world without its opposite. Every positive has its negative.

In every love there is a little spot of hate. Both heaven and hell, in their deeper significance, touch every human heart. Caesar had his Brutus Socrates his Meletus, and Jesus the envious Pharisees and finally his Judas.

When we write something which we think really should be written, we invariably think and feel that there is somebody who will not like it. Then, we watch and wait, for a "bawling out." When we read any book that pleases us, whether it be quiet Wordsworth, the exquisitely tooled woodcraft of Ruskin or the smashing ruggedness of Carlyle, it often comes to us—somebody doesn't like this.

It is very queer and strange, but true. Remember little fly, the spider swings ready in his web. Watch out little doe, the cougar crouches behind the bush. Beware, little dove, for the hawk soars still watching. laithful Mordecai, remember Haman is fixing up his trap for you.

Is not America a beloved land? There are those who loathe it beyond words to tell. At this hour it has in it thousands of cowardly and sneaking fifth-columnists. Is not President Roosevelt a great humanitarian? Isn't he a fine figure among statesmen? Hasn't he helped the masses in this country as no other man has done? There are millions who would rejoice at his downfall—men and women who watch eagerly to find his mistakes and herald them abroad.

The best way to overcome this repellency is to let the world see that we do not think it worth while to fight back. Nothing so enrages malice as to discover that we are not yet ready for a fight. Nothing so disarms attack as for us to go about our business as usual. Such defense is more effective than guns and tanks. Kindness is the most exasperating vengeance.

When in doubt, say nothing.

One's enemy can answer everything he can say—and more. He can retaliate against everything one can possibly do, except one thing. That is be silent. Say nothing and one's enemy is disarmed.

Buy Defense Bonds and Stamps

ROTARY STARTS MOVEMENT TO PUT BIBLE COURSE IN SCHOOLS

(Concord Daily Tribune)

Several months ago, the Concord Rotary Club adopted for a major project the establishment of a course in Bible in the Concord schools. Both the City school board and the Ministerial Association voiced their approval of the plan.

Dr. J. P. McCallie, headmaster of the famous McCallie school was invited to address a public meeting of interested Concord citizens on the subject of organizing, financing, and administering a course in Bible study, since, under the constitution, such a course could not be financed by the State.

After the project had received the approval of the assembled group, the Rotary Club president appointed a permanent Bible Course committee with W. Joe Holding as chairman. Its members are Mrs. Guy M. Beaver, Miss Blanche Stewart, Rev. R. S. Arrowood, Joe McEachern, Dr. J. P. Reece, Hugh Craig, and John McInnis.

At a meeting held recently, the committee named Miss Stewart secretary and Mrs. Beaver chairman, and made plans for financing the drive. The committee set a goal of $2,000.00 to be raised by private subscription and donations in order to finance the plan. It was decided to contact all churches and civic organizations for donations before starting a general drive.

The North Carolina Council of Churches commissioned P. H. Gwynn, Jr., of Davison College to prepare a brochure on the subject "Teaching the Bible in the Public Schools. In the brochure, Mr. Gwynn points out that there is a definite need for weekday religious instruction in North Carolina because there are thousands of boys and girls in the state who are growing up in spiritual illiteracy, and three-fourths of the youth of the American republic between the ages of five and seventeen years are receiving little or no religious instruction. In North Carolina, it is estimated that 65 per cent of the total number of school children fall within the group.

"Many of our young people," states Mr. Gwynn in the brochure, are being engulfed by a wave of crime and delinguency, for moral teaching without religious sanction seem powerless to create law-abiding citizens.

Walter Lippman, the well-known columnist, has said that the Bible is the core of American democratic culture. Without a course in Bible, the schools are missing an opportunity to complete the educational experience of children.

Let's Keep 'Em Flying

INSTITUTION NOTES

On a trip about the farm the other day we noticed that the tomato plants, covering several acres, were in extra good condition. These plants were in full blossom, and had a fine, healthy color, which would indicate a good yield this season.

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The feature attraction, "Here Comes the Navy," starring James Cagney and Pat O'Brien, shown in our auditorium last Thursday night, was thoroughly enjoyed by the boys. A comedy, "Holiday Highlights," was shown at the same time. Both are Warner Brothers productions.

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Five new boys were recntly added to the force employed in our textile plant. This is one of the most important vocational departments at the School, and provides a splendid opportunity for boys to learn something that will be of real service to them later in life. Since we are situated right in the midst of the textile manufacturing section of the state, boys going out from the institution with some knowledge of work taught in this department, should have little trouble in securing employment, as they try to make satisfactory adjustment after leaving the School.

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Our farm forces are hard at work these fine summer days. Recent rains had given the grass and weeds an opportunity to grow rapidly, and for a while it seemed that practically all field crops would be choked out. All regular outside forces, supplemented by pressing boys of several school rooms into service, went to work with a will, and a devastating attack was made on grass and weeds for several days. As the result of this fine work, our fields now look clean, and prospects for good crops are much better. In addition to all this extra work, we find the oats harvesting season right upon us. Almost daily we can look out and see the reapers hard at work, and we might add they are doing a fine job. There are about 300 acres of oats to be harvested, and we are informed by those in charge that this year's crop will be very good.

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Superintendent Boger recently received a nice letter from Lonnie Sloan, formerly of Cottage No. 9, who left the School, September 9, 1937. For some time after leaving us, Lonnie was an enrollee in a CCC camp, where he got along very well. He later enlisted in the United States Army, and is now stationed in the Panama Canal Zone. He writes in part, as follows:

"Dear Mr. Boger: Just a few lines to let you and the boys know that I am well and getting along the best I can. Am still in the army, in the Panama Canal Zone, and like it fine, but best of all, would like to be back in the good old U. S. A.

"Please give my best regards to Mr. White and Mr. Morris. I would like to come back some time and see everybody around the School. Please let me hear from you soon. Best wishes to all, from, Lonnie Sloan."

In a recent letter to Superintendent Boger, William T. Hawkins, who enlisted in the United States Navy last year, writes that he is getting along fine. While at the School, this lad was a member of the Cottage No. 15 group and worked on the dairy force. He writes as follows:

"Dear Mr. Boger: Am writing this letter to let you know that I finished my training at the Norfolk Naval Training Station, and am now getting along fine aboard ship. Am on the 'U. S. S. Ranger', an aircraft carrier. Have been aboard since March 1st. I am learning radio operation aboard ship, and hope to make a success of it.

"Thanks for copies of The Uplift sent while I was in training. I found several of the write-ups very interesting.

"Robert Keith, who used to be in Cottage No. 2, is on the same ship with me—in the gunnery department. He wishes to give his regards to all his friends at the School.

"Before closing, I would like to express my appreciation for what the School did for me. I also wish to send best regards to the boys of Cottage No. 15, and to the men who hand a hand in training me, especially Mr. Hobby and Mr. Johnson. Very truly yours, William T. Hawkins."

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Dr. A. D. Underwood, of the oral hygiene department of the North Carolina State Board of Health, has been conducting a dental clinic at the School for more than two weeks. He reports that he finds the teeth of boys who have been here a year or more, to be in good condition, but among those admitted since last year's clinic, considerable treatment was necessary.

We are glad to have the genial doctor with us again. He has been a prime favorite with both boys and officers ever since he began making annual visits to the School, several years ago. Most youngsters dread visits to the dentist's office, but we have always noticed them coming from Dr. Underwood's place of business with faces wreathed in smiles. We used to think that his unusually friendly attitude toward boys, coupled with the fact that he always kept a good supply of chewing gum on hand, which he dealt out most generously, had something to do with it. This year we had to admit part of our theory was all wrong. Due to prevailing war conditions, one of Dr. Underwood's first announcements upon opening his office here, was, "Sorry boys. No chewing gum this year. It's not my fault. You'll have to blame the Japs." Endeavoring to learn what effect said announcement might make on the lads, we watched several climb into the chair, submit to all kind of drilling, scraping and the usual treatment one might expect at the hands of a dentist, and then step down, leave the office with a smile, and a "Good-by doctor," in much the same manner as when generous donations of chewing gum were handed out. We then decided that Dr. Underwood must "have something on the ball," for he is just as much a favorite with our boys as ever.

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A letter recently came to the School from Floyd C. Lane, a former house boy at Cottage No. 2, who left us, July 15, 1940. Upon leaving the in-

stitution, he went to live with an aunt in Hickory, where he attended school and worked as delivery boy and clerk in a grocery store during his spare time. Reports coming from the welfare department in Hickory from time to time during his stay in that city, were that Floyd was getting along very nicely.

About a year ago, Floyd, who is eighteen years old, enlisted in the United States Marine Corps. He is now a member of a marine fighter squadron, somewhere in the Pacific Ocean. The following excerpts from the letter, dated May 27th, written to a younger brother, now in Cottage No. 14, tells of some of his activities since joining Uncle Sam's fighting forces:

"Dear Brother: At this writing I am as happy as it is possible for anyone to be who is several thousand miles away from home. I just learned that you went to the Jackson Training School, and am glad you are there. I want to tell you boys (Floyd has another brother here) that you will find it a fine place. If either of you get to feeling bad, and think the school is not doing the best for you, just talk it over with some of the officers there before you do something you will regret very much later in life. They are your friends, and will be glad to help you. Don't think I don't know what I am talking about, for I was in the school three years, and found there never were any persons anywhere who understood me so well, and were more willing to help me, than those in charge of me while there.

"As to my being in the service, its looks like the situation right now is pretty bad and that we are in for a tough time. But we will win in the end. Have been in the Marines for one year and like it very much. Since enlisting, I have been stationed at Parris Island, S. C.; Quantico Bay, Va.; Washington, New York, Texas, and San Diego, Calif., and have been on three different ships.

"I am now a crew chief on a fighter plane, with the fleet. Cannot say just what kind of a plane it is, except that it is one of the best in the world. Am now a private first class, but will have a corporal's rating by the time this letter reaches you.

"You boys are probably wondering if I have gotten any Japs yet. Am sorry to say that I haven't had a crack at any of those slant-eyed rats up to this time, but hope to get some in the next few months. I sure have good reasons for wanting to get some of them, for if it had not been for their attack on Pearl Harbor, I could have come home on a thirty days' furlough last Christmas, and could have seen you boys and the rest of the folks. Another reason why I want a chance at them is that they have already killed some of my best pals.

"Since we are at war, and probably will be for some time, I don't think I shall be in a position to help you boys at any time soon, especially when you get out of school, but hope to be able to do so when the war is over. But if the Japs should happen to get me, I have a pretty good insurance policy, and that will help you to get a good start in life.

"Remember me to all old friends at the School, especially Mr. Godown and Mrs. Lee. Am sending

you a picture of myself, and want you to keep it as long as it will last, for it may be all you will see of me for a long time. Be good boys, and write to me soon, to the address enclosed. With love. Floyd."

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Rev. I. H. Rawles, pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church, Concord, conducted the service at the School last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson he read I Samuel 6-23, and as the text for his most helpful and interesting message to the boys, he selected part of the 21st verse, in which King Saul is quoted as saying, "I have played the fool."

At the beginning of his remarks the speaker stated that Saul, when he uttered those words, found himself in very much the same position as do people of today when they finally realize what great mistakes they have made in their lives. Saul may have been summing up his life —making a sort of autobiography, continued the speaker. He then asked the boys whether they would like to live worthwhile lives, or, like Saul, say, "I have been a fool all my life."

Rev. Mr. Rawles then said that the word Saul really means, in the Hebrew language, "asked of God," further explaining that people in those days named their children, not for relatives or friends, but gave them names which represented the types of persons they wanted them to be as they grew into manhood and womanhood.

Saul, continued the speaker, was the first of the Hebrew kings. The Israelites had seen that nations all around them had kings as their rulers, and told Samuel that they, too, wanted a king. Samuel disagreed with them, for God had said to him, "I would rather have a judge, such as you, to lead the children of Israel." Finally, God granted the request of the Hebrew people, although he thought it was not best for them. This is true of people in the world today. We keep right on asking God over and over for things we think we need. He then grants our requests, and we find out to our sorrow that it is not good for us to have them.

Rev. Mr. Rawles then stated that Saul was of the tribe of Benjamin, the smallest of the twelve tribes of Israel. He was, perhaps, most insignificant, but God selected him to be king over his people. Saul had great possibilities; a wonderful opportunity to be a great king, but his method of ruling his people was not as it should have been. He was always disobeying God.

On many occasions, continued the speaker, Saul admitted that he had done wrong, but was not really penitent. It was just his way of trying to escape punishment. Many people in the world today are just like Saul in this respect. They continue in their evil ways, and, when caught, say they are sorry and beg for another chance, and then go their way and do as bad, or worse.

When God, through Samuel, called Saul to be king, he was a busy man, hard at work. Samuel made known to him that he was God's choice, but Saul replied that he could not ac-

cept because he had important work to do—that of finding a number of lost animals. Samuel told him he need have no fear, as he would find them safe at home.

When we look at Saul, said Rev- Mr. Rawles, we see much to admire. Physically, he stood head and shoulders above those around him. He was a fine looking man and was very strong. Boys of today should remember to take care of their bodies, for the person with a good, healthy body, has a head-start toward success. Another fine attribute possessed by Saul was that he was a very modest man. When Samuel told him he was to be annointed king, he said: "No. My family is the smallest in the nation. I cannot do it." He thought a ruler should be chosen from one of the larger tribes of Israel.

Rev. Mr. Rawles then told the boys to note especially that Saul was very young when selected for a highly responsible position, adding that whether they realized it or not, they, too, were living in an age of opportunity. What we do early in life determines what we shall do later. Youth is the most helpful stage of life, and boys should realize their possibilities in later years depend solely upon what they learn now. As a young sapling is bent, so the tree is inclined in age.

Whether he was aware of it or not, Saul had a great friend in Samuel, said the speaker. He was most fortunate in this respect, for friends are man's most valuable assets. They are priceless possessions, and are something money cannot buy. He only has friends who earns them by his way of living. Samuel saw the mistakes made by Saul on many occasions, and begged him to turn back from his erring ways. Saul would promise to do so, and then break his promises at the lrst opportunity.

In looking back over his life, continued Rev. Mr. Rawles, Saul recalled his many mistakes, and said, sadly, "I have played the fool." He was a most wretched man. It seemed that God had forsaken him. Never can a man be in a worse position than to learn that because of his continued misdeeds, even the Heavenly Father has departed from him. At one time Saul was a brave warrior. Now we see him as a weak, dejected man. Finally, not being able to bear it longer, and realizing that his had been a wasted life, he killed himself.

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Rawles told the boys that when a man plays the fool throughout life, in addition to harming himself, he usually takes someone else down into the depths of despair with him—just as a huge tree, when it crashes to the ground, spoils several other trees of younger growth, in its fall. He urged the boys to so live that when they approach the end of life's journey, they might not have to look back, and, like Saul, say, "My life has been a dismal failure. I have played the fool."

God Bless America—Love It Or Leave It

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending May 30, 1942

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Wade Aycoth
Carl Barrier
John Hogsed
Robert Padgett
Weaver F. Ruff
Malcom Seymour
Edgar Simmons
Paul Smith
James Watts

COTTAGE NO. 1

James Bargesser
Thomas Barnes
Lloyd Callahan
Oscar Carter
Everett Case
William Cook
Joseph Howard
Leonard Lovelace
Durwood Martin
James Pitman
Jack Ray
Leonard Robinson
Kenneth Tipton
Everett Watts

COTTAGE NO. 2

John Crumpler
Virgil Lane
Luther McIntyre
Bernice Hoke
Amos Myers
Newell Hoyt
Richard Parker
John Pritchard
Charles Tate
Newman Tate

COTTAGE NO. 3

Grover Beaver
Charles Beal
Robert Coleman
Donald Daniels
Joseph Dew
Arthur Ingle
Jerry Jenkins
Dewey Lanning
Ronda Price
William Pegram
Ralph Powell
Samuel Pritchard
Robert Quick
Charles Rhodes
Albert Russ
William T. Smith
John Tolley
Louis Williams

COTTAGE NO. 4

John Fargis
Woodrow Wilson
Thomas Yates

COTTAGE NO. 5

Leavett Ballard
Glenn Drum
John Lipscomb
Eugene Martin

COTTAGE NO. 6

Kenneth Caldwell
Frank Fargis
Earl Hoyle
Robert Hobbs
William Harding
Gerald Kermon
Marvin Lipscomb
Joseph Lane
Vollie McCall
Reitzel Southern
Wesley Turner
William Ussery
William Wilkerson

COTTAGE NO. 7

Henry Butler
William Butler
George Green
J. B. Hensley
Edward Loftin
Wilbur Russ
Durham Smith
Ervin Wolfe
William Young

COTTAGE NO. 8

Cecil Ashley

COTTAGE NO. 9

James Hale
William Hart
Edgar Hedgepeth
Isaac Mahaffey
Marvin Matheson

Lloyd Mullis

COTTAGE NO. 10

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE NO. 11

J. C. Allen
John Allison
Noah Brown
Bert Barnhardt
Ralph Fisher
Robert Goldsmith
Horace Guffey
Harold Shelton

COTTAGE NO. 12

Leonard Childers
Mack Coggins
William Deaton
Eugene Hefner
Jerome Harris
William Lanning
Robert Muse
Simon Quick
Jesse Smith
Charles Simpson
J. R. Whitman
Roy Womack

COTTAGE NO. 13

James Brewer
Thurman Daniels
Thomas Fields
Charles Gaddy
Carl Moose
William O'Brien
Randall Peeler
Fred Rhodes
Melvin Roland
Junior Schoppel
Lewis Talent
Alphonse Williams

COTTAGE NO. 14

John Baker
Robert Bailey
Robert Caudle
Walter Carver
Robert Deyton
Henry Ennis
Audie Farthing
Lawrence Hord
Marvin King
Edward Kinion
William Lane
William Lanford
John Maples
Roy Mumford
Robert Moose
John McKinney
Charles Pitman
James Roberson
John Robbins
Thedore Young

COTTAGE NO. 15

Ennis Miller
Marvin Pennell
B. C. Reynolds

INDIAN COTTAGE

Raymond Brooks
Frank Chavis
A. B. Hoyle
Cecir Jacobs
Ernest Jacobs
Leroy Lowry
James Lochlear
Lester Lochlear
Herbert Lochlear
Curtis Moore
George Speer
Louis Stafford
Eugene Watts

———:———

To be angry about trifles is mean and childish; to rage and be furious is brutish; and to maintain a perpetual wrath is akin to the practice and temper of devils; but to suppress and prevent rising resentment is wise and glorious, is manly and divine.—Watts.

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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXX CONCORD N. C., JUNE 13, 1942 No. 24

"From the halls of Montezuma,
To the shores of Tripoli;
We fight our country's battles,
On the land as on the sea."

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

BETSY'S BATTLE FLAG

From dusk 'till dawn the live long night
She kept the tallow dips alight,
And fast her nimble fingers flew
To sew the stars upon the blue.
With weary eyes and aching head
She stitched the stripes of white and red,
And when the day came up the stair
Complete across a carven chair
Hung Betsy's battle flag.

The simple stone of Betsy Ross
Is covered now with mold and moss,
But still her deathless banner flies,
And keeps the color of the skies.
A nation thrills, a nation bleeds,
A nation follows where it leads,
And every man is proud to yield
His life upon a crimson field
For Betsy's battle flag!

OUR COUNTRY'S FLAG

June 14 has been set aside as "Flag Day" in the United States, and it has become one of importance on the calendar of patriotic days. On this day, patriotic organizations sponsor programs designed to foster a wider knowledge of flag ettiquette, and to instill a greater love for the beautiful emblem in the hearts of our citizens.

The flag is, or should be, prominently displayed on all public buildings and schools on Flag Day, and teachers and others who are interested in teaching Americanism and good citizenship should see to it that it is displayed and given the respect that is its due.

In this day of uncertainty and intrigue, there are forces at work

in the United States that hate our flag; that would gladly welcome its degradation. This must never happen—American children and children of foreign parents must be taught that no other flag is as beautiful, or represents a more liberal form of governmment. They should be taught that there can be no half-way measures in America. They must either love the Stars and Stripes and embrace the government it represent, or get out from beneath its protecting folds—and go back from whence they came.—Selected.

* * * * * * * *

"HOME SWEET HOME"

The words of this sweet old song are especially called to mind this week, since its author, John Howard Payne, was born in New York City, June 9, 1791. With but little education he began life as clerk in a small store at the age of thirteen, and at the same time proved his remarkable precocity by editing the weekly "Thespian Mirror." Payne later managed to attend college two years, and at the same time found it necessary to assume family responsibilities, which he did by acting on the stage. As an actor, he won great applause in the large American cities, and in London. Lack of business ability kept him constantly in poor financial circumstances. He served as consul in Africa for many years, and died there at the age of sixty-one. Thirty-two years after his death, his remains were brought from Africa, and were buried in Washington, D. C. His immortal song, "Home Sweet Home," was first sung in London in 1823—119 years ago. In addition to attaining great popularity in this country, this fine old song has been translated into many foreign languages.

* * * * * * * *

DO YOUR BIT

The radio program, The People's Platform, led by Dr. Bryson as chairman, is very informative. Those who take part in the discussions are experienced and seasoned men and women who understand, therefore, information is gathered from many sources.

Relative to sugar rationing, one participant said: "I think the sugar rationing is truly democratic, because the poorest person receives one-half pound of sugar weekly, no more, no less than

that given to the rich." The rationing of gasoline presented a tangle to Dr. Bryson's guests. Perhaps our interest was not so keen as to the gas rationing, because for many years we have walked, not altogether from choice but for other reasons. Neither have we realized from the experience the least hardship physically, or embarrassment mentally. Despite the fact that we have been somewhat extravagant about using sugar, we are willing to measure up to the demands of the government and use one spoonful where previously two were used in a cup of coffee or tea. A real daughter of the Confederacy who was reared in the reconstruction era of the Southland, learned of the many hardships at the knee of mother.

By comparison, we still have the luxuries, and even more than we need, if facts were realized. Economy is the watchword today. If united we stand, victory will crown the efforts of the allied nations. We must win and we will win. The suggestion of dictatorship is repulsive to liberty-loving people.

* * * * * * * *

CROSSING THE RIVERS

A five or ten cent fee, or even more, for crossing a river on a ferry boat, or through a tunnel, may be irritating but it is not a serious blow to your spending money. If it were not for ferries and tunnels and you were driving a car, you might have a justifiable excuse for being irritated. According to the Federal Works Agency, there are 242 toll bridges, 660 ferries and five tunnels which make possible easy and safe crossing of rivers in the United States. About one-fifth of these toll facilities are publicly owned, and when enough tolls are paid to cover their original cost and maintenance, they may become free. Seems reasonable to hope for that day. The approximate amount of annual tolls is given as $76,000,000.

* * * * * * * *

A NAME

A name, to the masses, carries little significance, meaning only one of the thousands of nouns used to place or call when so desired. The time-worn expression, "there is much in a name," is as true

today as it was the first time uttered. The world has outstanding names and the same holds true in counties and smaller communities. For instance, the name, George Washington, presents the picture of Valley Forge; Robert E. Lee and "Stonewall' Jackson, the days of the War Between the States, when these men proved their right to stand among our greatest military strategists. While there are names that suggest standards of high moral courage and loyalty, there are others synonymous with treachery. The scars made on the human body are always visible, and the same is true of a blemish on a family name—it sticks to the end of time. A good name is more to be desired than great riches. Wealth supplies the material needs, but to live for your country and your fellow man makes contentment.

* * * * * * * *

A BETTER SYSTEM OF EDUCATION

It is truly an ill wind that blows no good. In every respect it is conceded that World War II is unsupassed in cruelty by any previous conflict, due to modern mechanisms of war and the world-wide area of its battlefields. The reports given by commentators make the radio audiences think quickly as they follow the speaker from one geographical front to another. After listening to these reports one feels as if a course in mental gymnastics had had been given. However, much general information is realized by radio broadcasts in a shorter time than could be gleaned by reading newspapers or magazine articles. Therefore, from all sources, good or bad, something is learned.

For instance, one speaker briefly stated that in the drafting of young men from every corner of the United States, it was found that a large percentage of them were debarred from active service because of a lack of educational advantages. Also from similar sources, rumors of physical unfitness is broadcast. There is much consolation in knowing the Federal Government is cognizant of prevailing conditions, and that something is going to be done about it. There is hope that the goal of the authorities will be a sound mind within a sound body. True democracy abhors the idea of a nation "half slave and half free," and may we be permitted

to paraphrase by saying "neither can we have a strong nation if our people are half sick and the others physically and mentally strong." The war is cruel beyond words. however, if conditions are realized, the underprivileged will be given a chance in this land of the free and the home of the brave.

* * * * * * * *

Pity the poor notables in wax who grace Madame Tussaud's exhibit of past and present worthies. Though they do not lead an active life, nevertheless their clothes wear, or moulder, out, and must be replaced. Fortunately their position is not altogether impossible. A limited clothes ration is allowed each figure, or the most recent effigies to be received as honored guests, Sir Stafford Cripps, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Temple, and General MacArthur, would be greatly embarrassed. However, a measure of embarrassment persists; for to clothe these worthies in the style and manner befiitting their varied dignities and the demands of their respective offices, requires much more than the individual ration allowed. Just what the poor things can do is a mystery, unless, as an example, some general would volunteer to spare a uniform for his comrade in wax.—Selected.

* * * * * * * *

Just twenty-five years ago today, on June 13, 1917, there occurred an important historic event which is deeply impressed in the hearts and minds of the present generation of Americans. It was on this date that General John Joseph Pershing arrived in Paris, France, to assume command of the American Expeditionary Forces, then at war with Germany. "Black Jack," as he was fondly called by the men who served under him, was one of the most popular and beloved commanding officers ever placed at the head of the armed forces of the United States.

BUY BONDS —V— BYE-BYE, HITLER

OLD GLORY

By A. Hoyt Levy

Benjamin Franklin was probably the first among the important personages of the American Colonials to realize the necessity of a National flag. As far back as 1747, fearing invasion by France or Spain, then at war with England, he helped organize military companies and exhorted the women to present them with flags many of which he designed. For Franklin was not only a scientist, philosopher, statesman, wit, printer and inventor, but also something of an artist. History does not disclose which of the flags were designed by him. But the interest spread and the colonies were soon deluged with flags which, as one writer of that time said, were "as various as the troops were motley."

Among the more popular flags which reflected the temper of the people were the sleeping lion with the defiant motto, "Rouse me if you dare!" and the rattlesnake in fighting mood, showing its fangs ready to strike, and warning, "Don't tread on me!" There was also a flag with an elephant, since appropriated by the Republican party as its symbol, but careful search of the records do not disclose that the donkey, mascot of the Democrat party, had ever adorned a Colonial flag.

If a Gallup pole had been taken at the time of the signing of the Declaration of Independence the probabilities are that the rattlesnake flag would have come through as winner by an overwhelming majority. An annoymous writer in Bradford's Pennsylvania Journal, December 27, 1775, offered this panegyric to the rattling reptile:

> "The rattlesnake is found in no other corner of the globe than America. She never begins an attack nor, when once engaged, ever surrenders. She is therefore an emblem of magnanimity and true courage. She never wounds until she has generously given notice even to an enemy, and cautioned him against the danger of treading on her. Am I wrong sirs, in thinking this a strong picture of the temper and conduct of America?"

Not until I read this convicing character of the rattlesnake did I appreciate its noble qualities. In my profound ignorance of Reptilia, I had always considered the snake to be the lowest of all animals—in estimation, I mean—and must now admit to a sorely troubled conscience. Yet, in spite of its noble character I fear that the women, lacking sympathetic understanding, may take umbrage at the author's placing the reptile in the gender of their sex. To which, I doubt not, cynics will point to such parallels as "nor when once engaged, ever surrenders," and "cautions him against the danger of treading on her." But bickering aside, let me also ask, am I wrong sirs, in thinking the rattlesnake flag of Colonial days with its warning motto "don't tread on me" a strong picture of the temper and conduct of the people of America today?

Although the seeds of the American

Revolution had begun to sprout some years before the signing of the Declaration of Independence, complete separation from the mother country was not the commonly accepted idea among the Colonists. Even George Washington held hopes of a reconcilation which would assure the Colonists of a fair amount of freedom. It may well be that this thought explains why, not until nearly a year after the signing of the Declaration of Independence did a national flag come into existence.

There always have been, and I suppose there always will be people who refuse to grant credit where credit is due. It's an affliction that crops out in every generation among a certain few who will argue that it was Amerigo Vespucci and not Christopher Columbus who discovered our fair land; that the works accredited to Shakespeare were really written by Bacon, and prove it by showing that the writing could not have been done with the particular kind of quill that Shakespeare used, These same afflicted folk insist that Betsy Ross did not design the most beautiful flag on the face of the earth and had no part in its creation. But evidence as to Betsy's part in the creation of our national flag is clear—if she is not the mother of Old Glory, she most certainly is its foster mother.

It was early in the month of June, year 1777, when three men of distinguished bearing visited the little upholstery shop on Arch Street in the city of Philadelphia. The tallest and most distinguished of the three was the Commander of the Continental army, George Washington. The second was Colonel George Ross and the third, Robert Morris, patriot and financier. For three men of such prominence to visit this modest shop, the purpose must have been of real importance. No doubt it was upon the recommendation of Colonel Ross, uncle to Betsy by her marriage to his nephew recently deceased, that the pretty widow was chosen to make the first national flag.

The selection hardly could be bettered. For Betsy was skillful with the needle and endowed with a fine taste for color and design.

It may be, as some contend, that the basic idea of the stars and stripes and the colors red, white and blue, was suggested by George Washington. The complete design was quite probably roughed out at the historic visit to the little shop although Betsy is said to have related that the 5-pointed star was her own idea, the original idea being a 6-pointed star which Washington thought was easier to make. Betsy seems to have won her preference by folding a piece of papers in a certain manner and after one clip of the scissors unfolded a perfect 5-pointed star. It makes a nice story and is also credible.

In any event, with the assistance of two fair friends whom history neglected to name, and the loan of a navy flag obtained for her by Robert Morris to see how it was hemmed, Betsy was able to deliver the first national flag to Colonel Ross the following day. This flag was carried in the battles of Trenton and Princeton and is shown in the paintings of these battles by the famous early American painters Charles Wilson Peale, Captain of Infantry and John Trum-

bull, Aide-de-camp to General Washington, both of whom took active part in the negagements.

Here is the resolution passed by the Continental Congress legalizing the flag made by Betsy Ross as the Flag in the engagements.

Saturday June 14, 1777

1777 June 14

Resolved That the Flag of the United States be 13 stripes alternate red and white, that the Union be 13 stars white in a blue field representing a new constellation.

It will be observed that the resolution refers to "the Flag of the United States." The "American flag" does not legally exist although its use is permissible by comman consent. In three basic laws Congress has always referred to our national flag as "the Flag of the United States."

The Stars-and-Stripes was immediately acclaimed and soon took precedence over the noble rattlesnake, the hefty elephant, the snoozing lion, the industrious beaver, the lofty pine tree and all the lesser flags of that day. And one poet of the period, Charles J. Lukens, reflected the people's moods with chip on shoulder when he wrote,

As the stars and the stripes
are our states interwoven,
Having grown thus from weakness to far spreading might,
Then perish the villain who
wanting them cloven,
Would quench their resplendence
In treachery's might.

BUY BONDS —V— BYE-BYE, HITLER

THE AMERICAN FLAG

By W. B. Wheaton

It is the most glorious banner, as well as the prettiest that floats on the face of the earth.

Its first birthday was June 14, 1777. It was hoisted for the first time over General George Washington's headquarters in Bound Brook, New Jersey.

It was first planted on foreign soil over Fort Nassau, Bahama Islands, January 28, 1778. It was first saluted by a foreign power, by an admiral of the French navy, February 13, 1778. It floated over a school house for the first time in Massachusetts in May, 1812.

It was designed by the request of George Washington to Betsy Ross, the wife of a sea captain who lived in a very small red brick house in Philadelphia, Pa. Betsy Ross stitched the spirit of Freedom into the Flag of her Country. The little red building is still standing as it was in 1777. It is near the resting place of Benjamin Franklin and Independence Hall where the old Liberty Bell is resting.

In 1814 Francis Scott Key of Frederick, Maryland, wrote the famous poem, "Star Spangled Banner." Captain Samuel Driver of Salem, Mass., gave it the name of Old Glory by

which it is known far and wide (in 1831).

The first time the American Flag was fired upon was at the Battle of Oriskany, New York, August 6, 1777.

So we must be good patriots, and keep 'em flying and foever waving in the sunlight, that Liberty and the American Way of Life shall never perish.

Its colors, Red, White and Blue, are all emblematical. Its Blue stands for Friendship and Brotherly Love. Its Red bids us to stand ready to fight with our life blood that the lamp of Liberty remains a flame forever. Its White stands for Courage, Righteousness, and bids us never to unfurl our banner except for the Right, and Truth and Justice for all.

Its stripes remind us of God's rainbows in the heavens, His promise that he will be our God and we shall be His people, so long as we shall be true to our national creed.

"In God We Trust."

BUY BONDS —V— BYE-BYE, HITLER

COTTON MANUFACTURING

By R. C. Lawrence

The cotton gin was not invented by Eli Whitney until 1792, at which time only five hundred thousand pounds of cotton was grown in the United States. Prior to that time, and even later, until the gin grew slowly into general use, the lint had to be separated from the seed by hand, a slow and laborious process. The cotton was carded by hand, spun on the old fashioned spinning wheel and woven into cloth on a home-made loom operated by a treadle. Lovers of antiques can still locate many of the old spinning wheels throughout the South, stored away in musty garrets; and even a few of the ancient "foot power" looms yet exist.

Long after the manufacture of cloth by machinery began in the South, resort was necessarily had to the original hand methods. When the Civil War came on, the South was entirely dependent upon the North for all cotton manufacturing machinery, parts, material and supplies, and as this source was shut off, most Southern mills (few in number at best) were forced to close. Among the supplies imported by Governor Vance, were sixty thousand hand cards, brought in through the blockade at Wilmington.

The basic invention in cotton manufacturing was the spinning-jenney, by James Hargreaves in 1767. Then came the water frame of Arkwright in 1769, and the "mule" of Compton in 1775. In 1812 Lowell introduced the power loom at Lowell, Massachusetts, which thenceforth became the center of the textile industry in the United States.

The following year, in 1813, Michael

Schenck, III built the first cotton mill South of the Potomac at Lincolnton, N. C.; it was operated by water power, as were nearly all the early mills. In 1819 he built the Lincoln Cotton Mills, which continued in operation until the Civil War when it was destroyed by fire.

At an early date John M. Morehead, Governor and great developer of Carolina, became interested in cotton manufacturing and built mills along the Dan River at Spray, which later developed into a great center of the textile industry.

In 1836 Francis L. Fries erected the first cotton mill at Winston. His son, John W. Fries, invented several appliances connected with cotton manufacturing, which came into general use. His other two sons, Col. F. H., and Henry E., both became largely interested in cotton manufacturing in Piedmont Carolina.

In 1836 Henry Humphries was running a small cotton mill at Greensboro, operated by steam. Edwin M. Holt became interested in the matter and wished to build a mill of his own on his father's properties on Great Alamance Creek—along which the battle occurred between the "Regulartors" and the royal forces under Governor Tryon, just prior to the Revolution. Mr. Holt's father was not inclined to favor the enterprise, but Chief Justice Thomas Ruffin came to the rescue, offering not only a site on Haw River, but also to become a partner in the proposed business. Such was the confidence of the elder Holt in the Chief Justice that he withdrew his opposition, and thereupon his son, Edwin M. Holt, and his brother-in-law, W. A. Corrigan, started the first cotton mill in Alamance in 1837. He was followed by his son, Governor Thomas M. Holt, and Alamance became the center of large textile interests, operated by numerous descendants of the original founder; a family so distinguished in the textile annals of our State.

The Battle family of Edgecombe were also among the pioneer cotton manufacturers, James Battle being one of the founders of the original cotton mills at the falls of Tar River near Rocky Mount.

Among other early cotton manufacturers should be noted Mark Morgan who developed several water power mills in what is now Scotland County in 1872; Thomas C. Leak, who started cotton manufacturing at Rockingham in 1874, and John M. Odell, who began at Concord in 1877, one of the greatest textile centers in America. Gaston County also became the field of large investments in textiles.

By the turn of the century Carolina was fast developing her textile industry having more than a million spindles, but still ranking below Massachusetts, Rhode Island, South Carolina and New Hampshire. The center of the industry was gradually drawn from New England to the Carolinas —climate, labor conditions and other factors operating in favor of the Southern mills. By 1923 our State was second only to Massachusetts in the value of cotton goods produced.

The establishment of the Duke Power Company gave considerable impetus to cotton manufacturing and today the Carolinas lead all other

states both in the number of spindles and in the value of the finished product.

For years cotton manufacturing was profitable in Carolina. Twenty years ago had the astute business man been offered his choice between stock in a gold mine and a cotton mill, he would unhesitatingly have chosen the cotton mill stock. The result was the erection of too many mills. Then other countries expanded manufacturing; the use of cotton goods declined; rayon and other substitutes came in; exports declined; labor troubles were encountered; and other adverse economic conditions resulted in the closing down of many mills, and rendered yet others unprofitable in operation. None the less, North Carolina yet possesses an industry ranking high in its total investment, giving employment to tens of thousands of operatives, and giving our State a position of primacy in several lines:

There are more cotton mills in Gaston County than in any other county in the South—more than one hundred.

The Cone Mills at Greensboro make more denims than are manufactured in any other State.

At Roanoke Rapids will be found the largest damask mill in the United States.

At Kannapolis, center of the vast Cannon interests, is the largest towel mill in the world.

BUY BONDS —V— BYE-BYE, HITLER

THE ROMANCE OF GOLD

By Earle Brinkley, in The State.

When we think of gold, our thoughts usually center upon the California gold rush of 1849.

But before California had dreamed of the discovery of the precious yellow metal, the Old North State was humold Salt Lake Mining Review, a was here, and not in California, that gold was first discovered in the United States.

A yellowed, neglected copy of the old Salt Lake Mining Reveiw, a pamphlet published in Salt Lake City, Utah, in the 1820's, vividly recounts the story of the discovery. Dusty pages of history and accounts written by mining engineers confirm it.

It was during the early 1800's that a man made his way on foot along the trail that went up Brindle Creek in the Appalachian Mountains of western North Carolina. As he was walking along he became aware that a hole was wearing through the thin part of his shoe. This hole made a fortune for a large number of people, including the man who wore the shoe and the man who fixed it.

Here is the story as spread on the pages of the old Salt Lake Mining Review in 1824:

The wanderer was named Samuel Martin, who was born in Connecticut but spent most of his wayfaring life

sailing the waters of the globe. Outside of the dusty garb on his back, the only pieces of clothes that he owned at the time he was walking the mountains of North Carolina were a couple of shirts, some socks, and an extra pair of trousers. These items, together with two books and a shaving kit, constituted all of his belongings.

Martin, during his lifetime, had been in South America working as a mining engineer. Heading back home he had taken a position with a firm in Nicaragua, in the old Kingdom of Olancho. From Central America he came on a ship to a landing in Alabama and was proceeding from there on foot to Connecticut, a journey that the almost penniless wanderer expected would take him about three months to make.

After noticing the hole in the sole of his shoe, Martin passed on up the road limping around sharp pebbles until he saw a rude sign hanging in front of a log cabin that read, "Bob Anderson, Shoemaker." He turned and got his first taste of the kind of hospitality that the South is noted for. Anderson looked at the shoe. Then he appraised the stranger and said, "You stay and have dinner with us, and I will repair your shoes for two bits." Martin readily accepted.

In his stocking feet, the eagle-eyed miner walked out in the yard and stood on the cool, green grass fringing the log cabin. The home was, as were all the log dwelling places in those days, daubed with mud. It was this mud that attracted Martin's attention. He had already been intrigued by the unusual appearance of the red hills in the surrounding country and now closer up he saw something in the clay that caused him to gasp. He stepped over and pulled out a piece of the chinking that was about to fall out. After examining it closely he found that the clay was exceptionally like the best gold-bearing gravel in South America.

The plain Anderson home was about 26 feet in length, and 15 feet wide. Martin also noticed that there was also on the lot a smokehouse. But what struck him most about the two houses was that every log was daubed with the same yellow speckled mud that he had examined. The chimney was built of quartz, he noted. His long experience in the gold fields of South America had shown him that gold appeared in great amounts in this quartz rock. Going on these two evidences, he concluded that there must be gold on the premises. He looked at the hills and the banks of the creek that ran near by the house and saw the same yellow stains. While he was deeply absorbed in his examination of the landscape, Mrs. Anderson came to the cabin door and invited him to dinner.

After the meal was finished, Martin proposed to the poverty-ridden shoemaker that he be permitted to investigate the land in that vicinity for gold. Anderson readily agreed and Martin first tested the clay that was used for daubing in the buildings. He made a pan out of an old Indian camp kettle and started washing the clay. At the bottom of the pan after the final washing was a layer of gold! Thus the first gold to be found in America, says the author of the ar-

ticle in the Salt Lake Mining Review, was panned out that day by the adventurer, paying for his shoes and board, on the lands of a poor shoemaker in Burke Couty, along the banks of Brindle Creek.

That afternoon, after the discovery was made, Martin agreed to prospect the land of the shoemaker, doing all the work himself and was to receive half of the profits.

When news that gold had been discovered broke on the country pandemonium prevailed. Poor farmers, and their wives, storekeepers, mule traders, speculators, rich and poor alike, from all over the western part of North Carolina and Georgia burst down in hordes on the banks of Brindle Creek. Through a whole year the country teemed with people from far and near. The area boomed. Hungry mountaineers sold their bald plots of ground for unbelieveable prices. Slaves were brought into the area in huge numbers. Prices on foodstuffs and merchandise rocketed skyhigh. Towns sprung up like magic. One of them was named Brindletown after the little creek on which the gold was discovered. It still stands today.

Coining the gold became a major problem. The nearest mint was Philadelphia and transportation facilities in those days were poor. Finally a man in Rutherford County who had been a jeweler offered to coin the gold. His name was Christian Bechtler, a German by birth. Even with his small facilities he minted gold to the reported value of $4,000 per week. Some of the old gold coins, stamped "C. Bechtler, Rutherford County, North Carolina" are in the North Carolina Museum at Raleigh, now. It is estimated by authorities that $60,000,000 worth of gold at current value was mined in the Appalachian area between 1828 and 1848. Some folks grew wealthy and stayed that way. But, as is usually the case in a boom, most of them lost all their earnings and soon went back to hard work again.

Oh, yes! The Andersons. What became of them? Altogether, the shoemaker made about $39,500. The daughters bought jewels, clothes and fine saddle horses. As the writer in the old Reveiw quaintly put it, "His son, Jackson, took to drinking, gambling, horseracing, and went to the devil completely." Bob Anderson bought a large plantation, paid half down on it, secured several slaves largely on time, and within five years after the discovery was again completely broke.

A decade later Bob, his wife, and one girl were dead and now lay in unmarked graves. The two other daughters died in the county poor house. Thus was the end written to a glorious saga that became a somber drama, but not before North Carolina was inscribed in brilliant yellow streams of letters on a picturesque page of history—the premier state of America in the original romance of gold.

And as for Martin—the man with the hole in his shoe—we have no knowledge of what became of him, or whether he held on to his money or not.

WHAT OF VACATION?

By Margaret A. J. Irvin

Vacation? Who's going to get a vacation this year? Everyone working overtime. No tires or gas to go anywhere. Trains running on wartime schedules. Who's going to get a vacation?

The children are. Before very long school will be over and they will be free. No more regular hours. No more responsibility. No more discipline. A whole summer on their hands—and on ours.

Some children are already planning what they are going to do. They are going fishing and swimming. They are going to play baseball with no interruptions from inconsiderate elders. They have definite things they want to do. Neither heat nor humidity will hold them back.

Unfortunately, these purposeful souls are usually in the minority in any group of children. There may be enough of them or they may be forceful enough to take the rest of the crowd along. They may be able to rouse in their playmates an interest in their pursuits. But, again unfortunately, this is hardly likely to be the case.

It is much more likely that summer will find most town and city children with too much time on thir hands—unless we take steps now to help them plan their free time wisely. Children lolling idly on doorsteps. Children bickering and quarreling. Children whining and tattling. Children getting into mischief for want of anything better to do.

That is the sort of picture that led to the formation of daily vacation Bible schools, or as they are now called in most parishes, the vacation church school. They began in sections where the need was acute; and because they gave the children something more than mere directed activity, they have spread until every self-respecting parish either has one or has asked itself, "Why not?" There may be some places where they could not be worked; but those places are few and far between.

Other agencies have kindly undertaken to provide for the use of our children's leisure time, also. The Y. M. C. A., the Y. W. C. A., City Playground Commissions, Boards of Education and other groups have seen the need and are supplementing the work of the church. Indeed, sometimes they would almost seem to be competing. Here and there you hear pastors bemoaning the fact that they cannot run a vacation school because there are too many other things that attract the children.

In most cases such talk is—with apologies to the cloth—juist talk. Practically no secular agency will refuse to back down if the church really advances to the attack. If the churches of a community will put aside their differences and decide what share of the vacation period they want to claim for religious education, they are pretty sure to get it. Even one congregation can make enough fuss to get its own way at times. If plans are already made by these other agencies for this year, it is almost certain that they will consider

the claims of the church in making out next year's schedule.

It doesn't need a prophet's vision to look at the world and see that the next generation will need more Christanity than this one has if it is to refrain from battling itself to extinction. The vacation church school is one of the greatest opportunities we have to make real in the lives of our children the things that "belong to their peace."

There is, of course, a different sort of vacation that is just as wholesome as one that begins with two, three, or four weeks of church school. That is the sort of vacation that is centered around a truly Christian home. Billy and Barbara, or Susan and Sam, work with mother for the good of the whole family. There is time to talk frankly and sincerely about the problems of the world as they come up in the lives of the younger members of the group. Playtime is a time for good-humored fun. There is time to read and to talk over what they have read. There is time for spiritual growth and for prayer.

But how many homes have time for that sort of program? Parents who are thinking of keeping their children away from the vacation school in their parish because "the poor things have been in school all winter," should ask themselves very frankly whether they are willing to sacrifice the time the other sort of training demands. Unless they are more consecrated than the average parent—or more fuzzy in their thinking—I think they will admit that it is far easier to supplement the work of the church school than to supplant it.

Children need a little leisure that is completely their own. So do adults. But all of us need Christian training in how to make the most of our vacation period. Either the church or the home can give that training. But in nine cases out of ten, the church is better fiitted to do it.

BUY BONDS —V— BYE-BYE, HITLER

ONE'S VERY BEST

By Dr. Hunter B. Blakely

In the morning of the Renaissance of Art the little city of Florence, Italy, became the nursery of Beauty. Around the years 1400-1500 A. D. practically every one of the great Italian masters were either instructed in Florence, had painted or sculptured there, or at least had received inspiration from the outburst of beauty which blossomed in that city. Florence, a city of only 100,000 inhabitants, had a large part in developing the genius of Michelangelo, Titian, Andread del Sarto, Raphael, Leonardo da Vinci, Verrocchio, Botticelli, Burnelleschi, Donatello, Fra Angelico, and more than a dozen lesser lights.

One man stood close to the beginning of this new birth of art, and,

while he has only one great production to his credit, his workshop was the cradle in which Florentine art found life.

In 1401 A. D. the city of Florence called for a competition to determine which artist would execute the plans for the four bronze doors which were to be placed on the Baptistery of the Cathedral of Florence. The doors were to be a gift of all the citizens of Florence, and the competition to determine by whom they should be executed was open to "artists of every country." In our practical America it is impossible for us to imagine the enthusiasm and rivalry called forth by this competition. The interest of the Florentines in who would fashion the great doors of the Baptistery was as intense as that of Americans in a hotly contested political election. The models of three young men were considered superior to all others—Jacapo della Querica, who was twenty-seven, Brunelleschi, twenty-two, and Ghiberti, twenty-three. Finally the panel of Ghiberti was judged the best and he at twenty three was commissioned to fahsion the bronze doors.

With this begins one of the finest stories of history about a man who was content only with "One's very best" and who refused for fifty years to lower his ideals or to do inferior work. At twenty-three Ghiberti began with the first pair of doors, which were to picture in bronze scenes from the life of Christ. He determined to make his work the most perfect production of art which the world had yet seen. Again and again he recast the panels, always seeking for something more perfect. When after months of labor a panel was finished his artist's eye saw some small flaw, some little failure, and immediately he destroyed his work and sought to fashion it again. His ideal was not just an ordinary bronze relief, but relief which became pictures in bronze showing even the clouds and presenting the effects of distance.

He tells his own story, as follows: "In modelling these reliefs I strove to imitate nature to the utmost. I sought to understand how forms strike upon the eye, and how the theoretical part of sculptural and pictorial art should be managed. Working with the utmost care and diligence I introduced into some of my panels as many as a hundred figures; these I modelled upon different planes, so that those nearest the eye might appear larger, and those more remote smaller in proportion."

After twenty-two years Ghiberti's first pair of doors were finished and his countrymen proclaimed them among the finest works of art ever produced. Then at forty-five years of age Ghiberti began his second pair of bronze doors, which were to take him even longer and to surpass the first in excellense.

For 28 more years he labored producing his supreme masterpiece, the bronze doors which show scenes from the Old Testament. When Ghiberti was 73 he finished the work he began at 23. As Alexander Dumas has said: "A whole life spent over this marvelous bronze." He had accomplished nothing else, except two or three minor pieces.

The youth began his beautiful dream at 22. Amid disapointments, wars, and plagues which beset Florence, sorrows, difficulties, and

troubles, he labored on, never willing for a moment to be content with a second best. His companions passed away, the children when he began his work had become old men and women by the time he finished, and he himself was worn and wasted by the long toil of the half century. It was an entirely new generation which saw the two last doors from that which had spurred the initial competition on with such enthusiasm. The grey-haired man of 73 saw his work placed in position amid the excitement and applause of his city; and three years later he died.

Could such faithful labor have been a waste—four bronze doors and a lifetime of struggle? It was no waste . The great Michelangelo looking upon them afterwards declared that Ghiberti's doors were "fit to be the gates of Paradise." In all art there are few things more perfectly rendered.

The historian who looks back upon the Renaissance of art proclaims Ghiberti's worship the school of art for Florence, until that city of 100,000 inhabitants had produced more artists of first caliber than whole lands can produce within centuries of time. What power was in that work of a man who did "one's very best"—says the historian: "They were the origin and matrix of the sculpture of Donatello, the painting of Masaceio, and all that grow from these; so that as we look at Ghiberti's panels, we see mirrored in them the triumphs of Raphael and Michelangelo."

We move toward world leadership in America, but we will be only fit to lead when into the hearts of workmen, of executives, of statesmen, and of our citizens in general there is created a discontent with all that is inferior, little, and mean, and a passionate striving for the ideal and "one's very best."

BUY BONDS —V— BYE-BYE, HITLER

WHAT WALKING WILL DO FOR YOU AND UNCLE SAM

(Selected)

All America is learning to walk again. The need to save gas and tires has led many a patriotic family to put the old bus away for the duration. Others, who really need their cars, are cutting down on driving as much as possible. This curtailment means but one thing—Americans have got to get out and hoof it.

Walking, to date, has been a hobby or a sport, something to fill in a dull Sunday afternoon. Now it's a necessity. The sudden demand for walking has led to lots of old-fashioned grousing—not because Americans are unpatriotic—but because a walk of any length for the average person means he's going to wind up at home with

his barking "dogs" soaking in a pail of hot water.

The chances are 100-to-1 that there's nothing physically wrong with the person who wails "my feet are killing me." Experts trace practically all foot troubles to ill fitting shoes or improper stockings. When you were a youngster, you had perfect feet, but the chances are that, by the time you were 16, you developed a foot defect of some sort because you wore the wrong kind of shoes.

Now that you've got to walk, you might as well do it properly—because not only is this patriotic exercise going to aid Uncle Sam, but daily doses are good for you. A brisk walk to the station morning and night will knock Pa's bay window for a loop, and improve his disposition 100 per cent.

According to Dr. Joseph Lelyveld, chairman of the National Foot Health Council, walking brings into play almost every voluntary muscle of the human body. And if you swing down the street with the right posture, he points out, you will breathe deeper, promote digestion by increasing glands, and best of all, lose your excess fat.

"Walking can be done most comfortably when feet are in good condition and shoes and stockings are comfortable and fitted correctly," Dr. Lelyveld explains. "Healthful walking is dependent on properly functioning feet whose natural object is to support the body, carry it lightly, safely and gracefully. Good feet point straight forward, are held at right angles to the leg, and carry the body weight on three points of bearings, the heel and the ball of the foot and the great and little toes."

Women do less walking than men because, Dr. Lelyveld believes, there is much greater discomfort in trying to walk with stylish high-heeled shoes. Business men in particular like to walk for they've discovered that a stroll at mid-day banishes tenseness, provides relaxation, and renews vigor.

Good shoes are important. Indians walked in moccasins but these are no longer the natural type of footwear. Concrete pavements and hard floors require more support for the feet. The majority of American shoes are well-built, but often a person gets improperly fitted.

Nine out of ten adults, according to Dr. Lelyveld, are foot defective and practically all their troubles are caused by wearing shoes without regard for the normal structure of the feet. With few exceptions all children are born with sound, well-formed feet but by the time they leave high school at least 75 per cent have developed ailments.

An examiner for a district board during the World War I reported that more men were rejected for foot trouble than for any other two reasons combined. In the present war, these are so numerous that the examining boards cannot afford to reject any appreciable number without sacrificing the size of our army.

A good shoe is one that permits the free movement of all toes, has moderately low heels and a medium weight sole that bends freely—where the foot bends—at the ball. The shank should be resilient and the shoe itself made of kid leather to allow natural ventilation. Heavier leather should be perforated to prevent perspiration.

Stockings, Dr. Lelyveld points out, can cause nearly as much trouble as shoes. Short stockings cramp the toes and cause so-called hammer toes, crooked toes, bunions, and ingrown toe nails. Circulatory disturbances come from tight, round garters. Walking increases circulation and restrictions of any sort may cause varicose veins and large ankles.

Dr. Lelyveld's advice is that, to get the most good from your walking, do it correctly. He lists correct posture as the most important. This is an accepted theory of medical authorities who have long held that posture is most essential to good health. If the organs of the body are to function properly, if the muscles, not only of the feet, and lower limbs but also of the hips and trunk are to perform their duties without pain or discomfort, carry the body erect, shoulders even and well back, abdomen in, and back straight.

You can't do all this, however, if your feet are complaining because of corns, calluses, or ingrown nails. A slight change from your present posture or gait, caused by a seemingly slight foot derangement, may result in some really sore feet. When this happens you should have a pediatrist or chiropodist correct the ailments and advise you on the future care of your feet.

Persons who are unaccustomed to walking should begin by going a moderate distance, gradually increasing their milage daily. Too long walks at first will cause leg and back aches. After you're in condition, Dr. Lelyveld urges that you walk wherever and whenever you can.

BUY BONDS —V— BYE-BYE, HITLER

HIGH FLYING AIRMEN PICKED BY MACHINE

By Horace W. Cort

Whether you or the enemy dies first in the dogfights high above the clouds is determined largely by physical ability to withsand the tortures of high altitudes.

At the naval air station here I "went up" in the new low-pressure chamber being used to select the pilots for this job of high flying.

The specially constructed chamber is a large steel-plated cylinder-like compartment, securely embedded in the floor of its special hangar at the school of aviation medicine. It is the country's largest low-pressure chamber, and the first to be used for actual training of the nation's airmen.

The first of four such units costing more than $70,000, this chamber has facilities for a crew of 14 and two instructors, each with individual oxygen equipment and three-way radio communication.

Outside is a maze of pumps, valves, controls and other special equipment capable of shooting the "scooter" skyward at a mile a minute or plunging its crew earthward equivalent to the speed of the modern dive bombers or fighter planes.

Lieut. Commander C. L. Gemmill, in charge of the test, explained that before pilots "take off" for a trip in the chamber they must leave outside their watches and fountain pens, as the low-pressure is likely to cause the ink to come out of the pen or the watch crystal to break.

Over the loud speaker system the operator shouted the command: "All set, we are going up to 18,000 feet."

I heard a great rushing of air, and the "space ship" rumbled into the sky.

My eardrums began to snap and roar.

Some of the pilots grinned, some laughed like drunken men and others just sat and stared into space.

Some got dizzy and faint while others began to yawn and get sleepy, Some turned blue in the face and under the fingernails from the lack of oxygen.

At this point (18,000 ft,) we put on our oxygen masks and immediately felt better. Our color came back.

Then on up we went—20,000—30,000—35,000 feet, and there we leveled off.

At this height comes the real test whether a pilot can withstand the hardships of high altitude flying. No human being could live at this level without taking oxygen.

We remained one hour at this height. The first 15 minutes weren't so bad. Then some of the pilot's pulses began to run as high as 106 or 108. Chilly sensations ran up and down our spines.

Some began to itch or have prickly feelings as when your leg or arm goes to sleep.

We took on a thickness of speech, and our stomachs got larger and larger.

Then the pilots who "can't take it" began to show up with the "bends." You could spot them as they began to feel pain in the joints of their arms and legs, or severe pains in their stomachs.

The bends are caused by an accumulation of nitrogen bubbles in the body tissues, Commander Gemmill explains.

Nitrogen is a gas always present in the body. In high altitudes the air pressure of the body is much less than on the ground; therefore, the gas in the bloodstream starts to accumulate in bubbles. If this happens too rapidly, the bubbles clog up the bloodstream and cause the bends.

Those who got the bends or showed signs of distress were placed in a small chamber at the end of the main unit. It was closed off from the rest and "lowered" to sea level.

After 60 minutes, we heard the command "down we go!" given over the speaker system. Again we heard the great rushing of air, and then we went screaming earthward at better than 300 miles an hour.

Again our eardrums began to snap and roar.

Suddenly the instructor yelled "Level off!"—A student had signalled he was having severe pains in his

ears and another was having pains in his sinuses.

"Go back up 2,000 feet," the instructor ordered—this to relieve the pains.

You must keep swallowing, yawning or close your mouth and nose and blow hard to force air into the middle ear and sinus cavities to equalize the pressure, the instructor told them.

After they all got straightened out, the descent continued. Back at sea level again, we walked out of the chamber grinning.

Those who contracted the bends while up in the tank were assigned to low altitude flying units. Those who stood the ordeal will take to high heavens.

BUY BONDS —V— BYE-BYE, HITLER

SOUTH DAKOTA NEW MANGANESE SOURCE

(Selected)

Bleak, barren, windswept bluffs along the Missouri River in this south-central section of South Dakota soon will yield great quanities of one of Uncle Sam's most precious wartime metals—manganese.

It's the stuff that helps make steel tougher, so that heavy artillery can withstand the shock of high explosive so ships can take the strain of pounding through heavy seas and so railroad rails can bear the rush of trains carrying tons of war materials.

Supplies of manganese from India have been shut off, Russia is using most of her own, and the U-boats have cut shipments from Brazil, so America has turned to her own supply.

With the exception of some deposits in Montana and Minnesota, U. S. ores are of low manganese content and no economical method has been developed to refine it. Much of the Minnesota iron ore is from one to 25 percent manganese.

Peacetime economy has given way to wartime demand, so the Federal Government has ordered an expenditure of $8,500,000 at Chamberlain which will add 350,000 tons of ferro-grade manganese to the Nation's stockpile this year.

Extensive mining operations with great open pits or deep shafts won't be required. Nodules of manganese ore, mixed with gumbo and shale, are right on the surface or close to it. It can be scooped up into trucks and cars and taken directly to the new mlil at Chamberlain.

This deposit covers about 100,000 acres and is estimated to contain about 102,000,000 tons of manganese—enough to last the Nation for 100 years during peaceful times.

Mining operations won't disrupt

any agricultural or commerical enterprise. The gumbo bluffs support a minimum of vegetation—bunches of buffalo grass and wild hay—which is considered poor range land.

Chamberlain has not had such activity since the coming of the railroad in the early 1900s and when Cacoma, just across the river, was a booming cattle shipping centre. But Cacoma now is practically a ghost town. Chamberlain has held its own through a dozen years of drought and grasshoppers because it is a county seat and the only town of consequence for miles and miles to the north, south and west.

It's a typical western town of 1500 persons with the usual quota of near-by ranchers, wheat farmers and Indians. Coming upon it from the east on the highway, the traveler is offered an awe-inspiring panoramic sweep of the Missouri river valley with its picturesque high bluffs, eroded gullies and cottonwood-covered bottomlands.

The lethargy engendered by all this is changing rapidly. Last year the Federal Government, spent about $300-000 on a "pilot" plant and experimental operations to develop an efficient method of handindling the ore.

Manganese has a place as an alloy along with chromium, vanadium, nickel, silicon tungsten, and to a lesser degree, molybdenum, in the application of steel to a thousand different uses.

BUY BONDS —V— BYE-BYE, HITLER

BACK TO THE PARLOR?

(Baltimore Evening Sun)

There are going to be a lot of adjustments necessary in the American way of life, particualrly as to city life, in the demotorized days ahead. As Dr. Ivan McDougle, the Goucher sociologist, pointed out in an interview recently, we are faced with a return to "family life;" but we are minus the phychological conditioning which would make that return seem entirely natural and pleasant.

"Many families will become more closely welded than ever." Dr. McDougle says. "Many parents will get to know their children for the first time. Many husbands and wives will find new meaning and beauty in their joint lives. But hundreds of other marriages will go on the rocks. Dating will be on a new basis. Boys will have to find attractive girls near their own homes. They will have to find simple amusements."

In short, what we face is a return to horse-and-buggy days and parlor evenings, but without the buggies or the parlors, or the psychological conditioning for sucessful neighborhood sociability. It is going to seem rather odd, perhaps, this superimposing of the habits of the gasoline age upon an earlier period. The present, stripped of its gas and

tires, is enantiomorphous to the past; the parts aren't interchangeable without considerable refitting and adjustment.

Some never will make the adjustment, and just die of boredom probably. The vast majority will find it really isn't so bad, and a lot of us will find it pretty swell. There is going to be a rediscovery of neighborliness. The time may pass when one city family will not even know the name of the family next door. In the older sections of Baltimore, in Waverly, Hampden, Old Town, Walbrook, Dickeyville, Irvington—there will be more visiting, more exchanging of recipes and the products of flower bed, vine and berry patch. There will be more front-steps sitting, of an evening, and more genial gossip will pass over back-garden gates.

And don't be so certain that the parlor, as a dating institutiion, may not enjoy a wide-spread revival. Let mother keep the other members of the family shooed out, and not intrude herself (except to fetch in a pitcher of lemonade and a plate of homemade cookies), and youth will make its own rediscovery. (Not bad, the parlor. You even know when it's time to say good-night for the last time; because, if you listen, you'll hear her old man's shoes drop.)

After all, a lot of our automobile driving consisted of merely going from nowhere to nowhere, in a hurry. If we can't find a satisfying substitute for that, cripes!—We had better give up.

BUY BONDS —V— BYE-BYE, HITLER

LOVE NEVER QUITS

(Baptist Standard)

One reason love should be cultivated is that it is the greatest stimulus to perseverance that the world knows. Love does not quit. It keeps on and on doing things for the one, or the cause, or the activity that is loved.

A certain mother loved her son. His father died when he was three years old. They were poor and she had to work hard to make a living. She put him in school as soon as he was old enough to go. Through the years she kept him in school until he graduated from high school. Then she went with him to a college town and worked and helped him through his college course. When he graduated she was there with a very plain, cheap dress, and her whole appearance, while neat, was that of a poor, hard-working woman. Her love had seen him graduate with honors. She did not quit. Love never quits.

This writer knew a couple near 90 years old who were devoted to each other through the years of a long married life. They did not allow themselves to become indifferent to each other to any extent. Love with them was not selfish, nor was it fitful. It was constant, persevering,

beautiful, more and more as the years increased in number. It is tragic when any husband and wife allow love to weaken and other interests to cease its cultivation. They will not persevere in those things which make a home happy and sucessful. As long as love continues, it never quits its efforts to make the companion happy.

The love of country should grow as age increases. Any man who loves his country and its flag will never fail in the time of national crisis. Love never quits. The greatest thing in every relation of life is love. The disposition and ability to extend love in every direction, relating it to everything affecting life will make life happy and a blessing to the last hour of its closing day.

BUY BONDS —V— BYE-BYE, HITLER

INSTITUTION NOTES

Recent rains greatly interfered with the oats harvesting activities at the School. Had the bad weather held off for just another day or so, all the oats would have been cut and in shock.

Buy Bonds!—V—Bye-Bye, Hitler!

A few early peaches were gathered from our orchards the other day. While not of such good variety as we expect the later ones to be, they are fairly nice peaches. They were distributed among the various cottages.

Buy Bonds!—V—Bye-Bye, Hitler!

Some very fine squash and early string beans, products of our own gardens, are now occupying important places on the daily cottage menus. A generous supply has already been gathered, and, with favorable weather conditions prevailing, later supplies should be far more abundant.

Buy Bonds!—V—Bye-Bye, Hitler!

"Captain Caution" was the attraction at the regular weekly motion picture show held in the auditorium last Thursday. It is a Universal production. Since the weather was very bad, making outside work almost impossible, the picture was shown in the afternoon, rather than at night, as is usually the custom. It is needless to say the boys gladly welcomed this diversion.

Buy Bonds!—V—Bye-Bye, Hitler!

William Anthony, of Valdese, formerly of Cottage No. 13, who left

the School in 1934, was a visitor here last Wednesday evening. Since leaving the institution he has been working practically all of the time in a hosiery mill in his own home town, and for several years has been operating a knitting machine. and has been getting along very well. William told us that he had successfully passed his first physical examination, and expected to be in the United States Navy in a very short time. He is now twenty-three years old, and has developed into a young man of nice appearence and pleasing manner. He seemed delighted to note the many changes and improvments made at the School since he was a lad in our midst, and expressed his appreciation for the training received here.

Buy Bonds!—V—Bye-Bye, Hitler!

We learned the other day, through a mutual friend, that the famous 180th Field Artillery Band, of Boston, which we had the pleasure of hearing on several occasions last year, when the United States Army maneuvers were being staged in North Carolina, is now somewhere in Australia. So far as we have been able to ascertain, there have been no casualities among the members of this fine musical organization, which is rated as the third ranking army band in the entire nation. We very pleasantly recall having entertained Bandmaster Whiting and his boys at the School on two occasions, and the most delightful concerts they rendered. In addition to being very fine musicians, they impressed the entire personnel of the institution by their clean-cut, soldierly appearance and genuinely friendly manner. Both the boys and the officials of the School are "pulling" hard for them to emerge from the war safely, and we all hope to have the pleasure of entertaining them again when they return to the good old U. S. A.

Buy Bonds!—V—Bye-Bye, Hitler!

Rev. C. C. Herbert, pastor of Forest Hill Methodist Church, Concord, conducted the regular afternoon service at the School last Sunday. For the Scripture Lesson, he and the boys read responsively the 12th chapter of Romans. The title of his impressive message to the boys was, "Things That Give Us Joy," and the text which he selected was, Romans 14:7—"For none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself."

At the beginning of his remarks, Rev. Mr. Herbert told his listeners to think carefully and ask themselves just what it was they had done that gave them the most happiness in life. He pointed out that life is like a ladder, where we see people on different rungs, representing the various levels of life.

Some people, said the speaker, seem to get joy out of making others unhappy. We often see, especially among boys, a coward who cannot get along without picking on smaller folks. Then there are others, usually among the grown-up, who take great pleasure in telling lies and promoting scandal concerning their associ-

ates, including those with whom they pretend to be on the most friendly terms. Such people are occupying a very low level in life. Right at this moment, our American planes are getting ready to drop bombs on Germany, Italy and Japan. This will necessarily cause great loss of life and much suffering among innocent people. If we are true Christians, we shall not be happy because those bombs will bring misery to others, but we are fervently hoping they will be a means of hastening the end of the cruel war in which we are now engaged.

Rev. Mr. Herbert then called attention to a slightly higher level of life. A certain man lived to be a hundred years old. His friend, a preacher, asked how he felt as he looked back over such a long life, and what gave him the most happiness. The old man replied. "I don't know, but I guess I have enjoyed my daily food the most." If we get our greatest thrill from eating, we are still occupying one of the lower rungs on the ladder of life. Drunkards, also, make failures of their lives. They belong to one of life's lowest levels.

The speaker then callel attention to a little higher level in life, stating that we see many people who get a great thrill out of athletic contests. They like to have such physically strong bodies that they may be able to perform all kinds of athletic feats. To have a healthy body is a fine thing, but those who ask for nothing more, while not classed in the lowest level, they are not yet standing on a very high rung in life's ladder.

Rev. Mr. Herbert then listed a number of things which thrill people, as follows: We find many people who get their greatest thrill from music —they like to play and sing, and hear others render beautiful music; others like the finer arts, such as sculpture and painting; some get their greatest joy from books; for some, their friends are a joy; others derive most pleasure from living in a happy home; inventors are highly pleased while at work in their laboratories; in fact, there is much joy in doing our jobs well, regardless of how difficult they may be. People who are thrilled in this manner, naturally occupy much higher places on the ladder.

There is great joy to be gained in our religious life, continued the speaker. We find real happiness upon realizing that we love God, and He loves us. Take the matter of drilling soldiers. It is hard at first, but after constant drilling, we are thrilled as we find ourselves in perfect step with the others. Occasionally we find a fellow who merely thinks he is in step, but in reality, he is the one who is wrong. The whole world is running in step with God. We have sunshine and rain for providing everything that is necessary for man's existence; we breathe the pure air according to God's laws; we live, grow, develop both metally and physically, according to God's way of living. Practically everything that happens in the world is according to the laws of God.

If we would occupy the highest level on life's ladder, continued the speaker, we should strive to be Christians. In order to be true Christians

we must walk in step with God, and love our fellow men. Jesus Christ, the greatest and best man who ever trod this earth, constantly walked in perfect step with God, and our chief aim in life should be that of following him.

Rev. Mr. Herbert then told the boys the following story: According to a legend which comes to us from Russia, there was once a huge golden palace, filled with everything that brings happiness to boys and girls. One day, a small boy made up his mind to get into the palace. He approached the keeper, a very old man, and asked for the key. The old man refused to grant his request, saying that in order to get the key to the entrance, he must prove himself worthy by living the right kind of life. The lad went away, and tried to behave himself the very best he knew how, for he dearly longed to get inside the palace of happiness. He later returned to the gate and told the old keeper that he had been living right, and again asked for the key. Once more the old man refused, saying that simply to live right was not enough, and told the little fellow he must help others.

The boy went away, fully determined to earn possession of the key. He had saved up some money from his meager earnings, which he used in purchasing things for some needy persons. He helped an old man carry a heavy load up a steep hill, and in many similar ways made himself useful to others. These things were done solely with the hope of gaining possession of the key to the palace, that he might enjoy the treasures to be found therein. Once more presenting himself to the keeper, he asked for the key, but the old man refused, telling him to try again.

Becoming disgusted, the lad started back home, his mind made up to stop trying to gain entrance to the place he most desired to enter. He thought it was no use to make further effort. As he walked along the road, he forgot about the palace. Passing a strip of woods, he heard a cry of pain. Upon investigating, he found that it came from a little dog, caught in a steel trap. The boy stooped down to release the helpless animal from the jaws of the trap, and in so doing, cut his hand badly. Upon freeing the dog, he noticed that it was badly injured. Forgetting his own injured hand, he took part of his clothing and bound up the dog's wounds. Having completed his task, the lad looked up, and was surprised to see the old keeper of the palace, offering him the key which he had been trying so hard to get.

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Herbert pointed out that the boy in the story had been prompted to perform this act of mercy because he had forgotten himself. Heretofore he had been striving to satisfy his own desire, but when he saw the difficulty in which the little dog was placed, he no longer thought of himself, but really felt sorry for the dog. So it is with all human beings on earth today. The key to the golden palace of happiness and contentment can only be gained by those who forget themselves and try to be of service to the unfortunate people with whom they come in contact in their daily lives. That is the secret of the joy of living.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending June 7, 1942

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Wade Aycoth
Carl Barrier
John Hogsed
Robert Padgett
Weaver F. Ruff
Malcom Seymour
Edgar Simmons
Paul Smith
James Watts
Charles Young

COTTAGE NO. 1

James Bargesser
Thomas Barnes
Lloyd Callahan
Oscar Carter
Everett Case
William Cook
David Howard
Joseph Howard
Leonard Lovelace
Durwood Martin
Curtis Moore
James Pitman
Jack Ray
Leonard Robinson
Kenneth Tipton
Luther Vaughn
Frank Walker
Everett Watts
Woodrow Wilson

COTTAGE NO. 2

Richard Parker
Charles Tate
Newman Tate

COTTAGE NO. 3

Robert Coleman
Donald Daniels
Jerry Jenkins
Dewey Lanning
Louis Williams
Thomas Yates

COTTAGE NO. 4

Wilton Barfield
Jack Bright
Leroy Childers
Mack Coggins
Eugene Hefner
Marvin Howard
Jerome Harris
William Lanning
James Mondie
Robert Muse
Roy Patton
Simon Quick
Jesse Smith
Charles Simpson
J. R. Whitman
George Ward
Jesse Williams

COTTAGE NO. 5

Levitt Ballard
Jesse King
William Peninger
Hoyle Pittman
Charles B. Ziegler

COTTAGE NO. 6

Kenneth Caldwell
Earl Hoyle
Robert Hobbs
William Harding
Gerald Kerman
Marvin Lipscomb
Rufus Massingill
Wesley Turner
William Wilkerson

COTTAGE NO. 7

Hurley Bell
Henry Butler
William Butler
Laney Broome
George Green
Robert Hampton
Peter Harvell
J. B. Hensley
Robert Holbert
Fred Holland
Morris Johnson
G. W. Kelly
Edward Loftin
John M. Mazoo
Albert Newton
Ernest Overcash

Jack Reeves
Wilbur Russ
Ernest Turner
Ervin Wolfe

COTTAGE NO. 8

Homer Johnson

COTTAGE NO. 9

Gerald Amos
Leonard Church
David Cunningham
George Gaddy
James Hale
William Hart
Edgar Hedgepeth
Daniel Kilpatrick
Alfred Lamb
Isaac Mahaffey
Marvin Matheson
Lloyd Mullis
Leroy Pate
Troy Parris

COTTAGE NO. 10

Wayne Allen
Arcemias Hefner
Clifford Lowman
William Morgan
Charles Phillips
Jack Warren
Joseph Willis

COTTAGE NO. 11

J. C. Allen
John Allison
Bert Barnhardt
Noah Brown
Ralph Fisher
Robert Goldsmith
Horace Guffey
Harold Shelton
Canipe Shoe

COTTAGE NO. 12

(Cottage Closed Temporarily)

COTTAGE NO. 13

James Brewer
W. C. Boyd
Thomas Fields
Charles Gaddy
Donald Hobbs
William O'Brien
Randall D. Peeler
Fred Rhodes
Louis Tallent

COTTAGE NO. 14

John Baker
Walter Carver
Robert Caudle
Henry Ennis
Audie Farthing
Marvin King
Edward Kinion
William Lane
John Maples
Roy Mumford
Robert Moose
Joseph McKinney
Charles Pitman
John Robbins
Robert Travis

COTTAGE NO. 15

James Deatherage
Horace Deese
Fred Jenkins
Wade Medlin
Ennis Miller
Paul Morris
Lawton McDowell
Clarence McLemore
Marvin Pennell
D. C. Reynolds
Donald Sides
Ventry Smith
Samuel Williamson

INDIAN COTTAGE

No Honor Roll

BUY BONDS —V— BYE-BYE, HITLER

JUN 21 1942
CAROLINA ROOM
(c) Carolina Collection U. N. C. Library

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXX CONCORD N. C., JUNE 20, 1942 No. 25

"D A D"

We get so used to Dad being around that as the years roll by, we get a little older and think we know it all, and Dad seems to be just a friend. If only a few more young fellows would take their Dad's advice we would have to send to other countries for material to fill our jails. Dad gave all that he had to bring me up in the right way. There are times when I have failed him, but it is not too late to mend.

To all boys (especially from fifteen to twenty years old), this is my advice: Co-operate with your Dad; have him for a pal, and when you are in trouble your Dad will be on deck to help you along. Don't regard him as just a friend but get him into your heart. As long as he lives you will always have a good true Pal.

—Selected.

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

FATHER'S VOICE

Years an' years ago, when I
  Was jest a little lad,
An' after school hours used to work
  Around the farm with Dad;
An' as the sun was settin' low
  When eventide was come,
Then I'd get kinder anxious-like
  About the journey home.
An' Dad, he used to lead the way,
  An' once a while turn 'round an' say,
So cheerin'-like, so tender: "Come,
  Come, my son, you're nearly home!"
That allers used to help me some,
  And so I followed Father home.

I'm old an' gray an' feeble now,
  An' tremble at the knee,
But life seems jest the same today
  As then it seemed to me.
For I am still so wearied out,
  When eventide is come,
An' still get kinder anxious-like
  About the journey home.
An' still my Father leads the way,
  An' once a while I hear him say,
So cheerin'-like, so tender: "Come,
  Come, my son, you're nearly home!"
An', same as then, that helps me some.
  And so I'm followin' Father home.

—Author Unknown.

FATHER'S DAY

Father's Day, generally better known by the more affectionate title, "Dad's Day", is celebrated on the third Sunday of June; de-

dicated as a day of tribute to the lives of our fathers, or to the spirit of their memories. Although Mother's Day is almost universally observed, few even remember that there is a Father's Day. It is perhaps the least known of our American Commemorative Days, the custom of its celebration being comparatively new, having been inaugurated during the past decade. Neglected—with his day unobserved, Father often becomes the "forgotten man" of the American Home.

There are few of us, if we will but refresh our memories of home and of our childhood, who will not find the individual personalities of our Fathers entering into these memories to a great extent. After the years that have passed we can see more clearly his aspirations and disappointments, his hopes and fears, for us, and how inextricably they are blended and entwined into the pattern of our daily lives. Always proud of our accomplishments, he was also sympathetic and understanding of our failures. Our playmate and confidant, eager to teach us from the vision of his greater experience, that life might have a broader meaning for us. Even anxious to have us profit by his mistakes, and that our path might be easier, no sacrifice was too great. For us he toiled, and for us he planned, submerging his own desires, that opportunity should come to us.

The finest tribute we can give to Father on his day is found in the words of the poem "Father Comes" by Mary Howitt:

"He makes all toil, all hardship light;
Would all men were the same!
So ready to be pleased—so kind,
So very slow to blame."

* * * * * * * * *

GOVERNORS TO DISCUSS WAR PLANS

Chiefs of all federal war agencies will take part in a round table discussion of the war effort at the 34th National Governors Conference in Asheville, June 21-24, Governor J. Melville Broughton announced recently.

The war effort discussion will take place at the morning scession Tuesday, June 23, at the Grove Park Inn, which will be vacated by alien diplomats now interned there in time for use as convention

headquarters for the Governors, nearly all of whom have indicated they will attend their first national meeting since the U. S. entered the war.

Ambassadors of three of the principal United Nations, Great Britain, China, and The Netherlands, will be heard on the day preceding the war effort discussion, the British Ambassador addressing a luncheon meeting at the Grove Park Monday, and the Chinese and Dutch ambassadors speaking at the States Dinner in the Asheville Auditorium Monday evening.

Taking part in Tuesday's War Effort round table will be:

Jesse Jones, Secretary of Commerce; William C. Patterson, Under Secretary of War; Ralph Bard, Assistant Secretary of the Navy; Donald Nelson, Chairman, War Production Board; Leon Henderson, Administrator, Office of Price Administration; Paul V. McNutt, Chairman, War Manpower Board; James M. Landis, Administrator, Office of Civilian Defense, and Joseph B. Eastman, Director, Office of Defense Transportation.

Governor Harold E. Stassen of Minnesota is conference chairman and Governor Broughton of the host state of North Carolina is honorary chairman.

The conference will open Sunday, June 21, with a visit to Biltmore House, the Vanderbilt estate near Asheville, followed by a buffet supper at the Biltmore Forest Country Club.

The conference chairman, Governor Stassen, will sound the keynote of the meeting at the first formal session Monday morning, June 22, with an address on "The States and the War Effort."

The British Ambassador will speak at luncheon which will be presided over by Governor Herbert R. O'Connor, of Maryland.

Governor Sumner Sewall of Maine will preside over the afternoon session, at which Governor Herbert H. Lehman, of New York will speak on "Organization and Administration of Civilian Defense"; Governor Prentice Cooper, of Tennessee, on "Victory Home Food Supply for the Nation"; Governor Dwight H. Green of Illinois on "State Revenues in the Wartime Emergency", and Governor Murray D. Van Wagener of Michigan on "The Tool Shop of America."

Governor Stassen will preside over the States Dinner program Monday evening at which the Chinese and Dutch ambassadors will speak.

Following the War Effort round table Tuesday morning, Governor Charles Edison of New Jersey will preside over a

luncheon program at which Governor John W. Bricker of Ohio and Governor William H. Wills of Vermont will speak. At the Dinner meeting, also at the Grove Park, Governor Frank M. Dixon of Alabama and Governor Leverett Saltonstall of Massachusetts will speak. Governor John Moses of North Dakota will preside.

The final day's session will be featured by talks by Governor Spossard L. Holland, of Florida on "Guarding Strategic Areas"; Governor Henry F. Schricker of Indiana on "Agriculture's Contribution to Victory"; Governor Arthur B. Langlie of Washington on "Organization and Training of State Guards", and Governor Julius P. Heil of Wisconsin on "Interstate Trade Barriers and the War Effort."

The delegates will be luncheon guests of the Ecusta Paper Corporation in Pisgah Forest near Brevard, and will inspect the plant of the only American manufacturer of cigarette paper which went into production just in time to avert a critical shortage due to cessation of imports from Europe, which before the war produced all paper used in American cigarette manufacture.

Adjourment will follow immediately thereafter.

* * * * * * * *

AN APPEAL FROM THE PRESIDENT

The campaign for scrap rubber began on June 15th. The salvaging of this material is according to the request of President Roosevelt, who told of the dire need of rubber by allied forces now fighting with all valor possible, in an effort to retain the freedom inherited from noble forebears. The plan given to carry on sucessfully the salvaging of scrap rubber was briefly stated. The first step to be made is to rid your homes, from cellar to attic, garages, and other sections of the premises, of all discarded rubber and take it to the nearest filling station. The price to be paid will be one penny a pound, but we hardly feel that anyone will accept this small compensation, but gladly contribute the rubbish to be used in defense of our homes, against the war-mongers of the Axis forces, now fighting for more power to enslave humanity. This request, coming from the Chief Executive of the United States, means the co-operation of all people, if results are to be realized. The campaign for aluminum and old paper was a success. Following close on the trails of previous campaigns for materials to aid the Allied

Nations in this war, there is an anticipation of a more generous response than at any other time. We await results, because in this way the interests of people of this nation is made known.

* * * * * * * * *

"THERE ARE NO ATHEISTS IN FOXHOLES"

An American soldier in Bataan was the author of the above impressive utterance. A general and a private of the American Army, according to the story, took shelter during the terrific fire of the Japanese in a foxhole. After the firing ceased they came out of their place of refuge, and the general said, "I heard you praying in the foxhole, and our prayers ascended together." The private answered, "There are no atheists in foxholes."

That soldier out of his own experience spoke more wisely than he dreamed. His is the universal experience of the normal man in the great and trying hours of life. The atheist is not able to meet death or the hard and unselfish tasks that become the duty of a heroic soldier or citizen.

"The sight of a soldier sitting by a machine gun reading a Bible is not uncommon in Bataan or Corregidor," wrote the correspondent in Bataan for Time magazine. "Soldiers and sailors pen brief notes to the chaplains asking for New Testaments, and several chaplains have passed out over 2,000 copies since December."

* * * * * * * * *

BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA

The date, June 15, 1916, is one to be long remembered by people of this great nation, as it marks the incorporation of the Boy Scouts of America. Since that time its growth has been phenomenal. Every small school boy counts time until he is old enough to join, and every conscientious mother as eagerly anticipates that mile-post in her young son's life. The boys of today are the men of tomorrow, and the Boy Scout organization is training American youth to that end—training them in everything that makes life large and lovely.

FATHER

(The Charlotte Observer)

Mother's Day has come and gone again, and among the many inspiring thoughts which its commemoration set in motion, doubtless, with no few, came the wonder that so little is said or made of Father.

There is a Father's Day, we faintly recollect, but it has never been able to gain much momentum and, for the most part, may be categoried as a dud, insofar as special celebrations go.

And, perhaps, it's true to the historics of the case that this is so. For some strange reason—or is it strange?—you can't generate a great deal of mass-emotion over Father.

A Northwestern professor a little while ago, after having made the kind of profound researches that University professors are wont to make, came up with the sedate conclusion that Father is nothing more nor less these days than a family football.

He pays the bills and then gets kicked around for all that he may otherwise be worth—tolerated, as it were, as a sort of nuisance that is unavoidable once he gets the family budget in order.

To be sure, that on the surface appears grossly cynical, and will probably be resented as a fac simile of Father, and of Father's place of importance in the family scheme of modern times, but even so, we propose to submit that there is something to the professor's idea.

Father is somewhat commonly accepted as a something-or-other that the household is supposed to have, whether he can prove his sentimental place and value or not.

It is not altogether cynical to remark that his unsurped place is occupied around the First of the Month, or, not later than the Tenth.

In this period and for the duties attendant thereupon he is a king in his own right, a sort of satellite to be courted, honored and, if you please, obeyed, but thereafter—well, thereafter, he lapses miserably and swiftly.

Father's children manage somehow or other to put up with him rather contemptuously, chiefly, perhaps, for the reason that some of these times, they figure, they may have a run-in with Mother themselves, and then Father might prove to be a rather valuable ally, knowing, as children sometimes know, that whatever Mothers favors, Fathers opposes, and the like, if you know what we mean.

This, to be sure, is all very doleful and we make proper amends and apologies if the case of Father is being thus improperly put.

But isn't it a fact that the Northwestern University proffessor, in claiming to have made an up-to-the-minute discovery about Father being the family football, is only delving back into historics, or mayhap, the hysterics of family life, and produced a bromide that has long served as the basis for innumerable jokes on the stage and in the funny magazines.

The idea probably occurred to harassed family men away back when the pyramids were being built.

Every time a man arises to belabor the younger generation for its flighty irreverence, he probably has something of the family football notion in his head.

So there isn't perhaps, much sense in getting excited about it. For it is, and always has been, up to the father to stand the gaff. That's what he's there for, and if he can't stand it, it's just too bad.

It would be nice, of course, if all of us could bring up children who would look upon Fathers as oracles of serene wisdom and gentlemen of irreproachable kindness and chivalry.

But we can't. We really aren't any of those things, and our children usually are smart enough to find it out.

Just at first, perhaps, we get away with it.

A child of five or six has one idol, and that idol is Dad; and while it lasts Dad gets a full dose of that peculiar mixture of pride, joy and uneasiness that always comes when one whom you love holds a wildly exaggerated idea of your merits.

But by and by the child gets older; and as he does so he discovers, sadly, that Dad—is just dad; a frail human being who is not especially wise or especially able or especially kind, and who looks a bit grotesque on any sort of pedestal.

So, in the course of time, father becomes, if not the family football, something faintly approximating it.

He has to pay the price of his children's disillusionment. There's no help for it.

His only escape would be to live up to all the things the youngsters feel about him in the beginning; and anyone who has ever been idolized by a six-year-old must know that that, unfortunately, is impossible.

DAD

Always my counsellor, always my friend
Always with patience his help would lend
Always at hand when life's problems I met
Throughout all the world my best friend yet
Always consistent, understanding my mould
Midst all my sorrows as true as gold.

Always the first to wish me luck
Always the first to praise my pluck;
Always at hand to give me a tip
Usually saying "Keep a stiff upper lip."
The same old sport, this Dad of mine.

—Selected.

THE SUCCESSFUL FATHER

By Harry A. Wilmer

To be true to oneself, one must be true to one's people for man cannot live by himself alone. Life is given to us, a soul is implanted within that life, the mind is developed through contacts with the other creations with which God has surrounded man. All these are ours to do with as we will. To us, alone, is given the power to understand our surroundings and develop our own characters.

The traditions of the past have been handed to us as a glorious heritage, replete with sorrows and joys, failures and successes, defeats and victories. It is our responsibility to so conduct ourselves towards our neighbors that they will point with pride and say: "There is a perfect man."

In our home relations, we remember that though the father is the head, the mother is the heart of the family. At her feet we lay the homage of our tender care and loving kindness. When she is sad, we are sad, and when she smiles the whole household is happy.

Ours is the responsibility to live, so that when we die we have builded a heritage, by precept and example, which our children will be proud to emulate.

It is said that nothing succeeds like success. If that be so, then we fathers who hope that our families may be true to their heritage, true sons and daughters with an inspired zeal to serve their time and generation as truly loyal citizens, should sacrifice our easy, pleasurable indulgences long enough to render some service to our community, to our church, our nation, and our families.

It is not enough to know our history and traditions, alone. Those are of the past. They are the beacon lights by which we may shape our course when darkness encompasses us. To be understanding fathers who can be understood, to whom our children will come for counsel and guidance, we must seek to use the mind which God has implanted within us, not only to know the past, but to fathom the unfolding, changing ways of the present. Neither the world nor the creatures upon this earth stand still. An ever changing world has room for only those who can best adapt themselves to newer conditions.

The responsibilities of fathers behoove us to know ourselves, to understand our children, to live their lives, to look at this world through their eyes, feel the throb of their pulse and leave our amusements long enough to find out what is really in the hearts and minds of our sons and daughters.

The Prussian law of "Verboten" (or "Forbidden,") the old rules of "don't," the suppressions upon wife and children in the awesome presence of the lord and master—the father—only tend to create irreparable breaches which may lead to family disaster.

Perchance you have expected a

portrayal of how fathers should prepare their sons and daughters to carry on in the rituals and traditions of the family life, or stand staunchly by their people in their hour of need. It would be fitting indeed to so treat the subject. But, I feel that these responsibilities are so much more than this, in that the father must, as an individual, earn the respect of his children, his family and his community before he will be able to counsel and guide these dependents and observers in the great services for which God has destined them.

It should be the responsibility of the fathers to know, understand, and sympathize with their children, and through these cardinal virtues become the ideals and confidants of their children.

To those fathers who have been successful in their responsibilities, I dedicate the following:

When you have lived true to your God, your country, your family and your friends; when you have lived loyal to the ideals of your dreaming youth, faithful to the trusts your fellow men have reposed in you; when every thought and every act is measured by its value to those about you —then you will have achieved success.

———:———

I'M PROUD OF IT

I know a man, he's rather smart
He works from morn till night:
Although it's not the early start
That makes him quick and bright

For when he's home he always helps
His sweetheart if she wishes,
By making beds and sweeping floors,
Or even washing dishes.

And if a neighbor should need help,
To paint his house or such,
You bet this man is glad to help—
He has the Master's touch.

Yes, if some trouble should arise,
He'll help them if he can;
He is, indeed, a friend in need,
To either beast or man.

But why you ask should I be proud,
Or even merely glad?
Well I admit I'm proud of it—
Because that man's my Dad!

—James Murphy.

COLLECTING CIGAR BANDS

By H. W. McHose

One hobby is intensified in war time and in the years immediately following a war; it's cigar band collecting, according to Stephen T. Van Esen of White Plains, secretray of the International Cigar Band Collector's Society.

This is largely due to the commemoration of events and the honoring of heroes of having cigar bands bearing mention of the exploits— together with a perpetuation of slogans.

The world's foremost collector of cigar bands is George Bernard Shaw. Like thousands of others, principally in the United States, he seeks the rare varieties, with hues that cause modern lithographers to throw up their hands in admiration or horror. The boom days of collecting were in 1906, when the bands were largely used to decorate vases and dishes.

Women are among the foremost collectors. One possesses more than 26,000 varieties.

But, says Van Esen, there must be over 500,000 different bands, all over the world—made in the United States, Cuba, Holland, and Germany to the extent of 95 per cent of the supply. American cigar manufacturers use 6,000,000,000 bands (of a restricted number of types) annually.

Renewed interest was created by the first public display of cigar bands in many years, conducted in the Pennsylvania Station, New York City, in the windows of the Pennsylvania Drug Co. Mr. Van Esen supplied several thousand of his rarest bands. These visualize all the Presidents, more political campaign "smokes" than there were Willkie buttons,, Indian tribes, states, foreign rulers, animals, racehorses, and catchphrases. Bands dedicated to the Popes are also in the collection.

The hobby forces much investigation, Van Esen explains, because many of the generals and other personalities depicted are not spoken of in history books.

"You can't fail to get a lot of knowledge as well as fun swaping cigar bands," says he "J. B. Lennon, president of the society, a Chicago research chemist, has been engaged in this activity for 22 years. Yet he has spent only $100. It is not an expensive hobby because exchanges are the general rule."

A silver medal for his enthusiastic support of the hobby was presented to Stephen Van Esen by the Cigar Institute of America.

He states:

"As it is easy to get curent bands so it is hard to get the obsoletes. Naturally, the collector takes his greatest pride in his obsolete varieties.

"The first cigar bands were printed over one hundred years ago. However, the earliest known cigar band and the first of special interest is the one issued in 1858 in honor of Cyrus W. Field. It was wrapped around a cigar that was given out at a banquet in his honor after the completion of the laying of the Atlantic cable. This band was printed in plain black (for the use of gold and other

colors was not thought of at that time) and showed a picture of Mr. Field. Only two of these bands are in existence.

"The Army and Navy are represented with the bands of John Paul Jones, Fighting Bob Evans, Dewey, Hobson; Generals Stedman, McDowell, and Joe Wheeler. The deeds of Grant, Farragut, Lee, and Jackson are commemorated on bands.

"Statesmen like Franklin and Seward, and a hundred others are pictured on bands. A complete set of the first twenty-five presidents are prize possessions.

"Literature is represented with "Ben Hur," "David Harum," "William Tell," "Punch," "Romeo," etc,; and the creators of fictional celebrities are preserved with pictures of Poe, Irving, Bill Nye, Longfellow, Mark Twain, Tom Moore, Wilkie Collins, Shakespeare, Robert Burns, etc.

"The stage, its plays and players are preserved with portraits of Hazel Kirke, Tom Keene, Lawrence Barret, Pete Dailey, Anna Held, Ethel Barrymore, Lillian Russel, Julia Marlowe, and others.

"Sculptors, painters, musicians, explorers, inventors, philosophers, cigar makers, business men, kings, famous incidents, places, and objects are all pictured in natural colors in these old bands.

"The prize possessions of a cigar band collector are his "obsolete bands". Such bands generally may be found in old collections but some of these prizes are found at old book stores, second-hand stores, by advertising for them, and by trading.

"Foreign bands are sparkling in gold leaf and bright colors. These usually honor royalty; and a collector will find many pictures of kings, queens, princes, generals, authors, and other characters held high in the esteem of the people of lands overseas.

"The International Cigar Band Collection Society, composed of the most prominent and active cigar band collectors, is a non-profit organization whose primary purpose is to increase the popularity of cigar band collecting and to establish it as a dignified, worthwhile hobby. The secondary purpose is to retain the collecting of cigar bands from being commercialized.

"Several members have been collecting for over thirty years and most of them for over ten years. The average sized collection has about 6,000 varieties. Quite a few have collections of over 10,000 and some of these are over 15,000."

Sometimes they "sign" letters with their individualized bands. The address of the international Cigar Band Collector's Society is 10 Soundview Circle, White Plains, N. Y.

The best characters are made by vigorous and persistent resistance to evil tendencies; whose amiability has been built upon the ruins of ill-temper, and whose generosity springs from an over-mastered and transformed selfishness. Such a character, built up in the presence of enemies, has far more attraction than one which is natively pleasing.—Dexter.

THE BLIND LEARN TO SEE

By Emily S. Councilman, in The State

During my three years as teacher of violin and assistant orchestra director at the North Carolina School for the Blind, I learned that vision does not depend upon physical sight, but upon a courageous light within. The blind see with what they have; their remaining senses, the imagination, the will to see, and often a wealth of spiritual resources which enable them to find horizons far beyond the most of us.

We often hear people express the opinion that they could never teach the blind, "because it would be too depressing," but I found the opposite to be true. My first feeling was one of inspiration and of challenge which the blind brought to me. They thought not in terms of their handicap but of their opportunities, and they kept busy, learning and living. It was to be my privilege to guide them. How could I be depressed in the face of their courageous efforts and in the light of their possibilities? Then I discovered that the blind, in reality, were normal people. I have never known them to be neurotic. Instead of indugling in self-pity, they try to be like other people. Pity is the last thing they desire from others. They want to be able to shoulder the responsibilities of life. A former teacher of the school brought this thought to me, which helped me to go to the blind prepared to treat them with respect rather than with pity. It was easy to do, for they are like normal people. It comes natural to speak our language to them—to talk to them of looking at things, not feeling them. When we recognize that blindness does not make them essentially different from other people, we help them to realize that we all belong to the same world and we can learn to see together.

North Carolina can be justly proud of the training made available to the blind of our state and of those who have been responsible for developing the high standards of the school. The outstanding character and achievement of its graduates demonstrate the inestimable value of this work. The school offers classes beginning with kindergarten and extending through a fully accredited high school. The senior students, in state examinations, often show superiority to those in the high schools of the state, and about fifty per cent of the graduates continue to study in colleges, universities or conservatories.

In the kindergarten the children begin the study of Braille, which is a system of dots made with a slate and pointer on heavy paper and read by touch. In the fifth, sixth, and seventh grades they study typing which enables them to type their written assignments. Vocational training is rightly made available to all students —mattress-making, chair-caning, and piano-tuning for the boys, and home economics courses in sewing, cooking, and handicrafts for the girls. A well-equipped gymnasium provides exercise and recreation for all students. They play many varieties of ball games and become proficient in swim-

ming and diving. The music department has a staff of six teachers. Public school music is begun in the first grade and all interested children are allowed to begin the study of piano while in the primary grades. In elementary music classes they learn to write and read Braille music and study the fundamentals of theory and harmony. After two or three years of piano study many of these students are recommended for violin, cello, wind instruments, and later for voice. The music department develops instrumental and voice ensembles in small groups, as well as the high school glee club and the school orchestra. I believe the quality of work done by these students would compare favorably with most high schools or college groups. A representative orchestra repertoire will include Brahms' Hungarian Dances, VI and VII, DeKoven's Nocturne, Strauss, Arthists Life, Sousa's El Capitan and Haydn's Surprise Symphony.

Music teaching methods are practically the same for the blind as for seeing pupils. The difference comes mainly in the necessity for the blind student to commit everything to memory. This necessarily limits the amount of work done, but obviously it tends to improve the quality. There is a popular belief that teaching music to the blind is mostly a slipshod method of allowing them to learn by ear. Nothing could be farther from the truth. While some music is available in Braille, a part of the teaching material must be dictated to the pupil, who transcribes it in Braille. In either case he must memorize it, usually a phrase at the time, before he can begin to play it. We are amazed at the prodigious amount of information and skill which a blind student must keep at the fingertips of his memory. He must depend upon his memory for all of the ordinary demands of living as well as for his vocational and literary work requirements. In addition to this, a music student usually studies more than one instrument each with its definite technical and solo demands, and takes part in string or voice ensembles, orchestra, and glee club. He must keep up the year's repertoire for all of these. How does he do it? We might take it for granted that he is naturally endowed with a better memory than the rest of us. But Dr. Seashore found that most people use only about ten per cent of the inherited capacity for memory. The blind student must depend upon his memory, and we find that he develops it by using it. Continuous effort and constant use, rather than inherited ability, account for his remarkable accomplishment. The same is probably true of the keen sense of hearing which is usually found in a blind student. He does not naturally have a better ear than an average seeing student, but he usually trains it more carefully. I found my pupils to be happy and cheerful in disposition, conscientious in their preparation, and praiseworthy in their achievements.

The blind taught me to see! There was Mr. Cader G. Cox, with whom I worked in the orchestra. Mr. Cox, who has been teaching at the school for forty years, is director of the orchestra and teacher of wind instru-

ments and piano tuning. An expert in his field, he is also a master in the art of gracious living. We count him and his family among our best friends. Another who stands out as one of the great souls of the earth is Miss Gertrude Fisher, who came to the school as a student and has taught piano there for forty-two years. She is an artist-musician and a master-teacher, whose life blesses others as with the touch of God. Space does not permit mention of the many among the blind faculty and students who have taught me to see. I wish that I might say to each one of these, "Perhaps you did not know it, but you taught me to see and I can never be the same again."

WHAT BOYS TALK ABOUT

What do the youngsters talk about?
You see them sitting on a fense
And often wonder, often doubt
What caused the argument intense.
And down they get, and up they climb,
And two are talking at a time,
And this the argument they had—
Which youngster has the smartest dad.

And so in college "my old man,"
"The governor," is not forgot;
And on the trail some caravan
Will camp beside some lovely spot,
And, sitting by the blazing fire,
Some son will speak about his sire,
And then some other son will say
"My dad"—and thoughts are far away.

A mother's love is like the love
Of heaven, but between a son
And father there is something of
Both earth and heaven, both in one.
And, though they did not call it that,
When 'round the room or fire they sat,
They love their dads without a doubt—
And that is what they talk about.

—Douglas Malloch.

HUNT FOR SOUTH POLE

(Selected)

When we think of the exploration of the Anarctic Circle we think of the fine work of Admiral Byrd. The reason, perhaps, is due to the fact that his trips have been more recent. The fact remains that this frozen section of the world has long attracted adventurous men. It's an old story and involves many hazardous visits to that icelocked land. These began as far back as 1773—one hundred and sixty-nine years ago, which was three years before the Declaration of Independence. On the 17th of January, 1773, Lieutenant James Cook, with two small sailing ships, the Resolution and the Adventure, crossed the circle for the first time in history, the line that divides the South Temperate Zone from the South Frigid Zone. This crossing was in the neighborhood of 40 degrees East Longtitude and 67 degrees 15' South Latitude. Here he was turned back by ice. In the following year he attained the farthest south in the 18th century.

The honor of sighting the first land in the Antarctic Circle belongs to Captain Fabian Von Bellingshausen, who led a Russian expedition sailing from Kronstadt in 1819. On January 10, 1820, he reached Latitude 60 degrees 21' South, and Longitude 2 degrees 15' West.. On his second sailing the following year he sighted land in Latitude 69 degrees 30' South, near the 90th meridian of West Longitude. This was an Island and he named it Peter I Island in honor of the founder of the Russian Navy. Six days, further east, he discovered another island, which he called Alexander I Island.

Americans were not idle while this activity in Europe was attracting world attention. While east from his latest discovery Bellinghausen encountered Captain Nathaniel B. Palmer, a Connecticut sailing master, who had skirted the coast land lying south of Brandsfield Strait. Until the flight of Captain Sir Hubert Wilkins in 1928 this land was supposed to be a peninsula of the Anarctic continent. Wilkin's observation proved it to be a long series of islands. A map published in London in 1822 gives Palmer's map of the coast which agrees with that later made by Wilkins. This evidence, it is claimed, justifies calling it Palmer's land instead of Graham's land.

Between the time when Bellingshausen sighted the first land and January 1, 1912, there were numerous explorations and valuable discoveries made. In the year 1912 there were no less than five expeditions within the Antarctic Circle, including that headed by Roald Amundsen with the Fram which left Christiania, Norway, August, 1910. First of these expeditions to depart, the Fram was first to report (at Hobart, Tasmania, March 7, 1912), bringing the news that on December 14, 1911, Captain Amundsen, with four comrades, had reached the South Pole and had remained there for four days. The journey from his base had occupied sixty days from October 20th.

The lure of the Arctic and Antarctic still beckons to men of inquir-

ing minds and adventurous spirits. We who sit by blazing hearths in well built homes trying to keep warm in temperatures of 30 degrees above zero, wonder how these brave men survive the almost unbelievable temperatures in which they live in dugouts and huts. But they do, and come back strong and healthy, to catch colds and shiver in the light winds of our winters.

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FESSENDEN AND FORTY YEARS

Demonstrations of the success of the wireless telephone invented by Professor Reginaid A. Fessenden were made on Roanoke Island forty years ago, April 9, 1902. The passing of messages across Pamlico Sound between Roanoke Island and Cape Hatteras, a distance of 51 miles, was viewed by Naval experts and newspapers correspondents. At Washington, Willis L. Moore, superintendent of the Government's weather Bureau, said that the tests had demonstrated the practicability of sending wireless messages at sea as quickly and as accurately as over land wires.

Last week within sight of Fessenden's station, almost, a ship was torpededoed at sea by a German submarine. A quick call for help, sent through the air, brought several Coast Guard vessels quickly to the scene, and many lives were saved. Through the wireless telephone, the Coast Guards kept their station ashore advised as to their progress. Forty years ago this was impossible.

They little knew or little cared what Fessenden was doing on Roanoke Island forty years ago. By some he was viewed as a mysterious creature, by other as a freak. But only he knew what he had seen far into the future, and it was his determined will that the things he had seen should become a reality. His genius shines out today as one of service to his fellowman. For a quarter of a century he fought through the courts to win some reward for his genius and only a short while before his death which occurred in 1933 was he finally victorious.

The Fessenden Memorial Association organized last year assumed the task of erecting a memorial to this great man on Roanoke Island. The war has temporarily halted the program, but progress was made. The land on which his work was done is now the property of the Association. The state of North Carolina after the war will connect it by bridge with the mainland. And Roanoke Island, famous for the history made upon it, will add more lustre to the State's glory thereby.—Selected.

SULFONAMIDE DRUGS EFFECTIVE IN LEPROSY

By Stephen J. McDonough

The U. S. Public Health service announces that sulfonamide drugs and some vitamins have proved effective in treatment of leprosy.

None of them can be regarded as a cure, or even an approach to it yet, Dr. G. H. Faget, medical officer in charge of the only leprosarium in the United States, at Carville, La., declared, but the results have been encouraging in alleviating pain and healing some of the lesions of leprosy.

This development was regarded by some physicians who studied the report as one of the greatest advances since discovery of chalmoogra oil in the treatment of the most dreaded of human diseases.

"Several new experimental treatments have recently been undertaken on a number of patients" at the Carville hospital, Dr. Faget declared in an article in the Public Health Reports.

"A few selected patients were given rather extensive treatment with the various sulfonamide drugs. This study is being continued with encouraging results especially in clearing up secondary infections and in healing chronic disabling ulcers."

Whether some of the newer sulfonamide derivatives, such as sulfathiazole and sulfaguanidine, will have healing effects in leprosy remains to be seen in further tests he added.

Because these drugs have been found to have marked healing effects in such diseases as childbed fever, pneumonia, gonorrhea, erysipelas, meningitis and a host of other diseases, the Public Health service undertook the experiment on leprosy. The physicans in charge had no trouble finding volunteers for the treatment among the 400 or more patients now in the leprosarium. All took the attitude that "We have nothing to lose."

In the vitamin tests all the known vitamins have been tried for their general tonic effect. Vitamin A produced some good results, but the results were not as good as had been hoped. Vitamin B-1, or thiamin chloride, given in massive doses was found quite effective in relieving the severe neuritis pains of leprosy, a marked advance in treatment of the disease.

Other vitamins were used with varying degrees of sucess, but they proved sufficiently effective to encourage the physicians to continue their tests.

Almost all the patients are continuing treatments with chalmoogra oil, Dr. Faget declared, and "The impression persists that it is of some benefit in leprosy." Experiments with injections of diphtheria toxoid to arrest the disease, a new method of treatment claimed to be effective, "were disapointing," he added.

The Public Health service surgeon repeated the statement that leprosy is not an easily contracted disease, since the germ which causes it cannot live longer that a matter of

minutes outside the body. The principal danger is to immediate relatives who live in close contact with an infected person over a long period of time.

"At the Carville leprosarium during the 47 years of its operation, not a single case of leprosy developed among the professional or other employes in spite of their proximity to the patients," he declared.

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Justice delayed, is justice denied.—Gladstone.

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"DEEP IN HEART OF TEXAS" WRITTEN IN LOS ANGELES

(Selected)

"Deep in the Heart of Texas" came straight—clap, clap, clap, clap,—from the coast of California.

Of course you've heard it. One Texas radio station offered it seven times in eight hours. Youngsters moan it. The jitterbugs know it and the shine boys slap slap with their shoe rags, Deep in the Heart of Texas. But who wrote it, and why?

The authors are Don Swander and June Hershey. Don plays the piano with June Martin's dance band and June is his wife. Don's job has brought him to Texas many times but June never has been there.

Nevertheless, June claims, "It was written for Texans, strictly."

Anyway, Don and June are planning to buy a ranch—in Nevada—with the proceeds of "Deep in the Heart of Texas."

June Hershey tells how the song came into being:

"Don has been a dance musican for 15 years, mostly in Los Angeles. His experience with Texans there has been that they always were very demanding of having music played especially for them."

"Usually they wanted "The Eyes of Texas." He figured if Texas had a special song ("The Eyes," of course, is to the tune of 'I've Been Working on the Railroad") Texans would make it popular, just through demanding that it be played.

"Well, this beautiful idea worked. 'Deep in the Heart of Texas' was written for Texans, strictly, and they did like it.

"The fact that the rest of the country liked it, too, is sort of puzzling, unless they all have a suppressed desire to be 'Deep in the Heart of Texas.'

"I have never been in Texas, but the words came, anyway, from all the things I've read and heard told about- Texas. Don has made several trips through Texas and his

favorite town is San Antonio. But, then, he has never seen Dallas."

Music critics over the land have acclaimed the song as "the hottest thing in the music publishing field" but some of the experts who first heard it said it didn't have a chance It was too simple, they argued—it did not have what the music trade calls a "bridge," the technical name for musical constrlction that popular songs "had" to have to be popular.

Nevertheless, said Manager Oakley Haldeman of Melody Lane publications, "I liked it."

Haldeman submitted it to Orchestra Leader Alvino Rey. He liked it, too, made a recording, and Haldeman then liked it even more. So did Horace Heidt, the Merry Macs, Bing Crosby, Ted Weems, Gene Autrey, and almost everybody else, deep in the heart of Texas and in Iceland and Australia.

It's that clap-clap business and the refrain that gets you. Experts call it a four beat hand-percussion, explaining that audience participation has contributed to the success of the song.

KEEP THE CHURCHES OPEN

According to a press report, an American minister recommends that the churches be closed one Sunday out of four in order to impress the public with the value of the church. This is a ridiculous suggestion. No doubt, there will be some who will be pleased with the idea. The devil would like the churches to be closed all the time. We are quite certain that neither he nor his satellites approve the holding of any service in which Christianity pure and undefiled is witnessed to by preacher and and people. We incline to the belief that the perilous times in which we live ought to cause the churches to be open more than ever. The closing down of prayer services and Sunday evening services is a depressing manifestation of the decline in both faith and service. Add to this the custom of closing the churches during the summer period, and you have defeatism putting on Christian robes, admitting that the candlestick of each church has been removed by its Head. The message of Christ to the anguished and burdened hearts of the people should be ministered with greater persistency and compassion than ever.

—Watchman-Examiner.

WILL YOU HAVE A SECOND CUP?

(The War Cry)

On a hillside in Africa, more than 400 years ago, a goat-herder observed that his charges at times became unusually active, romping over the hills and through the ravines in a playful manner. The goat-herder was perplexed. He soon discovered that the goats became frisky after eating the leaves and berries of a certain tree.

The perplexed herder decided to experiment on himself. He, too, ate some of the berries, and presently he experienced a feeling of refreshment, and desire for greater activity.

Rumors of the magic tree spread rapidly, and from far and near the people came to gather its berries. It was a coffee tree, which grew wild and abundantly.

The coffee tree is native of Abyssinia, Arabia, and West Africa, but is now naturalized to many tropical countries. Outside the tropics it cannot survive, for the slightest frost spells death to its tender nature.

Coffee was not known to the ancient people. It was first used as a beverage in Arabia in the 15th century. The Arabians introduced it into Egypt and Turkey. The drink quickly became popular, and coffee houses began to make their appearance. In the 17th century a Dutch burgomaster brought a few coffee plants to the botanical gardens of Amsterdam. A few layers of these trees were taken to the West Indies, which was the beginning of the great coffee industry in the Western World.

In 1774, an enterprising merchant of Southern Brazil decided to try the coffee plant in the rich soil and warm climate of his country. He went to Africa in search of coffee plants. On the return trip the ship suffered an accident, and there was a great scarcity of water aboard. The merchant sacrificed his quota of water to the little coffee plants, but it was not enough, and all withered, except two small plants. These two were carefully planted in Brazil. They grew rapidly, and from these two little trees the coffee industry in Brazil has grown into more than two billion trees, producing 72 percent of the world's coffee supply.

Most of the coffee consumed in the United States is produced in Brazil and we are, indeed, the greatest coffee drinkers in the world.

Save Rubber Scraps & Get The Japs.

There is no part of history which seems capable of either more instruction or entertainment, than that which offers to us the lives of great and virtuous men who have made an eminent figure on the public stage of the world. In those we see what the annals of a whole age can afford that is worthy of notice; and in the wide field of universal history gather all its flowers, and possess ourselves of all that is good in it.

AVOID FOOLISH TIMBER CUTTING

(Smithfield Herald)

The Federal government is urging the farmers to plan to use wood in heating their homes and in curing tobacco and to make wood available to other people in their neighboring towns and cities, as a means of helping to relieve the transportation crisis and its threat to coal and other fuel supplies.

There is no actual shortage of coal or fuel oil, but war demands on our transportation system will make deliveries of coal and oil difficult next winter and wood from the farms promises to play an important role in the heating problem.

It is hoped that the farmers of Johnston county will take due notice of the Federal government's request, but it is also hoped that they will not overlook sound rules of timber cutting.

R. W. Graeber, extension forester at State College, says: "Farmers can provide themselves with fuel for home use and for sale and at the same time can place their woodlands in good growing condition by utilizing the poorer species. Fuel wood can be cut from the dead, crooked diseased and heavy-limbed trees, which are not suitable for commercial use."

If the farmers follow the suggestion of Mr. Greaber all will be well. Our forests actually will be helped and the transportation crisis relieved.

But there has been too much haphazard cutting of timberland in past years and the appeal for more wood as fuel runs the risk of starting another era of foolish forest depletion. It is gratifying to know, however, that an increase in the supply of farm wood for heating purposes does not necessitate an increase in haphazard timber cutting.

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Like flakes of snow that fall imperceptibly upon the earth, the seemingly unimportant events of life succeed one another. As the snow-flakes gather, so our habits are formed. No single flake that is added to the pile produces a sensible change. No single action creates, however it may exhibit a man's character. But as the tempest hurls the avalanche down the mountain and overwhelms the inhabitant and his habitation, so passion, acting on the elements of mischief which pernicious habits have brought together, may overthrow the edifice of truth and virtue.—**Bentham.**

MUCKRAKE OR CROWN?

By Dr. Hunter B. Blakeley

To the graduates of our colleges I would put the question: Where will you keep your eyes, upon the muckrake or the crown?

Of course you recognize the source, Pilgrim's Progress, that remarkable book, little read today but so revealing of human nature. John Bunyan had remarkable ability, during his long confinement in Bedford jail, to look under the surface and lay hold upon the impelling motives of conduct.

The incident of the man with the muckrake is from the story of the Pilgrim's wife Christiana, and her stay in the house of the Interpreter. This is Bunyan's story:

"The Interpreter took Christiana and her company into a room, where was a man that could look no way but downwards, with a muckrake in his hand. There stood also one over his head with a celestial crown in his hand, and proffered to give him that crown for his muckrake, but the man did not look upward nor regard, but raked to himself the straws, the small sticks, and the dust of the floor."

Bunyan's story is a parable of the call from above to the highest and the fascination of immediate gains which can be gathered now, even if it means the forfeiting of life's best. The eternal temptation to youth, and we never grow too old to be thus tried, is to seek the lesser values which may be quickly gathered and to refuse the harder way to a crown.

"Sticks and straw and the dust of the floor" may be gathered with any rake. To gather such takes small effort, little intelligence, no preparation, and no moral stamina. Such may come easy but has neither abiding value or lasting satisfaction.

The "great worthwhiles" are never displayed on bargain counters. Crowns come to climbing spirits who courageously press onward forever undeterred. Said the Greek dramatist, Sophocles: 'Fortune never helps the man whose courage fails." William Shakespeare in the same vein echoes his great predecessor: "Fearless minds climb soonest unto crowns."

The year 1942 seems far away from celestial crowns, but directly over the heads of youth are the proffered crowns of satisfying attainments, now hidden by the clouds of conflict. When the atmosphere clears—and peace will come at last—ever will a generation of youth have more boundless opportunities for accomplishing worthwhile undertakings and performing daring deeds than our graduates of today. There is but one condition—they must not look downward. Let them lift their eyes from the muckrake to the crown and become equipped in mind and heart for doing those things for which the world now waits.

The happiness of your life depends upon the quality of your thoughts.—Marcus Aurelius.

INSTITUTION NOTES

The boys and officers of Cottage No. 9 moved into Cottage No. 12 last Tuesday, where they will be quartered while necessary repairs are being made at the former cottage.

Get Less Gasoline! — Get More Japs!

Part of our outside forces are now engaged in threshing oats. About two hundred acres were sown in this grain, and by the time the threshing is completed it is estimated that about seven thousand bushels will be realized from this year's crop.

Get Less Gasoline! — Get More Japs!

Twenty-four of our boys had their tonsils removed by Dr. R. B. Rankin, of Concord, last Tuesday and Wednesday. This was done at the Cabarrus County General Hospital, Concord, and we are glad to report that all the lads are recuperating nicely.

Get Less Gasoline! — Get More Japs!

One day last week, as the Cottage lines assembled near the Cannon Memorial Administration Building, it was announced that in keeping with the Federal Government's drive for the collection of scrap rubber, all at the School were asked to co-operate. Since that time, as we look out of our windows, we have seen groups of boys, both large and small, scouring the premises for every available piece of scrap rubber, each one eager to do his bit to help Uncle Sam in an emergency. While we have no official report as to the amount gathered to date, we feel safe in predicting that several hundred pounds of old rubber will be added to the pile by the time the drive is ended.

Get Less Gasoline! — Get More Japs!

The feature attraction at the regular weekly motion picture show in the auditorium last Thursday night, was "Andy Hardy Meets Debutante," starring popular Mickey Rooney. A comedy, "Romeo in Rhythm," was shown at the same time. Both are Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer productions.

Get Less Gasoline! — Get More Japs!

Rev. C. E. Baucom, pastor of McGill Street Baptist Church, Concord, conducted the regular afternoon service at the school last Sunday. While we were not able to be present to take any notes, we have been informed by the boys that he presented his usual heplful and interesting message, explaining the true meaning of the Cross of Christ.

Get Less Gasoline! — Get More Japs!

Now that the good old summer time is really with us, the boys at the

School will be permitted to enjoy regular swim periods in the handsome Cone Swimming-Pool. The pool was opened last Saturday for the first time this season, and from the shrieks of laughter emitting therefrom, one could readily understand that our boys were thoroughly enjoying the fine sport of swimming.

Get Less Gasoline! — Get More Japs!

We recently learned that William J. Wingate, of Lincolnton, a former member of the School's staff of workers, has been in the United States Army for some time. According to an item seen in the Charlotte Observer the other day, Bill has been promoted to the grade of corporal at the Army Air Corps Technical School. Keesler Field, Biloxi, Mississippi. It will be recalled by those who were employed here at the time that he was cottage officer at Cottage No. 7, and fifth grade teacher, for about one year, leaving the School about eleven years ago. We were glad to hear from Bill, and his friends here wish him all possible success as a member of Uncle Sam's fighting forces.

Get Less Gasoline! — Get More Japs!

Superintendent Boger recently received a very nice letter from Willie H. Martin, one of our old boys. This lad came to the School from Mt. Airy, July 15, 1933, and was released, July 17, 1934. During his stay with us he was a member of the Cottage No. 7 group, and worked on the barn force. Willie is now twenty-four years old.

It is interesting to note that in February, 1939, Mr. Boger received a letter from this boy, then in Pasadena, California. He had gone out to see the Rose Bowl football game between Duke University and the University of Southern California. While keenly disappointed when Duke came out on the losing end of a close score, he reported that he was very favorably impressed with the state of California, and that he had obtained employment as waiter in a restaurant in one of the larger cities, intending to remain there for a while.

His letter, dated June 15, 1942, reads in part, as follows: "Dear Mr. Boger: I will drop you a few lines to let you know that I still remember you and good old J. T. S. It has been eight years since I left, but I think of you and the school often.

"Am now in the Army Air Corps Technical School, at Keesler Field, Mississippi, and like it very much. Hope to get to the battle front soon, as I want to see some action.

"Guess you still have plenty of boys at the school. Hope you do them as much good as you did me. There is no telling where I would be now if it had not been for J. T. S.

"Please tell Mr. Willie White, in Cottage No. 7, if he is still an officer there, that I said 'hello', and ask him if he remembers me back in '33 and '34. Will close for this time, with best regards to all."

Get Less Gasoline! — Get More Japs!

Cottage Honor Roll Summary

A summary of the regular weekly Cottage Honor Roll, covering a period of twenty-eight weeks, November 23, 1941 to May 31, 1942, reveals that while not a single boy at the School made a perfect record, five were placed on the roll twenty-seven times, three of them attained that honor twenty-six times, and eight others made the grade on twenty-five occasions. The names of the boys thus honored are grouped according to the total number of times their names were placed on the Honor Roll, as follows:

27—Carl Barrier, Weaver F. Ruff, Robert Goldsmith, Cecir Jacobs, Ernest L. Jacobs.

26—John Hogsed, Wesley Turner, Henry Butler.

25—Wade Aycoth, Durwood Martin, John Bailey, William T. Smith, Theodore Bowles, William Butler, James Brewer, Louis Stafford.

24—John Tolley, Robert Hobbs, Reitzel Southern, William Wilkerson, Audie Farthing.

23—Robert Padgett, Robert Coleman, Woodrow Wilson, Canipe Shoe, Charles Simpson, Edward Kinion.

22—Edgar Simmons, Robert Hare, Jerry Jenkins, Dewey Lanning, John M. Mazoo, Bert Barnhardt, Simon Quick, Jesse Smith, Robert Caudle, John Maples, Charles Steepleton.

21—Grover Beaver, Elgin Atwood, Vollie McCall, Houston Turner, Marvin Matheson, William Lane, Roy Mumford.

20—Earl Hoyle, Gerald Kerman, Durham Smith, David Cunningham, James Ruff, William Deaton, Charles McCoyle, Lester Lochlear.

19—Edward Moore, Malcom Seymour, Newman Tate, Robert Quick, Thomas Yates, John H. Averitte, Hurley Bell, George Green, Edgar Hedgepeth, Daniel Kilpatrick, J. C. Allen, Samuel Stewart, Paul Roberts, Fred Rhodes, Robert Deyton, John Robbins

18—Lloyd Callahan, Gerald Amos, James Hale, Charles Phillips, Charles Frye, J. R. Whitman, Randall D. Peeler, James E. Hall.

17—Thomas Barnes, Leonard Robinson, Everett Watts, Charles Tate, Edward Loftin, Arnold McHone, Ernest Overcash, Leonard Church, Jack Warren, Jack Bright, James Mondie, Marvin King, J. C. Willis, James Lochlear.

16—Kenneth Tipton, James Blake, Donald Hobbs, Laney Broome, Isaac Mahaffey, Treley Frankum, James Roberson, Frank Chavis.

15—William Cook, Richard Parker, John Linville, Alfred Lamb, Lloyd Mullis, Ralph Fisher, Earl Hildreth, Jay Brannock, Eugene Hefner, John Baker, Eugene Watts.

14—Charles Beal, George Gaddy, Arcemias Hefner, Leroy Childers, Daniel McPhail, Henry Ennis, Aubrey Fargis, William Harding, Raymond Brooks, John T. Lowry.

13—Charles Browning, John Crumpler, Elbert Russ, Edward Overby, Emerson Sawyer.

12—N. A. Bennett, Donald Daniels, William Morgan, J. B. Hensley, Riley Denny, William Hart, William Lanning, Glenn McCall, Hiram Atkinson.

11—Fonzer Pitman, Charles Rhodes, Jerome Wiggins, Morris Johnson, G. W. Kelly, Robert Stephens, John Allison, Tillman Lyles, Charles Gaddy,

Richard Kye, Melvin Roland, Walter Carver, Robert Moose, Lawton McDowell, Marvin Pennell, Ventry Smith, Leroy Lowry.

10—Ralph Harris, John Pritchard, William Pegram, Earl Smith, Kenneth Atwood, Robert Hampton, Wilbur Russ, Samuel Kirksey, Paul Matthews, Hubert Smith, Jack Crotts, Joseph Willis, Henry McGraw, George Tolson, Roy Womack, Vincent Hawes, James Lane, John Hamm, John Reep, James Deatherage, Basil Wetherington, Herbert Lochlear.

9—James McGlammery, Arthur Ingle, Rhonda Price, J. H. Peek, Albert Newton, Ervin Wolfe, William Nelson, Edgar Shell, Feldman Lane, Theodore Young, Horace Deese, Fred Jenkins, Clarence Medlin.

8—Charles Wootton, Charles Young, Everett Case, Doris Hill, Joseph Howard, James Pitman, Jack Ray, Luther Vaughn, Virgil Lane, James Williams, Plummer Boyd, B. J. Smith, Levitt Ballard, William Ussery, Ernest Turner, Cecil Caldwell, Leroy Pate, Lewis B. Sawyer, Glenn Wilcox, Horace Williams, Roy Barnett, Henry Glover, Marvin Howard, Carl Tyndall, Otha Dennis, Thomas Fields, William O'Brien, William Lanford, John Gibson, Wade Medlin, Robert Ragan.

7—Herschel Allen, Paul Smith, James Bargesser, Carl Hooker, Luther McIntyre, Joseph Dew, David Howard, Fred Holland, Jack Reeves, Vernon Green, Grady Kelly, Clifford Lowman, Torrence Ware, Noah Brown, Everett Morris, Ernest Brewer, William Broadwell, Mack Coggins, George Ward, Charles Pitman, William Barrier, Robert Chamberlain, Ennis Miller, Paul Morris.

6—Curtis Moore, Jack Sutherland, John D. Davis, Bernice Hoke, Kenneth Conklin, Albert Hames, William Painter, Samuel Pritchard, Louis Williams, J. W. McRorie, James Burr, Frank Fargis, William Harding, Carl Justice, William Young, Cecil Ashley, James C. Wiggins, Eugene Dyson, Forrest Davis, Amon Dryman, A. B. Hoyle, Harold Shelton, Henry Smith, Fred Stuart, James Tyndall, Roy Patton, Edward Hammond, James Johnson, William Schoppel, Ray Smith, Lawrence Hord, Jack West, Floyd Puckett, Donald Sides, David Williams, Varcy Oxendine.

5—Otis McCall, John Gardner, Sidney Knighting, Kenneth Caldwell, Robert Jarvis, Jesse Peavy, Marvin Ballew, Curtis Campbell, Wilbur Hardin, Marvin Gautier, Harry Lewis, Brice Thomas, Bayard Aldridge, Carl Moose, Alex Shropshire, Joseph McKinney, Paul Deal, James Ledford, Clarence McLemore, James Johnson.

4—James Watts, Lacy Burleson, Oscar Carter, Raymond Brooks, Milton Koontz, Joseph Smith, Leo Worley, Winley Jones, William C. Jordan, Eugene Puckett, Robert Dellinger, Charles Hayes, Ivey Lunsford, Eugene Martin, Allen Morris, Edward Batten, Paul Childers, Peter Harvell, Cecil Bennett, Martin Crump, Jesse Cunningham, Robert Dunning, Wayne Allen, Joseph Kincaid, Charles Mills, Everett Stamey, Horace Guffey, Jerome Harris, Robert Muse, Jesse Williamson, Charles Metcalf, Earl Wolfe, John Howard, D. C. Reynolds.

3—Frank Walker, Henry Barnes, Clarence Bell, Herbert Branch, Dewell Cooper, James C. Stone, Peter Tuttle, Fred Bostian, Jack Lemley, Vernon

Harding, Jack Crawford, Spencer Lane, James Shell, Walker Warr, George Strayhorne, Delma Gray, Jack Harward, John Lee, James Spear, Floyd Williams, Palmer Wilson, T. B. Nowell, George Spear, Charles Widener, Douglas Holt, Rufus Nunn, Louis Tallent, Alphonso Williamson, Charles Lanford, William Whittington, Samuel Williamson.

2—Wade Fisher, Leonard Lovelace, James Parker, Amos Myers, William Williams, Clarence Wright, Saunders Ingram, Robert Powell, Robert Jones, Charles Brookshire, Jack Grant, W. C. James, John Lipscomb, Robert Marshall, Frank Williams, Jack Hamilton, Max Shelley, Ronald Washam, Frank Workman, Marvin Bradley, Robert Davis, Paul Green, Charles Sloan, Bennie Wilhelm, Eugene Stubbs.

1—Clyde Bustle, Hoyt Newell, Homer Bass, Wesley Beaver, Luther Coe, Randolph Ammons, Monroe Flinchum, J. B. Howell, Hoyle Pitman, Willford Seegers, David Stubbs, Everett Watts, Jesse Williamson, Charles B. Ziegler, Douglas Daniels, Joseph Lane, Rufus Massingill, Jacob Myers, Eugene Ballew, Reid Beheler, John Franks, Sidney Hackney, Carroll Weaver, James Bell, Howard Noland, Eugene Cline, Ray Taylor, Raiford Medlin, Thurman Daniels, Burley Mayberry, Russell Stike, Robert Bailey, Sterald Cline, Charles Hagler.

IDEALS VERSUS REALITY

The airplane climbs higher and higher but, like the soaring eagle, it soon reaches its "ceiling." Baffled, it must return to earth and re-power for another climb; but each time to a thinning limit where the stratosphere forbids farther mounting. Beyond is "the blue," which is seen but may not be entered, save as faith wings the spirit Godward. We may dream of heaven and envision spiritually its glories, but here and now we have a ceiling to our ambitions and to our desires. Within the limits of the space and time in which God places us on earth, we are called upon to shape our ideals and make ready for our later ascension.

Well has someone written: "Here, in this poor, miserable, hampered, despicable Actual, wherein thou even now standest, here or nowhere, is thy Ideal: work it out therefrom; and working, believe, live, be free. Fool! the Ideal is in thyself: thy Condition is but the stuff thou art to shape that same Ideal out of: what matters whether such stuff be of this sort or that, so the form thou give it be heroic, be poetic? O thou that pinest in the imprisonment of the Actual, and criest bitterly to the gods for a kingdom wherein to rule and create, know this of a truth; the thing thou seekest is already within thee, here or nowhere, couldest thou only see!"—Selected.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending June 14, 1942

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Wade Aycoth
Carl Barrier
John Hogsed
Robert Padgett
Weaver F. Ruff
Malcom Seymour
Edgar Simmons

COTTAGE NO. 1

Everett Case
William Cook
Leonard Lovelace
Woodrow Wilson

COTTAGE NO. 2

Raymond Brooks
Luther McIntyre
John Pritchard

COTTAGE NO. 3

John Bailey
Grover Beaver
Charles Beal
Fred Bostian
Robert Coleman
Donald Daniels
Joseph Dew
Albert Hames
Arthur Ingle
Jerry Jenkins
Dewey Lanning
Ralph Powell
Samuel Pritchard
William Pegram
Rhonda Price
Robert Quick
Charles Rhodes
Elbert Russ
William T. Smith
John Tolley
Louis Williams
Thomas Yates

COTTAGE NO. 4

Wilson Barfield
Jay Brannock
Jack Bright
Leroy Childers
Mack Coggins
William Deaton
Eugene Hefner
William Lanning
James Mondie
Robert Muse
Roy Patton
Simon Quick
Jesse Smith
Charles Simpson
Brice Thomas
Carl Tyndall
J. R. Whitman
George Ward
Jesse Williamson

COTTAGE NO. 5

Luther Coe
Levitt Ballard
Charles Brookshire
Roy Pruitt
Hoyle Pittman

COTTAGE NO. 6

Robert Taylor
Earl Hoyle
Robert Hobbs
Gerald Kerman
John Linville
Marvin Lipscomb
Chester Lee
Rufus Massingill
Wesley Turner
William Ussery
William Wilkerson

COTTAGE NO. 7

Hurley Bell
Laney Broome
Henry Butler
William Butler
Robert Hampton
J. B. Hensley
Robert Holbert
Fred Holland
Morris Johnson
Albert Newton
Ernest Overcash
Wilbur Russ
Ervin Wolfe

COTTAGE NO. 8

Cecil Ashley
Reid Beheler
Homer Johnson
Frank Workman

COTTAGE NO. 9
Cecil Calwell
Leonard Church
David Cunningham
Riley Denny
George Gaddy
James Hale
Wilbur Hardin
William Hart
Edgar Hedgepeth
Winley Jones
Daniel Kilpatrick
Alfred Lamb
Isaac Mahaffey
Marvin Matheson
Lloyd Mullis
Troy Parris
James Ruff
Lewis B. Sawyer
Hubert Smith
George Strayhorne
Glenn Wilcox

COTTAGE NO. 10
Robert Stephens
Jack Warren
Joseph Willis

COTTAGE NO. 11
Bert Barnhardt
Robert Goldsmith
A. B. Hoyle
Edgar Shell
Harold Shelton
Canipe Shoe

COTTAGE NO. 12
(Cottage temporarily closed)

COTTAGE NO. 13
James Brewer

COTTAGE NO. 14
Robert Deyton

COTTAGE NO. 15
James Deatherage
Horace Deese
John Gibson
Charles Lanford
Ennis Miller
Paul Morris
Marvin Pennell

INDIAN COTTAGE
Raymond Brooks
Cecir Jacobs
Ernest Jacobs
James Lochlear
Lester Lochlear
Hubert Lochlear
Louis Stafford
Eugene Watts

IRON IN RELIGION

"We have strained too much of the iron out of our religion. Our beautiful churches, comfortable seats, just the right temperature, and short, sugar-coated sermons have taken the hardness out of our worship and our service to God. We have almost forgotten that every religion and government has been founded and sustained in blood and sweat and suffering. We no longer have to suffer for our religion; and most of us are willing to serve when it does not inconvenience us. Our country required us, at times, to leave all, go where sent, and die if necessary. That is exactly what Christ said He would require of all citizens of His Kingdom. The 'soft stuff' won't go over with 'Uncle Sam'; and, let us not fool ourselves, it will not go with God. He said, 'I will spew thee out of my mouth.' Neutrals are out of caste in the world today, and they ought to be out of caste in the church."—Selected.

U. N. C.
CAROLINA RO

THE UPLIFT

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VOL. XXX CONCORD, N. C., JUNE 27, 1942 No. 26

AMERICA

I know a land so fair and broad
Where men are free to think and toil;
Where honest zeal wins just reward,
And all may own and till the soil,
No other land so broad and free,
The land I love, America.

Oh, in that land my home shall be,
Where'er my birthplace may have been;
To thee I pledge my fealty,
None else shall my allegiance win,
Oh, I would give my life for thee,
Dear land I love, America.

—Mary K. Buck.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

THE PRICE

He owned both gold and silver things
And precious gems to wear.
Watches and plate and glistening rings,
And give them constant care.

He paid for guards to walk about
His home, without, within.
He armed them well with weapons stout
Lest robbers should come in.

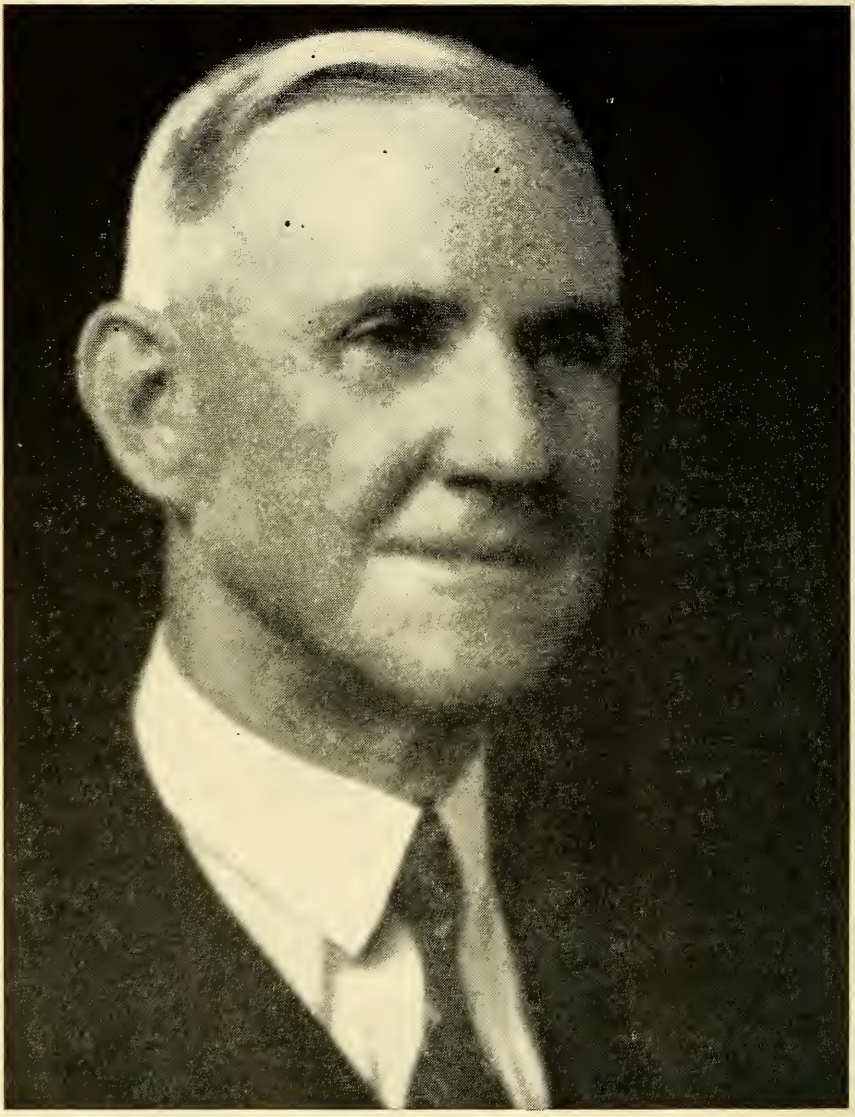
By lock and chain and massive door
Were theft and wastage checked,
The more his fortune grew, the more
It cost him to protect.

And yet it never crossed his mind,
"Til freedom stood at bay,
To set a guard of any kind
Lest that be swept away.

He took for granted every right
Which liberty bestows,
And calmly watched the growing might
Of freedom's evil foes.

But now the dreadful truth is plain:
No worth-while treasure's cheap.
What men have bravely fought to gain
Their sons must fight to keep.

—Edgar A. Guest



CHARLES E. BOGER

SUPERINTENDENT BOGER RESIGNS

Mr. Charles E. Boger was named superintendent of the Stonewall Jackson Training School by a unanimous vote of the Board of Trustees, December 1, 1913. He followed in the wake of the first superintendent, Mr. Walter Thompson, taking over the work with the vigor and interest of sturdy manhood, and, during the nearly twenty-nine years of his tenure of office, thousands of boys have passed out into the world with delightful memories of all the institution did for them under Mr. Boger's administration.

With but three cottage homes in operation, and fifty-six boys enrolled, the institution had hardly passed the experimental stage when he was made superintendent, but no sooner than the many counties realized the value of a home for the underprivileged boy, the response to the appeal was like magic. Without going into details as to the manner of the appeal, it is sufficient to say that several counties fell in line, and, aided by state funds, made it possible to provide seventeen cottage homes, adequate for the care of nearly five hundred boys. This tells the story briefly of the interest emphasized, and the marvelous growth of the School, under the supervison of Superintendent Boger.

The entire plant, including Cottages, Cannon Memorial Building, Receiving Cottage, Swink-Benson Trades Building, Cone Swimming-Pool, Gymnasium, Infirmary, School Building, Cannery, Dairy Barns, and other buildings, along with nearly one thousand acres of fine farm land, has an estimated value of more than a million dollars. In connection with this material development, it is fitting to visualize the thousands of young boys who have passed over the threshold of the Stonewall Jackson Training School, out into the world with a brighter hope. The work involved required the fortitude of courageous manhood to meet fairly the demands of every emergency, and it was indeed most fortunate for the instiutution that the man placed at its head possessed those sterling qualities.

Superintendent Boger stood the test for many years, and it is with deepest regret we announce that ill health compelled him to resign, foregoing the performance of the duties he so dearly loved. The adjustment in such instances is difficult for a superior officer as well as his co-workers, but the cause, the salvaging of human souls, is a challenge to one who understands boys' problems, and

is able to meet fairly and squarely their demands. There are moments of intense silence that speak more feelingly than words can express when the hour comes for the breaking of old contacts. The entire personnel of the School, both the boys and the staff of workers, unite in the hope that the retiring superintendent may regain his health and enjoy life after so many years of service in a work that is accepted as a companion-piece to that of the church.

* * * * * * * * *

Just ninety-five years ago today, June 27, 1847, the first telegraph message passed between New York and Boston. It was Professor Samuel F. B. Morse who conceived the idea of this principle as a means of communication. While aboard ship on a return trip from Europe he made the drawings and perfected the plans for the necessary apparatus. He gave his first exhibition in 1837. A patent was obtained three years later, and an application to Congress for an appropriation was made to construct telegraph lines. The majority of congressmen were skeptical—they didn't believe it was practical—but finally, in 1843, Morse's request was granted, $30,000 being set aside for the construction of a telegraph line from Washington to Baltimore. After many hardships, the line was completed on May 24, 1844, and over what would now be considered a very short distance—less than fifty miles— went the historic words, "What hath God wrought?" the first public message to be sent over a telegraph line. The telegraph is now in use throughout the civilized world, making communication all around the globe possible within the space of a few minutes.

* * * * * * * * *

A USEFUL CAREER CLOSED

It seems that at times we feel we cannot afford to lose such broad-visioned men as the late Edgar Tufts, who gave generously of his time and means for the uplift of human beings. We are thoroughly in accord with the following tribute to this splendid gentleman, taken from the Morganton News-Herald:

In years Edgar Tufts was a comparatively young man—just 42; in service he had given much more than the average man who lives past the proverbial three score and ten. The news of his death at Banner Elk, Monday, was a shock to all who knew of his place of influence and leadership in Northwestern North Carolina.

Many men are useful and even powerful along certain lines. Edgar Tufts' activities and undertakings were as varied as were his talents and as far-reaching as was his broad vision of service to humanity. He was one of the outstanding leaders between Ashe and Asheville—in education, in promoting new industries suited for the mountain country, in the care of the homeless and orphaned, in hospitalization, in efforts to build and improve roads and to attract tourists, etc.

Here in Morganton we remember particularly his deep and abiding interest in Highway 181 (north) as a "missing" link in North Carolina's highway system, the completion of which would give "his" people a long-desired and shorter connection with other sections of North Carolina. He joined with us on many occasions to urge the building of this important highway.

The removal by death of such a useful and influential man as Edgar Tufts, so important in so many phases of mountain life and in the prime of young manhood, is an almost irreparable loss. He will be especially missed at this time when the qualities of mind and heart which he possessed are so greatly needed in the section to which he had dedicated himself so unreservedly and which are so in demand in a world torn by selfish motives and warfare.

ST. JAMES LUTHERAN CHURCH

By Margaret Norfleet Cook

It was when St. James Evangelical Lutheran Church, Concord, was torn down, June, 1927, to make room for the construction of the new building of impressive Tudor Gothic architecture that interest was awakened in the history of the congregation. The tearing away of this building that served as a sanctuary since 1881, was an occasion of universal regret, because St. James was regarded as a landmark, with a history, appreciated not by its members alone, but by the citizenship of the community at large.

The parsonage, built during the pastorate of Rev. Wright G. Campbell, met a similar fate at this time.

Prior to wrecking the parsonage, Mr. C. A. Cook, a member of the building committee of the present church, wishing to bid a tender farewell to the former home of many pastors, made a tour of the building from basement to attic. During the inspection there were many delightful memories of both social and spiritual gatherings. Upon reaching the attic, spacious and airy, there were found such articles as books, old magazines and photographs, an accumulation of years. The things of most importance were conserved, and others consigned to the flames.

In the midst of a pile of books three old registers of St. James church, from date of its organization, 1843, were taken from this pile of trash, so considered by every one. These old books contained valuable information, such as membership lists, dates of deaths, marriages, baptisms and confirmations. In the same books were the minutes of three score years or more, and when read gave a feeling as if one were reviewing the "Book of Life." The information gathered showed startling differences as to the manner of disciplining the members in yesteryears compared with the church discipline today. It was clear from the minutes that if a member deserved a reprimand it was given, regardless of who or what, for the sake of humanity and the glory of God. Three documents proved most interesting, and as a matter of reference should be placed in the archives of the church.

The Lutherans of Cabarrus county, as in the other counties, are of German descent. Some of these German pioneers of the two Carolinas treked their course to the southland from Pennsylvania in search of a milder climate and better soil, and others came direct from the Rhineland landing in Charleston, S. C., then a seaport of great promise.

In the trail of these thrifty and sturdy pioneers, churches and schools were built, companion pieces, the two often merging interest by using the same building for divine worship on the Sabbath, and for school purposes on the week days. It is a matter of history that these bulwarks, churches and schools, contributed to the making of a stronghold of men and women who played a noteworthy role in the civic and spiritual uplift of the state and nation.

When reviewing the eighty-eight year old ledger of St. James Lutheran church, the many names seen, made it possible to trace the family lineage of those who have remained true to the faith, and are actively engaged in the work of St. James today.

In the early history of North Carolina when the country was sparsely settled the churches of all denominations played a much more conspicious part in the civic activities of the community than now, and most naturally so for the church buildings were centrally located, meeting the demands for public gatherings.

The German element in Cabarrus has always been numerically strong, and the results of their splendid work are easily traced by the schools and churches dotted throughout eastern Cabarrus, showing they were constructive pioneers—a noble heritage, and one to cherish.

The old records found in the parsonage gave illuminating as well as interesting facts relative to the genesis of St. James, organized for the specific purpose of preaching the gospel and teaching the word with the hope of rendering a noble service to humanity. The Lutheran churches in early history were mostly rural with large memberships covering a radius in many cases of 10 miles or more. For instance St. John's church, founded in 1745, and Cold Water Lutheran church, 1768, used jointly for Lutherans and German Reformed, served in their early history nearly the entire eastern part of Cabarrus county. They enjoy the distinction of being classed among the oldest congregations in the state, having had in early history the best and most competent men sent by the parent church in Europe to labor in the field of each.

From these two churches can be traced other congregations, and no mother has a greater reason to be proud of her brood than these churches with a galaxy of sons and daughters, holding positions of honor as college presidents, ministers, missionaries, builders and statesmen with an influence that has been felt throughout the country.

At this point it is pertinent to state that St. James is a child of Cold Water Lutheran church, considered the oldest German religious organization in Western North Carolina, but in St. James congregation there are many members who trace their lineage back to the pioneers of old historic St. Johns. The most natural impulse for the descendants of these two early congregations to follow, after locating in Concord, was to organize then cast about for a church site and make plans for a building.

The first Sunday in June, 1843, St. James' congregation was organized. It is interesting to note that this membership like their rural forebears has continued without conspicuity, serving their Master in humbleness of spirit and truth. The growth of the congregation, like all Lutheran churches, depended upon the baptism and confirmation of children of the same faith. One can readily understand the increase of membership was not startling, but the indoctrinated faith gave every assurance of a loyal and devout membership.

The St. James congregation was organized with W. G. Harter, pastor, 18 months before a site for the house of worship was chosen.

To thumb through old, musty books is not pleasant, but there is satisfaction if the research reveals the past with an interesting background and a correct setting for the people of that period. It was by this means that the names of some of Cabarrus county's most representative citizens were found on the old church book, viz:

General W. C. Means and family—plantation in the neighborhood of the fair grounds.

Moses Pitts—five miles west of the city.

Noah Blackwelder—six miles west of Concord.

Amzi Petrea—one mile east of Kannapolis.

John F. Fink—three miles north of Concord.

Alfred Suther—five and one-half miles to north of the city.

Col. Andrew Propst—six miles north of the city.

William Barnhardt—four miles northwest of the city.

Joseph Cook, Sr.,—three miles northwest of the city.

There were other names, Winecoff, Faggart, Blackwelder, Cline, Shinn, Kluttz, Bost, Lipe, Misenheimer, Scott and Solugh who lived many miles in the country but attended St. James. One mile in those days, with bad roads and crude and heavy vehicles was the equal of 10 today.

Doubtless these splendid citizens contributed greatly toward establishing and building the first church.

The older residents of Consord today speak of the Corbin Street elementary school as the "old Lutheran church property," but not every one knows the early history, or just why it is so called. It was on January 23, 1845, that several acres of land on Fayetteville road (then called) was purchased from Alfred and Henry Brown, brothers, and on this site, almost the same location of the Corbin Street elementary school today, was erected the first St. James church of Concord.

The deed recorded in the Cabarrus courthouse shows that the property was realized for the small consideration of five dollars (5.00) and 'deeded to the deacons and elders of St. James forever." One infers from the small purchase price that these generous gentlemen never intended to do other than donate the land for church purposes.

The first church building was a square frame structure, and as to the customs of the day had separate and distinct entrances for men and women. The entrance for the men was on the side facing Corbin street, and the entrance for the women was on the south side, and each occupied their respective pews. Like other churches of that period a section of the church was reserved for the faithful, old salves, whose voices were heard in song and praise with those of their masters and mistresses. Their part of the main auditorium was set off by a four foot railing with gate, this was done to make them feel they had a place as well as a distinctive interest in the church.

A church bell most naturally was desired, the ambition of all village churches, and St. James did not prove an exception to the rule.

After the completion of the church a bell was purchased from Bernhardt,

Philadelphia, and shipped to Concord by the way of Charleston, S. C. It was hauled by wagon from that point by Richard Cook, the father of a former townsman familiarly known as "Uncle Billy Cook." The story of the hauling of the bell was often told before the passing of "Uncle Billy" to the Great Beyond.

To make complete the German-Lutheran custom soon after building the house of worship additional land was secured for school purposes and a long school house was built on the south side of the plot. There are today some citizens in Concord who recall the old log schoolhouse.

Again a grave yard is left to witness and perpetutate history. This plot was used jointly by the Lutherans and Methodists with a reservation on the southside for the slaves where many are buried.

In the will of George Klutts, dated April 10, 1839, the great grandfather of the late Mrs. F. A. Archibald, is mentioned six lots in the S. E. square of said town, fronting the Fayetteville road, each measuring five rods front and running down to the branch except the last, the 6th lot to be six rods in the front and 10 rods in the back (all to sell for a certain sum when possible)—this sale not to include the sixth lot which is "hereby set apart for a grave yard of all Christian denominations, and also for a site if chosen by the same for a church of the Lutherans or German Reformed faith or denomination."

From this one concludes the land for the old Lutheran grave yard was given by George Kluttz who was a Lutheran. His wife, Rosanna Furrow, was a German Reformed.

One would think a tragedy like the great "War-Between-the-States," would naturally halt the activities of the church, but the records kept by the war-pastor, Dr. I. H. Dreher, showed to the contrary. The old books, showing services were regular, members were received by baptism and confirmation, besides interest in the affairs of the community during the lean days did not escape the attention of pastor or members.

The minutes of July 16th, 1863 reveal that letters were received from James H. Kizziah, G. R. Suther and I. Nelson Cline, of the Army, asking for membership. These letters from soldiers of the Confederacy were considered by the council and the names enrolled in the church book. These facts are proof that the church was active throughout the struggles of the sixties, and that there remained at home vestals of the sacred shrine to keep burning the fires of patriotism.

Following every upheaval, caused by war or other causes, are opportunities and possibilities for those who accept conditions in good faith and fine spirit. At all times and under the most adverse circumstances did the membership of St. James accept conditions with an abiding faith. Success follows in any church with a definite and divinely appointed program in which the congregation participated. This was and has continued to be the ultimate aim of St. James.

One infers from the many items of repair work mentioned in the minutes the old church had begun to fall into decay. This fact was confirmed by a statement from a senior member who recalls as a boy

seeing the repair work carried on. He stated "not long after the war many improvements were made by changing the interior, the entrance and adding a belfry for the bell that previously hung in the yard." This bell was rehung in 1874 by George Beatty for the price of $6. This is as copied from the minutes of same date. The building of the belfry and replacing the bell is recalled by several of the older members of St. James.

For a period of 38 years, up to 1881, the congregation worshipped in the old church till it became an impossibility. With the ever changing times there was no other alternative but, another location and new church. Nothing short of a historian could do credit to the noble record of these people. They learned by experience the sterling qualities of mankind, were loyal and true to the faith of their church and at the same time blazed the way for a greater church that measured up to the demands of the time.

This landmark, the scene of many joyous occasions, that withstood the ravages of time and war was torn down in 1914, making room for the first high school unit in Concord. It is interesting for the public to know that this site for 88 years has been used either for school or religious purposes, an unusual incident, but a fact that seemed destined.

The date, October 18, 1880, starts a new chapter in the history of the church. The council at this time authorized D. R. Hoover, A. J. Blackwelder and W. H. Blume to purchase the lot corner Union and Corbin streets, known as the Foard corner. The following month, November 3, 1880, the council approved the action of the committee in purchasing the Foard corner for the sum of $900. After this transaction an organization for constructive work was perfected. The Rev. S. T. Hallman, was appointed as a committee of one to consult with an architect for plans and specifications. The members of the finance committee were D. R. Hoover, treasurer, G. W. Brown, assistant, treasurer, William Propst and John K. Patterson, Councilmen, A. J. Blackwelder, G. C. Blume, G. W. Brown with J. S. Fisher and D. R. Hoover, as advisory members, were named as building committee. One gathers by reading between the lines of the carefully kept records that time was spent in prayer and due deliberation as to ways and means of assembling funds. This is evident from the fact on November 11, 1881, this resolution was spread upon the minutes: "the council have plenary power to act and proceed with the work, acccording to plans and specifications, but at no time impose a burdensome debt upon the congregation."

This was at a time just when the southland was emerging from the conflicts of the sixties, when the tragedies of war made the rich poor and the poor poorer, so the very thought of building a church between the dates 1881-1882, at a stipulated cost of $4,000, today would be classed high financing.

It was not the gifts of money, building material or gratuitous work alone that put over this building project, "but faith in the substance of things hoped for" combined with a fine spirit of co-operation, a marked

charactertistic of the congregation.

The location was ideal, the church, when completed, measured up to the expectations of the members, the architectural lines were a reproduction of the old English Rennaissance with two spires of symmetrical beauty, one towering to the height of 115 feet that attracted attention from every approach to the city. The statistics show the work on the church started in 1881 and the dedicatory exercises were in 1882, an accomplishment that seemed to be nothing short of marvelous. The basement of the church, used for Sunday School purposes, according to a resolution dated January 1883, was tendered the German Reformed congregation as a place in which to hold services.

The altar railing and other furnishings of the second St. James were made by Matthew Petrea, grandfather of Councliman Robert E. Ridenhour, Sr. The Petrea family of St. John's community for generations has been recognized as skilled craftsmen, making much of the furniture during that period for the best homes of Cabarrus county.

This church served the congregation for nearly a half century, long enough to make it a sacred shrine with a history of sweet and tender memories to thousands whose souls had been fed the Bread of Life within her walls.

In addition to the many activities, both congregation, general and educational a fine missionary spirit was developed and fostered through the vision of her pastors. Three congregations were organized and three new churches were built. During the pastorate of Rev. S. T. Hallman, Mt. Hermon to the south of Concord was built; in 1890 Rev. W. G. Campbell organized and built St. Andrew's, West Depot street, and later Dr. C. P. MacLaughlin organized at Forest Hill and built Calvary church. These are some of the high spots in the life of St. James.

To those who gave unstintedly of means and time for St. James, a beautiful symbol of their holy ambition, left a noble heritage of far greater value than the material things that perish with time.

It is gratifying to find the descendants of pioneer members, the Browns, Fishers, Hoovers, Pattersons, Blackwelder, Blumes, Bosts and Clines conspicuous in the church, honoring family tradition by taking up where their forebears left off. To these many others have been added, making a strong household of faith with the assurance the bond of fellowship includes every soul for the high purpose of service.

To be exact 45 years was the life of the second St. James. This was suficient time to form strong attachments for the church that had proven a haven of rest at all times, and a tower of strength in the hours of distress. There was an intermingling of joy and sadness as the congregation was on the threshold of leaving the building endeared by so many years of association. An outstanding figure on this occasion was Mr. John A. Cline, a fine citizen and faithful churchman, who due to ill health was forced to retire as councilman and trustee of church property after 45 years of continued service. He is one of the oldest members and oldest living councilman of St. James.

He is well versed in church history having served as treasurer of the United Lutheran Church of the South along with other local offices making him familiar with the activities of his church. He is not only prominent in the church locally but has a wide acquaintance throughout the entire synod of the United church.

Again the congregation faced conditions that necessitated another change—a large and more modern equipment. The seating capacity of the old church was three hundred with a growing congregation then numbering four hundred twenty-five; the Sunday School equipment was inadequated; the church on account of city improvements, grading and paving, held a high and stilted setting with an awkward and almost impossible approach for old people besides after expert examination the church was declared unsafe for public gatherings. These are the things that made an impression on the congregation, making it imperative to meet the emergency despite the strong sentiment that prevailed in favor of retaining the old church building. Before getting a unanimous vote for the new church there were three congregational meetings. In fact the officers of St. James went so far as to have plans drawn for enlarging the old builing with the hope of saving the old church but that was found to be impracticable—expensive and not getting the desired and much needed church equipment.

So it was about the first of 1927 that a unanimous vote passed the congregation and a finance committee, composed of Messrs. A. Luther Brown, C. A. Cook, R. E. Ridenhour, Sr., Fred R. Shepperd and G. H. Hendrix, with the pastor Dr. L. A. Thomas as advisory member, was appointed and authorized to begin to raise in cash and pledges a certain amount. The committee very soon reported $90,000 in cash and pledges with the canvass incomplete. The congregation authorized the same committee to act as a building committee and to proceed with plans.

It is useless to go into details as to results, because the church constructed of steel and Indiana limestone on Tudor Gothic lines, with an auditorium, churchly and beautiful, seating 650, and a modern Sunday School building answering the needs of 700, tells the story more beautifully and effectively than words or pen or any mortal. This church stands not only as a memorial but an expression of the high ideals and untiring efforts of the pastor, Dr. L. A. Thomas and the building committee, besides reflects the sentiment of the congregation.

The actual cost of the church property was $153,000. The memorials amounted to $20,000, including a $12,000 pipe organ. The gift of the organ brings to mind a most beautiful thoughts that links the past with the present.

It seemed fitting that the chairman of the building committee, A. Luther Brown, and grandson of Alfred Brown, the donor of the land for the first church, should donate the handsome Hook and Hasting Pipe Organ as a memorial to his parents who were faithful, consistent and life long members of St. James. This is not only an appropriate memorial but a lovely way to perpetuate family tradition,

singing the glad Alleluias, or echoing the song of the "old timers," "My Church, My Church, My Dear Old Church" to the inspiring and uplifting tones that only a pipe organ in the hands of a skilled musician can bring forth.

The construction of this handsome building was begun about the first of August, 1927, and was occupied by the congregation September 2, 1928. The dedicatory exercises were beautiful, impressive and left an impress that will never be forgotten.

The color scheme of the interior, including the furnishings and beautiful art-glass windows, is designed in soft and warm colors so as to give a beautiful restfulness to the eye and spirit. The entire arrangements and equipment are ecclesiastically correct and are as impressive as beautiful.

Just as the Deagans memorial chimes, a sweet and fitting tribute from the sons and daughters to their parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Hendrix, were placed in the handsome new church, the same care should be taken to preserve an old pulpit Bible, the gift of Col. W. C. Means in the earliest history of the church, and the silver communion set consisting of pitcher, goblet and waiter, suggestive of supreme sacrifice upon the part of some organization or individual.

Dr. L. A. Thomas was pastor prior to and during the construction and there is reason to know that every stone is dear, almost sacred, to him, because in his own words he declared each represents a block of his life. In a letter he paid this beautiful tribute to the membership of St. James: "I have never seen such whole hearted interest in anything in all my ministry as that of the people in this building program. Many sacrificed until they felt the effects. But I have often said that I never expect to see such joy written on the faces of people as that on the faces of the large Sunday school, and the congregation on that first Sunday, not until I get to Heaven. This interest has never lagged, not even during these depressing times."

Dr. Thomas vacated St. James March 7, 1930, leaving the congregation 100 per cent united and enthusiastic for the future of the church.

The following pastors served St. James and played a most important role during the 88 years of her history:

Rev. W. G. Harter, from 1843 to 1854.

Rev. Daniel L. Dreher, D. D., from 1854 to 1869.

Rev. W. H. Cone, supplied until 1872.

Rev. Charles H. Bernhelm, D. D., from March 1872 to September 1873.

Rev. W. W. Bowers from September 1873 to October 1873 when death called him home.

Rev. J. H. Harry, from May 1874 to 1875.

Rev. L. A. Bickle, D. D., from June 1876 to latter part of 1877.

Rev. S. T. Hallman, D. D., from June 1880 to May 1885.

Rev. George F. Shaeffer, D. D., from October 1885 to 1888 (supply.)

Rev. Wright G. Campbell, from 1886 to 1893.

Rev. M. G. G. Sherer, D. D., from 1893 to 1896.

Rev. C. B. Miller, from 1896 to 1902.

Rev. W. H. Miller, from 1902 to 1904.

Rev. J. E. Schenck, from 1905 to 1910.

Rev. C. P. MacLaughlin, D. D., from 1910 to 1916.

Rev. M. L. Stirewalt, D. D., from 1916 to 1922.

Rev. L. A. Thomas, D. D., from 1922 to 1930.

Rev. P. E. Monroe, D. D., from 1930 to 1936.

Rev. Voigt R. Cromer, from 1936 to 1941.

Rev. F. W. Hahn, D. D., July 1, 1942, present pastor.

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AN EXPLANTATION

Hollyhocks and a trim white fence;
Windows curtained with flowered chintz;
Long stemmed roses, and a vine to clamber,
From a coffee table, and a vase of amber;
A fat leather chair—an ash tray near it;
These are a part of the American spirit.

The fields, the soil, the road into town;
The slow policeman, the village clown;
The store, the garage, the hotdog stand;
A gay straw hat with a grossgrain band;
A bolt of gingham in red, white and blue;
These are a part of America, too.

The churches, the Sabbaths, holy and quiet;
The people who sit on porches at night,
Contented together, in the pale moon's gleam,
Telling each other the dreams they dream;
The burning ambitions, the excitment of chance
That allows man to rise above circumstance;—

God's-acres planted with people we know,
Whose memory prevails wherever we go;—
An army as great as the people are strong;
The ice cream cones, and the Hut Sut Song;
The rights of the many against the privileged few;
These are a part of America, too.

Public opinion, politics, and the Capitol dome;
Fat little babies, secure in the heart of mother and home;
The Star-Spangled Banner; The Lord's Prayer;
A little girl smiling, a bow in her hair;
These are the things we mean when we say—
We will die to preserve the American way.

I AM AN AMERICAN

(Arizona Masonic News)

I am an American—I have the right to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," to worship as I think best, to have equal rights with others, to speak or write as I please, so long as I do not interfere with the rights of others, to vote as I see fit, to choose my work, to educate my children in free schools, to share in the natural resources of my country, and improve my lot through various means as afforded me by the rights and privileges I enjoy under the Stars and Stripes, under whose protective shadow I enjoy the most high idealistic concept of man's estate proclaimed in the Declaration of Independence, and imbedded in the Constitution of the United States of America.

I think that all Americans realize with a somewhat deeper degree of appreciation today, the American way of life, and are doing considerable more serious thinking and appraising of their value. Never having been denied the manifold blessings and comforts we are permitted to enjoy in the United States of America, we have become too prone to take them for granted, overlooking the fact that our liberty is not a heritage that can be put on the shelf; it must be reearned by each generation.

We have seen these privileges lost in many other countries to those people who enjoyed them once and now no longer can. Do we understand what that loss can mean, and by such a realization have we today a clearer conception of their worth to us?

The past few months have seen a decided change of feeling in regard to certaia isms, and a strengthening of the democracies; but the one essential item needed here in the United States of America was conspicious by its absence, and that is UNITY. The spirit of unselfishness and sacrifice that our national government should have set as an example for all to emulate has been woefully absent. The reason is that selfishness, intrigue, squabbling and petty politics, with class warfare and mutual suspicion has predominated, disunity was in control. Anything that interfered with their schemes, right or wrong, was promptly sidetracked.

Today we face grim reality; war is here, and where are we? Patriotism surges in the breast of all Americans. Nothing short of absolute defeat of our enemies will stop the contemptible, dastardly attack now being made upon America. It is very evident that we have sadly underestimated our mortal foe's power.

While we have been busy with our petty internal situations, the needs of our national defense have been severely delayed. There can be no doubt that this was a decided advantage to our enemies.

While we were divided and our desires were for personal gains and ambitions, and while we were deluding ourselves with that "It can't happen here," the foes of democracy were not idle; they were preparing to force upon us their views by a bloody, relentless war of conquest.

In our trustfulness and our great

desire to be of service to others, we have allowed ourselves to be taken by surprise; we have paid a tragic penalty for our negligence, and today the people of America are united with a determination to work, fight and make an all-out effort for the preservation of the land of liberty and freedom.

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Of all the things you wear, your expression is the most important.—Readers' Digest.

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BOTH CAROLINAS INCREASE PRODUCTION OF GOLD

By Ashton Chapman

The claims often made by miners that there is plenty of gold still to be found in both North and South Carolina are amply borne out by preliminary figures covering gold production in the Appalachian states for the year 1941 recently released by the Bureau of Mines of the United States Department of the Interior.

While the bureau states that these figures may be subject to some slight adjustments when final compilation is compleetd, they show that North Carolina produced last year 3,117 ounces of gold, valued at $109,095. This compares with total production in this state during 1940 of 1,943 fine ounces having a value of $68,005, or an estimated increase of more than $40,000 for 1941 over the previous year.

It will be remembered that the first recorded discovery of a gold nugget in the United States was in Cabarrus county, North Carolina, in the year 1799, and that this nugget tipped the scales at 17 pounds. Gold was not discovered in any of the other Southern states until nearly thirty years later.

In its report covering production of gold in the southern Appalachian states from 1799 through 1941 the U. S. Bureau of Mines shows the total value of the yellow metal produced in North and South Carolina, Alabama, Georgia, Tennessee and Virginia as $54,751,689, but according to the Division of Mineral Resources of the North Carolina Department of Conservation and Development, at Raleigh, the state of North Carolina alone has probably produced in excess of this amount, since the tabulated figures showing total production in this state as $24,175,383 through 1941 "do not include the estimated five to six million dollars in gold coins privately minted by the Bechtler family in Rutherford county from 1831 to 1852, nor the gold shipped direct to England from mines operat-

ed in this state by foreign companies," and "receipts from these foreign companies were found some years ago to be totaling as high as a quarter of a million dollars per month."

Even, however, using the official figures of the U. S. Bureau of Mines, it will be seen that the gold produced in North Carolina from date of discovery to December 31, 1941, is 44 per cent of the total for the entire six Southern states included in the report.

The next highest state is Georgia, with a total through 1941 of $18,082,227, but the production by that state is mostly in the past, only $10,500 being recorded from Georgia last year, while North Carolina has shown a steady increase in the amount produced each year since the value of gold was jumped in 1933 from $20,-67 to $35.01 per troy ounce.

According to the Bureau of Mines the Condor (old Howie) mine near Waxhaw in Union county, operated under lease by Huge Jardine, was the principal producer of gold in North Carolina during 1941. This was likewise the case during the previous year, although this mine was actually in operation during 1940 only from September 1, through December. The ore was treated by cyanidation in the Capps mill at Charlotte.

However, milling of the Condor ore at the Capps mill was discontinued in January, 1941, and a new 100-ton countercurrent cyanide mill was built on the Condor property and operated continuously after July 15.

During 1941 gold was also recovered from copper ore from the Fontana mine in Swain county and from gold mines in Burke, Cherokee, Guilford and McDowell counties.

According to the figures complied by the U. S. Bureau of Mines, South Carolina has for the past four years contributed the bulk of the output of gold from the Appalachian states. Like North Carolina, she showed an increase last year over 1940, her production in 1941 being 15,400 fine ounces with a valuation of $539,000 as compared to only 13,076 ounces, valued at $457,660, during the previous years, or an increase of over $80,000. South Carolina's total production from 18-99 through 1941 is given as $7,279,-360.

According to the State Department of Conservation and Development practically every known process for the extraction of gold from ore has been at one time or another tried out in North Carolina, this state having been a sort of proving ground for processes and "in many instances in North Carolina the owners of the processes have attempted to prove the process rather than to develop a mine."

The Mineral Resources Division of this department points out that the amount of gold produced in North Carolina to date would probably have been far greater than it has but for the fact that "many of the property owners have asked exorbitant prices for the properties, hence many properties that look promising have not been developed on account of the excessive prices."

Also "many of the plants which have been constructed have been mismanaged, and in many cases the manager has been inexperineced. As a result many gold mining proposi-

tions in the state have failed when they should have been successful. Gold mining today requires the best technical training and skill.

Many times mills are erected before the proper method for the treatment of that particular ore has been determined; therefore, the particular mill is often found unsuccessful for the ore and is soon abandoned."

The department believes that as long as the price of gold remains at its present figure of $35.01 per ounce there will be continued activity in gold mining in this state, for not only has this increase in value made it profitable to reopen mines producing low grade ore but it has caused a wide search to be made for likely locations for new operations.

In this connection the department advises that before any great amount of money is invested at a fresh location the interested parties should "have reports on the properties by responsible engineers. These reports should not only give information as to the extent and value of the ore body, but should also give the best methods of treatment for the particular ore.

"In determining the extent and quality of the ore this can only be done through considerable exploratory work, as cross-cutting, shafting, and drift work, with subsequent careful sampling and assaying. After this has been accomplished, and the ore bodies show quantity and ore of such a tenor as to warrant commercial exploitation, a number of tests should be made on carefully selected average samples of the ore to determine the best methods of recovery."

In addition to its figures covering production of gold in the southern Appalachian states for last year the U. S. Bureau of Mines has released preliminary figures on the amount of silver produced by the states in 1941, according to which the two Carolinas were almost 'neck and neck' in the production of this metal, North Carolina leading by a small margin.

These figures show the total production of silver in North Carolina to have been 6,861 fine ounces, with a valuation of $4,879.

The total for South Carolina is given as 6,051 ounces, having a value of $4,303.

While the value of silver produced in North Carolina last year increased from $4,608 for 1940, the value of silver produced in South Carolina fell off from $5,722 for that year.

According to the report of the Bureau of Mines the output of silver in both states during 1941 was chiefly a byproduct of the mining of other metals. The yield of silver in North Carolina was principally from copper ore, although a certain amount was derived from gold ore and placer gravel. The silver from South Carolina came almost entirely from the two latter sources.

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It is good discretion not to make too much of any man at the first; because one cannot hold out that proportion.—Bacon.

CLOUD CLUES

By Bert Sackett

What are clouds and what do they mean? Interesting questions these for young people growing up in an air-minded world where our eyes are frequently on the sky. Of course everyone likes to fancy that the clouds look like all sorts of fanciful objects such as beasts, castles, even profiles of people we know. But the observer who knows his clouds sees much more than that. Certain cloud formations give definite clues as to coming weather .

Of almost equal interest is the fact that there are characteristic cloud formations at high, medium and low altitudes. Know your cloud shapes and you can tell how high the airplane you are watching is flying.

Clouds form when air is cooled to a temeperature below the dew point. This means that water vapor in the air condenses to form visible water droplets. As the sun heats the earth's surface water it evaporates into invisible vapor which rises rapidly because the warm vapor is lighter than the surrounding cooler air. Reaching the thin, upper levels of the atmosphere the vapor expands. Any vapor that expands is cooled and tends to become liquid; so our water vapor becomes countless droplets of water which we see as clouds. At elevations of 20,000 feet and upwards the clouds are composed of ice spicules for at this height there is eternal frost. Fog is exactly the same as clouds except that it forms on the earth itself.

Meteorologists have dozens of long, Latin names describing various cloud formations, but they are simply combinations of the three basic forms that are all we will attempt to learn about. Cirrus clouds are high flyers, the lowest altitude they appear in being 20,000 feet. They are of course always composed of ice particles. It's easy to identify cirrus coluds if you'll remember that cirrus is a Latin word that means approximately a ringlet or curl of hair. Cirrus clouds always have a fibrous, hairy texture and are without shading. They take many forms such as isolated tufts, branching, feather-like plumes which most people call mares' tails, and long bands. The thin haze through which the sun and moon shine surrounded by a ring or halo is cirra stratus clouds covering the entire sky.

Cumulus clouds are quickly identified because they are great, heaped-up masses with dome-shaped tops. They are the familiar thunderheads of hot, summer afternoon. Remember that the word accumulate means to "heap up" and you'll never forget what cumulus clouds look like. Fleecy, white cumulus clouds form rapidly in the heat of midday but as the air cools with approaching evening they flatten out monotonously. Cumlus clouds are vertical reaching from altitudes of 1,600 feet up to the 20,000 foot level.

Nimbus is the general designation of a rain cloud. It is from the low, dark gray nimbo-stratus clouds that we get long spells of rain. Nimbo-comulus clouds are the great towering clouds with tops that rise in

the form of turrets or anvils. Nimbo-cumulus clouds always mean rain and are often the forerunners of violent thunderstorms.

Stratus clouds are simply clouds in layers. Remember the strata layers in rocks and you'll remember what stratus clouds look like. Cirro-stratus clouds are high clouds forming a veil over the entire sky at great altitudes. Usually they precede wet weather.

Alto is the term applied to the middle clouds which come usually just below the high cirrus clouds. The commonest forms are alto-cumulus and alto--stratus. Both forms of clouds are layer clouds, although there is frequently blue sky showing through. These clouds run from 6,-500 feet up to the 20,000 foot level .

Clouds move at the speed of the air in which they float and although the high cirrus clouds may seem to stand still or barely to move, they are really usually rushing along at speeds between fifty and one hundred miles per hour. Observation of the speed of these high clouds from ground stations is carried on regularly by meteorologists. Such data gives air pilots advance knowledge of the winds they will encounter in flight. Often by raising or lowering the level at which a plane flies great advantage can be taken of the added speed these winds give to a plane.

Ages of sky gazing have given men a wealth of what sort of weather to expect when certain forms of clouds appear. You may safely prophesy fair weather when cumulus clouds are scattered and have definite rounded tops and horizonal bases; when the size of cumulus clouds decreases dus clouds thin out and dissolve; when the cloud level is high with masses of stratocumulus cloud under which float fluffy cumulus clouds. When the whisps of cirrus clouds point generally downwards, this formation generally means wind also. When the clouds on a hill rise it is a sure sign of the end of the storm.

The signs of wet or stormy weather are plainly written in the clouds. Low, nimbus clouds blotting out the entire sky always mean rain or snow. When the clouds move against the direction of the wind on the ground, look out for showers. A confused churning motion of the clouds where those at different levels move in opposition is an almost certain forerunner of heavy rain squalls. Cumulus clouds that grow larger and stretch out to form cumulo-stratus clouds near sundown mean that it will rain during the night. Cirrus clouds that merge into a great sheet of cirro-stratus cloud, through which sun and moon show surrounded by a halo, presage a storm. There is no truth in the saying that the number of stars included in the halo tell how many days of storm there will be.

Upward-pointing hooks on cirrus tufts are a reliable indication that rain is not far off. When clouds surrounding a hill move downwards In general, if there has been no rain for a long spell, the appearance of cirrus clouds even as cirro-stratus is not a reliable foreteller of rain.

WHAT HAS COLLEGE MEANT?

By Dr. Hunter B. Blakely

Throngs of young people have had commencement orations shot at them and stood in sweltering robes to get their degrees. With their varicolored hoods across their shoulders and the tassels on their caps correctly turned they walked down the aisles of the college chapels and out into life. What had four years within the college halls meant to them? Will they look back upon their college days as among the more creative moments of their existence? Or, when forty years have passed, will they look back upon college as that strange place which set them apart from life and did little for them or to them?

You get out of college what you put into college. Some have put so little in that they scarcely can tell anything which they bring out. In fact when they put so little in that they usually come out by the back door rather than the front, minus robes and hoods and degrees. But for many college days will be the great creative period when purposes will have been formed and life started toward a goal.

Once an old Indian chief called before him three of his strongest young braves and set about them a task of endurance. Before them stood a mighty mountain and against it they were to try their mettle. Each was to run up the mountain as far as his strength would carry him and bring back some token from the heights to indicate how far he had gone.

One brave rushed up the mountain and climbed on and on until finally he was halfway and grasping a bit of rare moss, which only grew on the heights, brought it back and handed it to his chief, The second climbed still higher, passing beyond the line where plant growth stopped, and brought back a precious stone which he had found near the rugged crest.

The third, the youngest and the swiftest, climbed on and on. He went higher than any plant could grow, far above the trees, up where the mighty wind had swept the mountain clear of any loose stones or soil. On he went until the mountain was covered with snow and ice, and still higher he climbed. Finally he came back with nothing in his hands and reported to his chief; "Where I went there was nothing which could be brought back but the memory of a vision—I saw the sea."

College is not a place to make money or to establish a business. It is the place to get a vision—to live with the works of the immortals and to discover what other men have thought and done and been. It is the place to see what yet remains to be done—those great undertaking which yet wait for men and women of larger wisdom and infinite patience. If you have only caught a vision, which will forever stir a discontent within your heart for all that is shoddy and mean and imperfect and drive you ever onward to the beautiful and the good and the true, then I submit that college days have been supremely worthwile.

PERILS OF POVERTY AND WEALTH

(N. C. Christian Advocate)

Both poverty and wealth tend to degeneration and misery Both the individual and the race are weakened by extreme poverty. The same is true of great wealth. The middle ground is really the safe way. So we would do well to avoid the self-indulgence and ease that come with wealth and the misery and discourgaements of dire poverty. Both the idle rich and the idle poor suffer the perils endangered by too much leisure.

A prominent physician of this state, educated in America and Europe, enjoyed a long and a lucrative practice among all classes. He often observed late in life that he was fully convinced that the truly happy peo- are not found among the extremely rich or the really poor, but in the great middle class. This Christian doctor in his long, extensive life's work among the poor and in his wide contacts with the rich and leisure class had watched the effects of poverty and of riches upon both the individual and the groups. So he was able to speak out of wide observation with deep conviction as to the dangers of poverty and of wealth.

To be saved from dire poverty and from crushing wealth should be the earnest prayer of all who would escape the snares and perils that come to life and religion. True, some wealthy families are able to continue unimpaired and influential, but most of them are destroyed by ease and self-indulgence. Perhaps in this respect the Rockefeller family has excelled all other American families of great wealth. The shame of America, however, lies in the other direction. Some of the families of great wealth are now but a name. The hardy virtues have perished and shameful degradation is the record.

When it comes to support of the church and conquests for God, the great middle class must be relied upon to furnish the resources of men and money to make effective the pulpits and the pews. From these hardy and devoted men and women must come the leaders who are able to save the race from degeneration and decay.

"Ill fares the land to hastening ills a prey
Where wealth accumulates and men decay."

TALK IS CHEAP

Occasionally we hear persons say that they don't propose to buy war bonds while there is "bungling" in Washington, or who protest the harsh levies of war because the Government's war plans are not molded in their designs.

All of us are not asked to shed our blood. But until we have paid our dues in sweat, toil and tears, words alone are a pretty small contribution to the war effort.—Selected.

FATIGUE ENDANGERS MORALE

By Josephine Lowman

If anyone doubts that national health is actually a vital part of our war effort let him or her delve into the facts concerning the effects of fatigue.

Have you ever noticed how unstable you are emotionally when you are tired?— how you drag out all of your pet worries and mull them over—how unpredicitible your reactions become —how exaggerated fears haunt you in dreams and during the day?

Dr. John W. Thompson, a member of the Department of Hygiene at Harvard University, has said, "It is my impression that beneath this heavy cloak of ignorance (about fatigue) will be found one of the major keys to psychiatric problems."

Let us take it for granted, as scientifically demonstrated, that fatigue does lead to emotional instability and to fear neurosis. This will explain many things to you. Does it clear up the reason for Aunt Sally's sudden temper, for John's recent irritability or your own depression?

How does it effect our war effort? Did you know that in 1917-18 more than 70,000 men in Army camps were sent home as mentally or emotionally unsound and that the majority of them cracked up because they were not fit to stand the strain of war?

Did you know that 30 percent of the men sent to hospitals in Canada after combat in France and Holland were put into mental hospitals?

Do you realize that this war brings much the same emotional strain to civilian populations that it does to the Army and Navy? How will the millions of tired, irritable, fearful people stand up against the pressure of war? Will they become hysterical or unbalanced? Will they be one of the civilian defense problems?

Perhaps you are now beginning to understand the importance of nerve cell energy to winning the war. Many extremely tired folks do not realize their condition. Others don't know what to do about it.

———:———

COFFEE A LUXURY

Coffee has always been a worry to Germany. In the 7th century a license was necessary in that country to roast coffee. More recently it has been carefully guarded and since war was inaugurated, it has been rationed. Dealers have refused to sell more than one-eighth of a pound to each customer. Now the price is prohibitive, coffee in Germany selling at $1.25 per pound. This, however, is not so bad as in Russia where the price is $16.00 per pound. Even we are liable to go through trials somewhat similar. Much of our coffee comes from Brazil and that country is now in the mix-up.—Selected.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Our boys were recently issued new uniforms and Sunday shoes. The uniforms are made of a good quality tan gabardine and give the lads a right snappy appearance as they line up to attend Sunday school or church services.

Save Rubber! —v— Bounce Natzis!

Our gardens are now producing vegetables in generous quantity. We are now enjoying plenty of string beans, okra, cabbage, cucumbers, carrots and squash. As yet we have not gathered any tomatoes, but from the appearance of the plants, it is expected that our cottage kitchens will be well supplied with them in a very short time.

Save Rubber! —v— Bounce Natzis!

Joseph Linville, one of our old boys, called at The Uplift office the other day. While a boy here, he was a member of the Cottage No. 8 group, and was allowed to return to his home in Winston-Salem, July 12, 1940, where he was employed at a service station for about eight months. Joe stated that since giving up service station work, he had worked at various jobs, but for the past eight months, has been employed on a military project near Durham. He is now eighteen years old, and expressed a hope of entering some branch of military service soon.

It has been reported to this office that on next Sunday's dinner menu the usual serving of beef will be replaced with some fine frind chicken, product of our own poultry yards. A goodly number of fryers have thus been used on several occasions this season, and we are glad the supply has not yet been exhausted, for the only thing we like better than fried chicken, is more fried chicken.

Save Rubber! —v— Bounce Natzis!

"Rookies On Parade," a Republic production, was the attraction at the regular weekly motion picture show in our auditorium last Thursday night. This being an army picture, it is needless to say the boys thoroughly enjoyed it, for in these hactic war days, whether it be a comedy, feature or news reel, any picture that has to do with our armed forces is hailed with delight the instant it appears on the screen.

Save Rubber! —v— Bounce Natzis!

Part of our outside forces are still busily engaged threshing oats. The quantity of oats to be realized promises to be much greater than was as first anticipated. We were informed by one of the officers in charge that at this writing, slightly over 6,500 bushels of oats had been threshed and stored away, and that when the task is completed the total number of

bushels gathered from this season's crop will probably exceed 8,000 bushels.

Save Rubber! —v— Bounce Natzis!

Douglas Mayberry, eighteen years old, formerly of Cottage No. 13, who left the School, February 3, 1941, called on us one day last week. Upon leaving the institution, this lad went to work on a farm near Raleigh, where he stayed several months. He then returned to his home in Winston-Salem, and in April, enlisted in the United States Army. He is now a member of Battery 433, Ninth Division, Field Artillery, and is stationed at Fort Bragg.

Save Rubber! —v— Bounce Natzis!

Earl Oxendine, formerly of the Indian Cottage, who left the School, July 31, 1940, was a visitir here last Tuesday afternoon. When Earl went back to his home at Pembroke, he attended school, entering the eighth grade, and the next year he completed the ninth grade work. After school closed last May, he went to Wilmington, Delaware, to visit some relatives, one of them being his brother, Tommie, who was a student at the School until July 2, 1940. Returning to Pembroke, Earl worked at odd jobs near his home for a short time, and on the day that he visited us, he had been to Charlotte and enrolled in the Southeastern Aeronautical School. He is taking a course in welding, which he expects to finish in about six weeks, and will then be ready for employment in some airplane factory.

Earl gave us this information about his brother, Tommie. Shortly after leaving this instiution, where he was employed in the shoe repain shop, he attended school at a NYA center, at Pembroke. About three months later, he went to the North Carolina Orthopedic Hospital, Gastonia, where he received special treatment for a bone ailment which had been troubling him for several years. He returned to his home about five months later, and attended school for a while. About a year ago, he went to Wilmington, where he is still employed in a laundry, working as checker on the office force at present, and getting along very well.

Save Rubber! —v— Bounce Natzis!

Rev. R. C. Whisnant, pastor of Trinity Reformed Church, Concord, conducted the service at the School last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson, he read part of the first chapter of St. John's Gospel. The subject of his message to the boys was "The Kind Of Man I Want To Be," and the text which he selected was a verse from St. Paul's letter to the Galatians—"Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus."

At the beginning of his remarks, Rev. Mr. Whisnant told the boys that in the words of the text, St. Paul held Jesus Christ up before them, asking them to shape their lives according to the life of The Master.

The speaker then told his listeners

to ask themselves this question: "How can I be like Jesus?" adding that just as we have rules for playing games, baking cakes, working problems, and doing many other things, there are some rules to be followed if we want to be like Christ. He listed these rules as follows:

(1) Bring your life under the influence of Christs' love. He then told of a conversation between two men, one a Christian, the other a non-Christian. The Christian was asked why he was a follower of Christ. Stooping down, he picked up a daisy, and said, "What the sunlight has been to this flower, is what Christ's love has been to my life."

(2) Think about Jesus. By thinking about the Master we can appreciate him more. This was illustroted by the story of a man who was very ill for the first time in his life. He heard song birds singing just outside his window, and remarked to the nurse that he had never heard them sing so beautifully as at that moment. The nurse replied, "That is your fault. Birds have been singing all your life, but you have been busy, and have not taken the time to listen to them."

(3) We must open the doors of our hearts and lives and let Christ come in. The truth of this fact is pointed out by the words of an artist. Standing by a window, overlooking a very beautiful scene, he remarked, "What a picture I could paint if I only had my brushes and canvas inside this window." If we have Christ in our hearts, our view of the world and the needs of mankind will be greater

Rev. Mr. Whisnant then stated that we can sum up Christ's whole life on earth in five words—"he went about doing good." He cited just a few instances to prove this: When he met a woman who had lost a loved one, he comforted her; on another occasion he raised a man's daughter from the dead; seeing a poor Samaritan woman at the well, Christ spoke to her in a friendly manner, and changed her life. Wherever we learn that Christ went, he constantly helped people. By speaking words of kindness, and in many other ways, he showed people the true way of life. So it is with us today. Just as the sunlight brings out the best in the flower, as we live according to Jesus, we shall be much better.

The speaker then pointed our another thing that should inspire people to try to become like Jesus—to pay particular attention to the lives of great men and women who have given themselves to The Master. As an illustration, he told this story of the renowned Bishop Phillips Brooks: A newsboy was trying to sell newspapers on the streets of New York City, in an effort to care for his mother and several smaller brothers and sisters. He had arranged his papers in a neat pile at a busy street intersection. Suddenly, a very high wind sent his papers flying in all directions. Seeing his stock in trade flying away, and having no funds with which to purchase more papers, the lad began to cry bitterly. Bishop Brooks saw what had happened, and decided to help the little fellow. Forgetting for the moment that he was one of the world's greatest preachers, and sensing an opportunity to help some one

in need, he went about the busy streets, picking up the scattered papers. Returning them to the newsboy, this great and good man, seeing him crying, asked what was the trouble. The boy smiled and replied, "Nothing since you came along."

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Whisnant told the boys if other great men and women could be led by Jesus Christ to help their fellow men, they, too, could be of service to humanity. He urged them to take Christ into their lives, and try to become as near like him as it humanly possible, thereby fulfilling the purpose for which God put them into the world.

Being a newcomer to Concord, this was Rev. Mr. Whisnant's first visit to the School. From the interesting manner in which he got his message across to the boys, we feel sure he will soon become a great favorite with them. We were delighted to learn that he expects to be a regular visitor to the School, conducting an afternoon service here every two months.

THE NORTHMEN IN VINLAND

Before the Icelandic records were found many doubted the story of Leif Eriksson and the discovery of Vinland. Others sought eagerly for proofs, the best known of which were the Tower at Newport, the Dighton Rock, and The Skeleton in Armor. But the most conclusive evidence of all was entirely overlooked. The largest settlement of the Northmen was Norumbega, on the Penobscot River, in Maine. The legends of the Penobscot Indians are almost identical with those told by the Scandinavians, and they are not found among any other Indians of the country.

The Northmen described the natives as weak, puny and ignorant. This differs from the reports of later discoverers, but agrees with the traditions of the New England Indians. According to these the people of long ago lived like the animals, and knew less than they did. Then the god Glooscap came and began to teach them. He showed them how to make wigwams, how to hunt and fish, to cook their food, and to make clothing. After that they grew stronger and wiser.

It seems quite probably that Glooscap began his teaching after the arrival of the Northmen.

—Johanna R. M. Lyback.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending June 21, 1942

RECEIVING COTTAGE
(No Honor Roll).

COTTAGE NO. 1
Ralph Bailey
N. A. Bennett
Oscar Carter
Everett Case
Wade Fisher
Curtis Moore
James Pitman
Leonard Robinson
Kenneth Tipton
Luther Vaughn

COTTAGE NO. 2
(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE NO. 3
John Bailey
Grover Beaver
Fred Bostain
Charles Beal
Robert Coleman
Donald Daniels
Joseph Dew
Albert Hames
Jerry Jenkins
Dewey Lanning
Ralph Powell
Samuel Pritchett
William Pegram
Elbert Russ
Thomas Yates

COTTAGE NO. 4
Wilton Barfield
Jack Bright
Leroy Childers
Mack Coggins
Douglas Holt
Jerome Harris
William Lanning
James Mondie
Robert Muse
Roy Patton
Simon Quick
Jesse Smith
J. R. Whitman
Roy Womack
George Ward
Jesse Williamson

COTTAGE NO. 5
Charles Brookshire
Levitt Ballard
Luther Coe
Glenn Drum
W. C. James
John Lipscomb
Hoyle Pitman
Eldred Watts

COTTAGE NO. 6
Elgin Atwood
Robert Hobbs
William Harding
Robert Jarvis
John Linville
Marvin Lipscomb
Vollie McCall
Rufus Massingill
Wesley Turner
William Wilkerson

COTTAGE NO. 7
Edward Batten
Hurley Bell
Laney Broome
Henry Butler
William Butler
Paul Childers
George Green
Robert Hampton
Vernon Harding
Fred Holland
Robert Holbert
Edward Loftin
John Mazoo
Albert Newton
Jack Reeves
Wilbur Russ
Durham Smith
Ernest Turner
Ervin Wolfe

COTTAGE NO. 8
Cecil Ashley
Reid Beheler
Homer Johnson
Paul Matthews

COTTAGE NO. 9

Gerald Amos
David Cunningham
Curtis Campbell
Leonard Church
Cecil Caldwell
William Hart
Winley Jones
Daniel Kilpatrick
Alfred Lamb
Isaac Mahaffey
Troy Parris

COTTAGE NO. 10

William Morgan
Charles Phillips
Robert Stephens
Jack Warren
Joseph Willis

COTTAGE NO. 11

J. C. Allen
Noah Brown
Bert Barnhardt
Robert Goldsmith
Horace Guffey
A. B. Hoyle
Everett Stamey
Harold Shelton
Henry Smith
Canipe Shoe

COTTAGE NO. 12

(Cottage Closed Temporarily)

COTTAGE NO. 13

James Brewer

COTTAGE NO. 14

Robert Bailey
Robert Caudle
Robert Deyton
Audie Farthing
Marvin King
Edward Kinion
William Lane
Roy Mumford
Glenn McCall
Charles Pitman
James Roberson
Robert Travis
Alvis Watkins

COTTAGE NO. 15

Ennis Miller
Paul Morris

INDIAN COTTAGE

Raymond Brooks
Frank Chavis
Edward Hall
Cecir Jacobs
Ernest Jacobs
James Lochlear
Lester Lochlear
Herbert Lochlear
Louis Stafford
Eugene Watts

THE RELIGIOUS PRESS A GUIDE AND BEACON

The President of the United States in speaking of the gravity of the crisis through which the world is passing declared: "Our religious press can be a guide and beacon, a real tower of strength in this momentous struggle."

President Roosevelt hastens to add that "it comes within the province of the religious press to proclaim the strength that lies within spiritual things—a strength which no mere physical force can overcome."

This is the very truth that we have been trying to emphasize from week to week. The spiritual is the thing of primary concern both in times of peace and times of war. "It is not by might nor power, but by my spirit," saith the Lord.

—N. C. Christian Advocate.

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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXX CONCORD, N. C., JULY 4, 1942 No. 27

THE AMERICAN'S CREED

I believe in the United States of America, as a government of the people, by the people, for the people; whose just powers are derived from the consent of the governed; a democracy in a republic; a sovereign nation of many sovereign states; a perfect union, one and inseparable; established upon those principles of freedom, equality, justice and humanity for which American patriots sacrificed their lives and fortunes.

I therefore believe it is my duty to my country to love it, to support its constitution, to obey its laws, to respect its flag, and to defend it against all enemies.

—William Tyler Page.

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

OUR COUNTRY'S BIRTHDAY

Every true American is interested in the history of the national life of his country. It was to foster this spirit that Independence Day was set aside as the day to commemorate the nation's birthday.

It has associated with it thrilling incidents in the life of our country. It is not merely a day for the breaking forth of extra enthusiasm of turbulent youths in the exploding of firecrackers and other demonstrations of patriotism. It should rather be a day to rejoice in our national heritage and to find new reasons for appreciating our national privileges. Our friends north of us have their Dominion Day almost simultaneously with our Independence Day. Nearly every great nation, at some stated time, gives opportunity to its citizens to recognize their national privileges, duties and obligations.

In these perilous times, when so many nations of the world are engaged in international strife, should we not recognize the patriotism of the past in a spirit of true loyal interest for the welfare of our land, and pray not only for national, but for international peace. Should we not develop for the good of the nations a passion for education, a deep solicitude for the development of Christian faith and a propagation of the gospel of peace? Let us pray that the blessing of God, the Father of all men, and Christ the Son of man, may rest forever upon this land and upon every land.—The Lutheran.

INDEPENDENCE—FOREVER

The Fourth of July is the most significant day in the history of America. It marks the birth of this great nation, 166 years ago, when our pioneer forefathers, smarting under oppression, determined to throw off the yoke and stand upon their own feet. Before their momentous decision was carried fully into effect it led them through suffering, bloodshed, deprivation, but, though they tasted to the full both of desolation and despair, it led them finally to liberty.

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Those hardy pioneers, comparatively few in number and weak in resources, faced apparently overwhelming odds. They challenged the might of a great nation, well armed, experienced in warfare, with vast material reserves. Yet, buttressed by a stern determination to battle to the bitter end for what they regarded as right, they finally triumphed. And to their courage we owe our existence as a great nation today.

Although their names have long been forgotten, there were appeasers even in those days. George Washington, first President of our country, was bitterly assailed by the faint-hearted. The epithets that were hurled at him, the opprobrium that was heaped upon him, make the attacks upon our President today seem mild indeed. But Washington refused to be turned aside from his chosen course, after the decision was made he drove ahead with inflexible determination to final triumph. Today, his name is emblazed upon the pages of history, while those of his traducers have long been deservedly forgotten.

Today, once again our independence as a nation is threatened. In Europe we have seen the sacred light of liberty extinguished by Hitler's hordes in nation after nation. The last great democracy overseas is battling for its very existence. The dictators have let it be known that if and when Great Britain is vanquished then our turn will come. President Roosevelt has announced the nation's decision—to buttress the cause of democracy through an ever-growing supply of food and munitions, and to deliver the goods. By every possible means, through threats, intimidation, sabotage, underground propaganda, the totalitarian nations are endeavoring to hamstring our efforts, and they are ignobly aided by our present-day appeasers. Proclaim as lustily as they may that they are patriotic citizens, it is indeniable that this misguided few, banded together under the misleading title of "America First," are playing Hitler's game. It is significant that their speeches are broadcast in totalitarian Europe, as reflecting American opinion, while those

of the nation's real leaders are banned. Today they may achieve a transient notoriety, but future generations will search the pages of history in vain for their names, while those who are determined that American independence, first proclaimed on July, 1776, shall be preserved, will take their place in the Hall of Immortality.

—Masonic Trestleboard.

* * * * * * * * *

THE STORY OF JULY

According to the modern calendar, July, the month of Julius, is the seventh month of the year. On the earliest Roman calendar, it was listed as the fifth month and was given the name of "Quintilis," which means fifth. When the calendar reform went into effect, this month, because it had the honor of being the birth month of Julius Caesar, it was re-christened for him. Before Caesar's time, it had but thirty days, but in pride he added another, in order that no other month should exceed it in length. The water lily is the special flower of July, and its gem is the ruby.

Summer, which begins in June, reaches its full maturity in July, which in the north temperate regions is likely to be the hottest month of the year. At this time the heat, usually, is not so oppressive as in earlier or later Summer months, because in most localities the air is dry and clear. Under the scorching rays of the July sun, the grass and leaves begin to lose the greenness and freshness of June, and should there be considerable absence of rain, the fields will be burnt quite brown by the last of the month. In this month, flowers thrive, and many of the most brilliant of them are in their prime. The roses have not quite gone, and poppies, dahlias, sweet peas, and nasturtiums are in full bloom. The continual hum of insects fills the air, birds may be seen darting everywhere in search of food, and countless swarms of butterflies hover over wayside flowers. This is a season of abundant life, and the child released from school can learn more of nature in this one month than in several months of formal nature study in the classroom.

Both Canada and the United States have days for very special observance in July. Our neighbors to the North celebrate the

first day of the month as Dominion Day, the day on which the Confederation Act went into effect; while in the United States, July 4th is observed as Independence Day, commemorating the adoption of the Declaration of Independence, in which the colonies announced their separation from Great Britain. In France, July 14th is honored as the anniversary of the fall of the Bastile, and on some of these celebrations, hundreds of prisoners have been pardoned and released. Three Presidents of the United States died on July 4th—Jefferson and John Adams in 1826, and Monroe in 1831.

Elsewhere in this issue we are carrying a list of important events occurring in the month of July.

* * * * * * * *

THE DRIVE FOR SCRAP RUBBER

The editorial pages of nearly all newspapers, as well as the radio broadcasts, are carrying the appeal for scrap rubber. This appeal emphasizes the need for this most valuable commodity. We are told that about ninety per cent of the world's supply of raw rubber is in the hands of our enemies, and this startling information should be sufficient to arouse the interests of all people. There were masses of red-blooded Americans who felt that the three thousand miles of the briny deep safeguarded this continent from an attack by the Axis. This hope has without a doubt proved a disillusion. Since the fight is to be continued against totalitarian war-lords, the appeal for scrap rubber must be answered, in order that the privileges of a liberty-loving people may be continued. Scrap rubber is a very small contribution for so great a cause, so why delay? We cannot believe it is the value of scrap rubber that is retarding this movement, but simply that people are somewhat slow in answering the call.

Please keep in mind the fact that our country is in dire need of rubber. It is one of the essentials required to keep the wheels of industry turning, thus supplying necessary equipment for our boys on the firing line.

According to the latest report coming to our attention, Cabarrus county has turned in approximately 175,000 pounds of old rubber. The total amount gathered in the entire nation to date, is about 300,000 tons.

AN OLD FRIEND WRITES

The following letter from Mrs. James A. Robinson, Durham reveals a true friendship and interest in the Jackson Training School that is deeply appreciated. Mrs. Robinson's sainted husband always expressed a deep interest in the work of this institution, and never failed to send to this little magazine his weekly contribution, "Rambling Around," under the pen name of "Old Hurrygraph." It is with pleasure we note that Mrs. Robinson reads The Uplift with an abiding interest in the reclamation of the forgotten boy. Her letter, dated June 9, 1942, reads as follows:

Dear Mrs. Cook:

I can never tell you how much I appreciate "The Uplift," and look forward each week to its arrival. My husband was keenly interested in the paper and enjoyed reading it, especially the articles about the institution and the boys. It was his favorite among the periodicals.

Will you please change the address from Box 1023 to 415 Liberty Street? Thank you. With all good wishes for continued success in your worthy undertaking, I am,

Most sincerely,

Alice Page Robinson.

* * * * * * * * *

"TOMATO WEEK"

We recently heard over our radio that June 30th marked the beginning of "Tomato Week," and that the drive for canning tomatoes would be especially stressed for a period of thirty days. The tomato is considered one of the necessary articles of food in the home. The radio commentator stated that tomatoes were plentiful, but transportation facilities would handicap long-distance delivery, as in other years.

A hundred years ago, the tomato was known as the "love apple," and was considered somewhat poisonous. There was much controversy as to whether it was a fruit or vegetable, but in 1893, it was decided by the United States Supreme Court that the tomato was a fruit.

IMPORTANT DATES IN JULY

(Selected)

1—Debate on Declaration of Independence began, 1776.
1—Beginning of Battle of Gettysburg, 1863..
1—Canadian Confederation Act went into effect, 1867.
1—Battle of El Caney, 1898.
2—Sir Charles Tupper born, 1821.
2—President Garfield shot, 1881. (Died September 19.)
2—San Juan Hill occupied by Americans, 1898.
3—John S. Copley born, 1738.
3—Last day of Battle of Gettysburg, 1863.
3—Idaho admitted to the Union, 1890.
3—Cevera's fleet destroyed at Santiago, 1898.
4—Declaration of Independence signed, 1776.
4—Nathaniel Hawthorne born, 1804.
4—Stephen C. Foster born, 1826.
4—Surrender of Vicksburg, 1863.
4—Calvin Coolidge born, 1872.
5—Sarah Siddons born, 1755.
5—British re-captured Ticonderoga, 1777.
5—David G. Farragut born, 1801.
5—William Booth founded Salvation Army, 1865.
6—John Huss burned at the stake, 1415.
6—John Paul Jones born, 1747.
7—Independence of Haiti proclaimed by Toussaint, 1801.
7—Allies entered Paris, 1815.
7—United States annexed Hawaii, 1898.
8—Elihu Yale, noted educator, died in England, 1721.
8—Fitz-Green Halleck born, 1790.
8—John D. Rockefeller born, 1839.
8—Great fire at St. John's, Newfoundland, 1892.
9—General Braddolk's defeat, near Fort Duquesne, 1755.
9—Elias Howe born, 1819.
9—World's first submarine reached America from Germany, 1916.
10—John Calvin born, 1509.
10—Sir William Blackstone born, 1723.
10—Inauguration of Millard Fillmore, 1850.
10—Wyoming admitted to the Union, 1890.
10—Canadian Parliament passed copyright bill, 1900.
11—John Quincy Adams born, 1767.
11—Alexander Hamilton mortally wounded in a duel with Aaron Burr, 1804.
12—Henry D. Thoreau born, 1817.
13—University of Pennsylvania chartered, 1753.
13—John Jacob Astor born, 1764.
13—Ordinance of 1787 adopted, 1787.
14—Cardinal Mazarin born, 1602.
14—The fall of the Bastile, 1789.
15—Rembrant born, 1606.
15—France declared war on Germany, 1790.
15—Henry E. Manning born, 1808.
15—Cawnpore captured by General Havelock, 1857.
16—Andrea del Sarto born, 1486.
16—Sir Joshua Reynolds born, 1723.
16—District of Columbia established, 1790.
16—Mary Baker Eddy born, 1821.
17—Charles VII of France crowned at Rheims through the efforts of Joan of Arc, 1429.
17—Isaac Watts born, 1674.
17—Elbridge Gerry born, 1744.
18—William Makepeace Thackeray born, 1811.
18—Allies began their last offensive on the Western front, 1918.
19—Samuel Colt born, 1814.
20—Francisco Petrarch born, 1304.
20—Trial of Louis Reil begun at Regina, Canada, 1885.
20—Quebec, Canada, began celebration of its tercentenary, 1908.
21—English fleet attacked the Armada, 1588.
21—First battle of Bull Run, 1861.
22—Pilgrims sailed for America, 1620.
23—James Gibbons born, 1834.

23—Laying of second Atlantic cable begun, 1864.
24—British took Gibraltar, 1704.
24—Simon Bolivar born, 1783.
24—Alexander Dumas, the Elder, born, 1802.
24—J.G. Holland born, 1819.
24—Salt Lake City founded by Mormons, 1847.
25—Henry Knox, first Secretary of War, born, 1750.
25—Battle of Lundy's Lane, 1814.
25—Arthur J. Balfour born, 1848.
25—Maxfield Parrish born, 1870.
26—Sir John Beverly Robinson born, 1719.
26—George Clinton born, 1739.
26—Nova Scotia taken from France by England, 1758.
26—Postal Service started, 1775.
26—Jean Baptiste Corot born, 1796.
26—Disestablishment of the Irish Church, 1869.
27—Colonial army invested Boston, 1775.
27—Thomas Campbell born, 1777.
27—Alexander Dumas, the Younger, born, 1824.
27—Second Atlantic cable completed, 1866.
28—Robespierre guillotined, 1794.
28—The "Alabama" left Birkenhead, England, 1862.
28—World War I began, 1914.
29—Alexis de Tocqueville born, 1805.
29—Booth Tarkington born, 1869.
29—Boer forces near Middlebirg surrendered to Lord Kitchener, 1901.
29—Austria-Hungary declared war on Serbia, 1914.
29—Austrians occupied Lublin, 1915.
30—First Colonial Assembly in America met, 1619.
30—Samuel Rogers born, 1763.
30—Henry Ford born, 1863.
31—Columbus discovered Island of Trinidad, 1498.
31—First patent granted in the United States, 1790.
31 John Ericsson born, 1803.

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There are the things I prize
And hold of deepest worth:
Light of the sapphire skies,
Peace of the silent hills,
Shelter of the forest,
Comfort of the grass,
Shadows of the clouds, that quickly pass,
And, after showers, the smell of flowers
And the deep brown earth;
But best of all, along the way,
Friendship and mirth.

—Henry Van Dyke.

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

(Charlotte Observer)

America pauses again today to celebrate the signing of the Declaration of Independence, the revered, historic document which definitely vocalized the break from the Mother Country and the setting up of a new political and national entity.

It is an unhappy thought that current knowledge of this immortal instrument, signalizing the birth of this nation, is so confused and shadowy, and that so little emphasis is laid in these times upon a proper study and consideration of its major aspects.

Within the necessarily narrowed limits of such space as this, it would be out of the question to deal with any degree of comprehensiveness with these more important phases of the Declaration from the point of view of historical fact.

An interesting aspect, however, has to do with the deliberateness and tardiness indicated in going about its adoption.

Modern Americans of manias and phobias and fits and temporary passions in practically every area of their thought and action and especially in that of their political concerns, might get a lesson from the calmness and patience displayed in taking the final step of writing articles proclaiming this separation.

For more than a year previously to the adoption, armed conflict had occurred with the English troops, an inter-colonial army under General George Washington had been organized to carry on the war, and George III had proclaimed that the colonists were in open rebellion.

The delay in proclaiming independence proves how slowly the colonists came to that step. In the interim, sentiment for breaking with the Motheir Country had been augmented by a flood of pamphlets, sermons, speeches, newspaper articles.

The discussions of the Continental Congress were dispassionate and deliberate, perhaps because almost one-half of the delegates were lawyers.

There was no dominant personality or group, and most of the work was carried forward by committees, which always move slowly.

It was on June 7, 1776, that Richard Henry Lee, for the Virginia delegation, presented a series of three resolutions for independence. The Congress held them in abeyance, but several days later appointed a committee to draft a statement. Jefferson was chosen chairman because of his reputation as a facile writer.

Jefferson composed the document. Some phases he took verbatim from a rough draft which he had drawn up for a consititution for Virginia. He admitted afterward that the ideas expressed were not original; they merely voiced sentiments which had become prevalent.

Jefferson accepted certain changes suggested by Franklin and Adams,

and submitted his declaration to the Congress.

The Declaration is in two parts.

The first presents the new ideas of government which the colonists were adopting. These ideas were based on the philosophy of John Loche, which had been used to defend the revolution that the English themselves had undertaken in 1688. In 1776 kings were still generally supposed to rule by divine right, and it was hence important to explain why that thesis was being disrupted.

The second part of the Declaration rehearses the wrongs perpetrated on the colonists by George III. No mention is made of Parliament, although the acts complained of had been voted by Parliament.

Also the Declaration ignores the rights of the colonists as British subjects, although these rights had been affirmed in the negotiations with Crown and Parliament.

Probably the colonists put themselves in a better legal position if they did not admit the power of Parliament over them and did not describe themselves as British subjects. If they were Americans tied to the Mother Country only by a voluntary pledge of allegiance to the King—like British colonials today—they were on better ground in freeing themselves from that allegiance when the King had wronged them.

The acceptance of the Declaration was received with comparative calm, and no evidence supports the tradition that the Liberty Bell was rung in honor of the occasion until it cracked.

GENERALS POPULAR

In the years following the Civil War, candidates with a military record were available in all parties. This was especially true in the North. General Grant was the first to be honored followed by Hayes and Garfield. The next to be thus honored was Harrison, and after Cleveland came the last of the Civil War idols in the person of William McKinley.

The outstanding trend of this character came in 1880, when there were four Civil War generals candidates for President. These were General Garfield, Republican; General W. S. Hancock, Democrat; General Weaver, Greenback, and General Neal Dow, Prohibition. Neither the Greenback nor Prohibition party had any great strength, and the struggle was between Generals Garfield and Hancock. General Weaver was a man of considerable prominence in politics and had a fine military record. He was elected to Congress by Greenbackers, assisted by Democrats. After running for President he joined the Populists, and in 1892 was that party's candidate for President, and got 22 electoral votes.—Selected.

INDEPENDENCE DAY

(Selected)

Whether it be in the halls of our government, in the sanctuaries of our homes, or in the quiet recess of our hearts and minds, a defeatist philosophy sows the seeds of ruin in our American way of life. There can be no greater threat to our morale —both national and personal—than the loss of that spirit of independence which brought into existence the freest and the greatest nation on earth—these United States of America.

The defeatist attitude is destructive because it is based on fear, that most destructive of human emotions. In the case of our national security it is fear that America cannot stand alone. The defeatists cry out that our safety and prosperity are in the hands of some foreign country. Our defensive resources and abilities are those of a weak nation. No matter how great our preparation, America would fall before an enemy attack. Our prosperity, they say, depends upon our foreign trade and our well-being upon the products brought to us from the four corners of the world. Even depriving our people of the luxuries obtained in foreign commerce would be a blow too great to be endured.

This is not the philosophy that made America free. Our founding fathers had faith. In the face of tremendous odds they believed that the thirteen struggling colonies could win their independence. Our founding fathers had courage. They were willing to fight for liberty and an independent destiny. Our founding fathers were self-sacrificing. No personal denial was too great for the cause of freedom.

Moreover, the true facts about modern America defy the defeatist philosophy. Our country is blessed with an abundance of the materials necessary to sustain life. Our scientists have worked out better ways of producing necessary defense materials and of conserving the few strategic materials which we lack. They have found substitutes that are better than the original products. Only five per cent of our commerce is in foreign trade, and synthetic manufacture can make us even more independent of foreign sources. Furthermore, to say that the character of our people has degenerated so much in a mere century and a half that a majority of them put love of comfort and luxury above their desire for independence is to make an unbelievable statement.

If the spirit of 1776 were strong in the hearts of all Americans today there would be no weakling to say that America's strength is bound up with any foreign country, no traitor to propose surrendering our sovereignty in a union with foreign nations, no self-seeker to promote personal and class interests at the expense of the common good.

Just as America was born in independence, so has she grown in independence. Our pioneers blazed their

own trails. They paid dearly for their homes in the new land and the price was toil and suffering and sacrifice. Yet no one heard these stout hearts bewailing the hardships of frontier life.

But let us listen to the voices of some shrinking souls in America today. Our economy is dying, they whine helplessly. The American frontiers have disappeared and there is no more "free" land. The machine age has destroyed so many jobs that men need no longer hope to make their own living. In their surrender to fear, these spiritless parasites hail socialism as the solution to America's problems. Personal initiative, ambition, self-confidence—all perish in the deadly poison of defeatism. The danger to America is a repetition of the bread-and circus history of ancient Rome.

This is not the philosophy that made America great. Our pioneer ancestors were self-reliant. No weakling who was afraid to shoulder responsibility ever survived the trials of frontier life. Our pioneer ancestors were industrious. No idler who sat down and waited for his neighbor to do the hard work ever wrested a living from the wilderness. Our pioneer ancestors were thrifty. No spendthrift who wasted his substance in the belief that debt is the way to prosperity ever gained a foothold in the new country.

Here again the true facts defy the defeatist philosophy. Our American frontiers have not disappeared. There are still trails to be blazed in the thousands of branches of art and science and business that make the opportunities of the early frontiersmen pale in insignificance. The machine age has not ruined our economy; instead it has actually created more jobs than it has ever destroyed. Surveys show that the number of different kinds of jobs in the United States almost doubled in the ten years from 1930 to 1940. And, surprisingly enough, thousands of jobs in this country remain vacant because there are no applicants with the proper qualifications to fill them.

The defeatists fail to meet the challenge because they have been lulled into insensibility by the comparative ease of modern life. They forget that it still takes an independent spirit to make a way in the world. Courage, ingeniuity and perseverance are just as necessary in modern America as they were in the pioneer days of our ancestors.

The defeatists fail to grasp the true meaning of the recent changes in our economy. Complexity, not ease, is the significant element in our modern way of life. Adaption to our complex system is no less a test of character, modified though it may be by modern conditions, than was the adaption of our pioneer ancestors to a simpler but more strenuous life. This means that never before in her history has America demanded more vision and brains and skill of her people than she does in the present crisis.

Patriotic Americans have listened so long to the wails of cowards in their midst that they are beginning to lose their faith in America. Fear is spreading, and with it an inferiority complex. As a result, no people on earth underestimate the strength of

this great nation as much as we do ourselves.

This is no time for defeatism. Our strength with which we mean to preserve our freedom and prosperity needs to be perfected quickly and efficiently.

Now is the time for Americans to get to work. No patriotic citizen will take his ease in short hours of labor when America is crying for production. Now is the time to stop waste. No patriotic citizen will be extravagant of time, money or materials when Amernca needs every resource to strengthen her defenses. Now is the time to be alert. No patriotic citizen will shut his eyes to evidences of sabotage or subversive influence when America needs protection from the foreign power and "isms."

On this birthday anniversary of our national independence, the call to liberty is indeed just as real as it was one hundred and sixty-six years ago. Now as never before Americans must assert the constructive force of an independent spirit. No great nation can be destroyed unless it first destroys itself.

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"KEEP 'EM FLYING"

God grant Thy care to that brave soul
  Who flies above the cloud.
The night is cold, the fog is dense
  And doth the earth enshroud.

Yet on he flies, and vigil keeps
  Against a mighty foe,
While millions, sweetly slumbering, dream
  Of peace on earth below.

As eagles soar to heights unknown
  Neath Thy protecting care,
So guide the wings that guard our flag
  And keep them in the air!

—Mary Helen Powers.

THE GREAT SEAL OF OUR UNITED STATES

(Selected)

Men and nation, can you hear it?
For his kingdom cometh fast!
See, the Light at last is flooding
Where the skies were overcast!

On the birthday of our Nation, July 4, 1776, after the Declaration of Independence had been read in the Continental Congress, it was "Resolved—that Dr. Franklin, Mr. Adams and Mr. Jefferson be a committee to prepare a device for a seal of the United States of America." Five years and nine months later, the final okay on the design was given to William Barton, the artist.

The obverse side of the seal, depicting an American eagle with wings, talons and tail feathers outspread, was at once put into general use. The design for the reverse side was neatly put away. Being curious as to "why" we found this prophecy, written many, many years ago:

"The reverse side of the Seal must needs be rejected until such a time as a few individuals at least, are sufficiently spiritually developed to comprehend its full significance—are ready and able to stand and each in himself, become a spiritual Joshua. The Reverse Side of the Great Seal will come into use, as a seal, near the close of the 13th cycle."

True to the prophecy, this reverse side which now reveals an unfinished pyramid of 13 tiers, appeared on our dollar bills in 1933.

If you will follow the history of the United States, you will see how important the number 13 has been. " '76" the year the Declaration of Independence was signed, is composed of two digits which add to 13. "July the Fouth" has 13 letters. The national bird, the American Eagle, has 13 letters to its name. There were 13 ships in our first navy. There were but eleven states in the Southern Confederacy during the Civil War, yet there were 13 stars in their flag. In the World War, the first expedition to France sailed on June 13, 1917, was carried in 13 ships and took 13 days to cross, and our War President, Woodrow Wilson, had 13 letters in his name.

Count the stripes of the escutcheon on the breast of the eagle (on the obverse side of the Great Seal); the letters of the motto he holds in his beak; the arrows in his one talon and the leaves of the olive branch and berries; also count the stars in the cloud above the eagle and you will find they number 13.

During recent years there has been some discussion as to the wisdom of using an eagle as our national bird, but let us ponder on the fact that the eagle is the only creature who can ride a storm and at the same time utilize the force of the elements to lift it higher entirely without effort on its own part. Symbolically, this great nation of ours will utilize the storms of adversity to soar on to an ever-increasing and unlimited greatness.

DOMINION DAY

By Mabel B. McKinley

When King George and Queen Elizabeth recently visited Canada and saw populous cities and a prosperous countryside, it must have been difficult for them to realize that less than one hundred years ago this vast expanse of land was for the most part unsettled, and that traveling was an arduous and very often dangerous experience. There were no railroads connecting ocean with ocean, and the only people who ventured into the unknown west were the hardy traders of the fur companies, the voyageurs and the Indians.

These adventurous spirits went by canoe or York boat when water highways were available; otherwise they had to go on foot or on horseback. In the eastern provinces occasional stage coaches rocked along the corduroy roads. The trip from Montreal to York (Toronto) was tedious and wearisome; and those who of necessity were obliged to go farther and penetrate the interior of upper Canada had few pleasant memories of the journey.

But as the years passed, more people came to live in the New World. Among them were men who dreamed of a country to which access would be to all in common. Not only fur traders, voyageurs and coureurs de bois would be able to live in the far west but settlers, bringing with them church, school and shop, would find it a good and bountiful land. The difficulty of transportation was the stumbling block to progress, and it was not until the Canadian Pacific Railway was opened through to Vancouver that the farmer, the mechanic and the store-keeper were brought into the prairies and across the mountains to the coast districts.

Another vision came to the far-seeing statesmen of that day. This was the union of British North America into one united country. Hitherto each province had been a seperate entity with its own laws and government. The common welfare was not considered and this made for weakness.

The union was not accomplished without a struggle, for many were opposed to the idea. Able minds, however, were directing the campaign. Thomas D'arey McGee, the "silver-tongued" orator of that day, voiced a plea for a Canadian nationality. In ringing tones he declaimed, "Analyze our aggregate population; we have more Saxons than Alfred had when he founded the English realm. We have more Celts than Brien had when he put his heel on the neck of Odin. We have more Normans than William had when he marshalled his invading host along the strand of Falaise. We have the laws of St. Edward and St. Louis, Magna Charta, and the Roman Code. We speak the speeches of Shakespeare and Bossuet. We copy the constitution which Burke and Somers and Sidney and Sir Thomas Moore lived or died to secure, or save. Out of these august elements, in the name of the future generations who shall inhabit all the vast regions we now call ours. I in-

voke the fortunate genius of a United British America."

Able leaders worked shoulder to shoulder to further the cause: Macdonald, Brown, Galt, Cartier, Mowat, Tilley and the rest of the Fathers of Confederation. All political animosities were laid aside for the time being and finally, as a result of their concerted efforts, the provinces were united in 1867 into one confederation called the Dominion of Canada. It was Sir Leonard Tilley who suggested the name, Dominion. The thought came to him from the Bible where he had been reading the verse, His dominion shall be from sea to sea, and from the river to the ends of the earth."

Queen Victoria signed the royal proclamation which united the provinces of Canada, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick into the Dominion under the name of Canada. This came into effect on the first of July 1867, and since then that date has been known as Dominion Day, a national holiday.

The Canadian coat of arms portrays a shield divided into four quarters, each representing one of the four races which have combined to form the nation—French, English, Scotch and Irish. The national flower of each race is pictured, the lily of France, the rose of England, the thistle for Scotland and the shamrock for Ireland. Surmounting all is the Imperial Crown.

A beaver stands guard above the shield and encircling it is a wreath of maple leaves, both symbolic of Canada. Underneath are the Latin words, Diversae conjunctae crescimus. "We thrive by union though differing in race, creed and tongue."

BEAUTY

Beyond the beauty of the fairest rose
The loveliness of Truth forever flows;
Reflected in all color, light and grace,
The rainbow promises of God we trace.
The harmless woodland creatures, hare and fawn
The glorious sunset and the radiant dawn—
All music, order, symmetry and art
Hint of a deeper glory to the heart,
And man accepts the symbols, doubly blessed,
As tokens of love—graciously expressed.

—Opal Winstead.

CAPTAIN POPCASTLE

By Sylvia Ford, in The State

Every two hundred years, according to legend, the spirit of Captain Jonathan Popcastle still returns to the site of his tavern on Brien Creek in Craven County to guard the chest of gold and jewels he once hid there. The treasure has never been discovered.

It was in 1735 that Captain Popcastle with his caravan of horses and men came to Craven County from no one knew where. He bought several acres of land and an old fourteen-room house facing Brien Creek that ran beside the Linbank Road. The house and land were bought for "a small change of money" and Captain Popcastle set about turning it into an inn. He renovated it from cellar to garret; built an expensive saloon, a cock pit, and a well-packed two-mile race track; then opened his doors for business.

Popcastle Inn became the most popular place in that section of the country and from the outset the Captain made a great deal of money. All day and all night riot ran high. Around the cock pit, card tables, and race track gamblers packed ten deep. Liquor and wine flowed like water. The fires of roasting vats were kept hot cooking lambs, shoats, beef and all kinds of wild game. And, mingling with the crowds was Capt. Popcastle, a tall heavy-set figure with clipped red beard and dangerous black eyes. His boots, reaching his knees, were shiny black and his belt held both pistols and knives. It was whispered abroad that he had been a pirate before he came to the inn; that the British king's men were after him for scuttling English ships, but no one dared to mention such things to him, for Captain Popcastle was no man to be tampered with and he could throw a knife and shoot a gun so well that everyone knew he never missed his mark.

All of the wealth gained from his enterprises definitely was a burden to Captain Popcastle for he was continually afraid that someone would rob him. So he decided to put his money and jewels in a chest and bury it where only he could find it. One night, when there was no moon shining, he slipped out into the darkness with the chest; and when he returned, his hands were empty. No one knew where he had hidden the treasure.

The next day at late dusk, he stood in the doorway of the inn. Looking up, he saw a woman coming down the road. Although she was young and very lovely, there was weariness in her drooping figure and she walked stumblingly as if half-spent. When she reached the gate, she crumpled up like a fan and fell.

Captain Popcastle rushed out and picked her up. As he did, the hood of her cloak fell back and her hair, a warm, red-brown, tumbled down over his arms. Who was she and from where had she come? The stage coach must have stopped to rest the horses and when she got out for a stroll, drove off without her.

But Captain Popcastle refused to worry about the circumstances of the

lovely lady's visit. She was so young and so beautiful that he decided to keep her for his own. He would lavish his wealth upon her; he would give her his chest of gold and jewels and a coach with golden wheels; anything just to keep her with him.

He carried her into the largest guest room of the inn and laid her upon the high four-poster bed. As he did so, she opened her eyes—eyes with the deep blue of May skies buried in their depths.

The girl sat up quickly, swinging her feet off the bed. "The coach," she said, "they stopped to rest the horses; I went for a walk and they left me. I have walked for miles since." Her lips trembled as she looked down at her tattered sandals.

Captain Popcastle knelt beside her and took her bruised feet in his hands, rubbing them gently. "Stay with me," he told her, "and you will never have to walk again. I will give you jewels and a coach with golden wheels."

The girl stared at him. "You mean you will give me these things without knowing who I am or from where I come?"

The Captain nodded, her beauty making him reckless and careless of caution. "Why should I care to know your name? What does it matter who you are? What does it matter if I am Popcastle, the pirate? We are safe here from the rest of the world. I am safe from capture by the king's men and I am making more money than I ever made scuttling English ships."

The girl dropped her tired eyelids, covering the sudden light that flashed into her eyes and rose quickly. "Give me time to think," she whispered. "Leave me for an hour, then come for your answer."

The Captain went down to the saloon, his eyes glowing with triumph. The girl would be his within an hour, for gold could buy any woman; but with her fresh beauty, she was worth any price. As he entered the bar, the lights from the candles seemed to flare brighter. "Drinks, everybody," he cried loudly, "drinks on the house."

As the revellers crowded about the bar, the Captain kept his glance on the clock, watching the minutes click by. At the passing of each quarter hour he took a stiff drink and laughed with greater surety. When the hour was up, he dashed upstairs to the girl who was to be the queen of Popcastle Inn. Opening the guest room door, he came to a dead standstill, fierce anger creeping over him. The girl was gone and nothing remained of her presence except the sweet, elusive scent of her hair and the imprint of her body in the feather bed.

Captain Popcastle's anger suddenly changed to fear. He had admitted to the girl that he was Jonathan Popcastle, the scuttling pirate. What a fool he had been to let a wealth of red-warm hair and enticing lips wreck his security here at the inn. He was sure now that she was a spy from the King's men. He laughed bitterly and went back to the saloon.

In his life of piracy, he had faced danger and death too often not to know when he approached them and he felt them near him now. He knew, too, that he had scuttled too many English ships and that his neck wouldn't be worth a pinch of salt if

the enemy caught him. But now there was no escape.

At midnight the King's men rode up to the inn. They found Captain Popcastle with a mug of ale held high above his head. "Come in, gentlemen," he called, "come in and have a drink to celebrate."

The men closed in about the bar, all but a slim, boyish figure in a long cloak, who lingered near the door.

"Bring up the youth," yelled Popcastle, "he must drink to my death as well as the rest of you."

As the boy shrank farther back into the shadows, Popcastle took a mug of ale and stepped forward. He caught the boy by the shoulder, spinning him around. Then his shoulder stiffened. There was something definitely feminine in the feel of the soft flesh beneath the cloak, and there was an elusive, teasing scent—the scent that had hung about the girl he had carried into the guest-room a few hours before. Without a word, Popcastle raised his hand and snatched the tri-cornered hat from the boy's head. As he did so, a wealth of glowing red hair tumbled about his shoulders and a pair of sea-blue eyes looked scornfully into his.

"So," snarled the Captain, you are the girl who crumpled at my gateway; the British spy who tricked me with her beauty and pretense of fainting."

"And, so I did," answered the girl. "You were simple to let a girl outwit you."

Too angry for speech, the Captain raised the mug of foaming ale and dashed it full into the girl's lovely face. The King's men grasped him and took him away.

That was the last seen of Captain Jonathan Popcastle. Today there is nothing left on the bank of Brien Creek to remind you of the famous Popcastle Inn—nothing but the ghost of Captain Popcastle who still comes back to guard the buried chest of gold and jewels which no one has ever found and with which he had intended buying a gold-wheeled coach for a girl with lovely hair. There are those who say he walks among the tree shadows on moonless nights, a ghostly figure in shiny black hightop boots with his red beard blowing in the wind.

There is nothing more becoming any wise man than to make choice of friends, for by them thou shalt be judged what thou art; let them therefore be wise and virtuous, and none of those that follow thee for gain; but make election rather of thy betters than thy inferiors, shunning always such as are poor and needy; for if thou givest twenty gifts, and refuse to do the like but once, all that thou hast done will be lost, and such men will become thy mortal enemies.—Sir Walter Raleigh.

LOSS OF SIGHT DIDN'T FAZE INVENTOR

By William T. Rives

Edward Hanak, Sr., has been blind for 18 years, but has refused to allow the affliction to blackout the light of an inventive mind.

Hanak has patented numerous labor-saving devices since the day in 1924 when a gas explosion in his home laboratory blinded and almost killed him.

With steadfastness of spirit and enviable courage, Hanak pursued his plans for the future almost as though nothing had happened.

His courage was no greater, however, than that of the woman who loved him, Miss Mildred Gardner. Hanak and Miss Gardner had fallen in love almost at first sight; they had been together only a few times before the accident.

Three days after his release from the hospital, the couple became engaged. Miss Gardner knew Hanak would never see again, but they resolved to knit the threads of their lives together, and through all the years of darkness she has always been by his side.

They were married four months after the accident.

Behind Hanak was a career as an engineer and inventor which approached brilliance.

He had invented many warehouse and terminal devices. There was the automatic scale for weighing grain on the dump; the overhead trolley system of loading, and cotton conveyors now in use in most cotton port terminals.

Hanak was determined that the loss of his sight would not halt his career. When he had recovered sufficiently to supervise the work, he opened a small machine shop, continuing to work on his inventions.

Each device built in his shop is first constructed with paper, modeled to scale by his serretary, Miss Ruth Bennett, whom he is teaching draftsmanship.

"I have Ruth build these little miniatures so I can feel them out," he said.

As his mind evolves the detail of some device, she writes and draws and "sees" for him. With this unique teamwork another invention is born.

Since his blindness struck, Hanak has patented eight machines. Among them are tractor piler and crane and an elevator for loading and unloading barges. The piler and crane are designed to stack 100 to 130 bales of cotton an hour where only about 40 could be stacked under the old system of handling cotton by hand.

The elevator has reduced the time of unloading a barge from two days to half a day, he said. "Five of these are in use now by the Federal barge lines on the Mississippi."

Blindness was not the only obstacle Hanak had to overcome. His life's savings were wiped out in the 1929 crash.

But Ed Hanak is not a man to quit.

Any day you go by Ed Hanak's shop you'll find him playing his violin, working in his shop, or writing his book.

The book is about his father, who possibly gave him the courage to battle adversity.

The parent, Sam Hanak, came to America as a 10-year-old boy, a penniless Czech, alone and illiterate but determined. When Sam died, he was a wealthy man.

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Action may not always bring happiness; but there is no happiness without action.—Disraeli.

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THE RETURN OF NEIGHBORLINESS

(Selected)

What now seems many, many years ago most of us lived in a neighborhood. Traveling miles then was like hundreds today. There were no public libraries and few newspapers. And these brought news once a week already old. The social life was made up of church going, Sunday afternoon visiting and in the fall and winter various kinds of parties. Nobody was in a hurry and there was ample time for everything. All the young people went to the parties and everybody went to church. Most of the food was grown at home. Every one in a community knew every other person, even to the children. Almost any citizen could describe his neighbor's dog, horse or cow. I recall as a boy I knew almost every family in Graham county. A stranger always attracted special attention. Peace and plenty abounded and contentment filled the hearts of those who lived the simple life of their fathers.

For a quarter of a century now the community life has been swallowed by the world outside. Folks have been overshadowed by things. From a leisurely pace we have raced on till we run and fly. Before the echo of the last voice dies another is speaking. We are so busy trying to hear it all that we remember nothing. The days are like a solid procession that crowds each the other onward, presenting a panorama that is more difficult to comprehend than a seven ring circus. But the present world disturbance is unscrambling this complex situation.

War's rubber shortage, gas rationing and ceiling prices have made the world conscious once more that we are kin in both nature and needs. Whether in city or village, prices are once more being equalized, people without distinction must economize and do without. Each life is hedged in and each community is isolated. Trade must be done at home, recrea-

tion must be found where one lives.

All these things have been conducive to bringing about a return of conditions that nurture neighborliness. It makes us see the simple and satisfying things that lie at our very doors. Those backyard games like softball and croquet and finding a place and giving a pleasure long forgotten. Conditions imagined impossible of giving satisfaction are showing us that many of the best and least expensive things have been overlooked or forgotten in the maddening whirl and noise of things. Like children with their first plain toys, we are finding that a full life may be found in the simple and inexpensive.

So among other blessings not yet realized we are finding our neighbors and also that life is more than endurable without many of the things we have come to believe were absolute necessities in a world that had grown top heavy and difficult with its speed and progress. This situation that has brought about a realization that we can live without things if we have folks—the discovery of this spirit of neighborliness and dependence is perhaps only one of many of the compensations of the most terrible scourge our world has ever known.

Who knows but that this discovery of our immediate neighbor and the mutual dependence of each will lead us back to the century old principle that my neighbor is both the man who lives next door and the one out on the uttermost rim of creation. And we have the same common Creator who is no respector of person—he is the father of us all. If this war can bring the race back to this primitive conception of man's relation and worth it may be worth it. It may even save the race, if it remembers that this rediscovery of my neighbor likewise restores God's authority in our lives along with the sense of an enduring love and obligation to both God and man.

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Applying for a furlough, due to an "emergency at home," Private Atlas Thomas, Fort Bragg, N. C., was told he would have to be more explicit concerning the need for his presence at home. Back to his quarters went Thomas and returned with a letter from his mother in which she explained that a younger son was about to trade off his mule and needed his older brother's advice. Thomas got his furlough.

—Capper's Weekly.

THE CHURCH COLLEGE

By Dr. Hunter B. Blakely

I am the Church college.

I am the oldest institution of higher education in America. My beginning was at Harvard in 1636, when our first settlers lighted the lamp of learning on this new continent. It was my privilege to be the chief instrument in keeping the lamps of learning burning for more than two centuries, for until 1861 of the one hundred and eighty-two colleges which still continued, all except seventeen state universities and two municipal colleges were founded by the Church.

I have reason to be proud of my record and service to my country. There have been wars, depressions, world revolutions, panics, and many prophets of doom; but through it all I kept on producing intelligent leaders of moral character and religious faith. From my halls have come presidents, governors, legislators, judges, educators, editors, in greater proportion than from any other source, upon me, the Church depends for its preachers, its teachers, its missionaries, its leaders; without me the work of the church could not go on.

I am not afraid of Truth. I have encouraged my students to search fearlessly for Truth, knowing that Truth will never destroy my worthwhile heritage and that error always is the enemy of progress. I have no right to mask an ineffective educational program behind the excuse of religion.

I am the one institution of learning which is free to declare; "The fear of the Lord"—reverence for God and His purposes—"is the beginning of wisdom." I believe that if God exists, then He is the most important fact in the universe, and that life can never be truly understood apart from Him. If Christianity is based upon reality, then knowledge which leaves the truths of Christian faith out of the reckoning can never be accurate nor can it present a true picture of man and his environment.

I prepare youth for the full life. I believe that life is far more than making a living. A man cannot live without bread, but it is tragic to live by bread alone. Men exist by means of things which they possess; men live by the quality of their own character and the adequacy of their own interests.

I stand before the greatest opportunity since the first college was founded in America. At last we have discovered that mere secular knowledge is insufficient. Today we are training the best doctors, the keenest lawyers, the ablest engineers, the most prolific writers the world has ever known. But, at last we recognize that we need something else—moral character and spiritual faith. If nothing happens in college to the student as an individual to enrich his outlook and appreciation of life, to expand his concept of duty, to make of him a better man and a nobler citizen, then something is wrong with education. As a Christian college I am dedicated to the task of building a curriculum equal to that of

any school, but also to do more—to add the cultivation of faith and character to the educational program. Unless I do my work successfully, the world will suffer.

I deserve the support of thoughtful citizens. I receive from each student only a part of the cost of what I give. Without endowments and gifts for buildings and equipment, I cannot serve America as I have in the past. Some say that my day is done, but I do not believe it. I am confident that my country needs me as never before and that far seeing men and women will provide so that my great work may go on.

I, the Church college, bespeak your thoughtful interest.

———:———

It is our own past which has made us what we are. We are the children of our own deeds. Conduct has created character; acts have grown into habits, each year has pressed into us a deeper moral print; the lives we have led have left us such as we are today.—Dykes.

———:———

OUR POWERHOUSE FOR DEFENSE

(Selected)

In the heart of Wilmington there is a large office building in which is located the nerve center for the defense of this entire area. If the ordinary civilian were allowed to go into this center he would feel somewhat like a man from Mars, landing on strange terrain. There he would see the intricate and perfect working means and mechanisms which insure the United States from surpise attack from the air. Here the reports from secret instruments and from observers are evaluated. Each airplane flight in this area is identified either as Army, Navy, or civilian aircraft, or if none of these, as enemy.

Here one would see many women-volunteers at all times, sitting around huge table maps, wearing telephone head-sets. These maps are diagrams of this area on which all reported flights are charted. Each one of the women sitting around them is in direct contact with the observers from the particular section which is indicated in front of her. You may see one of these women plotting on the board the information she has just received from one of the observers. She gets a flash over her telephone in code. She knows exactly from whence the message is coming. She records the code message on her little "pipe" apparatus and quickly places it on the spot on the map corresponding to the place the observer is calling from.

Above the maps on a balcony he would see a group of men. These are

representatives of the Federal Communication Commission, ready to shut down all radio emissions; of the Civil Aeronautical Authority, to identify and control civilian flying; of the Coast Artillery, ready to put anti-aircraft artillery into action; of the Navy, identifying Naval ships and coordinating joint efforts. There is also the officer responsible for giving the signal for all Civilian Air Raid Agencies to go into operation. He gets his orders to broadcast the alarms to the Civilian Agencies from the Fighter Command, then the Civilian Agencies are on their own. It is up to them to see that the Police Force, Fire Department, Red Cross, Hospital, and all the other groups are warned.

This calm working, intricate mechanism, a combination of the most advanced mechanical knowledge and highly trained human beings, goes on twenty-four hours a day. Planes are sighted, plotted and classified. This in brief explains the Information Center, but it does not explain the thought, inspiration, and energy which brought this system of Air Defense into being; the secret devices which were invented, the telephone set-up which had to be planned and executed and the organization which had to be formulated to carry on this work. All this has been done by these with forethought, now it is up to us to see that their work has not been in vain. There is no use in having this system unless it is fully manned at all times, for, the moment we relax may be the moment selected by the enemy to strike.

Women are needed to service this center. It is a job which most of us, given the necessary training, can do. We haven't the right to ask others to do the job for us. Aren't we able to give regularly a few hours a week to the Fighter Command of the United States Army? You will be truly serving in our first line of defense.

Oh God! that man would see a little clearer
And judge less harshly where they cannot see
Oh God! that men would draw a little nearer
To one another; they'd be nearer Thee.

—Selected.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Our cannery was put into operation this week for the first time this season. A considerable quantity of fine string beans were put into gallon cans, and stored away for winter use.

—:—

"Meet the Wildcat," was the feature attraction at the regular weekly motion picture show in the auditorium last Thursday night. A comedy, "Syncopated Sioux," was shown at the same time. Both are Universal productions.

—:—

Messrs. W. T. Wells, probation officer, and B. C. Sanford, member of the detective force, of Asheville, called at The Uplift office last Thursday morning. They brought some boys for admission to the school and while here made brief visits to various vocational departments.

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James R. Elders, formerly of Cottage No .12, who left the school, April 1, 1939, was a visitor here last week. Upon leaving the institution, he returned to his home in Haywood county, where he worked on a farm for about three months. He then secured employment in a dry cleaning establishment in Waynesville, remaining there about two and one-half years. James enlisted in the United States Marine Corps, December 17, 1941, and since that time has been stationed at Parris Island, South Carolina. He stated that his basic training period was over, and that he would soon leave for active service at sea. This young man is now nineteen years old, and has developed into a real husky-appearing fellow—just the type for service with Uncle Sam's "devil dogs."

—:—

Samuel Montgomery, a former member of the Cottage No. 5 group, who left the School, July 25, 1940, called on friends here a few days ago. For some time after leaving us, Sam was employed by the Cannon Manufacturing Company, Kannapolis. He enlisted in the United States Navy in September, 1941, and after completing a six weeks course at Norfolk, Virginia, he was transferred to the "U.S.S. Kilauea," and is still a member of the crew of that vessel. Sam stated that he was working in the kitchen aboard ship, adding that within a few weeks he expected to obtain a third cook's rating.

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Leonard M. Carter, one of our old boys, who was permitted to leave the School, January 2, 1935, called on us the other day. When he first left the School, Leonard returned to his home in Buncombe county, where he helped his father with farm work for some time. He then spent one and one-half years in the United States Army, and was stationed at Fort Bragg. Leaving the service, he returned to Asheville, and was employed as truck driver for about one year, after which he drove a taxi for a while. Leonard then spent fourteen months at a business college, and, upon completing his studies, secured a position as bookkeeper with the Saluda River Company. He spends the greater part of his time in the company's main office

at Cleveland, South Carolina, but does some work at the Asheville branch, making his home in the latter city.

This young man is now twenty-three years old, and has been married about four years. As one notes his neat appearance and pleasing manner, it is not at all difficult to become convinced that Leonard is making good.

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Superintendent Boger recently received a letter from Fred Dyson, formerly a house boy at Cottage No. 7, who left the School in September, 1937. Fred is now twenty years old, and is in the United States Navy. His letter reads as follows:

"Dear Mr. Boger: Just thought I'd write and let you know how one of your old boys is getting along. I am doing just fine, and have been doing so ever since leaving the School. I certainly appreciate all that was done for me while there, and must say the training received under you has helped me more than anything else in the world.

"I worked on the farm where you placed me for two years, and then went to work for the Chatham Manufacturing Company, at Elkin, staying there one year. Knowing that I was going to be drafted soon for military service, I left the mill, and went to Miami, Florida. There my cooking experience under Mrs. Fitzgerald, in Cottage No. 7, came in handy, enabling me to land a job as cook in in a hotel, where I worked quite a while.

"My next stop was St. Joseph, Missouri, where I went to spend some time with my girl friend. After staying there about four weeks, I enlisted in the United States Navy. Am now at the U. S. Naval Training Station, Great Lakes, Illinois, and like the place very much. I will start going to the naval trades school the first of July, and will take up the study of aviation mechanics."

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Mr. A. C. Sheldon, of Charlotte, had charge of the service at the School last Sunday afternoon. Following the the Scripture recitation and prayer, led by Homer Bass, of Cottage No. 8, he presented Rev. J. K. Booker, of the Charlotte Rescue Mission, as the speaker of the afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson he read part of the second chapter of Galatians.

At the beginning of his remarks, the speaker told the boys that we are all musical instruments, making music for the glory of God, and that He has given us ten strings upon which to produce the great symphony of life. He listed these ten strings as follows: two eyes, two ears, two hands, two feet, a mouth, and a heart.

Since we walk on our feet, said he, we must learn to walk with God, and not with Satan. The only way we can back away from evil, is to take a step with God. We should be thankful that our Heavenly Father has given us the privilege of walking with him. We cannot beat the game of sin. God has promised that our sins will find us out. Christ died to redeem us, and for his sake, we should try to follow in his steps.

Our eyes are very important, continued Rev. Mr. Booker, but we cannot always depend on them. They will often deceive us and lead us

away from the right way of living. We should look only upon those things which are pleasing in the sight of God.

Our ears are most useful parts of the body, said the speaker. They should always be kept in tune with heaven, listening for the voice of God to guide us on our journey along the pathway of life.

We cannot be too careful about the use of our hands, continued Rev. Mr. Booker, and try not to do anything with them that would not meet Christ's approval. "Idle hands are the devil's workshop," hence they should be kept busy, but we should strive to train them to do good at all times.

It is quite difficult to control the tongue, said the speaker. We frequently say things about others that leaves a black mark upon the heart. Let us use our tongues to sing God's praises.

The speaker, in conclusion, called attention to the importance of the heart to the human body. We may not have great wealth, in fact we may have no money at all, but each of us has a heart to give to Jesus. The old adage, "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he," is just as true today as when first uttered, therefore it is most important that we keep our hearts right.

ALFALFA VALUABLE CROP

Alfalfa, now widely grown in the United States for pasture and forage, is an old plant, and found its way to this country by a devious route. It originated in Southwest Asia and has now found its way to all parts of the world. Spaniards introduced it into Mexico and South America. It was brought from Chile to San Francisco in 1854 and since then has become the principal forage crop in the Western United States. In the Eastern United States it is largely limited to areas of limestone soil. It is one of the most highly nutritive and palatable of feeding stuffs. The great bulk of the crop is used for hay. It furnishes excellent pasturage for cattle, sheep, horses, and hogs, though it sometimes causes bloat in cattle and sheep. It increases fertility of the soil by the addition of nitrates, and is therefore used to advantage in rotation of crops. There are two classes of plant disease which affect it—root rot, the most common, and leaf spot disease, leaft rust, powdery and downy mildew, and the anthracnose disease.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending June 28, 1942

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Wade Aycoth
Carl Barrier
John Hogsed
Charles Pearson
Weaver F. Ruff
Malcom Seymour
Edgar Simmons
Paul Smith
James Watts

COTTAGE NO. 1

James Bargesser
Thomas Barnes
Oscar Carter
Everett Case
Durwood Martin
Curtis Moore
James Pitman
Leonard Robinson
Frank Walker
Woodrow Wilson

COTTAGE NO. 2

Paul Abernathy
Henry Barnes
Raymond Brooks
Bernice Hoke
James McGlammery
Luther McIntyre
Amos Myers
John Pritchard
Charles Tate
Newman Tate
Peter Tuttle

COTTAGE NO. 3

John Bailey
Charles Beal
Grover Beaver
Fred Bostian
Robert Coleman
Jerry Jenkins
Rhonda Price
Samuel Pritchett
Ralph Powell
Elbert Russ
Earl Smith
John Tolley
Louis Williams

COTTAGE NO. 4

Jack Bright
Leroy Childers
Mack Coggins
Eugene Hefner
William Lanning
James Mondie
Robert Muse
Roy Patton
Simon Quick
Charles Simpson
J. R. Whitman
George Ward
Jesse Williamson

COTTAGE NO. 5

Charles Brookshire
Luther Coe
John Lipscomb
Allen Morris
Eldred Watts

COTTAGE NO. 6

Elgin Atwood
Kenneth Caldwell
Robert Hobbs
William Harding
Gerald Kermon
Marvin Lipscomb
Buddy Marshall
Rufus Massingill
Jesse Peavy
Reitzel Southern
Houston Turner
Wesley Turner

COTTAGE NO. 7

Hurley Bell
Laney Broome
Henry Butler
George Green
J. B. Hensley
Robert Hampton
Vernon Harding
Robert Holbert
Edward Loftin
John M. Mazoo
Albert Newton
Edward Overby
Wilbur Russ
Durham Smith

Ervin Wolfe
William Young

COTTAGE NO. 8

Cecil Ashley
Homer Johnson
Samuel Kirksey
Grover Revels

COTTAGE NO. 9

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE NO. 10

Jack Crotts
Clifford Lowman
Charles Phillips
Robert Stephens
Joseph Willis

COTTAGE NO. 11

J. C. Allen
Bert Barnhardt
Horace Guffy
Robert Goldsmith
A. B. Hoyle

COTTAGE NO. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 13

James Brewer
Thomas Fields
Donald Hobbs
Fred Rhodes

COTTAGE NO. 14

Robert Caudle
Walter Carver
Robert Deyton
Audie Farthing
William Harding
Lawrence Hord
Edward Kinion
William Lane
Roy Mumford
Robert Moose
Joseph McKinney
James Roberson
John Reep
Robert Travis
Alvis Watkins

COTTAGE NO. 15

Hiram Atkinson
James Deatherage
Clarence McLemore
Paul Morris
Basil Wetheringtno

INDIAN COTTAGE

Frank Chavis
Cecir Jacobs
Ernest Jacobs
Leroy Lowry
James Lochlear
Lester Lochlear
Herbert Lochlear
Louis Stafford
Eugene Watts

———:———

DEPENDABLE

The man who always keeps his word
Is very good to know.
He does just what he says he will,
That's why we love him so.
If he has told you: "I'll be there!"
He's Johnny-on-the-Spot,
And never makes the lame excuse
That somehow he forgot.

—Selected.

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CAROLINA RO

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXX CONCORD, N. C., JULY 11, 1942 No. 28

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ON THE SQUARE

It matters not whate'er your lot
Or what your task may be,
One duty still remains for you,
One duty stands for me.
Be you a doctor, skilled and wise,
Or a man who works for wage,
A laborer working on the street,
Or an artist on the stage;
One glory still awaits you,
One honor that is rare:
To have men say as you pass by—
"That fellow's on the square."

—Selected.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

THE GLOWWORM

One evening on a hike along a country road, someone noticed a tiny speck of light in an adjoining meadow. It was smaller than the reflection of the tiniest star on a surface of water. The light disappeared in a moment, but others appeared intermittently.

An amatuer naturalist explained that the light came from the glowworm. He picked up one for inspection. It was a very small insect. emitting a light so feeble that it would be noticed only on a dark night.

In the great meadow of life there are people of whose presence we are not conscious until in some hour of darkness we see from those insignificant lives an unexpected glow of courage, faith, neighborliness, friendliness, devotion, or love. A lowly private in a losing battle performs an heroic act which turns the tide, a young man makes a home for his orphaned brothers and sisters, a casual friend proves his loyalty when all others have deserted, the most unlikely people come forth as blood donors when a life hangs in the balance.

A tiny glow from one life in darkness is worth a thousand of those who can sparkle only in the sunshine of prosperity and well-being.—J. S. Royer

THE U. S. O.

The appeal for funds to measure up to the demands for all patriotic and civic organizations during this era of unsettled conditions, has been realized. The response to numerous calls reflects a generous and sympathetic spirit on the part of the citizens of the entire county. When contributions are for worthwhile causes, the gift becomes an investment in a better morale and higher ideals of living conditions that rebound for the good of the people at large.

The latest call for money was recently announced by Mr. E. K. Willis, local chairman of the United Service Organization. The amount requested in Cabarrus County was $12,000.00, twenty per-cent of which will be used to put over a program of activities for visiting soldiers, coming to Concord from many adjacent camps. At first, the amount seems staggering, but after reviewing the suc-

cess of previous campaigns, we accepted the challenge with faith. The last announcement as to results of the drive shows a high-water mark, therefore, there is every reason to believe the goal, $12,000.00, has been subscribed.

The United Service Organization has for its objective a recreation center for the comfort of the soldiers in our immediate vicinity. These centers, sponsored by this splendid organization, have lounges, cots, different set-ups for delightful pastime, a library of books and magazines, cooling drinks, and occasional dances in which the young girls of the community participate, thus making the dull moments of the soldiers far from home, much happier and brighter.

Have you thought seriously as to just what these soldier boys are giving to forestall the Axis powers in their drive for victory? They are offering themselves for "freedom of speech, religion, the pursuit of happiness, and to prevent dire want." We salute Chairman Willis in his noble effort, with the assurance that the Recreation Center in Concord will measure up to the demands for comfort and delightful pastime of our visiting soldiers. Moreover, it is pleasing to note that there is a nation-wide interest in the young men in the army, navy, marine and air service. There are 507 U. S. O. units in the nation, and 37 off-shore units to meet the demands of our ever-increasing armed forces. In order to keep up the morale of our soldier boys, who are in service to maintain a noble heritage, the interest of civilians at home bases must be shown.

* * * * * * * *

GENUINE HOSPITALITY

It is not every person who has the happy faculty of placing people comfortably at social functions. It is with great satisfaction we note in Editor Goerch's magazine, The State, that Governor Broughton measured up to requirements at Asheville recently, when he acted as host to the Governors of many other states, high-ranking Federal officials, and foreign diplomats, in fine style that reflected the old-time hospitality of a Southern gentleman. We take the following from The State:

> Governor Broughton was host to the visiting Governors at Asheville last week. He handled himself very nicely and made a

most favorable impression from every point of view. He didn't talk too much nor he didn't try to stay in the spotlight. He was affable and friendly and did his best to see that everyone had a good time. In this he certainly succeeded, because some of the Governors said it was the finest conference that the association of Governors ever has had.

* * * * * * * * *

THE SPIRIT OF YOUNG AMERICA

Everywhere one goes there may be seen a group of youngsters gazing at a picture of General Douglas McArthur, making miniature dive bombers and fighting planes, scanning the news of the latest activities on the various battle fronts, and in many ways showing keen interest in this nation's fight against the foes of democracy, all in a spirit of enthusiasm that would do credit to their elders. The following, clipped from the Concord Daily Tribune, shows how youngsters in that city are doing their bit toward helping to win the war:

When Sheriff Ray C. Hoover arrived home yesterday afternoon he found the following note from the Beach Street victory Club, an organization of youngsters in the community, of fourth grade age:

"Dear Mr. Hoover: A group of young people in the neighborhood has got a club which the main leaders, Nancy Widenhouse and Janie Belle Misenheimer (the one doing the writing to you) named the Victory Club.

"We have ten pupils in the club. Everyone of us has a book of Defense Stamps. Our motto is: 'Big ones fight; little ones save'.

"The reason we have this club is that we want to help win the war and by helping win this war we are saving rubber, iron, tin and paper. Will you please help us by saving these articles for us? These are some of the articles we have: Old hose pipe, tires, handle grips, bathing caps, tin pans, tin heaters, tin tubs, tin cans, iron stoves, iron pipes, and other rubber, iron, tin, and paper articles.

"Come to see our club sometime. It is behind Mr and Mrs. Whitener's house. We are thinking of moving it, but if we do, we will let you know where we have moved to. (Signed) Commander-and-Chief Nancy Widenhouse, Captain Janie Belle Misenheimer, and General Secretary Nancy Lee Misenheimer."

The sheriff was thrilled over this letter and said the youngsters had set a good example, not only for all children of their ages, but also for adults.

* * * * * * * *

COCA-COLA

It was in the summer of 1886 that the refreshing drink, Coca-Cola, was first used at a social function, by some of the elite who lived on Peachtree Street, Atlanta, Georgia. This street was once accepted as the proper setting for exclusive homes of the "nonveau riche," and families who maintained their social positions on account of a heritage frome noble forebears. The Coca-Cola king, Asa Candler, lived in Atlanta, and was the pioneer in the manufacture of this highly popular beverage, found today at every cross-road store, and indulged in extensively. Candler did not alone amass an immeasurable fortune, but thousands of other men and women, in all parts of the land, have become wealthy because of their interest in this business. Throughout the entire area of this nation, Coca-Cola plants are located, and wherever found, the business brings satisfactory remuneration to all interested in same.

If one measures the active career of the Coca-Cola industry from the date of the social function on fashionable Peachtree Street, it is easy to see that in its short life of fifty-six years, it has grown by leaps and bounds, catering not only to people of this country, but has built up a large foreign trade. A nickel drink again reveals the majesty of little things. All of us learned the jingle, "little drops of water, little grains of sand, make the mighty ocean, and the pleasant land." Again we are confronted with the fact that we often memorize without taking in the significance of the thought. In every phase of business, lessons of thrift and economy are revealed.

* * * * * * * *

While we are commiserating with ourselves over the sad state of the world today, and bemoaning its interference with our way of life, there is one aspect of the situation that offers some consola-

tion. Now that we are compelled to abandon the wasteful habits of the past, there should come out of the ordeal a general strengthening of character.

Hardships and disappointments tend to expose false values, whatever else they may do, and we are going to find ourselves approaching life's problems with far greater realism. Opposition is a challenge to the best man; it enables him to estimate his own strength, to know his own weakness. Under the stress of waging an unwanted war, Americans will learn just how great is their own endurance. And, more likely than not, they will discover that the homely old virtues of their forebears made better foundation stones for living than the idolatrous foibles of recent generations.—Bert Barnes.

* * * * * * * *

Lord Halifax, the British ambassador, in his speech before the governors in Ashville last week said that the people of Great Britain feel that after the war the four great allied nations—America, Russia, Great Britain and China—might well continue to co-operate in setting up and conducting a peace as they have been co-operating in strategy, supply and other fields during the war. Halifax has given much thought and written no little about the coming peace. Evidently he will be a big factor at the peace table along with the other notables of the nations assembled.

* * * * * * * *

After stopping all automobiles on a certain strip of road near Carolina Beach several days ago, state highway engineers found that most of the 7,000 motorists stopped admitted they were joy-riding.

On stopping one car, the engineers expected the usual admittance that the occupants were out for a ride to the beach, but when asked "Are you on a pleasure trip, too?" the young man and girl in the car replied, "Nope, we're going to get married."

GREAT AMERICAN

By John P. Marquand

"An English frigate is now in sight from my deck." You are reading some of the last words written by Captain James Lawrence, from his cabin aboard his new command, the U. S. Frigate Chesapeake, as she lay in Boston Harbor on the morning of June 1, 1813. Above his head he could hear the orders and the scampering of the crew's bare feet as they unmoored. "I have sent a pilot boat out to reconnoitre, and should she be alone, I am in hopes to give a good account of her before night. My crew appear to be in fine spirits, and I trust will do their duty."

Fashions in thought have undergone many changes since that clear June morning, but these have not altered the language of fighting men. That may be why, when you scan the record of the battle between the Chesapeake and her British antagonist, the Shannon, you can come close to believing that James Lawrence, Captain U. S. N. might have died yesterday fighting his ship somewhere in the China Sea instead of off the port of Boston more than a century ago.

His ship was already under way, when he finished the last letters he would ever write, and left his cabin for the quarter deck. Lawrence had dressed meticulously in full uniform because his ship was facing action. There is extant a portrait by Gilbert Stuart of Lawrence much as he must have looked when he stood on the Chesapeake's deck. He was young—only 32 when he died, but men developed fast in those days. With his last command the Wasp, he had sunk the British sloop-of-war, Peacock, with a consummate dash that had shocked a complacent British navy. His face on the canvas still reflects the self-belief required for such a task. The set of the mouth is partly good-natured, partly arrogant, without a line of weakness. The jaw is firm; the hair has that curled and windblown look which was the fashion of that period.

He was painted in the blue coat with heavy gold lace and gigantic epaulets that he must have worn aboard the Chesapeake—it's collar so absurdly high that his chin rested snugly in a chokingly large caravat. He wore the navy officer's cocked hat as he stood upon the quarter-deck, a pompous affair, encrusted with its own allowance of gold braid. His white trousers, thrust into top boots, completed a handsome uniform, setting off the tall figure of a very handsome man— a credit to the glistening new paint of the Chesapeake, fresh from a thorough overhauling.

While the great frigate moved past the islands of Boston Harbor, Lawrence's one fear must have been that the Englishman whose sails he could see close to the horizon, might not be alone. Ship for ship, Lawrence could not have doubted the ultimate results. He had complete faith in American ships and seamen. He was certain that American gunners could make sport of any British crew. Yet even so, as a man who had spent his

best years at sea, he must have known that there were some things aboard his ship that might have been battered. He surely would have preferred it, if all the Chesapeake's crew and gear could have been shaken into place by a few weeks at sea.

Instead, some of the crew had come fresh aboard that morning and two of his lieutenants had been midshipmen a week or so before, but such matters would never stop a fighting captain, with the Shannon out there in the bay. He did not know, and he did not live to know, that Captain Broke of the Shannon had sent him a most courteous note that very morning, giving the weight of his broadside and inviting the Chesapeake to come out and fight, leaving it to Lawrence to choose the time and place.

The battle flags were hoisted. A large white flag waved from the fore peak, bearing the legend, "Sailors rights and free trade," our slogan in the war. As the Chesapeake passed old Boston light, Lawrence took a turn about the deck. speaking to the crew.

"Bear a hand, boys," he said, "and get your dinner. You will have blood for supper."

When the Chesapeake reached the harbor mouth, Lawrence could see the Shannon making for the open sea. By 3:30 when she had the sea room she wanted, she hauled up closer to the wind and began to take in sail. By 4, Lawrence ordered the Chesapeake to haul up also and fired a gun—an invitation for the struggle to the death. The ships were seven miles apart by then; the afternoon was waning, but there would be sufficient daylight for what they wanted.

The Shannon waited for him now, with just enough way on her to keep her manageable. The Chesapeake moved up on the Shannon's weather quarter; the distance was closing fast. The officers and men all stood at general quarters, Lawrence on the quarter-deck with his sailing master. Lieutenant White and his two midshipmen aides. Lieutenant Ludlow had charge of the spar deck and Lieutenants Budd, Cox and Ballard were below on the gun deck. waiting for their orders, all watching the Shannon, looming larger every minute. She was barely moving. The Chesapeake was approaching at a good six miles an hour.

Captain Lawrence stood on a gun carriage with his speaking trumpet tucked beneath his arm, watching dark figures on the Shannon's decks. He surely knew he held all the advantages of initiative and maneouvre. He could stand well away from his slow-moving antagonist, exchanging broadsides and crossing her bows to rake, or he could cross her stern and deliever a raking fire. The choice was his.

Anxiously in those taut, moments, Lieutenant White tried to guess which it would be and finally he asked: Did not the captain intend to run across the Shannon's stern? Lawrence said he did not, and then he gave his order, an order which will be debated as long as naval students study fights at sea.

"Luff her," Lawrence called to the quarter-master by the Chesapeake's great wheel. The wheel whirled; the Chesapeake's sails snapped and slapped in the freshening south-west

wind and the gun crews gave three cheers. It was an unexpected command, for it meant that Lawrence intended to place the Chesapeake alongside the Shannon, within pistol shot, broadside to broadside, yard arm to yard arm. It meant that Lawrence had cast away all the initial advantage which Broke of the Shannon had offered him. He had cast it away contemptuously, out of chivalry perhaps because he disdained advantage, or it may have been that he was thinking of the Hornet and the Peacock, and the poor exhibition he had seen of British gunnery.

Even if he had known that Broke had been training the Shannon's gun crews for seven years, one doubts whether he would have changed his order. It was gallant, but it was not war. It was under-estimation of an enemy. Hull of the Constitution would have crossed under the Shannon's stern and given her the full taste of his broadside before he came so close.

The ships were now so near that the commands from the Shannon could be clearly heard. There was a breathless silence as the Chesapeake moved up along the Shannon's side, a silence which lasted until the Chesapeake's foremast came even with Shannon's mizzen. Then the first gun of the Shannon spoke, and then two more, and then the great guns of the Chesapeake began to answer as they came to bear.

Lawrence must have known in those first few seconds of shattering confusion that the Shannon's gunners were as good as any Yankee. The carnage on his spar deck told the story. It exceeded any he had known in all his years at sea. The air was filled with the mist of debris and splinters. One hundred of the men who had been at their stations went down before the Shannon's fire.

In a few mad moments, only fifty were left standing. It was the loss among his officers which may have lost the fight. His sailing master's head was carried away by a round shot, two of his midshipmen were dead. His lieutenant of marines was down, and Ludlow, his first in command, was down. A grenade thrown from the Shannon struck an ammunition chest and the smoke of the explosion put down a blinding curtain through which it was impossible to see. Lawrence's white trousers dripped with blood from a pistol bullet which had struck below his knee. He limped painfully toward the rail to peer at his antagonist.

The Chesapeake was coming helplessly into the wind because of the destruction of her rigging forward and her great stern fouled the Shannon. Fewer and fewer of the Chesapeake's guns could bear, and the Shannon's guns raked through her.

When the Shannon's carronades played across the spar deck, Lawrence leaned against the starboard binnacle. He shouted for the bugler to give the call for boarders to rush the Shannon's deck. When the bugle did not sound, he directed Midshipman McKinney, a lad of 14, to jump below to order the gunner up prepared to board. He must have seen by then the Chesapeake's crew was no longer steady. The ship was new to them. Too many officers were down. He must have seen,

as he leaned against the binnacle, the first rush of the British, led by Captain Broke, swarming over the Chesapeake's rail.

Lawrence stood there, smoke-stained and bloody, calling for boarders, shouting above the awful noise for action from his crew. Lieutenant Budd was up from the gun deck trying to rally a handful of confused Yankee sailors and marines, and then Lieutenant Budd was down. Next came Lieutenant Cox. Just after Cox reached the deck, a British lieutenant of the marines recognized Lawrence, took deliberate aim, and shot him in the groin.

As he lay there, Lawrence shouted to his men to fire away. He was still calling orders when Lieutenant Cox and four seamen carried him below. He ordered Cox to return, to get the men in hand.

"Don't surrender the ship."

The cockpit was already a welter of maimed and dying men. Dr. Dix, the surgeon, dropped his grim work when he saw the captain.

"Serve those who came before me, doctor," Lawrence said. He lay there in agony listening to the sounds above him. The firing on the deck was slackening.

"Go on deck," Lawrence called to Dr. Dix, "order them to fire faster and to fight the ship 'till she sinks."

Then he saw Lieutenant Ludlow. They were bringing him into that charnel house with his head cloven by a saber cut.

"What brings you here?" Lawrence asked him. Ludlow was still conscious, but very weak. He had to tell his captain that it was all over.

"They have carried her," he said.

"Then the officers have not toed the mark," Lawrence answered. He was convinced that the Shannon was as good as whipped when he left deck.

There was only one thought which rose above the mortal agony of his wound. It framed itself into words so simple and direct that they are still spoken by millions who have forgotten the Shannon and the Chesapeake.

"Blow her up," he said, and he repeated it again and again. "Don't give up the ship. Don't give up the ship."

In the church congregation one Sunday morning was a young bride whose husband was an usher. Becoming terribly worried about having a roast in the oven at home, she wrote a note to her husband, asking the usher to deliver it.

Her husband, thinking the folded note was a notice to the pastor, hurried down the asile and placed it on the pulpit. Stopping abruptly in the middle of his sermon to read the message, the astonished minister faced this injunction: "Please go home and turn off the gas."—Selected.

THEY'RE DOING A MAN'S JOB

By Carl Goerch

About a year or so ago, some of the officials of the Tomlinson Furniture Company of High Point were discussing future prospects of the business.

They decided that it would be only a matter of time before the Axis powers would bring about a declaration of war. "And when that happens," said one of the officials, "we're going to lose a lot of our men. So what are we going to do about it?"

There was a brief silence broken at last by one of the Tomlinsons.

"I believe I know the answer to that question," he announced.

"What is it?"

"Women!" he replied. "We'll train women to do some of the work that is now being done by the men."

And that's exactly what Tomlinson's has done. Not only have they done it, but they've made a sucess out of it. At the present time there are approximately one thousand employees in the High Point plant. Of this number, eighty are women. Several score of men have left their jobs in order to join various branches of military service. Many others are going to answer the call to duty. Their places are being taken by women—young, middle-aged and elderly—and the women-folks are making a splendid showing.

We went through the Tomlinson plant last week and were shown around by Mr. Zalph L. Rochelle, director of personnel. Of course there have been women-workers in the business before, but their ecorts have been confined principally to sewing and covering cushions. Ever since furniture was first made, members of the male sex have done all of the other work.

It was felt that there were several good reasons for this. In the first place, the general idea was that women couldn't turn out as much work as the men could. Second, working wtih wood was a man's job. Third, women couldn't be as precise and as careful as men: they'd be sure to botch up everything. Fourth, the reputation of the firm for turning out only the best kind of furniture would be ruined.

That was the old-fashioned theory. But my, my, my! How that theory has changed in the last few months!

Of course you've heard many jokes about a women's inability to wield a hammer. The established belief is that the average woman is as proficient in driving a nail as a two-year-old baby is in solving a problem in trigonometry. But when you stand around and watch these Tomlinson women use a hammer, you realize that this belief is just about as much out of date as the one about the moon being made of green cheese.

We saw more than a dozen of them in the unholstery department. They had their mouths full of tacks .They drove those tacks through the upholstery and into the wood without missing a lick. We made a rather close observation of their hands and found that there wasn't a single bruised thumb in the lot.

"How about speed?" we inquired of Mr. Rochelle.

"Just as good as the men," was his answer, "and in some cases much better."

"How about the pay?"

"Same scale as the men," he replied.

We went through other departments. We saw fifteen or more girls webbing and burlapping, which is the first stage in upholstering. The wooden frames of chairs, davenports and other articles of furniture are still being made exclusively by men, but there's no telling when this, too, will be changed. We also saw a couple of girls cutting the heavy upholstery cloth with power-knives, and doing a fine job of it. In still another department were several young ladies who were doing decorative work on some dressers. Pretty, too— both the girls and the work.

"And," said Mr. Rochelle, "we're also using them for doing inspection work. In this particular department they are particularly good, for they are very proficient in detecting small flaws which a good many men might not see."

We hung around a while longer and detected only one deviation in the work from the way that a crew of men would have done it. Some of the girls were working on rather heavy chairs. Whenever they had to turn one of these chairs over, they'd holler for a fellow-worker close by to help them. But even this brought about no loss in time.

"Our production has stepped up, if anything," Mr. Rochelle told us. "The girls are interested in their work and take a great pride in it. We'll probably lose many more of our men, and we're gradually training more girls to take their places."

As we said at the outset of this article, it was about a year or so ago that Tomlinson Company first realized that troubled conditions abroad, plus an ever-growing market at home, were to result eventually in shortage of skilled men. Half a dozen girls were introduced into the shop, placed to themselves and were schooled in the fundamentals of fine upholstery. The result was highly satisfactory. Stitches were found to be tight, seams neater, and their work excellent in every particular. Some of the men-workers, who may have been secretly amused at the experiment, didn't do any laughing after the first few days.

It was soon dsicovered that there was little difference in the speed of the learners; that the work of these girls was done carefully, and that they were in keen competition with the men in the shop both from the standpoint of quantity and quality.

So successful was this early work that plans were laid for a promotion which would carry the experiment far beyond the research stage. The girls were tried in cutting, in upholstering, in spring-up, in finish, and in many of the vocations that were considered exclusively a man's field.

Results were suprising, and as the departmental reports came in they produced proof of what had been sound executive theory. Tomlinson Company had established the fact that women could perform these various jobs just as well as men.

Many more women are destined to become furniture craftsmen, and this idea, which was started by Tomlinson,

is already spreading throughout the Southern furniture industry. The employment manager is no longer startled when he hears of a girl who is a top-rank upholsterer or cloth cutter. Nor is he astounded by what a few months ago would have been considered a freak—the woman who can build the same furniture that has been the exclusive skill of Carolina men for a generation.

In view of the fact that most of the women we saw in the Tomlinson plant were doing men's work, we naturally presumed that they'd also be wearing mannish attire, but in this we were mistaken. We didn't see a single pair of slacks. When we called Mr. Rochelle's attention to this, he said that this didn't mean that slacks weren't worn in the different departments: it just so happened that none of the girls was wearing them that day.

"We don't care what they wear," he told us. "That's entirely up to them. They could come to work in bathing suits if they wanted to, although, personally, I hope they don't. I'm afraid it might slow up production, and that is something we can't afford to do during these days and times."

Incidentally, we couldn't help but be impressed with the congenial atmósphere that was so noticeable in all departments. Employees laughed and talked among themselves; whenever they wanted to knock off for a minute or two to get a cold drink, they didn't hesitate to do so; and there were frequent visits among members of different departments.

"They've got the Tomlinson spirit," was the way Mr. Rochelle expressed it.

If that's what you call it—its a mighty fine spirit to have.

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The man who fights or works or sacrifices merely because war has come, merely because he has no other choice, might well say that humanity has dropped back hundreds of years in the march of civilization. On the other hand, the man who works and fights and sacrifices because he believes humanity has accepted a challenge and is determined to prove itself fit to survive—that man fights not merely because he has to; he fights and works and sacrifices because he realizes that that which waits ahead can be worth the sacrifice, no matter how great.—Gabriel Heatter.

ROOSEVELT AS WAR PRESIDENT FAVORS BOLD POLICY

By Clarke Beach in Charlotte Observer

Franklin D. Roosevelt, a civilian who under the Constitution has become the supreme military commander of the nation and one of the most potent military leaders in the world, is not the passive type of war President.

He has shown much of Lincoln's boldness and aggressiveness and willingness to assume responsibility. Like Wilson, he has made himself the spokesman of the democratic cause, has acquired enormous influence among the allied peoples.

While he does not face the kind of difficulties which confronted Lincoln, holding the union together amid divided counsel, commencing a war with an army of only 16,000 men, yet no other President has had to wage war on so vast a scale. His task is to win a global war, fighting on all seas and continents, mobilizing the economic resources of the nation as they have never been mobilized before, controlling public opinion here and abroad on an unprecedented scale, a task made possible and necessary by the modern development of communications.

His powers are more extensive than those of any other war President. All of them since Lincoln have had so much authority as to make them constitutional dictators, but the President's war powers have been expanded to meet the needs of the times. In total war like this, and with new inventions that must be fitted into the war scheme, the Executive's authority necessarily has been extended into fields hitherto untouched. The President, for instance, has been given authority to seize and operate any radio broadcasting station in the country—a necessary measure since in no other way could the government control information which crossed the country's borders by air.

Mr. Roosevelt has practically unlimited authority over factories, mines, railroads, shipping, trucking, air lines, telephones, for if he finds it necessary for the sucessful prosecution of the war, he can seize and operate them all. He can declare a military area and can regulate the lives of all the persons living within it.

His lease-lend power, giving him the sole decision as to which of the qualified nations shall get American supplies and when and in what quantities, gives him an influence that no other American President has had. While Wilson had lend-lease power, he had comparatively little material to lend or lease until the war was about over. The arsenal from which Mr. Roosevelt can dole out supplies is so enormous, however, that his control of it gives him a unique influence among the councils of the United Nations.

His authority over American military and naval operations is supreme. The army's chief of staff and the navy's commander-in-chief are in effect only his professional advisors; he appoints them, and they cannot even

resign without his permission. While this power of the wartime executive is generally conceived of as exercised primarily in the field of general strategy, he can dictate specific military operations if he wishes and can even command troops in the field if he sees fit.

This power of a civilian to control military operations sometimes appears incongruous to observers, but eminent authorities have insisted that it was wise and necessary. General Karl von Clausewitz, the great German militray philosopher, explained it this way in 1839:

"The principles of the art of war are in themselves very simple, and are quite within the compass of sound common sense." The head of a warring nation need not be versed in warfare, he says, "Elevation, supreiority of mind, strength of character, these principal qualifications which he must possess; a knowledge of war may be supplied in another way—The art of war in its highest point of view is policy (i. e., statecraft), but no doubt, a policy which fights battles instead of writing notes."

In the constitutional convention, Alexander Hamilton and others sought to provide in the Constitution that the President shall not take actual command in the field without the consent of Congress, but the convention refused to adopt this limitation on the President's powers.

The miliatry powers of the President in wartime were not clearly proved until Lincoln's time. Madison in the War of 1812 had a theory that the secretary of war should go into the field and advise and consult in time of battle with the commanding general. He so instructed Secretary John Armstrong, and Armstrong accordingly joined General Winder at Bladensburg, Md., where the United States forces were about to meet the British who were advancing on Washington.

Madison told Armstrong that if any dispute arose, he and the cabinet would be in Bladensburg shortly to settle it. But no controversy developed, for the British swept through Washington so speedily that it was all Madison's horse could do to keep him out of the hands of the enemy.

Armstrong fled to Baltimore and resigned. But the new secretary of war continued to exercise command, devising all the campaign plans in the second year of the war and transmitting them with the President's approval to the military commanders. The confusion which resulted is almost unparalleled in military history.

President Polk during the Mexican war expressed his attitude toward the exercise of his militray functions in the statement that he found it "impossible to give much attention to the details in conducting the war."

Lincoln, however, finding the war going badly and convinced that General McClellan was not doing an adequate job, ripped right into the military domain, visited and advised the military leaders in the field, overruled McClellan in the Peninsular campaign and issued various orders directing specific military operations. After he had put Grant at the head of the Uuion armies, however, he was satisfied that he had found the man who could win the war, and he interfered no more.

But Lincoln had established the

military authority of the Chief Executive, and since then it has been undisputed.

Never since then, however, has it been so extensively used. McKinley in the Spanish American War was unaggressive, and seems to have taken no part in military decisions.

In the conduct of the World War, Wilson exercised his great powers almost exclusively in the control of foreign affairs and the mobilization of the economic resources. He had no military background and stayed pretty well out of the military picture. He intervented on only two occasions —to send expeditions to Siberia and Archangel. His considerations then were diplomatic, rather than military.

President Roosevelt's position as commander-in-chief is more complex than that of any of the other war Presidents. With simultaneous, world-wide operations of the army, the navy and the forces of the United Nations in progress, questions of general strategy are numerous and recurring. Where great issues arise, all final decisions must be left up to him.

While the extent to which he is participating in military planning is necessarily a military secret, it is known that he holds almost daily conferences with the army and navy top command, has weekly meetings at the White House of the Pacific War Council and reads literally bales of War and Navy department dispatches. Those who know him say that he keeps minutely informed as to all military and naval operations.

While friends doubt that he would override the judgment of his professional military advisors except under extremely unusual circumstances, they are confident of one thing: That he will constantly insist on courses of action as aggressive as possible. He has been a man of action all his life. His temperament is such that he is not satisfied unless he sees something being accomplished.

The President is taking his enormous responsibilities in his stride—being as bouyant, jovial and robust-looking as ever. Whatever great task he has to perform, he appears to regard it as a game, plunges in with zest, and no matter how long his hours or how confining his work, he never loses the appearance of nonchalance, the air of being master of the situation.

The White House, nevertheless, is more a military headquarters than it was in the easy days of peace, when hordes to tourists sauntered through the grounds, and scores of rather minor politicians paid visits to "the chief." Now sentry boxes ring the grounds, and sentries are on duty at every few paces. Getting inside the White House is a complicated process for the legitimate visitors. Once within, one is eyed from every side by secret service men. Somewhere in the mansion there is a communications room where army and navy officers handle dispatches for the Chief Executive.

The President works until 6 p. m., instead of knocking off at 5 and taking a swim as he used to do. Swims are few and far between these days. Yet, the President insists he is not over-burdened, telling friends that the war has actually lightened his duties since he has now delegated so large a share of his powers.

Mr. Roosevelt assumed the role of war President with a far better military background than that of any of his predecessors. He has been a student of naval warfare since boyhood. He is well schooled in the works of Mahan, the navy's classical strategic authority. He knows warships like a shipbuilder.

During the World War he wrote articles on naval tactics, outlining plans for defense of coasts. As assistant secretary of the Navy, he was responsible for strengthening the navy in its weakest spot—its shore establishments.

It was then that he first revealed his Lincolnesque capacity for bold, aggressive action, a willingness to assume responsibility for measures of doubtful legality which he deemed necessary for the national safety. He himself has said that he broke enough laws during that war to send him to jail for 999 years.

It involved such matters as persuading contractors to go ahead with an urgently needed piece of work, although as yet no authorization and no funds had been provided. Sometimes the legislative process functioned so slowly and Roosevelt moved so fast that contracts for projects were not signed until months after the work had been completed. All the contractors were eventually paid, however, and no harm and much good came of it.

When this war started, there was an urgent need at Pearl Harbor for certain cargoes which were awaiting clearance at some mainland ports. As the normal operation of the navigation and inspection laws would have entailed considerable delay in dispatching the ships, the President simply signed an order on December 12 waiving those laws in necessary cases. Congress legalized his action by including in the second war powers bill, passed March 27, the authority for the President to do what he had done.

Mr. Roosevelt in the same manner established a military area on the west coast and was moving the Japs out of there at a great rate long before Congress gave him the power, on March 21, to declare a military area.

It is such acts as these—and insiders say there have been a great many others—which cause the scholars to compare Roosevelt and Lincoln. When the Civil War President suspended the writ of habeas corpus, when he increased the size of the regular armed forces,when he issued the emancipation proclamation, he acted with very doubtful authority, But he acted first and sought the sanction of Congress later.

Roosevelt is unique among war Presidents for having made extensive preparations for war before war began. Insufficient for combat as America's fighting power was in December, it was far greater than at the outbreak of any previous war.

With his military slant, Roosevelt when assistant secretary of the Navy went to President Wilson in the fall of 1916 and besought him to mobilize the navy. But Wilson, more of a theorist, with his profound historical sense, dreaded the thought of posterity accusing him of preparing for war

while he was asking for peace, and he refused Roosevelt's request.

Hardly had Roosevelt got settled in the White House than he bagan to build up the depleted navy. In his public works program he repeatedly stressed the defense value of new power projects, transmission lines, highways and merchant vessels. And within a year and a half before the war started, he proposed that the production of war materials begin.

Our war President didn't have us in fighting trim on December 7, but we were better prepared than Americans were in the time of Madison, Polk, Lincoln, McKinley and Wilson; and getting ready for war takes a lot more time now than it did in the days of muskets and smoothbore cannon.

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BARTER

Life has loveliness to sell,
All beautiful and splendid things,
Blue waves whitened on a cliff,
Soaring fire that sways and sings,
And children's faces looking up
Holding wonder like a cup.

Life has loveliness to sell,
Music like a curve of gold,
Scent of pine trees in the rain,
Eyes that love you, arms that hold,
And for your spirit's still delight,
Holy thoughts that star the night.

Spend all you have for loveliness,
Buy it and never count the cost;
For one white singing hour of peace,
Count many a year of strife well lost,
And for a breath of ecstasy
Give all you have been, or could be.

—Sara Teasdale.

NEGRO OF OLD SOUTH WANTS TO FIGHT JAPS

By Allen Nicholson

"Uncle Charlie" Giles, Union county Negro, blind, but remarkably active though over 100 years old, is now reported to be fighting "dem Japs and dem Yankees," for he became mentally upset the past week end when informed that he must move from the humble home which he has occupied since 1886 because that home is within the 9000-acre area taken over by the Government for American aviators to practice aerial warfare.

"Uncle Charlie" has been a noted character in Union for generations, for he was the loyal body servant of the late Captain John R. R. Giles, a brave Confederate officer from Union county, who was killed in action during one of the campaigns in Virginia.

"Uncle Charlie" saw his master when he was shot and when he fell from his rearing stallion. He rushed to where his beloved "Marse Jack" was lying, and managed to get him off the battlefield. As soon as possible he buried his body in charcoal to preserve it, for a coffin was impossible to secure then. After the War Between the States, Charlie, with some of Captain Giles' friends and neighbors, went to Virginia; and "Uncle Charlie" led them to the spot. The body was exhumed and found to be in excellent condition despite its long interment. The remains were returned to Union county, where they were buried.

On many occasions, some of them as late as two or three years ago, "Uncle Charlie" would re-enact the battle scene, when his master, at the head of his men and riding a magnificent stallion, would cry, "Forward! Charge!" It was in one of these charges that Captain Giles was sent reeling from his saddle with a bullet from the rifle of a Yankee sniper.

"Uncle Charlie," who was the slave of Captain and Mrs. Giles, remained with the widow, and was present when President Jefferson Davis and his cabinet spent the night at the Giles home, 10 miles south of Union, while on their flight from Richmond, April 28, 1865. Charlie delighted in telling how many bales of cotton the "Widow Giles" possessed; how he helped dig up from its hiding place the family silver for President Jefferson Davis' entertainment; and how he got a great "hunk of meat" after the supper, with lots of other good things such as only a southern home, even a home that had gone through the stress of four years at war, could possess in those times

"Uncle Charlie" drew a Confederate pension from the state of South Carolina for many years because of his loyalty to Captain Giles and his service as body servant to him in the midst of roaring battle.

For decades "Uncle Charlie" has been living in "Pat-a-Rack," an isolated spot miles from a state highway, near the confluence of Tyger river and Fairforest creek in Union county, a spot where he loved to dwell, though it is where the hoot owls "hoot", bull frogs croak, crows gather

and "caw" and "caw" and there are many kinds of "varmints" that come down from the hills and hollows too quench their thirst at the streams, or leave the streams to get on the sands along the river.

"Uncle Charlie" has owned a large and varied assortment of firearms, from old long barrelled rifles to a big horse pistol, which he will confide to those he knows well, he "tuk from a dead Yankee up in Virginny."

Charlie also has a collection of musical instruments he has always prided himself on possessing, including a fiddle, and a five-foot long boatsman's horn. On that fiddle, "Uncle Charlie," who, unlike many of his race, has not been at all religiously inclined, delighted to play fast and furiously some of the "jig" tunes for dances, that would set even some of his religious critics to tapping their feet under the spell of his music.

The long boatsman's horn has been a great joy to Charlie, for on it he would blow many of the military calls he learned while in the battle in Virginia 80 yars ago, when he was about 20 years old. Still other calls he would sound in the early morning, during the day and at night, were those he learned as a boatsman on the barges, which after the War Between the States were used to carry the farmers' cotton from Union county down Broad river, past treacherous shoals, 65 miles to the state's capital city, Coulumbia, S. C., where the cotton would be sold and supplies for many months ahead purchased.

Going down stream was a relatively easly matter, but returning home the barges had to be "poled" against the current, which was slow, hard work, but ever so often Charlie would make the opportunity to sound on his boatsman's horn the long, doleful blasts to let the people know of the barge's approach to different points along the river. These boatsman's horn calls he still finds strength to produce, and, as for years past, so negroes for miles around, on hearing them, mutter, "Lis'n to old Charlie Giles. He thinks he can blow dat horn better'n Gabriel hisself!"

Now because the Japs "started something," and the United States must train its men to fly and drop their targets, to roar and let machine gun bullets and cannon fire always hit the mark, "Uncle Charlie," along with serval hundred others, both whites and negroes, must leave his beloved habitat, where he has lived for years and years, and seek a new home elsewhere, for Uncle Sam has decreed that he must move—to where, Charlie, as yet, does not know. All the surroundings, for 9,000 acres nearby, must be vacated by June 30, when planes and bombes roar overhead, dropping high explosives, and straffing with machine and cannon fire the ground beneath.

Charlie, who though small, has been a very wiry, strong old man, violently rebelled only a few years ago when the government furnished him "a slow poke mule" when he wanted a "fast, high stepper."

He is practically blind now, and with slight mental delusions, which have been accentuated by developments to a degree that he now thinks he is at war himself, fighting Japs and Yankees, without regard to color or race, thinking that the lapse of 80 years makes no difference. They

are one to him, and, as the loyal servant of a brave Confederate officer who died on the battlefield, he is ready to do his part to uphold his master's and his country's honor, though he bewails and bemoans the fact that he will have to leave his "Pat-a-Rack."

WHY I'M BUYING A BOND

I'm Buying a Bond from a grand, old concern,
Of which every free man has heard;
A gilt-edged investment with splendid return,
And a bonus of—U. S. Preferred;
And with it I'm buying a share of the thing
That I'm fearful will vanish away—
The Birthright of Freedom, to which I must cling—
So, I'm Buying a Bond—today.

I'm making a purchase that you will admit,
Is a token of faith—yours and mine;
Of value, exceeding the trifling bit
That's noted in graven design;
And high above par in Honor and Pride,
With the backing of all that is dear;
And a tower of strength—should the despot decide
To prove that it—Can Happen Here!

I'm Buying a Bond—perhaps two or three,
Or more, for the moment is grave;
Yet, I'd much rather a thousand times be
My own man, though poor—than a slave;
I want to hold fast to my cherished ideals
And all of which I am fond.
With courage to face what the morrow reveals—
That's why—I'm buying a bond!

—Adam N. Reiter.

NEW WAR SONGS RECALL FAVORITE OF CIVIL WAR DAYS

By Laura Fenner

While every war has been the inspiration of song writers, no other war has produced such great numbers of songs as the present conflict.

Many of them reach the top for a few weeks or months, only to be replaced by new ones coming off the presses and out over the radio.

But there was no such fly-by-night popularity for a song favorite of Civil War days, and through all the years intervening; so beloved that several anniversaries directly connected with the song and its composer, Benjamin R. Hanby, are being commemorated.

"Darling Nellie Gray" was published June 17, 1856, five years before the Civil War. But its theme, that of a dying fugitive slave whose last thoughts were of his lost sweetheart, made it a very popular song in the army camps.

The song is, in reality, a true story which was enacted in real life in 1842, 100 years ago.

In the village of Rushville, Ohio, lived Rev. William Hanby. He was an ardent abolitionist, and many slaves found temporary refuge in his home as they fled towards Canada and freedom.

One night, an escaping slave, Joseph Selby, found his way to the Hanby home, ill from exposure and lack of food. He died that night, but not until he had told his story.

His sweetheart Nellie Gray, had been sold and taken from Kentucky to Georgia. Powerless to do anything about it, Selby escaped from his master hoping to reach Canada and there earn enough money to buy his Nellie Gray.

The grave of Joseph Selby may be seen today in the Rushville cemetery, where a gravestone identifies it.

Benjamin Hanby was a lad of nine at the time of Selby's death, but the story so impressed him that it inspired his immortal song, "Darling Nellie Gray," written when he was 23 years old.

The song was written in the little house facing the Otterbein college campus at Westerville, to which place the Hanby family moved from Rushville.

The house stands today, a state memorial museum to the memory of Benjamin Hanby as well as to his father, Bishop William Hanby, one of the founders of Otterbein college 90 years ago. The desk on which the song was written is in the historic home together with other furniture and documents relative to the Hanby family.

Benjamin Hanby, a graduate of Otterbein, studied for the ministry, but after a few years he went to Chicago, where he became an associate of Root and Cady, music publishers.

He collaborated with Root on two song books, "Forest Choir" and "Chapel Gems," and he published about 70 of his own compositions. One very

popular Christmas song even to this day, "Up On the House Top," is among Hanby's compositions.

Benjamin R. Hanby died March 16, 1867, at the age of 33. His remains lie in the Westerville cemetery, and on the gravestone is the inscription. "Over the Silent Sea," the title of one of his songs.

The various anniversaries relative to Benjamin Hanby were commemorated in a joint celebration by Otterbein college recently in connection with graduation activities.

AN AMERICAN DREAM

In 1894, addressing a graduating class of the Naval Academy at Annapolis, General Lew Wallace said: "I have not committed myself, to the assertion that there will be no more wars; that would be an Arcadian dream. There is no end to the greed of nations, and the Pacific coast from Alaska to the Horn, and the Atlantic coast from the Horn to Halifax, bear temptations more frequent than lighthouses. The next ship from Honolulu may bring a cause of war; and, for that matter, the Nicaragua canal, though but in proposition, is a nestegg of war. Undoubtedly hostilities will come; they are inevitable."

Today we embrace the dream General Lew Wallace called "Arcadian"; we challenge the inevitability of everlasting successions of war; we dimly foresee the possibility of justice and liberty made so widely available that outlawed war must eventually be forced to become obsolete. Can this happen anywhere under Jap or Nazi tyranny? If echo answers yes, it's no echo from Lew Wallace's strong voice.

Here is an echo from the voice of that stout realist, who was also a reverent student of Christianity: "I know nothing more honorable, nothing greater, in fact, than going down in the bitter water of defeat—holding victory overhead."

Going down in the bitter waters of defeat is what America has been doing in these opening months of her greatest war; but this very descent has been indeed great and honorable. Those who perished and we who survive have seen Victory forever overhead.—Selected.

"FANTASTIC VENTURES" OF OUR AGE

(Morganton News-Herald)

The story of MacArthur's voyage from the Philippines to Australia will no doubt be told as long as men speak the English language. Fate itself seems to have had a hand bringing that little convoy of torpedo boats safely through the mine-infested. Japanese-held waters to their rendezvous with the fiyers from "down under." The imagination is stirred profoundly and one remembers "old, forgotten far-off things and battles along ago."

Even in the newspaper account of the journey there is something timeless. "The sun dipped into the China Sea out past Corregidor on March 11", writes the correspondent who was privileged to tell the world about this momentous journey, "when in the deepening darkness the form of motor torpelo boats moved slowly through the minefields toward the entrance of Manila Bay, and that little convoy started the hazardous trip which some advisors had warned was a 'fantastic venture.' But the General said, 'We go with the dark of the moon. We go during the Ides of March'."

Here is material for poets and dramatists for a hundred years from now, as well as for those of today! Generations yet unborn will be as thrilled by this thing which happen-en just a short time ago as we today are thrilled by the story of another great general who crossed a frozen river one Christmas night.

History is being made so rapidly these days that we become insensitive until some particularly dramatic feat highlights an hour. Then we pause to remember that we have ringside seats at some of the most significant events that have ever taken place on this earth.

The destiny of all mankind is being worked out, not only in the vast theatre of the war, but here in the home front where Americans are producing the materials and machines that make possible the daring and the thiump of men like MacArthur.

That great factory out west of Detroit that was built, equipped, and turning out bombers in less than 12 months . . . that other factory—the first complete blackout plant in the U. S.—that came to life in a Texas alfalfa field . . . a famous commercial laboratory where more is being discovered about the lifesaving sulfa drugs every day . . . . here is material for poems and plays as well as production reports!

Truly there are "fantastic ventures" in many fields and along many lines these days.

The actions of men are like the index of a book; they point out what is most remarkable in them.—Exchange.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Mr. Ralph P. Mullinax, of South Carolina, is the latest addition to the School's staff of workers. He recently assumed the duties of second grade teacher.

—:—

Our gardens are now furnishing fine string beans, tomatoes, squash, cucumbers, and other vegetables, in abundance. These make valuable additions to the daily menus at various dining rooms on the campus.

—:—

A few cantaloups have been gathered this week, and are said to be of fine quality, and it is hoped they will be issued to the various cottage kitchens in generous quantities in a short time. Word also comes to this office that we may expect some watermelons before long.

—:—

James McGlammery, of Cottage No. 2, recently underwent an operation for appendicitis at the Cabarrus County General Hospital, Concord. He returned to the School this week, and is now convalescing in our infirmary. We were in to see Jimmy the other day, and he seems to be getting along fine. He expects to resume his duties as house boy soon.

—:—

Charles Maynard, formerly of Cottage No. 2, who left the School, July 23, 1924, called on us last Tuesday. Charles is now thirty-five years old. He states that for the past twelve years he has been employed as salesman for the Standard Oil Company, having been located in Newark, N. J.; Washington, D. C.; and Beverly Hills, Calif.; and that he has been at the latter place for five years.

While a lad at the School, Charlie won quite a reputation as a singer, having one of the finest natural baritone voices we have ever heard, but he says his singing now is confined to a little crooning occasionally, just for his own amusement.

—:—

"Tom Brown's School Days," was the feature attraction at the regular weekly motion picture show in the auditorium last Thursday night. A comedy, "Sky Game," was shown at the same time. Both pictures are R-K-O productions.

—:—

Our school principal reports the winners of the Barnhardt Prize, for the quarter ending, June 30, 1942, as follows:

First Grade—Paul Roberts, greatest improvement; Second Grade—Percy Marshall, greatest improvement in spelling and arithmetic; Third Grade—John Frank and Alfred Lamb, highest average and most improvement; Fourth Grade—John Bailey and Marvin Ballew, highest in arithmetic; Fifth Grade—Martin Crump and James Hale, highest general average; Sixth Grade—Ronald Washam, best speller; Seventh Grade—Ventry Smith and Clarence McLemore, best in English.

—:—

Glenwood Kelma Smith, aged 37, who left the school in August, 1924, visited us last Wednesday. The "old-timers" among the local group of workers will recall that this lad was

a member of the Cottage No. 2 group, and was the official chauffeur of the School's "flivver," making trips to Concord for the mail each afternoon.

Upon leaving the institution, Glen returned to his home in Pamlico county, along the coast of North Carolina, where he secured employment on an oyster boat, following that kind of work until the close of the season. For the next eighteen months he was employed on tug boats, dredges, and other small sea-going craft. In 1926, he shipped as crew member on a large tanker, and has been following that occupation ever since. He has been promoted from time to time, and is now rated as pumpman and electrician, and is capable of holding down a job on any kind of tanker, large or small.

Glen talked of his experiences on the sea in a most interesting manner. During the past sixteen years he has visited every country in the world, and has seen many strange sights. Being an enthusiastic camera fan, he took great delight in showing us a number of pictures he had taken and developed on some of his cruises. He was very much disapointed that present regulations definitely forbid any crew member taking cameras on board ship, said order to remain in force for the duration of the war.

Since the entry of the United States into the present war, Glen has had some really thrilling experiences. Three boats have been shot out from under him, but he managed to escape unhurt. While we cannot divulge the names of these vessels nor the location of the sinking, this much of his story may be told: One of the tankers on which Smith was a crew member was wrecked by a mine, and he, together with several others, had to swim about four miles to shore. The second ship was struck by a torpedo from a submarine, and on this occasion, he stated that he was picked up by a coast guard vessel, just about as soon as he dived into the water. His own description was: "We hardly stayed in the water long enough to get wet." The third time, torpedoes from a similar source made two direct hits on the tanker, and the ship had to be abandoned in a hurry. After swimming around in the oily water for several hours, crew members were picked up by United States Navy vessels. Some of the sailors working below deck were killed when the ship was hit.

Ordinarily, three such experiences would be enough for most anybody, but Glen says he believes he has as many lives as a cat, and is going to try it at least six more times. To prove the truth of this assertion, he showed us his orders from the oil company's office, and a ticket to take him to his destination on the Texas coast, from whence he expects to start out on another cruise shortly after his arrival there.

Glen seemed delighted to greet those among the staff members who remembered him as a lad here, and this being his first visit to the School since 1924, he was amazed at the many changes and improvements made. He stated that he still thought this was a fine place for boys, and thoroughly appreciated the training he received here.

—:—

Rev. Robert S. Arrowood, pastor

of McKinnon Presbyterian Church, Concord, conducted the service at the School last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson, he read John 2:1-11, and as the text for his message to the boys he selected the words of Jesus' mother, found in the fifth verse, as she said to the servants at the marriage feast, "Whatsoever he saith unto you, do it."

Rev. Mr. Arrowood began by stating that in Bible times, even as today, boys were expected to obey their mothers. Here we see Mary, the mother of Jesus, telling the servants, "This is my son. Obey him." We, too, in this day and time, should do as Jesus commands.

The speaker then stated that Jesus had been in the home of Mary since his birth, and there were many things about the boy that she did not understand. As she saw him increase in wisdom, in stature, and in favor with both God and man, she realized that her son had a wonderful work to do.

Jesus is present with us today, continued Rev. Mr. Arrowood, and if Mary could speak to us, she would give us the same message as that which she gave those at the marriage feast. She would say, "This is my son. Obey him." The only thing which saved people in the past, and will save men today, is to be obedient to the will of Christ.

Rev. Mr. Arrowood then told the boys that we have the words of Christ, telling us what to do. First, he says, "Come." Just as he called the fishermen by the Sea of Galilee, he calls to us today. Then on another occasion, The Master was talking to a group of people who lived under hard circumstances, and his words to them were, "Come unto me, and I will give you rest." In the same manner, he is calling us today, that we may have eternal peace. Christ does not ask us to do anything that he would not do. He teaches us to believe on him, to love and trust him, even as he loved and trusted his Heavenly Father. He says to us, "Be ye therefore perfect." He would not ask us to do this unless he would be with us and help us.

The speaker then said that Christ was the world's greatest teacher, first, because he loved people; he loved the truth, and had the ability to teach it. By accepting his teachings, we shall find the way to God. There is no other way. It was he who taught us some things to do in our dealings with other people. He first taught that we should love one another. Even in this day of bitter warfare, we should pray for our enemies. Our forces are fighting today, not be cause of hatred for opposing forces. We are fighting for the freedom of the world, even that those in enemy countries might prosper when peace finally is declared, and that the whole world may be one happy brotherhood.

Jesus commands us to serve, said Rev. Mr. Arrowood, and he set us the example by being himself a servant. On one occasion, when he was eating with the disciples, he girded himself with a towel and washed the disciples' feet before they went to the table. He told them to go and do likewise, rendering service to all men, saying that the greatest among them would be those who serve.

In conclusion, the speaker said that we should obey Jesus because he is

Lord of all the world. When we work with him, we are in tune with God. If we refuse, we places ourselves with forces that are evil, and are working against God, and the work of His kingdom upon earth. When we take our stand against God, we are standing against that which shall triumph when all earthly things are destroyed.

IF WE KNEW

If we really knew the fellow
That we talk about so much
Then the hardest heart would mellow
With a little kinder touch.

We would speak about his error,
Should a fellow chance to fall,
And would talk a little fairer
Or we wouldn't talk at all.

But we add a lot of rumor
To a little bit of fact,
And the untimate consumer
Adds whatever we have lacked.

Yes, we add a little to it,
For we nearly always can,
But I doubt if we would do it,
If we really knew the man.
If we really knew another
As ourselves we really know,
When someone criticized a brother
We would say it wasn't so.

For a lie a mile a minute
Often traveled, often grew,
But there may be nothing in it,
If the man we really knew.

When the jealous brings a story,
When the little rumors start,
That may dim another's glory,
Or break another's heart.

Then we carelessly receive them,
Never question, never scan,
But we never would believe them—
If we really knew the man.

—Selected.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending July 5, 1942

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Wade Aycoth
Carl Barrier
Jack Bateman
John Hogsed
Robert Padgett
Charles Pearson
Weaver F. Ruff
Malcom Seymour
Edgar Simmons
Paul Smith
James Watts

COTTAGE NO. 1

James Bargesser
N. A. Bennett
Lloyd Callahan
Everett Case
Durwood Martin
Curtis Moore
James Pitman
Jack Ray
Leonard Robinson
Kenneth Tipton
Luther Vaughn
Frank Walker
Everett Watts
Woodrow Wilson

COTTAGE NO. 2

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE NO. 3

John Bailey
Grover Beaver
Fred Bostian
James Blake
Robert Coleman
Jerry Jenkins
Dewey Lanning
William Pegram
Ralph Powell
Charles Rhodes
Elbert Russ
William T. Smith
Earl Smith
John Tolley
Louis Williams

COTTAGE NO. 4

Jack Bright
Jay Brannock
Leroy Childers
Mack Coggins
William Deaton
Eugene Hefner
James Mondie
Robert Muse
Roy Patton
Simon Quick
Charles Simpson
Carl Tyndall
J. R. Whitman
Roy Womack
Jesse Williamson

COTTAGE NO. 5

Glenn Drum
John Lipscomb

COTTAGE NO. 6

Elgin Atwood
Earl Hoyle
Robert Hobbs
Robert Jarvis
Marvin Lipscomb
John Linville
Robert Marshall
Vollie McCall
Rufus Massingill
Jesse Peavy
Wesley Turner
William Ussery
William Wilkerson

COTTAGE NO. 7

Hurley Bell
Henry Butler
William Butler
George Green
Robert Hampton
J. B. Hensley
Robert Holbert
G. W. Kelly
Edward Loftin
John M. Mazoo
Ernest Overcash
Jack Reeves
Wilbur Russ

COTTAGE NO. 8
Cecil Ashley
Homer Johnson
Frank Workman

COTTAGE NO. 9
Gerald Amos
Cecil Caldwell
David Cunningham
George Gaddy
James Hale
William Hart
Edgar Hedgepeth
Daniel Kilpatrick
Alfred Lamb
Hubert Smith
Winley Jones

COTTAGE NO. 10
(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE NO. 11
Bert Barnhardt
Noah Brown
Robert Goldsmith
A. B. Hoyle

COTTAGE NO. 12
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 13
James Brewer
Thomas Fields
Donald Hobbs
William O'Brien
Fred Rhodes

COTTAGE NO. 14
John Baker
Robert Bailey
Robert Caudle
Walter Carver
Henry Ennis
Audie Farthing
Aubrey Fargis
William Harding
Edward Kinion
William Lane
John Maples
Roy Mumford
Alvis Watkins

COTTAGE NO. 15
Horace Deese

INDIAN COTTAGE
Frank Chavis
Cecir Jacobs
Ernest Jacobs
Leroy Lowry
Herbert Lochlear
James Lochlear
Lester Lochlear
Eugene Watts

AMERICAN CREDO

I was born an American; I live an American; I shall die an American; and I intend to perform the duties incumbent upon me in that character to the end of my career. I mean to do this with absolute disregard of personal consequences! What are the personal consequences? What is the individual man, with all the good or evil that may betide him, in comparison with the good or evil which may befall a great country, and in the midst of great transactions which concern that country's fate? Let the consequences be what they will, I am careless. No man can suffer too much, and no man can fall too soon, if he suffer, or if he fall, in the defense of the liberties and constitution of his country.—Daniel Webster.

CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXX CONCORD, N. C., JULY 18, 1942 No. 29

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THE UNSHAKEN CROSS

Like children's sand houses built upon the shore, age after age the tides of destiny have risen and wiped out the empires built on force. Of all the contrasts in history none could be more disproportionate than that between the Roman Empire on the one side and Calvary's cross upon the other. Yet the Roman Empire has fallen, and many another empire since, like children's blocks toppling in a row; but still that cross stands and haunts the conscience of the world.

—Harry Emerson Fosdick.

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

ALL FOR ONE IN DISTRESS

We have great admiration for some of the provisions which modern governments make for the protection of their citizens. For example, the "Coast Guard" services are entitled to high appreciation. The men in the watch-towers of the stations are on constant watch for persons in distress. They put out from land on missions of rescue, or they search for victims of ignorance or storm with no hesitancy due to personal dangers: a single shipwrecked sailor, name and worth unknown, will evoke efforts at relief in which scores and hundreds of persons will participate. In fact, the whole nation maintains the service.

Humanitarianism in theory and in planning takes thought for individuals, but the motivation is usually in terms of social value. The city slum and the illiterate community are sources of moral and physical infection. Dirt and disease cannot be completely segregated. Criminals arrive at the stage that is dangerous to life and property more easily and frequently, it is said, where insufficient bodily, mental, and spiritual resources are in reach of individuals. Furthermore, the average of productive power is below what can be developed by more care for the "have nots." "It pays" to establish institutions for the underprivileged.

But the really effective regard for the individual is that which our Gospel reveals, for which our Lord gave Himself, and which the Father has made available in Christ. Man's ideas of values are at best imperfect, and efforts to realize even the human ideal are made more or less futile by the cunning opposition of sinners and of sinning. But with God there is the perfect combination of power, love, and action.—The Lutheran.

BOARD OF TRUSTEES MEET

There were eight members of the Board of Trustees of Jackson Training School present at the July meeting, held last Tuesday. The meeting was presided over by the chairman, Hon. L. T. Hartsell. The report on the activities of the institution for the last three months was made by the assistant superintendent, Mr. Jesse C. Fisher, who retired from the meeting at the conclusion of the report.

Superintendent Charles E. Boger, who announced his retirement because of ill health, a few weeks ago, then made expressions of his appreciation of his long service of twenty-nine years as superintendent of the School, and the fine support realized from the trustees.

The high spot of the meeting was the discussion of the selection of a sucessor to Superintendent Boger. This is a great responsibility, and the trustees realize fully the importance of selecting a man adaptable to the many angles of work required for the development of the boy. After reviewing the applications for the post, the decision was made to the effect that more time be given to the selection of a superintendent. The trustees are fully conversant to the fact of the necessity of choosing a man of courageous Christian fortitude. Nothing short of a well-trained man for the reformation of forgotten boys of this institution will be selected. Mr. Boger will continue in his capacity as superintendent until his sucessor is selected by the committee chosen for this particular duty.

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BOUNTIFUL CROPS

Life on the farm is one that carries pleasant anticipations. If disappointments come at harvest time, the man who loves the soil will again show faith in providence by preparing his ground for the next year's crops. There is a peculiar fascination about putting into mother earth a small seed, which from all appearances is dead, and then await with abiding faith to see it burst forth into life. The miracles of nature doubtless keep the farmer hopful despite the many lean years.

When the farm land of this institution yields bountifully there is great satisfaction reflected in the faces of all officials who take part in this special work. We are glad to record, for the benefit of our friends, that the yield of the grain crops of this season surpassed that of last year. There have already been harvested eight thousand and forty-five bushels of grain, and several acres have been left in the hay stage for forage. If all of the grain had been threshed out there probably would have been more than ten thousand bushels stored away this year. This is a wonderful production, and a large contribution toward making secure national defense.

It is timely to state that the garden spots have grown a sufficient quantity of beans, tomatoes, okra, squash, potatoes, onions, and other vegetables to supply the needs of the School. The cannery, under the supervision of an officer, with the assistance of many boys, is taking care of the surplus yield for winter use. In fact, the entire place, at present is a bee-hive, so to speak, and each activity contributes to the welfare of the boys and the maintenance of the institution.

* * * * * * * * *

THINK NOT OF SELF

A man's age should be reckoned by the interest he shows in affairs that contribute to progress, and not by the span of years he has lived. In order to be physically fit, physical culture is necessary. For the same reason, if one wishes to be abreast of the times, mental culture is the keynote. An alert, wide-awake person takes advantage of every opportunity, learning something from every source. A closed mind soon stagnates, and stagnation means death. Some people never grow old, and that is due to their interest in people and affairs that make living conditions better. Just at this point the man, Henry Ford, looms up. He has made wonderful contributions to society by manufacturing the low-priced automobiles. This mode of transporation met the needs of those in the low-wage brackets. Mr. Ford is approaching his eightieth birthday, but his vision has not failed him, if one is to judge from statements in the press credited to him. Already he states that by 1950 he will make airplanes at such a price that every home can afford one. A man of that tempo never grows old. A glorified manhood results only when they meditate upon things helpful to human beings.

It would not surprise us if a medium-priced combination airplane-automobile might be the dream realized by this great man of industry—one capable of traveling over highways, then, at the will of the driver, can be so manipulated as to unfold its wings, and literally take its occupants over the rough places Don't laugh. Stranger things have already happeneed.

THE CAPITOL CITY OF OUR NATION

This week marks the 152nd anniversary of the establishment of the District of Columbia, which became the permanent home of the government of the United States, on June 16, 1790. Provision for such a district was made in the Constitution, which decreed that Congress should have power to exercise exclusive legislation over a tract of land not exceeding ten miles square. Both Virginia and Maryland passed acts ceding such tracts to the United States, and when Congress passed the bill, its location was left to the President. Originally the tract contained exactly one hundred square miles.

The population of the District in 1800 was 14,000; in 1930 it was 486,869, and in 1940 was well over 500,000. Now that we have become actively engaged in World War II, this city has become a veritable bee-hive of industry, and additional thousands have overcrowed the city.

The District was organized solely as the seat of the national government, and the people residing in it have no vote. Government employees retain their former places of residence for voting purposes, and many of them travel long distances to vote at important elections.

* * * * * * * * *

AN APPRECIATION OF THE DOG

Man's most faithful friend in the whole world is his dog. He remains true to his master either in health or sickness, wealth or poverty, and one may severely chastise a faithful dog, but, unlike the human family who will desert home under similar circumstances, this domestic animal will lick the hand that used the whip, and cuddle closer to his master's feet. The following article, copied from The Lutheran, shows there are many who know the characteristic traits of a dog, and are making use of the same. God never placed anything in the universe that was not for some good. Read:

> Dogs are coming in for new appreciation these days. This is especially revealed in a recent call (May 21) by our Army Headquarters in Hawaii to dog owners throughout the area to enlist their pets in the Army for guard and sentry duty. The call, noted as "urgent and immediate," stated that each dog used

would release a man for other duty, after special training had made them acceptable. Curiously enough the first dog enlisted was a prize German Shepherd, owned by Hawaii's Director of Dogs for Defense, Harold Castle. The British government is also calling for more dogs, to guard airdromes and factories and to carry messages. The preference is for Alsatians, Airedales, other terriers, collies, mastiffs, and bulldogs, "or crosses between them." Another indication of appreciation for canines is shown in the establishment of a "blood bank" at Washington State College veterinarian school, Pullman, Wash. At present "the bank" is sustained by two dog donors, who have provided their own blood for 103 transfusions. Students W. E. Stahl and Fred Metcalf, who have developed the technique, trained the dogs to sit motionless for the ten to fifteen minutes necessary for each donation. The process has more lately been applied to cattle and horses.

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NO PASSING AT INTERSECTIONS

Despite repeated warning appearing in our newspapers, magazines, bulletins, and other publications, motorists seem to show utter disregard for safety, both for themselves and for others, and still madly dash past fellow travelers at highway intersections and railroad grade crossings. Director Ronald Hocutt, of the North Carolina Highway Safety Division, calls attention to the law prohibiting this foolish and dangerous practice, as follows:

> Section 109, Motor Vehicle Laws of North Carolina—"In crossing an intersection of highways or the intersection of a highway by a railroad right-of-way, the driver of a vehicle shall at all times cause such vehicle to travel on the right half of the highway unless such right side is obstructed or impassable."

In other words, it is unlawful to pass another vehicle at any highway intersection or railroad grade crossing.

LEGENDS OF THE INDIANS

By Julia W. Wolfe

Few of our American writers have studied the legends of the American Indians. These legends are very interesting and somewhat resemble the legends of ancient Greece. They give a poetic touch to all their imaginations of creation and the future of man. Some of the finest bits of folklore orignated among the tribes of the Northwest, where the vast forests, the majestic mountains, and the rushing rivers seemed just created to evoke a natural setting for mysteries.

From Mount Shasta on the south to Mount Baker on the north, twelve snow peaks thrust their summits upward to heights varying from 9,000 to 14,000 feet. Time was when these glistening peaks were hot with the breath of eternal fires, when molten lava poured down their sides laying waste everything with which it came in contact. The authentic history of that time is known only to the geologist. But we know that at some period in the far past men came, and something of what they felt and thought has been handed on in the myths of the Indians.

You who know your "Hiawatha" and the literature of the Indians of the Eastern and central sections will meet with surprise the statement that the Indians of the Northwest did not have what they truly called a great spirit—no good and beneficent diety. There was no pretense at praise or worship or devotion. They sensed the great truth that the mighty forces of nature which they saw all about them could not have come "by chance" but they were impressed rather by the destructive powers of their god as evidenced in volcanic fires—in floods and in avalanches—than by his constructive purposes as seen in the orderly processes of nature.

Of the myths which have come down from the time of which the Indians speak as "the days of the first grandfather" few are of greater interest than those which deal with the creation of the world and the origin of fire. Early Indian authorities differ as to how the world came to be. One story has it that Silver Fox left his home in the sky and came down to earth when it was covered with water. First he made a little round island. Then he gradually pushed the earth out with his foot in all directions until it reached its present size.

The Shasta Indians say that the man above made a hole in the sky through which he pushed ice and snow until he made a great pile. Then he left the sky and stepped from cloud to cloud until he reached this mass of ice and snow. From there it was only a small step to earth. The snow shown through the hole he made, and when the snow and ice had melted he planted trees which were watered by the melted snow.

Sliver Fox peopled his world by whitling down sticks. The finished sticks were warriors and chiefs and the shavings were common folks. Then the old men gathered leaves from the trees and changed them to birds. He broke a stick into three pieces. From the small end he made fishes—from

the middle he made smaller animals —and from the big end of the stick he made Grizzly, the master of all.

And so in the fulliness of time, people and animals came into a world which was yet without fire. A Greek myth sent Prometheus to the home of the gods from whence he brought fire from the chariot of the sun to warm the earth dwellers. We may not know whether Prometheus was a contemporary of the first grandfather, but a myth of the Northwest runs thus: "There was now a world and people on it, but there was no fire anywhere save in one place—on top of a high mountain. The fire was guarded by three Skookums. Coyote wanted men to be warm, so he went to the top of the mountain to watch Skookum for a while. There was always one Skookum by the fire except just at dawn, when it is coldest. Now Coyote knew that he could not run fast enough nor far enough to get away from the Skookums if they should chase him. So he went back down the mountain and got other animals to help him. Then he crept back to the place. Dawn came and the Skookum in charge of the fire went to the tepee to call another to take her place. The other Skookum was slow and sleepy.

Coyote stole fire and ran until he was about to be caught. Then he gave it to the wolf, who did his best and turned it over to the squirrel, who ran from branch to branch then down the mountain. When a skookum was about to catch him he gave the fire to the frog, who carried it away and then spat it on wood, which swallowed it. No Skookum knew how to get fire out of wood, it seems. Coyote taught men how to do it by rubbing two sticks together.

There is another origin of the fire story from the Nez Perce which appears to have begun where Coyote left off. The myth goes back before the beginning of time when there were no people on earth. Animals and trees talked and walked as we do now. Pine trees had all the fire there was. The animals stood it as best they could until one long, cold winter when they almost froze to death. Then they called a council and planned to get the fire from the pines.

The trees on the banks of the Grand Ronde had built a fire to warm themselves and the beaver swam over there and hid under the bank where the guards could not see him. After a long time a live coal left the fire and rolled down the bank and was caught up by the beaver, who hid it in his breast. Then there was a merry chase. Finally, after a long run, the old trees grew tired and stopped on the river bank, and the beaver swam to the other side of the river and gave the fire to the birches and willows. That is why fire can be gotten from these woods by rubbing sticks together.

The myths of the Northwest have much in common with those of unknown America. We are told that some of these myths are common to almost every race and tribe.

A useless life is only an early death.—Goethe.

BENJAMIN NATHAN CARDOZO

By Fannie Hurst

Apparently all the world loves a modest man, particularly when the quality resides, as it so frequently does, within the spirit of one who has the grace to grow big simply, instead of simply big. Benjamin Nathan Cardozo had that grace.

His death in 1938, scarcely allows time to enroll him properly in his enevitable place in the hierarchy of noble and ennobling Americans.

Already however, this quiet gentleman of Sephardic Jewish ancestory which dates back to our colonial times of 1664, has taken his place in the not overcrowded corridor of America's Pantheon, as exponent of those qualities of prudence, jurisprudence, mercy and humanity to mankind, which his fellow Americans love and reverence.

This scholar of no flamboyance, no illiadic exploits, and who never did a pretentious thing in his life, has not only liberalized American judiciary by way of his reverent yet progressive interpretation of the Constitution, he has added immeasurably to its stature.

It should interest millions of young boys to whom the life of such a man is a guarantee of the potential grandeur in all of us, to visualize the normalcy of this American fellow as he lived his boyhood between his home, private schools, and Columbia university in New York City. They have reason to feel a sense of national pride in the fact that Benjamin Cardozo grew naturally out of their own soil, as germane to it as those giant redwood trees which rear themselves in our California forest.

Born into a well-bred home in New York City on May 24, 1870, he was not, however, exactly of that tradition so dear to the American heart. This gentle child came of the gentle stock of a long and honorable family. American Cardozos, to say nothing of antecedent Cardozos of Spain, Portugal, Holland and England, include bankers, writers, rabbis, patriots and painters.

The verses of Benjamin Cardozo's cousin, Emma Lazarus, "Send these, the homeless, tempest-tossed to me, I'll lift my lamp beside the golden door," are written in bronze across the base of the statue of Liberty.

So too, in turn, is written across the sacrosanct scroll of those Americans who have walked in beauty of mind, spirit or valor, the name of Emma Lazarus' boy-cousin, Benjamin Cardozo.

It is simultaneously mystifying and interesting to note that the slim and scholarly boy Ben, as he grew up in the Madison avenue house of his widowed father, where he was lovingly mothered by an older sister, was not appreciably different when it came to worldliness from the encyclopedic sage, Justice Benjamin Cardozo, of older growth and a long line of degrees and honorary recognitions, who was to bring a new dimension of erudition to that rarefied strip of Olympia known as the Supreme Court bench.

Not even a lifetime of study, philosophical contemplation and profound authorship and high honors, succeeded in transforming the young student into a worldly sophisticate.

He remains, (Benjamin Cardozo never married) one whose life must have been brilliantly lighted from within by a mind tirelessly dedicated to liberating itself and the mankind it served.

The story of the processes by which the young Cardozo moved from law practice to Chief Judge of the highest court in the State of New York, and on to the Supreme Court of the United States, is an adventure story chiefly in its intellectual feats.

It is amusing and ironic that Horatio Alger should at one time have been tutor to a lad whose exploits were to be confined to the scholarly adventures of an inquiring and brilliant brain and whose brawn resided in a gigantic capacity for work.

Frail, he burned the candle of his strength at both ends, using the midnight oil freely, especially when decisions that involved human destinies were concerned. The scales of justice upon which he weighed his opinions were delicate and he used them with a split-hair perception.

Men, past and present, of Benjamin Cardozo's profession; his colleagues, his friends, knew why his spoken and written opinions had both the chastity and dignity of precision. Men to come, will know why. A chaste and dignified mind carried to them by slow, scholarly and liberal procedure.

Nor was it a mind fed entirely from the channels of his own learned profession. He was an intellectual archaelogist, reading Greek and Latin for pleasure and storing his rich findings into a memory that seldom failed him. This grace of intellect combined with a grace of a pen, formed an arch of lucky stars for American judiciary and liberalized thinking.

This portrait of the man whose written opinions drafted in quality of mercy, high judgment, and the austere perfection of the use of the English language, is the formal one.

Not so formal, is the picture of the man at home in the quiet environment presided over by his doting sister. Not so formal, is the Benjamin Cardozo who, not athletic-minded, nevertheless took part in his class rush. Not so formal, yet once more smacking of inevitable high courage, is the picture of that Benjamin Cardozo who, wounded in the secret place of his heart when his father dropped a blot upon the escutcheon of his fine house by committing certain irregularities, made deathless resolve to erase this blot.

That he succeeded is in the high tradition of Chief Justice Cardozo.

This dogged intent and purpose to clear the family name is practically the sole heroic gesture on his record. That he never thought of it in that way, or perhaps never thought of it at all, except as his debt to a humanity he loved and to a family he loved, is again in the tradition of Benjamin Cardozo.

Retreating from the rewards of his virtues, he seems destined to become a classic example of the world finding its way to the door of the maker of that first-rate mouse trap.

It is fair to assume, however, even

at this present, that less than a majority of American women in the American streets are sufficiently aware of his imprint upon their time, their circumstances and their country.

Inevitably though, in spite of himself, the brightly burning flame of his spirit is becoming more and more apparent to our hurly-burly generation.

It is heartening to think of this lad, whose opinions were to become ethical sign-posts in our national life, springing so naturally out of that strange hard soil, the asphalt of an American metropolis.

If Benjamin Cardozo had been confronted with the choice of the color of ink with which he would prefer to leave his profound signature upon his day and age, it is fairly safe to assume that he would have selected invisible ink.

Call Cardozo's, if you will an undramatic life. As such precepts go, it was. There is no doubt that he walked closely in the shadow of the walls contained his his privacy. To be sure, recognition did beat its path to his door, high destiny showed early in the tea-leaves of his cup, but the impact of Cardozo against the society he was to enrich, was gentle.

"The important thing," he said, with some of his gentleness "is to rid our presuppositions so far as may be, of what is merely individual or personal, to detach them in a measure from ourselves, to build them not upon instinct, or intuitive likes or dislikes, but upon an informed and liberal culture."

"Precedent," is either the dead hand, the astrophied hand, the wise or the compassionate hand of yesterday, reaching from the past. Judge Cardozo dared to evaluate precedent for precisely what it was worth respecting it when it had life and validity, not hesitating to push it aside when it became a dead hand from the grave of outgrown circumstances.

These are not easy wisdoms to achieve. They exact the toll and anguish of long hours of before the balancing of the scales, deep research into the heart, profound courage and impeccable integrity of purpose.

In such an intellectual laboratory, the scholar and gentleman Cardozo, distilled his opinions.

Americans today, hurrying about their pattern of life, are the more secure, because in our recent past, a man of long ancestry, ancient race, and with reverence for the dignity of human liberty, impeccably regarded justice as an American birthright.

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Just remember there are others who've a heap more grief than you;
Give a word of courage to them, 'tis a kindly thing to do.
And your task of overcoming will to you a blessing bring;
If you only keep a-going, you can pull through anything.

—Grace Ruberg Ballard.

VALE; CHAIRE; LAK BE CHALOM

(The State)

At the recent Davidson College commencement exercises for the class of '42, the president of that institution, Dr. John Rood Cunningham, delivered an address to the graduates which, in its brevity, its simplicity and its power is likely to become a classic in the annals of North Carolina education. We publish it herewith in its entirety.

And now, gentlemen, we have come this day to the parting of our ways. Our paths henceforth lead in many and devious directions. Only the omniscence of God can interpret the future that is ahead for you. Only the omnipotence of God can support and protect and guide you in your ways. I shall not add to the weight of your burden by drawing your attention in detail to the world into which you emerge. I do not suppose in all the 105 years of Davidsons' history a class ever went out into more uncertainty, of crisis and of crucifixion.

For years you have been schooled by your elders—alls of us—to distrust force, to abjure violence, to abhor war, and to place your confidence in the power of unselfish love. This training has made inevitable for you considerable confusion of mind, and reluctance of action. The time of indecision is past. The day of decision and action is thrust upon us. However unnecessary the world's tragedy may have been, however many misgivings we may feel, surely it is clear that ours is the responsibility of doing what we can, taking whatever route conscience and capacity and circumstance may dictate, to keep open the road to freedom, honor, true democracy and Christian living. Davidson has sought above all else, far above the acquiring of facts and knowledge, to assist you in discovering those ideals and principles by which men must live. She has sought to point you by precept and by example to Him who is the Way, the Truth, and The Life. We bid you renew your faith in these ideals this day; we bid you rededicate your lives to His standards. His guidance and His loving protection. Let it be your resolution here and now, that wherever across this wounded world in the months ahead, a Davidson man appears, there will be the fulfillment of the prophet's desire, "And a man shall be a hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest, as rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

As I have thought of a suitable farewell to you today, I have recalled the words employed in four languages by as many people. Each of them says something I would leave with you as the affectionate thought of each of us and of your great Alma Mater. When the Romans would say farewell, they said, "Vale"—Be strong; have power, ability influence. They centered their thought on strength. So, we say to you, "Vale"—Be strong. The Greeks would say "Chaire"—Rejoice; delight in the charm, the beauty, the pleasant circumstances about you. The fundamentals of joy are still with us. The grandeur and beauty of life is best

seen versus a dark background. We say to you, even now, "Rejoice" in beauty. The Hebrews said, "Lak Be-Shalom"—Go into Peace. Not only go in peace, but go on and on in God's favor and friendship. The root of the word is as a shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day. And then, in our language we say "Goodby." Here is the contraction of the tender and beautiful prayer, "God be with ye." In his keeping, by His guiding spirit, under His loving providence—all will be well. And, so, we say to you, Vale— Be Strong; Chaire—Rejoice; Lak Be Shalom— Go into Peace; and Goodby— God be with you.

ALUMINUM NOT NEW

There is nothing particularly new about aluminum. It is much in the limelight now because of the war. Its usefulness is due to:

Lightness, color, ability to take high polish, ability to form alloys of high strength, ductility, malleability, good resistance to oxidation, resistance to corrosion by nitric acid and practically all organic acids, high electrical conductivity, ease of working and machining.

These and numerous other qualities made it popular for use in automobiles. Manufacturers of cars became the largest users of aluminum. With the development of aircraft its use was largely increased. It is the lightest metal in common use. Aluminum was first isolated by Wohler in 1827.

Commercial production of the metal did not come until 1854, when Ste. Claire developed the process of reducing aluminum chloride by means of metallic sodium. This process was used for thirty years until the development of the present electrolitic process. On an average the United States produces 40 per cent, Canada 10 per cent, while the other 50 per cent comes from other countries.

Domestically, aluminum has practically displaced tin. Once it is said to have ranged with gold in value. Research and science changed all that by new processes. Thousands of jobs resulted. As an illustration of the present urge for aluminum, the National Association of Manufacturers tells us that the metal in 60,000 percolators is needed in making one bomber. Therefore, if you joined in giving up your old aluminum pots, pans, etc., during the recent crusade you are a patriot.

—Selected.

GENERAL TOM THUMB

By Russell Cole

A century ago a lady visiting Bridgport, Conn., went to a school and asked to be shown a remarkable child of whom she'd been hearing the twonspeople speak. The school mistress called up "Charlie" for her and a mite of a fellow came and stood on his teacher's held-out hands and recited his letters.

This little fellow was Charles Sherwood Stratton, afterward known as General Tom Thumb. He was born in Bridgeport in 1837. His hair and complexion were light, eyes dark, cheeks rosy, and he was distinguished by the perfection and elegance of his proportions and his vivacity of manner.

In 1842 P. T. Barnum discovered Charlie at his home in Bridgeport and soon Tom Thumb made his appearance in New York. "He was not two feet high," said Mr. Barnum, "he weighed less that 16 pounds and was the smallest child I ever saw that could walk alone. After some coaxing he was induced to talk with me and he told me that he was the son of Sherwood Stratton and that his name was Charles Sherwood Stratton. After seeing and talking with him I at once determined to secure his services from his parents and to exhibit him in public."

But now a difficulty arose. The child was small, not much higher than a man's knee, but he was only five years old, so that people, if this were known, might refuse to believe him a dwarf. So when Tom was advertised six years were added to his age, several inches subtracted from his height and his place of birth changed from Bridgeport, Conn., to England.

The General was at once a sensation. For a year he charmed the people in New York with his songs and wit. Then Mr. Barnum took him to England.

There his success was even greater. A house was hired in a fashionable neighborhood of London, cards were sent out to the nobility and in a few days elegant carriages blocked the street in front of Tom's door while crowds of distinguished people thronged the drawingroom for a glimpse of the little General.

There's little doubt that Barnum's introduction of Tom Thumb to London was one of the brightest examples of showmanship in all time.

Aided by a letter from his friend, Horace Greeley, to the American Minister, Edward Everett, Barnum arranged for Tom's appearence before Queen Victoria and her royal household at Buckingham Palace.

An older person might have been frightened by the importance of the occasion and the elegance of the company but the General was only a child and was too used to crowds by this time to show any shyness or fear. When the great moment arrived Tom strutted proudly up to his hosts, bowed deeply and said, "Good evening, ladies and gentlemen!" to the delight of all present.

The fascinated Queen took the little fellow's hand and led him about the

picture gallery, asking him many questions. His answers caused her to laugh continuously. He told the Queen that her picture gallery was first-rate, which was one of his common expressions of approval. The General sang and danced for the company.

When the time came to "back out" little Tom amused all who watched by alternately backing solemnly and turning and running to catch up with the six-foot-two Mr. Barnum.

Tom's royal reception increased public interest and everywhere stories were told of his cleverness and wit. It was related that on one occasion the Duke of Wellington came into the hall as Tom was giving his impersonation of Napoleon. Walking up to the platform the old Duke pleasantly inquired, "What are you thinking of, General?" The little fellow, who had been pacing up and down the platform lost in thought, looked up from beneath his cocked hat and recognized the Duke. "I was thinking," he said, "of the loss of Waterloo."

During Tom's extended European engagment he was received by the crowned heads of several countries and came home with a fortune.

In 1863 Tom Thumb's public career reached its zenith with his marriage to Lavinia Warren, another dwarf of attractive appearance, in Grace Church, New York. Barnum had discovered Lavinia at her home in Middleborough, Mass., and had exhibited her in New York with much the same success won by Tom 20 years before. Lavinia was now about 22.

Tom had won Lavinia's hand from a rival midget, Commodore Nutt, who served as the General's best man. Barnum arranged the wedding on a scale of splendor which the world had come to expect from the famous showman. Admission was by card of invitation. As much as fifty dollars was bid for a ticket but none was sold.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Thumb were exhibited in both America and England but with their marriage public interest died out and eventually little was seen or heard of the pair. Tom Thumb died in 1883 and Barnum, his associate of 40 years, erected a marble shaft over the grave at Bridgeport. At the time of his passing Tom had reached a height of forty inches and weight of seventy pounds.

Can you imagine a civilization whose chemists have produced nylon, cellophane, plastics, and hundreds of other synthetic substances, that will not be able to produce in two years' time something that can supplant rubber, at least temporarily?

We know such work has been going on for years, but then there was no pressing need. The old adage of the maternal relationship between invention and necessity will fan the flames into activity. And one of these days the news will leak out that the trick has been turned. No more then shall we have to depend on the other side of the world for our rubber supply.

—Sunshine Magazine.

DOING THE IMPOSSIBLE

By Dr. Hunter B. Blakely

From the building of the Panama Canal there came a song:

"Got any riveers you say are impossible?
Got any mountains you can't tunnel through?
We specialize in the wholly impossible,
Doing the work which no others can do!"

Specializing in the impossible! This now is what we all must do. Whoever thought that American industry, keyed up to mass production of automobiles, radios, washing machines, typewriters, vacuum cleaners, and a thousand other instruments of civilzation, could in a few short months change over to produce airplanes, tanks, ships, guns, and other implements of war on such a scale as the world has never seen? In industry we must now accomplish the impossible, and we will.

The youths of America are now doing the impossible and will continue to do so. Not many months ago we called them careless, indifferent, and thought them unwilling to face life realistically. They loved to dance, to play, and to lie listlessly in the sun. Books were written saying that they were weak, soft, spoiled by ease, having no great purposes for which to live and no convictions for which they would be willing to die. It was all wrong, for they now are showing us that they can stand up against such dangers as Americans never faced before. On every continent, on every sea, on the land, in the air, and under the water, they are demonstrating that Americans are as strong and heroic as ever. We know now that these youth, who we feared had been coddled into softness, are made of hero stuff.

At home, we also must specialize in the impossible. This morning a letter from Life Magazine has been placed on my desk calling attention to the July sixth issue in which tribute is paid to "The Fighting South," and saying that "the lead story in the same issue shows the reaction of Harrodsburg, Kentucky, to the loss of a good part of its manpower on Bataan." It was in Harrodsburg that I spent two of the happiest years of my life. Now that little city is called upon for the seemingly impossible—to suffer "the loss of a good part of its manpower." War comes close home to each of us when to our friends there come those words, "missing in action." But sustained by Christian faith, motivated by high purposes to maintain civilization and to conserve the heritage of humanity, and determined in our hearts that we will build a better world of justice and peace, those of us who are left behind, even though our hearts bleed and our minds are continually filled with anxiety, will maintain a morale which once might have seemed impossible. It is now that we must, and we will, rise to a better then our best.

It is in times of crisis that men live beyoud themselves. We need that kind of living now. It is not

a time for looking back. The die is cast; the course is set; and we will go forward—overcoming by God's help the seemingly impossible. As the darkness deepens, courage will become more courageous.

A NURSE STUMBLES ON DISCOVERY

While on duty as a nurse at Stone-Helsabeck clinic the other morning, Miss Kate Perry Stone accidently made a discovery that may not only play an important part in defeating Hitler but may revolutionize the rubber industry after the war.

A glance at history is enough to convince us that many of the world's greatest discoveries were accidental, or should I say they were stumbled upon while searching for something else. Columbus discovered America while searching for a near way to India; Bell invented the telephone while searching for something that would help a deaf person to hear; and iodine was discovered by French scientists while they were searching for a way to make gun powder from seaweeds.

While on duty at the clinic the other morning, Nurse Stone accidently spilled some medicine on her apron and like magic the contact with the medicine became like rubber. For a moment Miss Stone stood there dumbfounded—she could hardly believe her own eyes. That afternoon and the next morning she the experiment was repeated many times and every time the result was the same.

Realizing that she had stumbled across something that might help solve the rubber problem and help win the war, she decided to contact the war department. For a moment she hesitated—if there was anything to it some one else would have discovered it long ago—but after thinking it over she contacted the war department, who in turn turned her discovery over to the National Inventors' council for their consideration.—Selected.

TRUTHS AND TRADITIONS

By Jenny Wrenn

There is an old adage "Like father, like son." In the olden days that was probably true, but time reverses things. For many years the old tradition held out. Parents moulded their children as they would—the will of the parent became the will of the child. The parent was the potter—the child the clay. That day has passed. We have come into a new era—the day of obedient parents. The child dictates—the parent obeys. We wonder how and when the change came about. If we could stop for a moment and think the answer would become clear.

When our children were babies, they cried for things. We probably resisted for a moment, but we were tired and we lacked the backbone of our fathers. While they resisted to the bitter end we weakened and for momentary peace we gave in, the children got the things they cried for. They began crying for larger and larger things. In the end they beat down our resistance, until finally they wept for the unattainable. A parent cannot give his child the moon, but if the child cries for the moon and has always won out through tears, he feels abused when this boon is denied him.

When the parent can no longer produce, contempt for him is born in the heart of the child. No longer does he look upon the parent as the super man. It suddenly occurs to him that he is a bigger man than his father. He swaggers and crows like a young cock in the dawn. His father becomes "the old man." He begins telling his father what to do and the father, whipped down and tired through and through, finds it easier to give in and become the obedient parent. Farther and farther he wanders down the path of least resistance, becoming finally a nonetity in the life of his child—something to be endured rather than admired and looked up to with respect.

The other day I read something like this in a question and answer column. "Is it all right for our 'teen age daughter to call us by our given names?" The answer was "Yes, if not done in disrespect."

I seriously question that answer. Someone once wisely said "Familiarity breeds contempt." That is most certainly true. A certain dignity should be maintained in the parent-child relationship. A child should always look up to his parent as to his superior. Many present day young people criticize their parents unmercifully, both behind their back and to their faces. When I was a child I was confident that a bolt from heaven would strike me dead if I so much as thought in terms of disrespect of my parents, much less voice them. As opportunity afforded and means permitted we children were given the advantage of a better education than our parents had. We naturally became a bit more fastidious in our ways of living and developed an appreciation for purer English than our parents ever spoke, yet it never occured to one of us to correct them. There was a time when

an inborn respect for a parent outweighed and surpassed all other emotions. I believe that was as it should be. The earthly family, imperfect though it is, is a symbol of the Heavenly Family where the Father's word is all powerful and is spoken to be obeyed.

I remember that once a guest in our home correctly pronounced a word that our father had, just a few moments before, mispronounced. The terms in which we thought of him were scathing. Today I can think of nothing more ill bred or of equal rudeness. It was especially unbearable when we knew that our father possessed a wisdom and intelligence vastly superior to that of the guest who was hiding behind a thin veneer of polished English.

We are told that when the war is over, there will be a great change in our way of living. We fear that change, and long to cling to the ways we know and understand. Yet the new order of things may be a step forward from the muddle in which we now are wallowing. Climbing is a painful thing. We become foot sore and weary but if it brings us to higher ground it is worth the hazardous might of undertaking. We can not in this life expect a time when our cares will fall from us like a garment, but a clean sweep of the imagination gives us a glimpse of a day when conditions may right themselves. When the youth of the nation will be content to abide by the wisdom of age and experience and reserve their young strength to fight against ignorance and disease.

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FAITH

Better trust all and be deceived,
And weep that trust and that deceiving,
Than doubt one heart that, if believed,
Had blessed one's life with true believing.

Oh, in this mocking world too fast
The doubting fiend o'ertakes our youth;
Better be cheated to the last
Than lose the blessed hope of truth.

—Kemble.

LEGEND OF BALD MOUNTAINS

By Margaret R. Siler

In Western North Carolina there are many mountain peaks which are known as "balds."

They were given this name because there are no trees above a certain point; nothing but a hardy grass, with perhaps a few small shrubs here and there.

A number of different reasons have been given for this particular formation. Even the Cherokee Indians, hundreds of years ago, had their own ideas about the matter. There were several legends about the bald mountains and of these I believe the following is the one which was most generally accepted.

A long, long time ago a terrible thing happened when the Indians had gathered from the Cherokee country at the time of the Green Corn Moon, in the Middle Towns along the Little Tennessee River to building Nik-wa-sĭ mound higher, it being the custom to add to it each and every year.

A group of happy children were playing in the water of the clear little stream when suddenly a great monster swooped down from the clouds on far-reaching wings and, with talons bigger than a man's hands, bore off one of the children.

Swiftly toward the western mountains it flew. The Indians were filled with terror by the "Great Hornet" that could carry off one of their children. The chiefs and young braves of all the towns gathered together to discuss what should be done. They decided to place watches on the tops of the highest mountains, near together, to halloo to one another in case they found traces of the Great Hornet.

The Cherokee word for "halloo" is Tau-keet. They gave the fearful bird the name of Tau-kee-ta (The Halloo Bird).

According to the legend, the Taukeets, or halloo-men, or sentinels, finally traced the monster to its hiding place or den on the steepest side of You-wah-chu-la-na-yeh, or what is known as Standing Indian Mountain. This den was not found, however, until after several months of arduous toil. The Indians could not trace the Taukeeta's flight on account of the forests on the mountain crests. So with their crude stone axes, they cleared the timber from the tops so as to have a clear view of the Terror's movements.

This required long and hard labor, and when the den was at last found among the clics on the perpendicular mountainside, it was found to be inaccesable. The cliffs above and below the den were steep and slippery. Two stalwart braves climbed to the top of a mighty hemlock tree near the cliffs, where they could hear the screeching and also the flapping wings of the young ones in their hiding place.

Hundreds of Cherokees gathered in the deep ravine at the foot of the cliffs and for days they tried to reach this den of demons; but their efforts were in vain.

At last the Chieftains held a great pow-wow, and called upon their

tribes to ask aid from the Great Spirit.

For days and nights they prayed for supernatural power and at last their faith was rewarded; for out of a clear sky there came a bolt of lightning so blinding that every man fell on his face. This was followed by a clap of thunder that shook the great mountain.

The rugged cliff that had stood the storms of centuries, was rent asunder. Black Clouds rolled across the heavens. The Indians were terribly frightened but the storm was over almost as suddenly as it had come.

Among the splintered boulders of blue granite at the foot of the mountain was the monster "hornet" and its two little ones. They had been electrocuted by the bolt of lightning from heaven.

The Cherokees spent days and nights in thankful prayer and praise to the Great Spirit. It was during this period of religious devotion that the Indians received the promise from the Spirit that never again should the mountain tops, on which the watchers had stood, be covered with timber to conceal the dens of the Tau--kee-ta.

It was through this legend that Standing Indian, the highest mountain in the Blue Ridge Range, got its name. The story goes that one of the Tau-keet men nearest the den through fear or carelessness, forgot to give his signal, and at the time of "The Bolt from Heaven," was turned to stone and has remained standing near these cliffs to this good day. Throughout the ages the elements of wind and rain have worn away the arms of the figure but a pillar of stone, with head unchanged, still stands and bears the name as the Cherokees would say it: You-wah-chu-la-na-yeh — standing Indian.

"Life should be measured by deeds, not years."

MILLIONS BELOW FIFTH GRADE

(News Letter)

There are ten million persons in the United States twenty-five years of age and older who have not gone beyond the forth grade according to the 1940 census. Heretofore the census has reported the number of illiterates—people unable to write in any language the fourth grade according to the 1940 census discontinued this question and substituted a request for information on "The highest grade of school completed."

The census reveals that approximately 2,800,000 people twenty-five years of age and over in the United

States had not completed one year of schooling. These people for all practical purposes are illiterate. They constitute 3.8 percent of the total population twenty-five years of age and over. There are 7,305,000 who reported that they had completed from one to four years. These people constitute 9.9 percent of the total population twenty-five years of age and over. This means therefore, that 13.7 percent of the population twenty-five years of age and over have not gone beyond the fourth grade.

Iowa continues to rank first in literacy. She reports only six-tenths of one percent of her population twenty-five years of age and over as not having completed the first grade, and 3.6 percent having completed from one to four grades; and, therefore, the smallest percent with less than a fifth grade education, 4.2 percent. South Carolina reports 27.2 percent of her population twenty-five years of age and over having completed from one to four grades of schooling. Louisiana has the highest percent, thirty-six, of population twenty-five years of age and over which has not gone beyond the fourth grade followed closely by South Carolina, with 35.2 percent.

North Carolina reports 95,414 persons twenty-five years of age and over who have not completed the first grade, or 5.9 percent of all people in this age classification. Only nine states have more people with less than one grade of education; the percent is higher in seven states. North Carolina also reports 337,639 persons twenty-five years of age and over who have completed from one to four years of schooling. There are only four states with larger numbers of persons who have completed one grade but have not gone beyond the fourth grade. Only one of these four states, Georgia, has a smaller total population than North Carolina. Slightly more than one-fifth of our population twenty-five of age and over have had from one to four years of schooling. North Carolina ranks forty-third in this respect. More than one-fourth of our population twenty-five years of age and over, 26.7 percent to be exact, have either completed no grade or have not gone beyond the fourth grade. North Carolina ranks forty-second among the states in this respect. The North Carolina percent is almost twice the national average of 13.7 percent. The states below us are New Mexico, with her large Mexican population, and five Southern States, all of which have Negro ratios exceeding North Carolina's. Perhaps the most significant item in the above data is the large number of North Carolininas who have completed from one to four years, only four states exceeding North Carolina in the total number of such persons.

In so far as the above has to do with army draft regulations, it should be remembered that these figures are for persons twenty-five years of age and over, while the present draft age starts at twenty-one years. There are a good many thousands of people from twenty-one to twenty-four inclusive who have had no schooling or have not gone beyond the fourth grade. These will have to be added to the above totals in any program that the government may enact to get these people up to the point where they will be subject to draft under present regulations.

Irrespective of the draft, illiteracy and near illiteracy is still a whale of a problem in North Carolina and many other states of the Union. It is a whale of a problem for the Nation, as a whole.

———:———

Mary had a little watch;
She swallowed it—its gone.
Now, everywhere that Mary walks—
Time marches on!

———:———

ARMY DOCTORS MAKE STUDY OF STRANGE TROPICAL ILLS

By Mortimer Kreeger

A group of army officers is quietly training for an unspectacular but critical battle—a fight against an invisible and merciless enemy, tropical disease.

These army doctors, peering through microscopes in the Tulane university medical school haven't the glamor of the much-photographed warriors in bombers, tanks and jeeps, but their work is hardly less important.

Recently a high-ranking government physician, returning brom the Orient, told Dr. Ernest Carroll Faust, who is supervising the courses:

"The Japs and Germans can't beat us—but tropical diseases can." Observers of the fighting in the Philippines have stressed how the effects of malaria, beri-beri and dysentery weakened American resistance as medical supplies ran low, and how the Japanese soldiers were individually equipped with quinine and other drugs to protect them against those diseases.

Dr. Faust, one of the world's leading parasitologists, is acting head of Tulane's renowned department of tropical medicine and is consultant to the Secretary of War on tropical and epidemic diseases.

He and seven other faculty members are giving freely of their time and knowledge to train a group of army doctors stationed here—and one naval physician is among them.

As more and more of our troops are sent to the tropics, it is expected that an increasing number of medical officers will take special courses here.

The classes carry on an old tradition of Tulane, whose scientists pioneered in studies that led to the conquest of yellow fever in Cuba, and have probed intently into the maladies peculiar to the warm climates.

Many of the diseases our expeditionary forces will face are practically unknown in the United States. Doctors in Seattle, St. Louis and New Haven, for example, have had no

need to know what blood fluke infection is.

"Men going into the tropics are helpless unless they understand," Dr. Faust declared. "For instance, take blood fluke infection. This country is free from it but 10 per cent of the people of Puerto Rico have it and it is prevalent in those latitudes around the world.

"It is acquired by wading in water containing the parasities. How many Americans would think that if they took off their shoes and waded in a cool, clear tropical stream they would invite parasites that would literally eat their blood?

"The doctors must learn to recognize symptoms they have never seen before, prescribe treatments they have never used, and set up sanitary precautions that have never been necessary in their experience.

"With this information they should be able to reduce the danger and effects of tropical diseases 90 per cent.

"In many battle areas of this war, mosquito netting will be a more valuable defense than a bomb shelter."

There is another aspect that has Dr. Faust worried.

"After it's over," he said, "hundreds of thousands, maybe millions, of men will be coming back from the tropics. Thousands and thousands of them will have tropical diseases in either a latent or partially cured form.

"Thus far we've been able to prevent importation of these diseases by inspection at the point of entry. But we could hardly stop or try to stop thousands of our own boys from coming home.

"If the doctors of the United States do not learn something about this subject before the boys come back, the result might be something terrible to see."

An Indian lecturer, Charles Eagle Plume, tells of an old Indian who was entertained in one of our large cities. He was taken to the best night clubs, heard the swing bands, and was shown how white men have their fun. He sat through a number of movies, and was feverishly rushed from place to place and given a taste of modern life in all its phases.

When the entertaining was finished, the old Indian was asked what he thought of it. "Ugh," he grunted, "white man must be unhappy—work so hard to have good time—no have good time at all. Indian, he sit on rock and watch sun go down every night. Much good time. Moonlight on rippling water—much good time. Watch fire burning low—much good time. Hear pine trees whispering together on hilltop—much good time. Very still stars, like heap and heap candles in heaven—much good time."

The Indian trail to happiness is worth following. There is healing for jangled nerves and tired minds in the woods, the hills, the singing streams, and the mountain-tops.—Titmus Tidings.

POSTAL PERFORMANCE

By Daniel Youngs

When you see a mailman with a heavy bag of mail hanging over his shoulder, do you think he is having a hard time?

Maybe he is; yet compared with the first mailman, he seems to be having a picnic! Our first record of postal service seems to be in 1672, when a monthly service was inaugurated between Boston and New York.

The first carrier left New York in January, 1672, and on horseback started for Boston. Before starting, he had to swear to behave civily, and to mark the trees along his route with "blazes" (chopping off a section of bark), to aid those who could follow his route. Next, local post offices were established in New Hampshire, Connecticut, and Virginia.

In 1693 the General Assembly of the Province of Massachusetts Bay extended this service to neighbor colonies, and fixed a rate of two pence for a single letter of one sheet, and four pence for packets, a group of three letters But between Boston and New York the rate was twelve pence and to Virginia two shillings.

In those days postal charges were not arrived at by weight as now, but rather by the number of sheets, and the distance the letters were going to travel. But in 1710 the British Parliament fixed charges for the colonies, as for instance, Boston to Virginia—1 shilling 3 pence.

There was little change in postal rates until 1816, when rates were based on milage for a single letter, 80 miles, 10 cents, 150 miles, 12½ cents and 400 miles, 18¾ cents. Over 400 miles there was a flat rate of 25 cents.

It was not until 1845, although there were 4,000 miles of railroad existant, that these rates were changed, and in 1847, instead of having to pay cash for postage, stamps were placed on sale.

In 1847 the United States put out two stamps, a 5 cent one bearing the portrait of Benjamin Franklin, and a 10 cent one bearing the portrait of George Washington.

Now today, when we can send a letter anywhere in the United States for only three cents, we must wonder a little as to how our forefathers felt when they had to pay 25 cents for having a single sheet carried 400 miles.

KEEP A-GOING

If you'll only keep a-going you can pull through anything,
For it's only while you're in it that you feel a sorrow's sting.
And oftentimes, in looking backward, see 'tis blessing in disguise,
For the cloud that looms the blackest hides a vision of the skies.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Arthur Ashley, eighteen years old, formerly of Cottage No. 13, called on friends here last Sunday. Arthur left the School, August 10, 1939. He has been in the United States Army for some time, and at present is stationed at Camp Blanding, Florida. He has developed into a well-mannered young fellow, and makes a nice appearance in uniform, and were all very glad to see him.

—:—

Due to difficulty in securing chlorine or other disinfectant for use in our swimming-pool, it was thought that the boys would be limited to one swim period a week, and that had been the schedule since the pool was opened early in the summer. Conditions seem to have improved, however, and when the cottage lines asembled near the Cannon Administration Building, last Thursday morning, the announcement was made that it would be possible for the boys to use the pool on Thursdays and Saturdays, and the officers and matrons might take a dip on Tuesday and Friday nights. Now that the heat wave has struck this section of the country in earnest, this announcement was received with broad smiles and joyous shouts of appreciation.

—:—

There was considerable excitement among both the boys and members of the School's staff of workers about 11 o'clock yesterday morning, as a large army airplane crashed and burned in a cotton field, about two miles southwest of the campus. As the plane went over the School grounds, flying very low, it was very easy to tell that the pilot was having motor trouble. As nearly the entire personnel watched, the plane was seen to burst into flames just before crashing to the ground. In just a few minutes, several cars, loaded with boys and officers, were at the scene of the accident. By the time we reached the spot, the wreckage was in a mass of flames and great columns of black smoke could be seen rolling skyward. Since our time was limited, we were not able to stay until the wreckage had cooled sufficiently for close examination, therefore, we were unable to learn just how many persons were in the plane, but from accounts given by several onlookers who watched it at close range just before the crash, we assume the pilot was the sole occupant. It was quite evident that he tried until the last to attain altitude enough to bale out in a parachute, but was unable to do so.

—:—

Rev. C. E. Baucom, pastor of McGill Street Baptist Church, Concord, conducted the afternoon service at the School last Sunday. For the Scripture Lesson he read Luke 10:25-37. In his most interesting message to the boys, he mentioned three very important things we should always remember: Our God; Our Neighbor; and Ourselves.

The speaker began by stating that God should occupy the central place in our thoughts at all times, adding that the God who made us in His own image is one we should love above all others. He then quoted the words of Christ: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it; Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." In these days of world-wide hatred men are being put to the test of their love for God. He then urged the boys not to take God as a joke, and never to use His name lightly.

Rev. Mr. Baucom then called attention to the true meaning of the word, neighbor. The pious man in the Scripture Lesson asked Christ, "Who is my neighbor?" The person who is a real neighbor is one who helps his fellow man in times of need. Any individual in the world who needs us is our neighbor. Our neighbor is a very important person and we cannot ignore him and get by with it.

There are certain attitudes we should not take toward our neighbor, continued the speaker. We should not hold him up at the point of a gun and take his money. Some people will do most anything to take that which belongs to their neighbors. The only interest they have in their neighbors is to hold them up and take what they possess. They are not at all interested in helping them in any way. As long as people in the world are interested only to the point of robbing their neighbors, we will continue to have wars between nations.

Just as we should not hold our neighbor up, said the speaker, we also should not pass him up. It is possible for a person to be associated with the church and not have the proper attitude toward his neighbor. In fact, there are many such people enrolled as church members. That sort of person would not hold up anybody, but they simply pass up everybody who needs help. There attitude seems to be: "I did not get you into trouble. It is no business of mine. I'll just pass you up." We should not take the attitude of the levite and the priest—that of passing the suffering man without offering assistance. We should consider it our duty to try to help the world by telling people about Jesus and his love. We should have the attitude of the Good Samaritan. He did not hold anybody up; he did not pass anybody up; he helped somebody up.

The speaker then commented on the third section of his text—ourselves.

You are important, he told the boys. Only the great God of the universe could make you. You were created in His own image. God hung every star in the heavens for His glory, and the climax of all his wonderful work was the creation of man. Man is the greatest thing God made. He is an immortal soul—not like a tree that is cut down and withered. As long as God lives, there is no end to man. We shall, of course, come to the end of our earthly journey. Our friends will bury our bodies. but our souls, if we have given ourselves to the service of God and the building of His Kingdom here on earth, shall live on forever.

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Baucom told the boys that if we are not saved by the Lord Jesus Christ, we are lost sinners. The only thing that will bring us into fellowship with Him, is his blood. If we are saved, we become true children of God. Our aim in life should be to aways be the very best that God wants us to be—walking by His side, praying, and teaching His word.

5,000,000 AMERICAN SILKWORMS

Out in California, 5,000,000 American silkworms—distant descendants, no doubt, of Japanese ancestors—are today working for Uncle Sam. They are producing silk such as no Japanese silkworm ever produced, and at a lower cost. The product is going into powder bags for the army.

The story back of these silkworms is an interesting one. Several years ago, two Americans started a silk farm near Escondido. They planted 100,000 mulberry trees. They built incubation sheds and installed machinery to take the hand work out of preparing the silk.

After a bit, failing to sell their silk in competition with the Japanese, they ran out of money. Then came the war with Japan and the stoppage of silk hosiery manufacture. Some Hollywood movie stars, hoping to get "home grown" silk stockings, put new money into the silk farm.

The farm has now really got into production. The machinery has proved its worth. It has been shown that superior silk can be produced at lower cost in California. It has been shown that America need never again depend on Japan for its natural silk requirments, which, due to rayon and nylon, will not be large in the future, in any event.

So, when Japan has lost the war, it may discover that it has also lost its largest market for its most valuable product. That sort of thing is quite likely to happen in wars, for war is a great developer of new ways to do old things, as well as of new products to take the place of products temporarily unavailable. —Milwaukee Journal.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending July 12, 1942

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Wade Aycoth
Carl Barrier
Jack Bateman
Howard Combs
John Hogsed
Robert Padgett
Charles Pearson
Malcom Seymour
Edgar Simmons

COTTAGE NO. 1

James Bargesser
Thomas Barnes
Lloyd Callahan
Oscar Carter
Everett Case
Durwood Martin
James Pitman
Jack Ray
Leonard Robinson
Kenneth Tipton
Luther Vaughn
Frank Walker
Everett Watts
Woodrow Wilson

COTTAGE NO. 2

Ernest Baker
Henry Barnes
Raymond Brooks
Bernice Hoke
James McGlammery
John Pritchard
Thomas Roper
Charles Tate
Newman Tate

COTTAGE NO. 3

John Bailey
Charles Beal
James Blake
Robert Coleman
Albert Hames
Arthur Ingle
Dewey Lanning
William Pegram
Fonzer Pitman
Samuel Pritchett
Charles Rhodes
Elbert Russ
Earl Smith
John Tolley
Louis Williams

COTTAGE NO. 4

Wilton Barfield
Jay Brannock
Leroy Childers
Mack Coggins
William Deaton
Eugene Hefner
Douglas Holt
William Lanning
James Mondie
Robert Muse
Simon Quick
Charles Simpson
J. R. Whitman
Roy Womack
George Ward
Jesse Williamson

COTTAGE NO. 5

Glenn Drum
Sidney Knighting
John Lipscomb
Eldred Watts
Charles B. Ziegler

COTTAGE NO. 6

Kenneth Caldwell
Robert Hobbs
Robert Jarvis
Gerald Kerman
Marvin Lipscomb
John Linville
Vollie McCall
Jesse Peavy
Wesley Turner
William Ussery
William Wilkerson

COTTAGE NO. 7

Edward Batten
Hurley Bell
Henry Butler
George Green
J. B. Hensley
Robert Hampton

Vernon Harding
G. W. Kelly
Edward Loftin
John Mazoo
Ernest Overcash
Edward Overby
Durham Smith
Ernest Turner
Ervin Wolfe
William Young

COTTAGE NO. 8

Cecil Ashley
Homer Johnson

COTTAGE NO. 9

Gerald Amos
Marvin Ballew
Cecil Caldwell
Curtis Campbell
Leonard Church
David Cunningham
George Gaddy
James Hale
Wilbur Hardin
William Hart
Edgar Hedgepeth
Robert Jones
Winley Jones
Daniel Kilpatrick
Alfred Lamb
Marvin Matheson
Lloyd Mullis
Leroy Pate
James Ruff
Lewis Sawyer
Hubert Smith
George Strayhorne
Glenn Wilcox

COTTAGE NO. 10

Jack Crotts
Charles Phillips
Jack Warren
Joseph Willis

COTTAGE NO. 11

Bert Barnhardt
Noah Brown
Velda Denning
Robert Goldsmith
A. B. Hoyle
Edgar Shell
Harold Shelton

COTTAGE NO. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 13

James Brewer
Otha Dennis
Thomas Fields
Edward Hammond
Donald Hobbs
William O'Brien
Fred Rhodes
Paul Roberts
Charles Sloan

COTTAGE NO. 14

John Baker
Robert Bailey
Robert Caudle
Walter Carver
Robert Deyton
Audie Farthing
Aubrey Fargis
Edward Kinion
Roy Mumford
John Maples
Joseph McKinney
Charles Pitman
James Roberson
Robert Travis
Alvis Watkins

COTTAGE NO. 15

Hiram Atkinson
Horace Deese
John Gibson
Fred Jenkins
Clarence Medlin
Wade Medlin
Lawton McDowell
Clarence McLemore
Paul Morris
Ventry Smith

INDIAN COTTAGE

Raymond Brooks
Frank Chavis
Edward Hall
Cecir Jacobs
Ernest Jacobs
Leroy Lowry
Herbert Locklear
James Lochlear
Lester Lochlear
Eugene Watts

JUL 27 1942
CAROLINA

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXX CONCORD, N. C., JULY 25, 1942 No. 29

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SPORT

Sport is winning if you can,
And keep to the sportsman's code.
Sport is beating the other man
By giving him half the road;
Being content with an even greak,
Scorning the trickster's art,
Sport is the game for the game's own sake,
And the love of a fighting heart.

—Selected.

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

A NEW START

I will start anew this morning with a higher, fairer creed;
I will cease to stand complaining of my ruthless neighbors greed;
I will cease to sit repining while my duty's call is clear;
I will waste no moment whining, and my heart shall know no fear.
I will look sometimes about me for the things that merit praise;
I will search for hidden beauties that elude the grumbler's gaze.
I will try to find contentment in the paths that I must tread.
I will cease to have resentment when another moves ahead.
I will not be swayed by envy when my rival's strength is shown,
I will not deny his merit, but I'll strive to prove my own.
I will try to see the beauty spread before me, rain or shine;
I will cease to preach your duty, and be more concerned with mine.

—Selected.

BRAVE AVIATOR

Every loyal patriotic citizen has the welfare of the soldier boys in mind constantly. When reports of fatalities come from distant areas, expressions of sympathy are heard from all sides. But when tragedies occur in nearby communities, the picture is horrible and the people are too overcome for utterance.

The citizenship of this area was horribly shocked the other day, when a burning airplane crashed, and the pilot lost his life in a burning inferno. The plane was seen by a farmer, who lives about three miles from Concord, who noticed a trail of smoke and flames coming from the rear of the ship, and he tried to signal the pilot. It was reported that this man of the farm heard the pilot screaming for help many times. Realizing that help for the man in distress was not possible, there was nothing to do but agonize and wait for the crash.

While flying on his last mission for his country, this young pilot, from Tacoma, Washington, just twenty-two years of age, met a most horrible death. Nothing but the charred bones of the brave young flier were found in the wreckage, and the picture is too gruesome to dwell upon. No truer expression has ever been uttered than "war is hell." However, in the face of these grim reports our soldiers have shown a fine morale, and they stand courageously for all Jefferson, the greatest of statesmen, summed up in these words: "God gave life, and with that life He gave liberty." When the desire for special privileges are suppressed or enjoyed according to dictators, the mental faculties become dormant, therefore, the manhood of the human race is destroyed.

* * * * * * * *

ACCIDENTS AS INVENTORS

An ancient saw, "Necessity is the mother of invention," has been challenged by Louis Breman, the inventor of the torpedo. He declares that ninety-nine times out of a hundred, "An accident is the mother of invention."

Often the accident is in the nature of a mistake or misfortune. Here are a few examples of fortunate blunders.

Charles Goodyear discovered the process of vulcanizing rubber when he accidently hit a hot stove with a mixture containing rubber and sulphur. He lost no time in getting a water-tight patent on the process.

Careless workmen, in a paper-mill, forgot to put the right proportions in some pulp, and they threw it aside, charging it up to loss. Someone happened to pick up a scrap of the waste to write a note on it and discovered its abosrbent character, and straightway, blotting paper was invented.

Almon B. Stronger, a Kansas City undertaker, was suspicious of a rival in his business. He suspected him of bribing the telephone operator of switching calls meant for the Stronger establishment to his own. So Mr. Stronger set to work on what he called a "Girlless Exchange." This finally developed into the dial telephone.

Montgolfier decided to do his "daily good deed" by airing his wife's dresses while she was out for the day. He observed that they became inflated and tended to rise when filled with air. When Mrs.

Montgolfier returned she found her husband sending up little paper bags filled with air. This was the origin of the ballon which made him famous.

While William H. Mason tarried with a friend at lunch one day, a discovery was in the making. He had been trying to produce a low-cost, marketable paper. Though scientists told him it was impossible by the method he was using he still was not convinced. He had been experimenting by exploding wood fiber in an original process.

In the spring of 1925 he shipped a half carload of his exploded fiber to a paper mill in Wisconsin, where he was permitted to put the fiber through heating engines of various kinds. In one of his experiments he placed sheets of exploded wood between steam-heated plates of a power-driven press and expected it to come out a durable paper. He thought he had turned off the steam at the right time and went out for a cup of coffee. He drank a second cup.

When he returned and found he had not turned off the steam he thought, "Another failure; it's ruined!" But he discovered it was a waterproof, grainless wood, eminently fitted for door panels and other indoor cabinet work, which had come out of the steam presses. It was this second cup of coffee which made him an inventor. He made a fortune by an accident.

So seeming failures have turned into glowing sucesses. Accidents have mothered many an invention.—D. Ernest McCurry.

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KEEPING STEP WITH THE TIMES

Prior to the universal use of motor vehicles distances were measured by miles, but today the same distances are measured by hours and half-hours. Since airplanes are in common use, it requires but a few hours to cross the Atlantic Ocean, and pay a visit to many foreign countries; and quicker than one can say "Jack Robinson," the radio brings to our firesides voices of diplomats and other speakers from far distant locations. We are now awaiting television with all its glamorous surprises.

Within the past twenty-five years, living conditions have changed until it really seems that the minds of scientists have nothing more to reveal. However, if the future is to be judged by developments

and inventions of the past, there are wonders yet to be unfolded. The many things of yesteryear that were accepted as impossible are today actualities. If the traditional Rip Van Winkle had been in a coma during the last twenty-five years, and suddenly awakened, he would have doubtless thought he had been transplanted to Saturn or some other planet. Time marches on.

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A COMMENDABLE BEGINNING

The North Carolina Christian Advocate gives a brief, but interesting statement relative to the teaching of Christian religion in the public schools. If the teachings of the Scriptures are properly interpreted and practiced by instructors, every child having such a contact, the results will be marvelous. From the following excerpt we gather that the small number of sixty teachers will have influenced fifteen thousand pupils. We can visualize an army of our young people having a better understanding and an abiding faith in all the Bible stands for. This is a small beginning in a necessary course of study for our young women and young men, but all of us understand the majesty of little things that always lead to the building of a better social status. Read:

> The North Carolina Council of Churches is engaged in a most commendable work in the effort to extend its program of religious education in the public schools of the state. The idea seems to be sweeping the state. More than 15,000 children were reached this past year by over sixty teachers. In most cases full or part time teachers are employed who meet all requirements of the State Department of Public Instruction.

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THE DEACON'S PRAYER

The good deacon was wiser than he knew when he invariably prayed for his pastor that he might "be always learning and never come to the knowledge of the truth." For the man who concludes that he knows it all and that there is no further need to learn, is intellectually dead as a door nail.

The peril of the closed mind is the deadliest of all perils whether

it overtakes a man in middle life or in old age. To be ever learning is the one gateway to the fountain of youth. Across that path there are no deadlines. When laziness stops a man from thinking and fear prevents him from exploring new realms of truth, that man is on the way to the museum. His contentment, if he has attained such, is the contentment of the fossil.

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DAILY ADJUSTMENTS

Our mode of living, as in the past, has materially changed, and each day adjustments have to be made accordingly. But from the following clipping, taken from the press, not the half has been realized:

> Uncle San says: There are going to be some changes made. Those changes, on a nation-wide scale, are going to affect 132 million Americans. They will reach into every home in the United States and influence the lives and habits of all.
>
> According to the Office for Emergency Management's division of civilian supply, the next few months will see the effects of war economy in the fields of clothing, transportation, housing and food. Some of the slow, but soon to accelerate, changes are already noticeable.

Every war carries an aftermath and some of the results are good and others are bad. However, when peace is declared there will be a finer understanding of the health programs, more interest in the underprivileged, the re-establishment of homes with family altars, the very corner-stone of a Christian nation, and, instead of self-aggrandizement, let more concern be expressed for the building of a finer citizenship with a reverence for God, the creator of all good and perfect gifts.

While adjusting ourselves daily to changes brought about by the war, we can hope the dawn of a new day, a day of peace, is not so far in the distant future. Hope and faith are one. From the Word we quote, "Faith is the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen."

SET UP MARKER IN CONCORD

By Mary Frix Kidd

For a number of years, it has been a policy of the State of North Carolina to do much to preserve its rich and honorable history for the inspiration of generations yet to come that they may emulate the example and live up to the traditions of their pioneer forebears who, through toil and sacrifice made North Carolina great.

One of many methods used by the State to cause its historic spots to be remembered is the erection of metal markers, and up to June 1, as many as 450 of these had been provided to mark the state's historic shrines.

Due to the shortage of metals occasioned by the war effort, it has been necessary to stop the casting of historic markers for the duration as it is felt that the metal is more needed just now to preserve the work the pioneers began than to commemorate it.

However, it happens that there were a few markers left, and it has been learned from the North Carolina Historical Commission that one of them has been placed on United States Highway 29 in Concord at its intersection with South Union street. The marker is inscribed:

Trading Path
Colonial trading route
dating from 17th century, from Petersburg,
Virginia, to Catawba
and Waxhaw Indians in
Carolina, passed hereby.

These old Trading Paths used by the pioneers date much further back, in most cases, than the settlement of America by white people. Not all, but many of them were "made" or surveyed by vast herds of buffalo, bear, and other animals as they wandered through the dense forest in search of food, salt licks and water. And they did not need a treatise on geometry to teach them that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points. The paths they made were remarkably straight and led to the objectives the animals sought.

The Indians used the old paths as they sought for food, traded with one another, or made intertribal war. The white man desiring to trade with the Indians and obtain valuable furs, found it easier to use the old paths than to blaze new trails through the woods.

It came to pass that the old trails became the road beds for railroads, and a basis for the fine highways that cross the state. Villages were founded where the old trails crossed and they later grew into towns and cities.

Elizabeth Ripton Derieux, writing in the Charlotte Observer, under date of June 10, 1934, says:

"The old Trading Path played an important part in the settlement of the central and western part of North Carolina, and it is quite probable that it was an important factor in the location of Hillsboro, Greensboro and Winston-Salem, Salisbury, and Charlotte, as these cities lie on or near the old trail.

"Used first by the traders from

Virginia in transporting their wares to the Catawa Indians, the old trail gradually became smoother and wider through use, and when Bishop Spangenburg in 1752 traveled over it in search of a suitable location for his Moravian settlement, Wachovia, he found a well defined path and stout cabins built along it twenty-five or thirty miles apart.

"On the old trail near where Salisbury is now located was a large Trading post known as Trading Ford where the Indians brought thousands of well dressed deer skins to exchange for articles that met their fancy. Here also a well marked trail from the northeast joined the Traders Path and the two continued south over the Yadkin River to the Atlantic ocean.

"Another interesting trail and one which made a valuable contribution to the settlement of western North Carolina and Tennessee was a westward continuation of the Traders Path. Traveling northwest from Boone, it left the state through the gap between Zionville, North Carolina, and Trade, Tennessee. Reaching the Watauga river, it joined with the southern fork of the Wilderness Trail and passed overland directly westward to the great salt lick, now known as Nashville, Tennessee, from this important center a number of trails led out over the country."

The remainder of quite a long story published by The Observer was devoted to the history of Daniel Boone and his connection with the famous Wilderness Trail.

WHAT IS A MAN?

An ape when doing just as others do; or when lacking ordinary judgment.

A monkey when extremely humorous, with a touch of foolishness.

A wolf when inclined to tear and destroy.

A calf when prolonging traits of childhood far beyond their age period.

A bear when surly or crusty.

A dog when passing extreme limits of immortality.

A worm when willing to be stepped on by everybody.

A leech when drawing a dishonest living from the life of others.

A porcupine when ready to wound everyone that comes within touching distance.

A possum when feigning sleep, or ignorance of a matter.

A hound, usually a greyhound, when lean, agile and swift.

A tiger when disposed to attack with vehemence and defend with fierceness.

A mouse when listening closely without pretending to be.

TUBERCULOSIS AND THE PUBLIC

(The Sanatorium Sun)

Tuberculosis is our greatest public health problem. It kills more people every year than any other of the diseases transmissible from man to man. Few diseases are as well understood by doctors as tuberculosis. Yet progress in wiping out tuberculosis lags through lack of sufficient appreciation by the public of the seriousness of tuberculosis. The public has not yet learned enough about tuberculosis to back up the doctor in his fight against it. This series of questions and answers on fundamental facts is aimed at furnishing knowledge that will help the public in supporting the doctor in his efforts.

First: How common is tuberculosis? Tuberculosis is so common in the United States that 160 deaths occur from it every day. The annual toll for the United States is about 60,000. But the deaths do not tell the whole story. Exact studies have shown that for every death from tuberculosis nine or ten cases of the disease could be found in the community.

The next question is: How do people get tuberculosis? With one exception they catch it from some other person. That exception is tuberculosis contracted from tuberculous cows through drinking infected milk or, very infrequently directly through the skin. Fortunately, tuberculosis is rare in cattle, thanks to the energetic campaign carried on in all the states under the impetus of the United States Department of Agriculture.

But transmission from man to man is a continuing serious problem. When a disease is so widespread that a quarter of a million people in the country have it in contageous form it is certain to spread.

The third question is: What people are most likely to get tuberculosis? The answer is, by all odds, those people who are living in closest association with people who have tuberculosis. Young children are often seriously infected by mothers or fathers with "open" tuberculosis, that is to say, tuberculosis with cough and expectoration and tubercle bacilli in the sputum. Strangely enough, children from three to fifteen years of age have high resistance to tuberculosis. From fifteen on, however, the germs may strike hard and there is no period of life that is exempt. The greatest number of serious cases occur in the years of early adult life and at this period women are more susceptible than men. In the late years tuberculosis is more common among men.

Next: Do people have tuberculosis without knowing it? Yes, they often do. The beginnings of tuberculosis are frequently very insidious. It is an unfortunate fact that most tuberculosis has reached a fairly advanced stage before the person is aware of it and seeks the advice of his doctor.

Fifth: How does the doctor find out if you have tuberculosis There are many ways. If you are sick, with the well-known symptoms of tuberculosis, including chronic cough, increased expectoration, fever, loss of weight and strength, and perhaps

spit up a little blood from time to time, the doctor will have no difficulty in making the diagnosis. The history of illness alone will make it almost certain. To confirm it he will use three or four additional measures. He will examine the chest with his stethosocope after noting certain abnormalities that can be determined by tapping the chest and observing its movement, and he will hear certain sounds that to the experienced are significant. He will, of course, also have an X-ray examination made.

The sixth question is: What is done if you are found to have tuberculosis? Treatment of some sort is promptly begun. If the injury to the lung is very slight no very drastic measures may be necessary. More rest—and the converse, much less activity and strain—and better attention to diet may be sufficient to arrest the disease. But the patient should be watched constantly. He should see his physician frequently, and the physician should have X-ray films made every two or three months. On any sign of progression all activity should promptly be curtailed.

In most cases of tuberculosis that show any signs of progression bed rest is essential. It may seem absurd to the patient to go to bed and stay there for several weeks when he feels practically well, but long experience has shown that that is by far the wisest course. A few weeks of enforced rest in bed may save years of life later.

Number seven is: What are the facilities for taking care of tuberculosis? Fortunately, they are many indeed. The first line of defense is formed by the doctors in general medical practice. In recent years medical schools have concentrated more and more on knowledge of tuberculosis, so that doctors are more expert in its diagnosis and care than at any time previously.

For those who cannot afford private medical care there are excellent dispensaries in every city, manned by physicians who are well trained in tuberculosis. The city health departments conduct such despensaries, as do certain private tuberculosis societies as well. In every city the local tuberculosis association, organized with funds provided by the sale of Christmas Seals, can tell a patient where he can go for advice and care. Throughout the country are good sanatoria.

Finally: Is tuberculosis always curable? Unfortunately , it is not. When the disease is discovered too late in its course, or when bad judgement has been used in its early care, the most that can be done is prolong life by good medical care. The right treatment has often kept very sick people alive and comfortable and even able to work for many, many years.

On the other hand, tuberculosis discovered early in its course is almost always promptly curable. Obviously, therefore, every effort should be made to find tuberculosis early. It is good to know that today the sanatoria and other institutions effecting such prompt restoration of health also rehabilitate the patient so that he is better equipped than ever to go on the job and to do his part in national defense.

HENRY DAVID THOREAU

By Henry Seidel Canby

If you had asked the farmers or the townsmen of Concord, Massachusetts, what Henry Thoreau had done to be called a representative American, or even to be remembered outside of Concord, you would have got some pretty uncomplimentary answers. This wood wanderer and Lyceum lecturer, who had got himself through Harvard somehow, and begun to teach school in the town—only to drop it for no apparent occupation at all except tramping the fields and rowing on the river—puzzled them and his growing fame puzzles some of their descendants. Even Waldo Emerson, the local celebrity, who lived in the big white house and was an intellectual aristocrat, thought of his best friend as a poet, which he never quite became, and as an eminent naturalist, which, in a scientific sense, he never, or hardly ever, was.

And yet it is certain that Thoreau has earned his place among the leading Americans in our history. "Walden," the book in which he told of his life as a hermit on next to nothing a year in a house built by his own hands on the shore of Walden pond, has given him a secure place among the vital authors of the nineteenth century. It is the classic of living alone and liking it.

Thoreau was tough, tough-bodied in the pioneer sense, disdainful of luxury, oblivious to discomforts; and he was tough-minded in the puritan sense, refusing to take any man's say so, really willing to wrestle with ideas, as few are, determined to get at reality. He splashed through swamps, crawled through shrub oak thickets, liked bad weather, and in his now famous Journal, he checked up every day to find out what he was living for and how to get the most out of it. The American pioneers were of two types, the drifters and the pushers, and Americans have been of these two types ever since. Thoreau was a pusher.

But most American pushing had been toward getting rich, or at least making a living. Thoreau was the spokesman of a bolder idea. He wanted to live as well as make a living. Life for him was not a farm or a house or a woman, but what you get out of them, or got out of what you did have. He never did get a wife, but that was not entirely his fault, and perhaps fortunate for the wife.

He was the real rugged individualist. The fake one we are too familiar with. He is an individualist because it is profitable for his pocket, and rugged only in the ruthlessness with which he gets his own way and other people's dollars. Thoreau was rugged in the sense that he was willing to simplify his physical wants in order to satisfy them without wasting time.

For a man with a job of study, or observing, or thinking to do, making money was too expensive beyond what was necessary for self-support, and the simpler your desires, the sooner you could satisfy them. He had seen too many farmers struggling down the road with mortgaged farms on their backs, too many men who had never

stopped to consider what really gave them happiness, but took their ambitions ready made from the conventions of the community. Concord, said Thoreau, seldom did what it really wanted to do. Has America?

People who want what others think they ought to want, and do what others think they ought to do, seldom get beyond keeping up with the Joneses. What is much worse, they gradually lose that sturdy individualism which enables them to stand up against whatever threatens their liberties, their rights, their sense of the value of human personality. Thoreau, like so many imaginative thinkers, was prophetic. Again and again in his essays and his Journal the theme of the despotic totalitarian state appears. Not, of course, by that name.

Even when Massachusetts was trying to keep down the Abolitionists in the beginning of the struggle over slavery, Thoreau had no real experience with a despotic state. He went to jail once because he would not pay a poll tax to be used, as he feared, to support the Mexican War, which he believed was being waged to extend slavery, But he was let out the next day. At the most it was a token imprisonment. Yet this Yankee philosopher was so sensitive to the dangers of oppression that you can find a complete program of how an individual can resist the equivalent of Naziism in his writings a hundred years before the thing was invented. There is not tomfoolery of fanaticism in his attitude. Give the state its dues; don't break your head against forces too powerful for you; learn how best to fight them.

When you find a wall behind you, stop and go back no further. Life isn't worth having for a slave's security. Plenty of people everywhere have disagreed with this principle, but nobody doubts that is has been at the heart of America, nobody doubts that a nation of Thoreau's is ultimately invincible.

From Thoreau's side of Walden pond he could see the trains on the newly-opened railway hauling backward and forward. Through the great Hoosac tunnel which led to the West, they were bringing the products of a rapidly developing continent to the sea. In the other direction, and by the roads also, emigrants were pouring westward, opening up the old Northwest, headed toward the Mississippi; toward Oregon, toward California. Do not think that the hermit of Walden did not enjoy all this movement, even though he preferred as he said, to travel in Concord. It was not until Tom Wolfe's day that anyone was to write again as stirring an account of transportation that lifts man and his products and pushes him ahead.

But ahead where? That was Thoreau's question. What were they developing in the West? What were they getting in California? Wheat, corn, gold? or better men? What was progress? more and bigger towns, or better ones? He doubted the vision of the westward pioneers. He doubted what everyone was calling progress. The country was growing too fast. It was expanding everywhere before men had learned to get the most out of living at home. It was getting bigger faster than it was getting better. Size and success were getting confused. Strength was beginning to be

identified with property. The more gold the more men, the more men the more property, but were they going to be able to hold and use it for the best purposes? He doubted it.

And just so we have been doubting lately whether the immense material sucess gained by America has been quite the same as progress. We have been wondering whether having made our country the richest in the world we are men enough to protect it. Our materialistic individualism of each man for himself, each partnership, company, and trust for itself, has weakened us. Having got our share of wealth, the idea has been that our share would take care of us. Get the goods, and pay someone to do the thinking and the protecting.

In this year of peril, tens of thousands of Americans have very quietly said, This won't work. They are of Thoreau's mind, even if they have never read of him, or even heard of him. They are realizing that with the world in an armed tumult, the time has come to value simplicity and self-sacrifice, and to think more of the way to live and how to stay alive, than of making a living.

Thoreau's words "simplify, simplify, simplify" echo every time we make out an income tax or leave the family for the front. It isn't such a hardship, after all, to get along with fewer luxuries, less transportation, simpler pleasures, if it makes it easier to be a good American and keep the best of what we have. There is a pleasure in it, for it means living not aimlessly, or just to get richer, but with an objective. We shall be thinking more of principles and of protection for the country, and less of prosperity for ourselves alone. That was Thoreau's doctrine. Nobody has ever stated it better than he did in "Walden."

Every preacher on the radio is saying we need a new philosophy of living—for defense, for offense, and for life in a different world after this war. There is plenty of material for one in Thoreau. The best aspect of his philosophy is, that while it is belt-tightening it is neither joyless nor sour. His point is that you are happier when you live by principles. That the simple life can be pleasanter than the complicated life, and much more useful. That people seldom get what they really want in a luxurious society where sucess and profits mean the same thing. That millions of Americans are going to get more out of standing on their own feet and helping to save our democratic principles, than from two cars in a garage and plenty of time to go to the movies. Simplify, because the simple life is good in itself, and very good when it frees your energies to work or fight for a principle.

National morale is a question of the individual. If enough have it, it is strong, but no stronger than its weak links. Hitler speaks to his party or his Germans. Thoreau speaks to you. Everything, he said, is accomplished by one man or one woman, which means simply that everything in the long run is up to you and what you do about it.

Morale, like charity, begins at home. Reform yourself, if you want to help save the country. You will like it. So said Thoreau, and would say so again in 1942.

NEW FACES FOR THE DISFIGURED

(Selected)

Making faces—that's the unique job of Don Cash of Hollywood. A makeup artist for film stars, Cash not only works with the paint and mascara pots, but devotes his spare time to the humane task of supplying missing facial parts for unfortunates who, through accident or disease, have become disfigured.

Cash got started on his unusual rehabilitation work when a Los Angeles hospital sought his odvice for some experiments. The institution had in a ward one man with cancer whose nose had been completely removed. The operation was entirely successful, from a medical standpoint, but the unfortunate man had been unable to go back to work because of the appearance of his noseless face. Physicians tried plastic surgery, but could not get the grafted skin to grow.

The doctors wanted to know if Cash could take their patient in hand, and build up for him a false nose in the same way in which artificial face parts are made for screen stars. The material that makeup artists use, however, is only designed to last several hours, and so Cash had to set about creating a life-like substance that would last.

After several experiments, the makeup artist hit upon a rubber-like composition which had every appearance of flesh—even to pliability. Then he took a cast, made from the nose of a film star, and "poured" the new proboscis into the mould. The experiment proved sucessful, and today the patient takes his place, without embarrassment, among his fellow men, and does a full day's work.

Cash skillfully made a new upper part for a disfigured ear. When applied, taped down, and made to blend with the skin coloring, it is almost impossible to detect the artificial ear except by the closest inspection.

After Cash completed his initial experimental work on making an artificial nose and ear, his fame spread, and today he is consulted by doctors all over the country when they are faced with a particularly tough rehabilitation job. In his spare time, Cash now works in an advisory capacity for Uncle Sam, lending his skill and suggestions to the making over of American soldiers who have been disfigured in battle.

The story of how Cash got into the makeup business is an interesting one. He was a vaudeville star and when his stage friends discovered how well he put on his own makeup, they sought his help in preparing themselves for their own acts. This led him to eventually trade the footlights for the klieg lights, and during the past few years he became one of filmland's top-fight make-up men. And from there it was but a short step to becoming an adviser to physicians.

Today Cash and his theatrical skill are making a major contribution to humanity.

THE REDISCOVERY OF RESPONSIBILITY

By Dr. Hunter B. Blakely

Great crises of history are always dangerous and difficult, but they are not entirely withont blessings. It is under strain that many of us rise to our best.

Today the United States is witnessing a rediscovery of responsibility. All forms of democratic government depend absolutely upon citizens carrying responsibilities, and doing so willingly. Democracy is "a government of the people, by the people, and for the people." The blessings of democracy can never be secured by those who are unwilling to give of their best to secure and assure the results of good government.

The immediate past was a time when men became enamoured with material prosperity. We set our hearts upon the conveniences brought to us by our gadgets and contrivances and lost view of those important things which make living worthwhile.

John Buchan, Lord Tweedsmuir, in his book, "The Pilgrim Way," said: "Our achievement in perfecting life's material apparatus has produced a mood of self-confidence and pride. Our peril has been indifference, and that is a gross peril, for rust will crumble a metal when hammer blows will only harden it."

Today we are under "hammer blows," and our American character is stiffening into a finer fibre. Would you have belived that it was possible for almost the whole population of the United States to be engaged in some kind of patriotic effort? When one looks around to see the crowded auditoriums, where the auxiliary police, the first aid workers, the air-raid wardens, the Red Cross workers, the U. S. O. canvassers, the filter center workers, and other groups almost ad infinitum meet to give unselfishly of time and ability to carry on for our nation, we know that, while perhaps the easy days of peace had softened our American fibre, it needed only the time of national danger to waken us to that sense of civic reponsibility which made this nation great.

We must never drift back into that lackadaisical attitude which says, "Let John do it." It is our business, your job and my job, to make democracy work. It is my government, not existing to carry my burdens while I am a slacker, but for me to do my part as a good citizen in order that I and others may enjoy the blessings of good government with liberty.

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The absent are like children, helpless to defend themselves.
—Charles Reade.

DR. JOSEPH GOLDBERGER

By Paul Dr. Kruif

When you believe enough in your own science to be ready to give up your own life to convince the world of it—then with luck you have a chance to become a giant your country will remember. In 1916 Dr. Joseph Goldberger risked his life for truth. He was a lone-wolf searcher of our United States Public Health Service. He held the scientifically absolutely unorthodox belief that pellagra was not contagious. He knew it was a hidden hunger—for vitamins that had not then been discovered.

In his fight to solve the pellagra mystery, Dr. Goldberger faced this major obstacle that he had no laboratory animal to which he could give the sickness. His laboratory was our southland. He wandered out, in 1914, from the Hygienic Laboratory in Washington, out to a Georgia madhouse, to southern asylums, and into the hovels of southern havenots. His experimental animals in those early days were a red-rashed, weary, lazy, discouraged, often demented rag-tag-and-bobtail of American humanity.

He was a gentle, woolgathering, and dreamy Jew, making his own observations, caring little for the opinion of so-called scientific authority. He was no high-pressure salesman of his own science. The scientific world could take it or leave it. His exact observations were from the first hooted down by physicians experienced in the pellagrous doom of human beings. Worst of all, why get het up about this pellagra, anyway? Dr. Goldberger's lowly experimental human subjects would perhaps relieve society of an economic burden if they would only quickly up and die!

Such were the obstacles Joseph Goldberger had to try to hurdle to call scientific attention to a hidden vitamin hunger that is now known to sap the vigor not only of our havenots in the South but of Americans in every walk of life

Here was Dr. Goldberger's first and fundamental observation: The difference between people who rot to demented death from pellagra and people who never get it—is that pellagrins are poor. Dr. Goldberger, stalking stoop-shouldered, peering, questioning, always gentle, always dreamy through southern mill villages, plantations, asylums, found this drastic difference between the well-off and the poor:

The prosperous eat what the poor can't afford to buy.

In an asylum where the red death was killing six out of every 100 inmates, he saw that doctors, orderlies, nurses never caught this supposedly contagious pellagra. In that institution he saw this: that it was not the sick inmates who got the milk and the choice cuts of meat. In squalid mill villages our dreamy doctor prowled. Where the nervons weakness, the gnawing indigestion sent poor people to demented death, there the staff of life was the 3 M's—meat, meal and molasses. It was white meat, but not the white meat of tur-

keys or chickens. It was sow belly and fat back devoid of lean.

Then in two Mississippi orphanages, where the kids were listless and unnaturally well-behaved—because of early pellagra—Dr. Goldberger got permission to feed these little ones daily milk and lean meat and the children quickly grew mischievous and bright and a pleasure to their teachers, and the pellagra vanished.

But such science was too simple for many a scientific highbrow; and now at the Rankin Prison Farm in Mississippi, with the permission of the Governor, and on the promise that they would be pardoned, Dr. Goldberger gave a band of tough convicts the unquestioned pellagra just by keeping them for a few months on diets of that white fat pork, meal and molasses.

The authenticity of this experimental pellagra was vouched for by expert skin doctors, yet even now powerful scientific authorities insisted that pellagra was merely a typhoid fever. But could he be right, with all the scientific world against him? Well he would settle it. There was one way to convince them.

So now, somnabulistic, oblivions to his own wife and children, keeping his plans secret from friends, superiors, enchanted Joseph Goldberger got ready—for the sole purpose of laying his own gnawing doubts—a dreadful self-experimentation. It was as revolting as it might perchance be deadly—that is, if his scientific opponents happened to be right, and if our dreamer himself was wrong.

Dr. Goldberger was famous for his modesty. But now he was proud. He was forced by his searcher's pride to risk his dark deep urge to understand, to pit the yet not finally tested hunch held by himself alone against a self-experiment the outcome of which might well be death.

He could plead this excuse for his lonely outlaw science—against his family, against the government, yes, against Joseph Goldberger. He was goaded to it, not because his scientific opponents had proved his science to be wrong by proper experiment, but because they tried to kill his truth by ignoring it.

His wild project was the more astounding when you consider his gentleness. No, he growled, no, pellagra is not contagious, infectious. I know it. I'll prove it. So now his hunch drove him to that desperation displayed by Captain Ahab in his hunt for the white whale, Moby Dick.

Alone in the washroom of a Pullman car going north toward Washington he made the intestinal discharges of a dead pellagrin up into a pill with a little flour. Would these give him pellagra? He ate them. Then he injected himself with ground-up suspensions of pellagrous ulcers, and the pellagrous blood of those who had died. So he bet his understanding against his life. Alone. And he did not get sick. And he did not die.

But now consider what next occurred. After he made this solitary rendezvous with truth, he determined that others must similarly risk their lives to bear witness. What if, perchance, he was naturally immune to pellagra?

So now he asked his comrades, his cronies of the United States Public Health Service to join him, to demonstrate, maybe, that his own

personal survival had been only a fluke, an accident. But what had these 14 colleagues (who now volunteered) to gain, from the risk in which they joined him? It was not their theory. It was not their headache. It was only Dr. Goldberger's.

So, in three successive experiments these 14 men of the U. S. Public Health Service, and his own wife, Mary Farrar Goldberger, made free with their lives. They let Dr. Goldberger try to infect them with the blood of the dying pellagrins. They were bold fools, all of them. But thay did not come down with pellagra.

They conquered themselves to give Dr. Goldberger his final satisfaction, the proof of his insight that pellagra was not infectious. So they gave mankind life.

The Government gave them no overtime nor extra pay nor even a pat on the back for this work, not in the line of duty. And glory? It is doubtful if a single one of you, readers, know the name of even one of those who helped Dr. Goldberger find this truth, that demolished his scientific enemies for all time, and that has begun to result in staying mankind's hidden hunger.

That was the way Joseph Goldberger, the most soft-spoken and gentlest of scientific desperadoes in the years when the American people cared little for the fate of our hidden hungry have-nots—fumbled toward the discovery of America's widespread hidden hunger of our chronic chemical famine. For this in the past 10 years has become plain, for every 1,000 poor white trash men or women who die of pellagra, 30,000 or 40,000 suffer the sickness in a form short of fatal. And for these 30,000 or 40,000 who are obviously pellagrous, there are many more who are nervous, weary, afraid for no reason, suffering vauge aches and pains, insomniac, irritable and not living on the possible top step of life that comes from food rich in B vitamins against the hidden hunger.

Before he died, which he did too soon, in 1928, of cancer of the kidney, Joseph Goldberger did suceed getting his pellagra over into dogs, giving them the pellagra mimicking disease called black tongue. Then, using such dogs, Wisconsin's brilliant vitamin chemist Conrad Elvehjem discovered the precise chemical, the lack of which in food caused pellagrous forlorn to drop into demented death.

This was nicotinic acid. And now by its cheap simple magic, at Hillman hospital in Birminghan, Alabama, famine-fighting Dr. Tom D. Spies proved that nobody need die of pellagra at all. In the past six years he has proved that the death rate of people seriously enough pellagrous to have to be hospitalized —formerly 50 out of every 100—can be cut down to zero. For six years no pellagrin has died at Hillman hospital, and many thousands have been cured.

And today, this cheap chemical, nicotinic acid, now called "niacin," together with other B vitamin chemicals, such as thiamin and riboflavin, strengthening our country's white bread, are giving promise to abolish our widespread B vitamin hunger, to make us a nation of far harder workers and tougher fighters, to give us stamina for production, and courage to fight for freedom.

FAITH

By Henry Ford

Faith is one of the most effective tools in the human equipment. A man can prove this negatively by looking at himself or at anyone who has lost faith, and noting how helpless he is. Lack of it holds us back as individuals and as a nation. The world needs it now.

Frequently someone says to me, "But how do you get faith if you haven't any?" There in only one answer: Everybody believes in something, but many are not aware of it. They have never tested themselves along that line. The way to find out is to do something to "spark" your hidden capacity for assurance. Start doing the thing that seems hardest. Talk to the man you are afraid to talk to. Compel yourself to read the book you ought to read but think too difficult for you. Learn the thing you think you are not smart enough to learn. This sheer act of starting sets in motion unsuspected forces within you.

Begin with faith in anything which you can believe in, and you'll be surprised how far it will take you. If you begin with belief in yourself, you get confidence in other men. If you get confidence in other men, you gain faith in your country, and finally you reach the conviction that somewhere there is a Law of Right which makes things go right. And when you reach that, the whole wide range of faith is open to you.

A man cannot fully trust anything except what is right. If you think so, just try to believe that lies are stronger than truth, that idleness is better than industry, or that you can build a more substantial career on deception than you can on straight dealing. And if you find that you are unable to believe these fallacies, it is a sure sign that you have faith.

I believe that faith works. If a man starts doing something he believes in, and does it with a motive which the universe can respect—that is to make life more livable for others as well as himself—his belief in his work will draw to him the means to do that work.

A man may say, "But I have no work—what am I to do?" Well, if that man ever does get work it will be because he, or some other man, had confidence enough to start some work. All work comes from some man's faith your own or that of the man who hires you. Of course, it takes more assurance to be a "self-starter" than just to get on the pay roll of a "self starter," but belief operates there too. When confidence decreases in this country, you will notice that "self-starters" decrease and employment decreases also. I hope to see a new race of "self-starters" arise; we need them.

One of the great discoveries a man makes, one of his great surprises, is to find he can do what he was afraid he couldn't do. Most of the bars we beat against are in ourselves—we put them there, and we can take them down.

NORTH CAROLINA NEGRO MAKES HISTORY IN NEW YORK CITY

By Gertrude Carraway

A North Carolina negro is making history in New York City. Lieut. Samuel J. Battle, native of New Bern, N. C., is making a name for himself and his race as the Municipal Parole Commissioner in New York. He was appointed to this post by Mayor LaGuardia to succeed the late Lou Gehrig, baseball idol, until the Gehrig term expires January 4, 1950.

At an annual salary of $6,000, the New Bernian is said to be making an excellent record in the position. One of his chief interests consists of a study of the causes of the increase in juvenile delinquency in the metropolis.

For 30 years Battle served on the New York police force, being the first Negro to be named as a policeman in that city. He is given much credit for helping erase the color line in the metropolitan police force.

Born in New Bern in 1883, son of the late Thomas and Annie Battle, who were slaves before the War Between the States he attended New Bern public schools then went to the Boardman Manual Training School at New Haven, Conn.

During six years as a red cap at the Grand Central Railroad Station in New York City he tried his best to land a job on the police force. But he was repeatedly told that Negroes were not wanted there.

In the end his persistence won and in 1911 he was named a patrolman. For the first year he was given "the silent treatment" by the white officers at the West 68th Street station where he was assigned for duty.

Living up to his name, he refused to resign from the force and fought against personal discrimination as well as against civic crime. In 1926 he was promoted to the office of sergeant. Ten years later he was appointed as a police lieutenant.

A degree of fame came to him about 23 years ago when he held off a mob of Harlem Negro rioters who threatened to lynch a white policeman for killing a Negro in a race riot. "I just held them off," he reported. "I threatened to shoot the first man who laid a hand on him."

His last visit to his native section was about ten years ago when he was sent to arrest a New York negro murderer who had taken refuge in Pamlico County in an effort to escape apprehension.

He owns a five-story brick house at 255 West 138th Street, New York, where he and his wife reside. They have three chidren and two grandchildren. A powerful man, he is six feet three inches in height and weighs 250 pounds.

Long interested in promoting the welfare of Negroes in Harlem, he has sponsored many measures independently for the improvement of his race. He is also connected with many organizations which endeavor to aid Negroes in New York.

His main hobby he says, is "doing

things for people less fortunate than I've been." Every year for the past 20 years he has held a one-man campaign to raise funds for entertaining 1,000 underprivleged white and colored children at big Thanksgiving turkey dinners and theatre parties in Harlem.

Doing is the great thing. For if, resolutely, people do what is right, in time they come to like doing it.—Ruskin.

VITAMIN C TABLET A BODY NECESSITY

By Stephen J. McDonough

At last: the reason why lemonade is a favorite hot weather drink, and why distance runners used to suck on a lemon during a race, and why our grandparents gave us lemons in hot weather.

The Vitamin C, abundant in lemons, is the best protection against heat prostration. Along with salt it is an almost complete protection.

This discovery, made by scientists of the Dupont company, proves that the children who set up sidewalk stands and peddle lemonade are scientifically correct. The kids probably put out a good brand, says Dr. John H. Foulger of the company's medical division, because they squeeze every drop down to the lemon rind, and Vitamin C is concentrated close to the rind.

Maybe that explains, too, why so many lemonade makers like the added flavor of peel in their drink.

The scientific proof has taken three years in DuPont laboratories and in industrial plants where heat is excessive. The result is a Vitamin C tablet, which along with the familiar salt tablets has made a remarkable record.

An even more effective compound of pure Vitamin C in tablets combined with Vitamin B has been found, however, and promises to be useful in the hot holds and engine rooms of ships and in super-heated tanks in desert fighting.

The cost of preventing heat cramps and prostration is only a few cents per day for each man. He needs only fifty millionths of a gram of Vitamin C, plus a small amount of Vitamin B-one and some of the other Vitamin B constituents such as brewer's yeast.

A few years ago it was found that heat prostration in steel mills, foundries and other hot spots in industry could be cut remarkably merely by supplying salt tablets at every drinking fountain.

Use of the salt tablets with every drink of water replaced the salt which a man sweated out.

If the salt level goes below the

normal concentration the man collapses. The body works in a salt solution and when the amount drops below the minimum the sweat glands cease functioning to conserve what is left.

But the Dupont physician and his colleagues found that salt was not enough. Vitamin C, too, is drained from the body in perspiration and when Vitamin C is dissipated too fast, the person collapses.

This was first indicated when R. E. Bernstein of the University of Witwatersrand, South Africa, found that workers in the hot and humid gold mines sweated out as much as two millionths of a gram of Vitamin C every hour. As a result, they developed scurvy even though they ate an adequate diet.

Dr. W. L. Weaver of the Dupont compainy put the idea to a servere test. In an emergency repair job during which the temperature was above 100 degrees and the humidity close to 100 per cent, heat cramps and prostrations were entirely eliminated by giving the men a 50 milligram pill of Vitamin C twice each day in addition to the salt tablets. The cost was one cent per pill.

Lack of Vitamin C also causes the loss of muscle "tone," the tiny continuous contractions which force blood back to the heart for repumping. In heat prostration, this tone decreases and at the same time blood is pumped to the surface of the skin in increasing quantities in order to cool the body. Then the heart, if it does not have sufficient internal blood to pump against, stops automatically.

A GOOD AMERICAN

The real strength and security of any nation depends upon the character, the integrity and intelligence of its citizens.

A good American is a good citizen.

A good American believes in freedom of thought, freedom of speech, and freedom of religion, exercised with due regard for the rights of others and the good of all.

A good American believes in fair play, in being a good sport, he does not even stoop to sharp practice nor hypocrisy.

A good American practices the Golden Rule instead of worshiping the Golden Calf.

A good American recognizes his responsibility to take a sincere interest in community problems and public affairs; that his own welfare depends finally upon the welfare of others.

A good American votes, he places his country's welfare ahead of mere personal attachments. He favors sound principles and the candidate best fitted by character and ability to faithfully seek the greatest good for the greatest number.

America can never be safe from the dangers of hypocrisy and stealth within, nor from propaganda and aggression from without, unless and until we all become "Good Americans."

FEELING

By Geo. Matthew Adams

Feeling is the most precious treasure that a human being can possess. It creates the masterpiece, whether in art, music, or literature. It holds the rapt attention of the massed audience, through words uttered by the orator.

There are familiar songs that never grow old—because some-one put his heart into them—"Home, Sweet Home," "Old Black Joe," "My Old Kentucky Home," "Home On the Range," and any number of religious songs that we heard and learned in our childhood. And there are great paintings that will live so long as they can be preserved on canvas—for the portrait of the artist, as well, is there.

What is it that compels us to go right through to the last page of some books—while others grip us not at all, and so are soon cast aside? I will tell you—it is feeling that the author had.

It isn't the mere handling of words that brings about the enduring literary piece. Edward Everett, who was the main speaker at the Gettysburg dedication was one of the most scholarly and finished rhetoricians of his day. Yet, who can recall what he said, whereas the brief speech of Abraham Lincoln has become a world classic!

Over 50 years ago, an interesting editorial appeared in the New York Sun entitled: "Words That Laugh and Cry," and I quote its last paragraph on Lincoln's speech: "It isn't the way the words are strung together that makes Lincoln's Gettysburg speech immortal, but the feelings that were in the man. But how do such little, plain words manage to keep their grip on such feelings? That is the miracle."

Great writing is that which the author felt, or suffered, to express. I read some things and am sure that tears bathed the original manuscript! It is to such writing that we return again and again. No one but a Rupert Brooke could have written "The Soldier," or Lieut. Col. John McCrae "In Flanders Field." Each poem came from a soldier's heart—unafraid in the face of death.

Put feeling into whatever you do—and you need have no worry as to what the result will be. It will picture you!

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WORDS OF THE WISE

We are not fighting enemies whose production is free. We are fighting enemies where management is forced and where labor is forced. Both, upon pain of death, must do exactly what they are told and exactly as much as they are told. They are actually slaves. That is what we are up against, a Germany and a Japan whose production is at its peak.—Donald M. Nelson.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Our textile unit, under the supervision of Mr T. F. Blume, is now running at top speed, and the report comes to this office that the boys are getting along fine with the work in this department.

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The feature attraction at the regular weekly motion picture show in our auditorium last Thursday night was "Hudson Bay," and the comedy shown at the same time was "Police Horses." Both are Twentieth-Century-Fox productions.

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These are busy days on the School's farm. Part of our farm force is sowing peas and preparing land for other crops; other groups are making hay; still others may be seen gathering large quantities of vegetables daily, and attending to various other outdoor duties. All of which indicates there are not many dull moments for those engaged in argricultural work.

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In past years, the boys of the School have enjoyed many watermelon feasts, usually occurring just about this time of the year. For quite some time, as the youngsters on the farm forces, going to and from the fields, have passed the melon patches, many sharp eyes have been eagerly watching for the appearance of ripe watermelons.. We are very glad to announce that the time for partaking of these feasts is "just around the corner."

The first ripe melons of the season, very few in number, were gathered a few days ago, and were disposed of in record time. Our farm manager comes along with the cheering news that, with continued favorable weather conditions, we may expect to start eating melons on a large scale in the very near future.

For the benefit of those among our readers who are not familiar with this custom of the School, it might be of interest to know that our boys usually dispose of from two to four thousand watermelons in rather a wholesale manner each year. Considerably more than one hundred melons are required at each serving, each lad receiving just about as much as is possible for a human being to consume at one time.

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It was very forcibly called to our attention the other day that one never becomes too old to learn something new. Having spent the earlier part of life several hundred miles north of the Mason-Dixon line, we never associated pumpkin pies with any time of the year than during late autumn or early winter months. Consequently, upon seeing huge yellow, ripe pumpkins being brought in from the local fields by Mr. T. R. Adams and his Receiving Cottage boys, we received the surprise of our life.

Upon inquiry, we learned that these

pumpkins were of a variety known as the "Connecticut Cornfield Pumpkins," and, according to the seed catalog, had been guaranteed to fully mature in three months, that being the approximate length of the growing season in New England. Being rather skeptical as to the quality of this early variety, despite its fine color, we carelessly remarked that we didn't believe they were "fit to eat." Mr. Adams immediately accepted the challenge (in his wife's name) and a few days later we were invited to the Adams' cottage home to partake of pumpkin pie. Much to our surprise, it looked just like the ones mother used to make, and had a most delicious flavor. Thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Adams, we now retract any adverse remarks previously made, questioning the delicacy of pies made from these early "Yankee" pumpkins. After sampling the pie, we made this decision: To eat pies made from the early pumpkins raised here in the South whenever invited to do so, and then time our annual vacation so as to enjoy the same delicacy in the old home in the North. Yes, sir! Pumpkin pie season has definitely lengthened for us.

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Mr V. E. Ferguson, a former member of the teaching staff at the School, now living in Concord, recently visited Ware Shoals, S. C., where he chanced to meet one of our old boys who has been working there for some time, and gave us information concerning his activities at the place:

Sidney Hall, twenty-one years old, formerly of Cottage No. 4, was allowed to return to his home in Salisbury, January 17, 1935. He attended school for a while, but since being discharged from parole supervision a little more than a year later, we had not heard from him. Mr. Ferguson tells us that Sidney is married and has a position with the Reigele Bleachery Company, Ware Shoals, and is getting along nicely. He also stated that he spoke very highly of Jackson Training School, saying that if it had not been for the training received here, he probably would have gone to the bad long ago. Sidney asked to be remembered to the members of the staff, and that he might receive a copy of The Uplift occasionally.

Sidney told Mr. Ferguson of another of our old boys, Frank McAllister, who is employed at the same place. Frank, who is now twenty-five years old, was a former member of the Cottage No 2 group. He returned to his home in Yancey county, July 17, 1934, and we had not heard from him since that time. We were glad to learn that he has been working in Ware Shoals for several years and is doing nicely. This young fellow is married and has three children.

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We recently received a letter from James Stepp, formerly of Cottage No. 14, who left the School, January 4, 1938. James, an orphan, had no home, but was fortunate in being placed with Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Maxwell, Hendersonville, who also made a home for his two little sisters. During his stay with the Maxwells, we received favorable reports as to his conduct from time to time. One of these reports stated that he attend-

ed school for the entire nine months' period without missig a single day, also that he was president of his class, the sixth grade at the time, and took part in all school activities. It was also reported that he attended church and Sunday school regularly, and was song leader in his class.

James is now seventeen years old, and is in the United States Navy, and is stationed at the Naval Training Station, Norfolk, Va. His letter, dated July 20th, reads as follows:

"Thought I would write you and let you know that I am feeling just fine. Have been in the Navy since July 15th. Would have written you before, but have been rather busy during the past few weeks. I want to let you know how much I appreciate the many things you did for me while at the School. You will never know how much I think of you and the fine work you are doing—helping those boys, who, some time in life have been misled, or failed to let the better things come first. People like you and others at the School are doing a great work with our boys. You are making men who will gladly defend our country; men who can man the guns of our Navy, and who can look at the Stars and Stripes and say, 'I appreciate those people who help train youngsters who later in life stand ready to preserve the ideals and sacred things which we of today must guard with our lives.' I like the Navy, and can truthfully say that democracy can only be made real to us through loyalty and sacrifice.

"I would like to express my appreciation of Mr. Boger, who loved boys and guided so many of them along the right way of life. Was very sorry to learn that illness made it necessary for him to give up the fine work he was doing. Mr. Boger was truly a man who knew boys, and knew how to get them started right after they had made many mistakes in life. He was a great teacher and leader of future men. Please tell him that I sincerely wish him many years of health, happiness and contentment.

"Again let me thank you for all that you did for me. May God richly bless you and make each day brighter than the one before, and let you continue to make boys better citizens, for the advancement of a better state and nation. Please remember me to all the folks whom I knew at the School. Very truly yours, James H. Stepp."

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During the past week, probation officers and welfare officials in various counties have sent in some very good reports concerning boys who have been conditionally released from the School, and in most cases they have recommended that the lads be discharged from further parole supervision. We are listing this information, taken from the regular forms, as follows:

Porter Holder, 15 years old, who left the School, July 18, 1941, returning to his home in Asheville. This lad attended school regularly, was in the tenth grade, and got along well despite the fact that he missed about one month because of illness. He works at odd jobs during the vacation period. The report stated that he had not been into any kind of trouble since being dismissed from the School, and was doing very nicely in adjusting himself.

Wayne Sluder, aged 17, left the institution, November 11, 1941, and since that time has been working in a CCC camp in Buncombe county, and getting along very nicely.

Otis Kilpatrick, 18 years old, returned to his home near Asheville, July 17, 1911. He has part-time employment in a saw mill, making $2.25 per day when thus engaged. At other times he works on a farm operated by his aunt. The county official making this report stated that Wayne had had rather a hard time making satisfactory adjustment under existing conditions, but had been doing his level best to get along well.

Kenneth Conklin, 16 years old, left the School, February 10, 1942, going to iive with an aunt, near Burlington. He attended school last term, passing his sixth grade work, and will again go to school when the fall term begins. We learn from this report that Kenneth attends church and Sunday school regularly, and gets along very well in the community.

W. J. Wilson, 19 years old, left the School, March 5, 1940, returning to his home near Elon College. He enlisted in the United States Army early in 1942, and is reported as getting along fine in the service.

Edward Lucas, aged 17, returned to his home in Burlington, July 11, 1940. He is now employed in the Armco Finishing Plant, in that city, working on the second shift, and is getting along well, earning $20.00 per week.

Samuel Stewart, 17 years old, left the institution, April 11, 1942. He is an enrollee in a CCC camp in Buncombe county, and is reported as being industrious and anxious to work and better himself.

Clarence Wright, aged 16, was permitted to leave the School, February 3, 1942, going to live with his parents on a farm near Asheville. His father reports that he is a good worker and seems to be making satisfactory adjustment.

Jack Cline, 16 years old, left the School, October 6, 1941, going to live with Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Heavner, on a farm near Newton. He entered the public school there in November, and got along very well. This report stated that when not in school, Jack helped Mr. Heavner with his farm duties, and that his empolyer was pleased with his work. The Heavners have a nice country home, and treat the lad like one of the family, giving him every curtural advantage. Jack has joined the church since going to live at his present location, and is a regular attendant at all services, also takes an active part in Sunday school work.

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. Rev. L. C. Baumgarner, pastor of St. Andrew's Lutheran Church, Concord, conducted the service at the School last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson he read Matthew 15:1-20, and as the text for his most interesting and helpful message to the boys, he selected the 24th verse: "Then said Jesus unto his disciples, If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me."

The speaker began by stating that no man should feel that he was too good to work, adding that Peter the Great, once made shoes in a humble cobbler's shop, just to show his people

that labor was not unbecoming to a great ruler.

As we go about our daily tasks and duties, continued Rev. Mr. Baumgarner, we should ask ourselves this question: Am I doing these things on account of my own meager strength, and not giving God any credit?

Following Christ, said he, should be important to every young person. Many questions arise as to how this is possible, but we find the answer in the words of the text, uttered by Jesus shortly before his death. He knew that the way of life was the way of the cross. He was fully aware that people were living in a world of strife, also that if they would truly live, they must forget themselves in service to others. That same theory applies to us today. When we serve others, we place ourselves in the background, not thinking of any personal glory that might come to us. No matter how important the task or how humble the work we may be doing, we can serve God in that very thing.

The speaker then told this story: A small boy, living in the shadow of a huge mountain, thought of climbing it. He hesitated because he was under the impression that due to its height, it belonged to heaven and not to earth. He asked his mother if anyone could ever reach the top of the snow-capped peak. She replied in the affirmative, saying one could do almost anything if they would travel in the right direction and take the proper number of steps. Some years later, that same boy realized that he needed an education, but was not financially able to attend school and college. He thought of his mother's words, purchased some books by leading authors, and began intensive study at the age of twenty-one years. He had a hard road to travel, but he did not give up. Later in life he became a professor in one of our leading universities. It is well for us to realize that the best roads of life are not the easy ones. It will pay us to tackle some of the difficult tasks while we are young, for the lessons to be learned therefrom will be of real value as we advance in years.

God has given us our lives, continued the speaker, and the important thing for us is to decide what we are going to do with them. Life is something entrusted to us for a short time, and we should ever strive to conduct that life acording to God's will. We should try to live such lives as will be pleasing to God, and at the same time be of service to our fellow men. Many obstacles will confront us, and we will be tempted to turn back, but we dare not. If we do not solve the problems of life as they come, they will become more difficult as we grow older.

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Baumgarner said that we may not be able to accomplish great things, but we can learn to perform well the duties that fall to our lot, always working through Christ, and by so doing, we shall reap the reward that awaits the faithful. At the end of life's span of years, the Great Scorer will not simply write after our names the fact that we won or lost, but will record whether or not we played the game fairly and squarely.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending July 19, 1942

RECEIVING COTTAGE
Howard Combs
John Hogsed
Robert Padgett
Charles Pearson
Weaver F. Ruff
Malcom Seymour
Edgar Simmons
Paul Smith
James Watts

COTTAGE NO. 1
James Bargesser
Thomas Barnes
Everett Benfield
N. A. Bennett
Oscar Carter
Everett Case
Wade Fisher
Curtis Moore
James Parker
Jack Ray
Leonard Robinson
Kenneth Tipton
Luther Vaughn
Frank Walker

COTTAGE NO. 2
Henry Barnes
James McGlammery
Luther McIntyre
Leo Worley

COTTAGE NO. 3
John Bailey
Charles Beal
Robert Coleman
Albert Hames
Dewey Lanning
Fonzer Pitman
Rhonda Price
Samuel Pritchett
Charles Rhodes
Elbert Russ
Earl Smith
John Tolley
Louis Williams
Thomas Yates

COTTAGE NO. 4
Wilton Barfield
William Broadwell
Leroy Childers
Mack Coggins
Douglas Holt
James Mondie
Robert Muse
Simon Quick
Charles Simpson
Carl Tyndall
Roy Womack
Jesse Williamson

COTTAGE NO. 5
Levitt Ballard
Luther Coe
Glenn Drum
John Gardner
John Lipscomb

COTTAGE NO. 6
Elgin Atwood
Earl Hoyle
Robert Hobbs
Robert Jarvis
Gerald Kerman
Marvin Lipscomb
John Linville
Jacob Myers
Jesse Peavy
Houston Turner
Wesley Turner
William Ussery
William Wilkerson

COTTAGE NO. 7
Hurley Bell
Henry Butler
William Butler
Robert Holbert
G. W. Kelly
Edward Loftin
Ernest Overcash
Jack Reeves
Wilbur Russ
Durham Smith
Ernest Turner

Ervin Wolfe
William Young

COTTAGE NO. 8
Cecil Ashley

COTTAGE NO. 9
Marvin Ballew
Cecil Caldwell
Curtis Campbell
Leonard Church
David Cunningham
James Hale
Wilbur Hardin
William Hart
Daniel Kilpatrick
Alfred Lamb
Issac Mahaffey
Lewis B. Sawyer

COTTAGE NO. 10
C. W. Cline
Jack Crotts
Forrest Davis
Amon Dryman
Arcemias Hefner
Charles Phillips

COTTAGE NO. 11
Marvin Bradley
Bert Barnhardt
Noah Brown
Eugene Cline
Velda Denning
Frank Fargis
Robert Goldsmith
A. B. Hoyle
Edgar Shell
Everett Stamey
Harold Shelton
Ray Taylor

COTTAGE NO. 12
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 13
Thomas Fields
Donald Hobbs
Richard Kye
William O'Brien

COTTAGE NO. 14
Robert Bailey
Robert Caudle
Walter Carver
Audie Farthing
Aubrey Fargis
William Harding
Edward Kinion
William Lane
Roy Mumford
John Maples
Joseph McKinney
Charles Pitman
James Roberson
Robert Travis
Theodore Young
Alvis Watkins

COTTAGE NO. 15
(No Honor Roll)

INDIAN COTTAGE
Frank Chavis
Edward Hall
Cecir Jacobs
Ernest Jacobs
Leroy Lowry
James Lochlear
Lester Lochlear
Herbert Lochlear
Eugene Watts

Cheerfulness is as natural to the heart of a man in strong health, as color to his cheek; and wherever there is habitual gloom, there must be either bad air, unwholesome food, improperly severe labor, or erring habits of life.—Ruskin.

AUG 3 1942
U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

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NEUTRAL

That pale word, "Neutral," sits becomingly on the lips of weaklings. But the men whose brains find fuel in their blood, the men whose minds hold sympathetic converse with their hearts—such men are never neutral. No virile man is neutral. Right or wrong his thoughts go forth, assertive, unafraid to stand by his convictions, and to do his part in shaping isues to an end. Silence may guard the door of useless words, at dictate of discretion; but to stand without opinions in a world which needs constructive thinking is a coward's part.

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The Uplift

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

IT'S STILL A BEAUTIFUL WORLD

Go placidly amid the noise and the haste, and remember what peace there may be in silence. As far as possible, without surrender, be on good terms with all persons. Speak your truth quietly and clearly; and listen to others, even to the dull and the ignorant; they too have their story. Avoid loud and aggressive persons; they are vexations to the spirit. If you compare yourself with others, you may become vain or bitter, for always there will be greater or lesser persons than yourself.

Enjoy your achievements as well as your plans. Keep interested in your own career, however humble; it is real possession in the changing fortunes of time. Exercise caution in your business affairs, for the world is full of trickery. But let this not blind you to what virtue there is; many persons strive for high ideals, and everywhere life is full of heroism.

Be yourself. Especially do not feign affection. Neither be cynical about love; for in the face of all aridity and disenchantment, it is as perennial as the grass. Take kindly the counsel of the years, gracefully surrendering the things of youth. Nurture strength of spirit to shield you in sudden misfortune. But do not distress yourself with dark imaginings. Many fears are born of fatigue and loneliness. Beyond a wholesome discipline, be gentle with yourself.

You are a child of the universe no less than the trees and the stars; you have a right to be here. And whether or not it is clear to you, no doubt the universe is unfolding as it should. Therefore, be at peace with God. And whatever your labors and aspirations, in the noisy confusion of life, keep peace in your soul. With all its sham, drudgery, and broken dreams, it is still a beautiful world.

—Max Ehrman.

THE STORY OF AUGUST

The eighth month of the calendar year is August. It was named for the Roman Emperor Augustus, who, according to most historians, was one of the greatest rulers the world has ever known, and there is indeed something royal about this month. It is a month of gold and purple—its sun throws a "golden glory" on the yellowing fields, and everywhere may be seen goldenrod and purple aster.

August is one of the warmest months of the year in the Northern Hemisphere, and usually one of the stillest, so its heat is likely to be of the sweltering variety. Its special flower is the poppy, and the moonstone is its gem.

In Rome, during the days of the republic, the year began with March, and August was the sixth month, as its Latin name, sextilis, indicates. After Julius Caesar carried out his calendar reforms it became the eighth month. This alone would not have led to its re-naming, but since Julius Caesar re-christened the month of July for himself, his successor, Augustus, desired a like honor. Upon being requested to make his choice, he selected his "lucky" month, the one in which he had been elected consul, had three times celebrated a triumph, and had completed the conquest of Egypt. Here a difficulty arose. Since Julius was thus more horored than Augustus, this did not accord with the ambition of the latter, so a day was taken from February, already the shortest of the months, and given to August.

In neither the United States nor Canada do we find a general holiday in August, but several of the states have set apart days for special observance. Colorado celebrates the first of August, the date of its admission to the Union, and Missouri the tenth, for a similar reason; while Vermont obesrves with fitting ceremonies the sixteenth, the anniversary of the Battle of Bennington.

* * * * * * * *

OLD TIRES DANGEROUS

Reflecting the rubber shortage and the rapidly fading treads on automobile tires, figures made public this week by the Highway Safety Division reveal the startling fact that fatal accidents from tire failures have jumped 250 per cent for June, 1942, over June, 1941.

"This is an alarming condition and is destined to become worse," said T. Boodie Ward, Commissioner of Motor Vehicles, in taking cognizance of the situation. "It is a serious menace and a challenge to each motor vehicle driver," continued Mr. Ward.

In June of this year 60 persons were killed in 53 traffic accidents on streets and highways of North Carolina. Of the total of 53 acci-

dents, seven or 13.2 per cent were caused by blowouts. In those seven accidents, eight persons were killed and 11 sent to hospitals.

In June, 1941, a total of 97 persons were killed in 80 motor vehicle traffic accidents. Of the total of 80 fatal accidents, only two or 2.5 per cent were attributed to tire failure, according to the reports of investigating officers.

In further emphasizing the danger to lives and limbs of the motorists of the state, Mr. Ward declared that thousands of "borderline" tires are now being operated on the highways. "Very few of these drivers have any chance of relief from the death menace to themselves and their families through the channels of tire replacement," continued the Commissioner. "Where tires are thin and treads are slick, the only salvation for the driver is addded caution, alertness, and speeds well below the suggested maximum of 40 miles per hour."

As treads continue to grow thinner from wear, serious accidents will mount accordingly, pointed out Mr. Ward, not only bringing another death hazard to the war problem, but also endangering all moving traffic on the highways.

Reviewing the fatality increase from tire failure, Mr. Ward stressed that with no new tires available for the majority of automobile owners, the problem is thrown squarely on the shoulders of the drivers of the state who must constantly be alert to the stalking menace of the danger of a combination of speed and unsafe tires.

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SCRAP RUBBER

The response to the appeal for scrap rubber reached the people of the nation and the returns were most generous. Like all similar requests for scrap iron, aluminum, old papers, and other articles needed to aid in the manufacture of implements of war, the returns voiced the sentiment of the people at large. The last official report of the government said the scrap rubber pile totaled 450,000 tons, which means that more than 900,000,000 pounds have been placed at the disposal of the government.

This number of tons or pounds of scrap rubber makes a much

larger pile than the ordinary layman can visualize. The entire program of conservation outlined by federal authorities has been responded to by lovers of freedom with one thought, and that one word "Victory" tells the story. Moreover, lessons of thrift have been absorbed by saving many articles that heretofore have been thrown on the trash pile. The ambition of the people at large is to "Keep 'Em Flying," and that can only be done by co-operation.

* * * * * * * *

WATERMELON FEAST

The boys of the Jackson Training School are looking forward to the day when melons will be piled on the campus, and, as usual, they will be permitted to eat to their fullest capacity. These are pleasant memories of the fine old days when friends of the institution, men and women, were invited to eat melons with the boys on such special occasions. The picture is a sweet one, because the spirit of the visitors was one of great interest in the boys. Many of these fine old characters who reflected a kindly feeling toward the boys have "passed over the bar," but their spirit continues to live. However, the home-grown melons will be placed in huge piles on the campus, and the boys will soon enjoy the fruits of their own fields and efforts.

* * * * * * * *

WEIGHED IN THE BALANCE

Two lads in an old farmhouse found a pair of balances with some tiny apothecary weights. They amused themselves by weighing all sorts of little things. It made a fine game for a rainy afternoon. They found that when the balances hung exactly even, to place even so light a thing as a thin sheet of paper on one side, would cause that end of the balance to dip, even to blowing the breath down hard on one of the tiny pans would make it sway downward.

A few years later, the two lads were applying for a position. The balances seemed to be equal when they were examined for quality and fitness, but one forgot to clean his fingernails. While other things were equal, the tidy lad got the job. The balance was on his side.

Two young doctors were applying for an important post. One of the men who had a deciding voice saw the two men as they entered the building. An old flower woman, who had her place at the door, pressed them to buy. One young man bought a flower, and as he paid for it he smiled and made a cheerful comment to her. The other frowned and pushed past her impatiently. It is not difficult to determine that the balance was cast in favor of the first doctor.

The day of the "diamond in the rough" is gone, if there ever was such a day. People want their diamonds polished, and the scales are dipping daily, influenced by very small things.—Selected.

* * * * * * * *

From July 21st to 25th, a wave of heat was unbearable. The thermometer registered from 100 to 102 degrees. People in towns and cities were out on the streets at a very late hour, and many of them slept on porches all night. Our boys did not suffer as did people living in small houses. They have comfortable quarters in a dormitory, with a capacity of thirty beds, well ventilated by one dozen large windows. In the late afternoon it was their privilege to take a dip in the Cone Swimming Pool, which was an advantage not enjoyed by many other children. The State has much to be proud of in the development of this institution which was planned especially for the underprivileged boy.

* * * * * * * *

The Christian church of America has kept in a fine way to the spiritual mission of the church. The Prince of Peace has been exalted from Sunday to Sunday in the churches of the land. A certain element is making an effort just now to line up the church with the armed forces to help win the war. Far better would it be to stimulate orgainzed religion to do more to save the Republic from the serious moral and religious collapse with which we are threatened. Unless this is done there may be little worth saving when the war is won. We were just beginning to recover from the backwash of the other war when this one broke. The church failed in the other war—such perils threaten us again.—N. C. Christian Advocate.

IMPORTANT DATES IN AUGUST

(Selected)

1—Columbus first landed on the American continent,1502
1—Battle of the Nile, 1798.
1—Richard Henry Dana born, 1815.
1—Colorado admitted to the Union, 1876.
1—Germany declared war on Russia, 1914.
2—Henry Hudson first entered Hudson Bay, 1610.
2—F. Marion Crawford born, 1854.
2—German invasion of Belgium, 1914.
2—President Harding died, 1923.
3—Columbus sailed from Spain on his first voyage, 1492.
3—United States vessels bombarded Tripoli, 1804.
3—First intercollegiate boat race in the United States, 1852.
4—All titles of nobility abolished in France, 1789.
4—Percy Bysche Shelley born, 1792.
4—F. T. Frelinghuysen born, 1817.
4—Chinese exclusion law went into operation in the United States, 1882.
4—Cardinal Sarto elected Pope as Pius X, 1903.
5—Sir Humphrey Gilbert landed at St. Johns, Newfoundland, 1583.
5—First partition of Poland, 1772.
5—Battle of Mobile Bay, 1864.
5—England declared war against Germany, 1914.
6—Holy Roman Empire ceased to exist, 1806.
6—Alfred Tennyson born, 1809.
7—War and Navy Departments created, 1789.
8—Napoleon sailed from England to St. Helena, a prisoner, 1815.
8—First sucessful locomotive tried out in the United States, 1829.
8—General Nelson A. Miles born, 1839.
9—Izaak Walton born, 1593.
9—Francis Scott Key born, 1779.
9—Edward VII of England crowned, 1902.
10—Missouri admitted to the Union, 1821.
10—Herbert Clarke Hoover born, 1874.
10—Russian and Japanese commissioners met at Portsmouth, N. H., 1905.
11—Robert Fulton's "Clermont" made a trial trip, 1807.
12—Robert Southey born, 1774.
12—First American railway joined Schenectady and Albany, N. Y., 1830.
12—United States and Spain signed peace proposals, 1898.
12—France and England declared war on Austria, 1914.
13—Mexico City captured by Spanish, 1520.
13—Goldwin Smith born, 1823.
13—Manila surrendered to the United States, 1898.
13—Norway voted for separation from Sweden, 1905.
14—American fleet under Jones sailed from France, 1779.
14—Ernest Thompson Seton born, 1860.
15—Napoleon Bonaparte born, 1769.
15—Sir Walter Scott born, 1771.
15—Thomas DeQuincey born, 1785.
15—Fort Dearborn massacre, 1812.
15—Lafayette returned to visit America, 1824.
15—Panama Canal opened to traffic, 1914.
16—Battle of Bennington, Vermont, 1777.
16—General Brock captured Detriot, 1812.
16—First Atlantic Cable message, 1858.
17—David Crockett born, 1786.
18—Virginia Dare, first white child born in America, born, 1587.
18—Meriwether Lewis born, 1774.
18—Kearny took Santa Fe, New Mexico, 1846.
19—James Nasmyth born, 1808.
19—U. S. S. "Constitution" sank "Guerriere", 1812.
20—Pilgrims sailed from England on "Mayflower", 1620.

20—Benjamin Harrison born, 1833.
21—Oliver Hazard Perry born 1785.
21—Lincoln-Douglas debates began, 1858.
22—Battle of Bosworth, 1485.
22—John B. Gough born, 1817.
22—Gold discovered in Klondike, Alaska, 1896.
23—Henley, English poet, born, 1849.
23—Germans began to attack Mons, France, 1914.
24—Massacre of St. Bartholomew, 1572.
24—British captured Washington, D. C., and burned the capitol, 1814.
24—William Wilberforce born, 1859.
25—Two hundred inhabitants of Montreal killed by Iroquois Indians, 1689.
25—Francis Bret Harte born, 1836.
25—Peace treaty with Germany signed by United States, 1921.
26—Sir Robert Walpole born, 1676.
26—Woman's Suffrage Amendment became effective, 1920.
27—British captured Fort Frontenac, Canada, 1758.
28—First coal mined in the United States, 1806.
28—Sir Edward Burne-Jones born, 1833.
28—British parliament abolished slavery in the colonies, 1833.
29—John Locke burned, 1632.
29—Oliver Wendell Holmes born, 1809.
29—Melbourne, Australia, founded, 1835.
30—French Fleet arrived in Chesapeake Bay, 1781.
30—Second battle of Bull Run, 1862.
31—Elizabeth Staurt Phelps Ward born, 1844.
31—Earthquake at Charleston, S. C., 1886.

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BRING SOME RUBBER AROUND

Listen ladies, listen fellers,
Search your attics, yards and cellars,
Look around and try to find,
Bits of rubber any kind;
Things that stretch, and things that bounce,
We can use each precious ounce,
Hurry up and bring them in,
If you want to help us win;
Rubber boots and rubber heels,
Tires no longer safe on wheels,
Rubber mats or garden hose,
Bathing caps and swimming clothes,
Sell them to your filling station
Penny for a pound,
That is how to help your Nation
Bring some rubber around.

—Irving Caesar.

FRANCIS MARION

By Helena Huntington Smith

You studied about Francis Marion in grade school history. You remember him better if at all, under his nickname, "the Swamp Fox." He gets only a paragraph in the textbooks. But he was probably the greatest guerrilla leader this country has ever produced, and a genius at the kind of warfare which is being waged behind the lines in conquered countries today.

Early in 1780 before the siege of Charleston, Marion went to dine with a number of other officers one night, at a house on fashionable Trad Street. Sir Henry Clinton was moving in on the city with a big army and fleet, but doomed Charleston, like Singapore, was determined to be gay to the last. The gentlemen drank heavily, and the host locked the door on his guests—to make sure no one would leave while still sober. To avoid argument, Marion went out by way of a second-story window, fell and broke his ankle. A few days later he was ordered out of the city as unfit for duty, before the start of the siege.

All the officers who remained were captured and spent the rest of the war locked up in British prisons. Francis Marion escaped to the backwoods and swamps.

South Carolina that summer of 1780 was a country as broken, beaten and dispirited as France since the fall. The few South Carolina leaders who had escaped capture when Charleston fell were refugees with the Continental forces in the North. Fifth column rumors completed the feeling of hopelessness; Congress, it was said, was planning to hand over South Carolina and Georgia to the British Crown, as the price of a favorable peace.

However, Marion was commissioned by Governor Rutledge to lead a little group of Irish rebels in Williamsburg county. August 10 or 12, 1780, he took command of his new force, and the Williamsburg boys gathered around for a look at their general. They saw a slight, swarthy, hook-nosed man of 48, wearing "a close round-bodied crimson jacket of a coarse texture, and a leather cap, part of the uniform of the Second Regiment, with a sliver cresent in front, inscribed with the words 'Liberty or Death'."

He looked over two companies of men, whose straggling unkempt hair and rough homespuns contrasted strangely with the slim-legged horses they rode. There were 200 of them —200 swamp dodgers who could ride like centaurs and shoot the eye out of a squirrel at the top of the tallest pine—if they had guns and ammunition. Marion spent the first few days raiding the sawmills for saws, which were beaten into sabres by rough-and-ready camp blacksmiths.

Their first action was to surprise and defeat a British guard coming to Charleston with 150 American prisoners taken after Gate's defeat at Camden. They took back the prisoners, but of these sullen and discouraged remnants of Gates' army, only three would re-inlist with Marion. The rest flatly refused to fight any more.

But Marions men fought. They fought with birdshot for want of bullets. They often went into action with less than three rounds of ammunition to the man. There is a gaiety about their exploits. One day a major in the Williamsburg contingent was galloping after a fleeing Tory down a country road, when he rounded a turn and ran into a large group of his victim's friends. The South Carolina Irishman did some fast thinking.

"Come on boys! Here they are!" he yelled to a band of imaginary followers.

It worked. The Tories scattered.

But there were many trials. After each fight the force melted away. Marion's men had all left wives and children in their little cabins in the clearings, and when they became anxious for the safety of their families, he had to let them go, and wait, reduced to inaction, until they returned. Sometimes the wait was long, and their leader became bitterly discouraged. But they always turned up.

It was said of him that he expected his men to run away—but not too far to come back again. He never wasted their lives in vain military gestures. He taught them to fight like Indians, from tree to tree.

"I never saw such shooting in my life," moaned one unhappy red-coated colonel, who had set out to chase Marion, but was chased by him instead, through a weary winter's campaign.

These boys were tough. They had to be. They lived on a diet of roasted sweet potatoes; for long periods they were without salt; they slept on the ground with one blanket apiece. The General didn't have one. He had lost his when his brush bed burned one night, and was in no hurry to replace it. Though the least theatrical of men, he may have wanted to set an example. He was compared to a certain Highland chieftain, "who, seeing that one of his men had rolled up a ball of snow for a pillow, broke it to pieces with a kick, saying he would not have such luxury among his followers."

On one occasion a young British officer came to Marion to discuss an exchange of prisoners. He was blindfolded and led a twisting route, deep into the recesses of a cypress swamp, and there, at the end of the discussion, he was invited to dinner. The menu as usual was roasted yams.

"Is this your costomary fare, General?" cautiously inquired the visitor.

Gravely the General affirmed that it was better than usual, since there was more of it. According to the patriot historian who tells the tale, the young Englishman was so impressed by the futility of fighting against such heroes, that he went back and resigned his commission!

At the end of 1870 General Greene arrivel from the North, and from that time forward Marion was a part of a regular force and acted under Greene's orders. But part of the time Greene was out of the State, in retreat before Cornwallis' superior force, and for months at a time the Swamp Fox was again carrying on alone. His was a war of nerves. He popped up out of nowhere and fell on loaded supply trains; he pounced, Indianlike, upon sleeping soldiers in the heavy hours before dawn. One of his favorite tricks was that old Indian stra-

tegem of pretending retreat; to lure the enemy into an ambush. When his mischief was done he vanishel so completely into the secret ways of the swamps that his own men could scarcely find him.

His methods of warfare made a painful impression on his opponent, the aforementioned colonel. This gentleman later "told a dreadful story about Marion and his damned rebels, who would not as he said sleep and fight like gentlemen, but like savages were eternally firing and whooping around him by night; and by day waylaying and popping at him from behind every tree as he went by."

By the end of 1781 it was practically over. Lord Cornwallis had surrendered in Virginia. General Greene, helped by Marion and other Southern free-lances, had retaken South Carolina bit by bit, until only Charleston remained in British hands. But it was not until December, 1782, that the white sails of the invaders' fleet were spread to the breeze that carried them out of Charleston Harbor. Francis Marion, now 50 years old, went home to salvage his war-wrecked plantation. He died there at the age of 63.

For years and years after that the bright ghosts of "Marion's men" rode through the Carolina countryside; the legends multiplied, and old mens eyes lit up and their tongues were loosened at the mention of his name.

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YOU'VE GOT TO WORK

If you're willing to hustle for things you want
And not inclined to shirk,
You'll get to the top in your chosen field
Because you're willing to work.

If you're willing to do and not just wish,
And won't let failure irk,
You'll find your dreams will be fulfilled
Because you're willing to work.

Oh, life has fashioned many a snare,
And many pitfalls lurk
To catch and swallow the lazy man
Who's never willing to work.

So straighten your shoulders; tighten your belt;
Pitch in and work like a Turk.
And show the world you're the sort of man
Who gets there because he'll work.

—Tim O'Lera

UP TO DATE CEMETERY BEING KEPT FOR PETS

(Charlotte Obserevr)

Under a six-acre blanket of well-kept lawn lie the remains of a thousand cats and dogs and 100 other pets such as parrots, monkeys and rabbits, whose human friends rated them worthy of a first class funeral with all the trimmings.

Hundreds of marble and granite headstones mark the last resting places of Toots, Fido, Trixie, and Boots.

"Little faithful barking ghost:" reads the inscription on one imposing stone, "May leap to lick my phantom hand."

Little wooden crosses, bearing painted inscriptions, designate the tiny graves of other pets.

It's called the Clara-Glen cemetery. Glen White and his wife, Clara, who have devoted their lives to animals, established it 22 years ago.

White is a cabinetmaker who formerly directed the Atlantic County S. P. C. A. He makes caskets to order from pine and mahogany, digs graves and keeps the cemetery's downy green grass and shrubbery trimmed.

His wife lines the caskets with silk, satin and plush, and always includes a hand-embroidered pillow and veil.

Always there are flowers inside the casket, and atop the grave. White conducts last rites himself, in eloquent language. His favorite text for dogs is Senator Graham Vest's famous "Eulogy on a Dog," which he recites from memory.

From all over the country people have sent their pets to Clara-Glen cemetery for burial. A few have come from Canada and Europe. The largest plot in the cemetery is owned by a Canadian army officer, who has so far shipped 20 pets for burial.

Mr and Mrs. White refuse to bury an animal unless its owner attends the funeral or sends a representative.

One man whose dog died in St. Petersburg, Fla., put its body in his car and drove continuously until he reached the cemetery here. "When he arrived he hadn't had any sleep for 48 hours and was the most pitiful looking man I ever saw," Mrs. White recalls.

A marble lined vault, the only vault in the cemetery, contains the remains of Shaubette Wilson, a noble Pekinese. Buster, a toy poodle that died 12 years ago, has a marble tombstone with his portrait inlaid.

Prince Charles, a canine aristocrat that led a princely life as a pampered pet of Mr. and Mrs. Irving Berlin, lies beneath a granite monument.

Musette, the tiny Griffon dog that for a dozen years was the prized pet of Ed Wynn, the comedian, is buried there.

In one grave a mother dog and her entire brood—Bonnie and seven little Maltese poodles—are buried in one casket. In another is the remains of an 82-year-old parrot that lived with four generations of a family and out-

lived them all except one maiden lady.

The owner of a french bulldog that died seven years ago visits the tomb of her former pet every day, rain or shine. And always there is a fresh flower on the grave marked with a headstone: "In memory of our darling Chief—1935."

By far the most honored grave is that of Cootie, famous mascot of an American infantry unit in the First World War. There the grass is perpetually worn by feet of visitors.

Cootie, a companion of the soldiers during several major battles, died in Atlantic City during the depression and was buried with military honors.

A group of veterans buried Cootie at night by the light of an automobile. His casket, wrapped in a flag, was lowered with great dignity as a bugler blew taps.

The veterans, unemployed, could not raise enough money for a tombstone, "So I bought it myself," says Mrs. White proudly.

"THINK ON THESE THINGS"

"We have been a pleasure-loving people, dishonoring God's day, picnicking and bathing, and now the seashores are barred.

"We have preferred motor travel to church going, and now there is no fuel for our motors.

"We have ignored the ringing of the church bells, calling us to worship, and now the bells cannot ring except to warn us of invasion.

"We have left our churches half empty on the Lord's day, and now the buildings are in ruins.

"We would not listen to the way of peace, and now we are forced to listen to the way of war.

"The money we would not give to the Lord is now taken from us for taxes.

"The food for which we forget to say thanks, is now unattainable.

"Nights we would not spend in prayer are now spent in anxious air raids."

" 'The evils of modernism we would not fight,' and now we face the Germans in a death struggle, which produced these teachings.

"In view of such results the truth of God's plain words ought to sink into peoples hearts all over the world: 'If my people, which are called by my name, shall humble themselves, and pray, and seek my face, and turn from their wicked ways; then will I hear from heaven, and will forgive their sin, and will heal their lands."—From an English clergyman.

HOW MUCH ARE YOU WORTH

By Dr. Hunter B. Blakely

Not all men earn their pay, but some never can be reimbursed financially for their services. A man's bank account is no indication of how he has contributed to his generation.

Horace Mann has been classed by some as America's greatest educator. A brilliant lawyer in 1837, he entered politics and was then president of the Massachusetts State Senate.

As a man of vision, he saw the vast possibilities which lay in developing the public educational system of the nation. He urged improvements in education wherever he had an opportunity to speak.

His pleas for education brought results, and finally Massachusetts created a State Board of Education. The position of the first secretary of the board was offered to Horace Mann. The salary was only a fraction of his remuneration from the lucrative position he held as a practicing lawyer. His friends, believing that a brilliant political career lay before him which might even lead to the presidency of the United States, urged him to decline. To their astonishment he accepted the office of secretary to the board of education of the State of Massachusetts.

His reply to those who said that the position, which was then only an experiment in public education, was unworthy of his great abilities and dignity has become a classic:

"If the title is not sufficiently honorable, then it is clearly left to me to elevate it; and I had rather be creditor and debtor to the title."

Other political friends said it was sheer madness for one of the best lawyers in New England to give his whole time at the beggarly salary of $1,500 per year. "Well, one thing is certain," said Horace Mann, "If I live, and have good health, I will do more than $1,500 worth of good.

With indomitable courage and purpose, Horace Mann tackled the job of giving his state and the nation a creditable public school system. Upon his work and ideals, perhaps more than any other American of our history, has developed education in the United States. It takes a man of courage and vision to accomplish anything worthwhile, but especially is this needed in education.

The first duty of every American citizen is to do everything to win this war. But a second duty is of almost equal importance—to maintain civilization when the war is over. The educational institutions of America will be the first line front in the battle for civilization. While our young men are winning the war, many of our older women will be teaching and the younger women will be equipping themselves to become teachers; let them realize that, poor though, the pay may seem, they are rendering the highest service of a patriot.

But more people must plan and think of education than the teachers. We must prepare and equip "the first line front in the battle of civilization." Here, as well as in our war effort, America's day of opportunity has dawned.

CHALLENGE TO SERVICE

(Selected)

We are at war. And how many of us realize just what the term means?

Can we realize that we are living in "a fateful time in which history is being written on the tablets of Destiny," as one writer so aptly puts it? Or do we feel vaguely uneasy—we sense something is wrong—but we take it out in quickened tempers, sharper words, a more critical attitude? Or are we honestly trying to do something about it ? Are we willing to do our bit in service and sacrifice? Or are we being very selfish and hoping that we can go on with our normal way of life—and hoping with fervor that the sacrifices others are making and the service they render will somehow make things right for us —and that it will be over and we will have lost nothing—and we can merrily go on saving our money or spending it as we see fit? In other words, are we wisely budgeting our time and our money to help win this war? Are we honestly and quietly surveying our lives and trying to make a definite plan in order to do our bit to the limit? It would seem no sacrifice would be too great for those of us left behind. Thousands of our finest boys have made the supreme sacrifice—dying on foreign soil and going down to watery graves in order that we may continue the American way of life—and thousands more are going in a steady stream to our training camps. Just what are we going to do? And just how are we going to "measure up" in this critical period of our nation's history. Are we going to rush headlong into one committee after another, fly into first aid classes, nutritlon courses, nursing and truck driving and the like, and neglect our homes and children? The following is taken from a recent editorial and I would like to pass it on.

"A woman has only so much time and energy and she must learn to concentrate them in one helpful, valuable way, rather than fritter them away over a widely scattered lot of activities. Just as the man is the head of the family, so the woman is its heart; and as the heart functions, so will the whole body function. It is the woman who creates about her the atmosphere of the home. And that atmosphere is nothing more or less than morale. A tired, nervous, keyed-up woman who is trying to enter half a dozen war activites as well as maintain the home makes for a confused, disjointed home life. Concentrate first on maintaining a serene home, for that, after all is woman's finest contribution to a high war-morale."

Just what are we going to do about it? Do we prefer the limelight? Or do we want our homes an inspiration and a blessing to the boys and men who gave their lives for their homes and loved ones? Shall they go to their deaths knowing that the sacrifices are not in vain? Or will they go wondering if the type of home and womanhood left behind are worth the supreme sacrifice of life?

May they go with a high, deep happiness that will echo forever in the hearts of those who have known hap-

piness. And may they leave with us the eternal hope in our hearts to work and suffer and fight for a better world, not for ourselves but for all humanity—the rich, the poor, the strong and weak.

Defeat is education. It is the first step to something better.

CANTERBURY IS ENGLISH SHRINE

(Selected)

Canterbury, target of German reprisal for the British bombing of Cologne, is noted for its historic cathedral, and as the place of residence of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the primate of all England. It is some 60 miles east southeast of London. The city might be called the religious capital of the British Empire, says the National Geographic Society.

Railways, on their more direct routes towards the continent, pass to the south of Canterbury. The march of modern industry passed the cathedral city, thus it has no military objectives.

It was in Canterbury after the first Zeppelin raids on England in the World War, that resolutions were passed stating that principles of morality forbid reprisals which have as a deliberate object the killing or wounding of non-combatatants.

Since the founding of the city in the mid-sixth century on the ruins of early Roman buildings, Canterbury has been prominent in British history.

The religious pilgrimages made famous by Chaucer were stopped by Henry VIII, in 1538, but Canterbury remains in peacetime the mecca of tourists. The cathedral was founded by the English saint, Augustine. Its construction is a record of other wars, for it was damaged in Danish invasions, and burned the year after the Norman conquest. Later it was rebuilt and still later was enlarged and completed in its present form, in 1495.

In anticipation of possible air attack, the irreplaceable stained-glass windows of 13th and 14th-century craftsmanship were removed in 1939, and stored in the crypt.

Canterbury lies at the head of navigation of the Stour river and is at the meeting point of several highways. In the horse and buggy days, Canterbury was on the most traveled highway of England, from Londer to Dover. Only one of the six medieval gates of the walled town remains.

Canterbury's population is less than 25,000. The city has such industries as brick yards and tanneries, but, aside from its religious activities, it is maintained largely by tourists, and by farmers who come to Canterbury to trade.

SEEING BIRTHPLACE OF VANCE, TO BE PRESERVED AS A SHRINE

By Mrs. J. A. Yarbrough

There is in most people an indescribable urge to visit the birthplaces of celebrities.

An indefinable quality, a mixture of interest, veneration and curiosity, fills one's mind as he stands on the threshold of the home were a great person was born.

Last week I fulfilled a long felt desire to visit the birthplace of Zebulon Baird Vance, often termed North Carolina's most distinguished son.

Northward along the Weaverville road from Beaver Lake, about eight miles from Asheville, stands a highway marker pointing the way along the recently paved Reems Creek road to the birthplace. Continuing for about four miles through a valley famed for beauty in all seasons of the year one comes to this sacred spot around which the mountains rise as through to protect the historic home were the beloved Zeb Vance first saw the light of day.

On each side of the path leading up to the door are giant locust trees more than a century old. Gnarled cedars, veterans of mountain storms, ice and snow, stand sentinel near the porch, while ancient crepe myrtles with their clusters of pink blossoms far beyond reach, border one side of the yard. Sunlight filtered through towering old maples and cast dancing shadows on the roof.

The majestic mountains which form the background of the house might well be the ones Vance mentions in his famous lecture. The Scattered Nation, upon which he often stood and "watched the night flee away before the chariot of day," just as he believed the "Dawning of the morning after the dreary watches of the night", would some day come to the persecuted and long-suffering Jewish people.

The entire valley as far as the eye can see in every direction belonged to the Vance family from a Revolutionary grant. The old house is approximately 150 years old. In 1897 it was reconstructed exactly as first erected, the original logs being made into timber for the purpose. The chimney and deep fireplaces are original. Having a roof of heart pine shingles, the house had never been recovered in more than a century.

The front door opens into the center room, the one in which Zebulon Vance was born. The fireplace of field stone is eight feet wide and extends up six feet to a narrow mantel. The hearth is made of broad flat stones. Overhead in each room are the massive beams used when the house was built. A smaller bedroom runs along one end of the house and at the other is the large dining room and kitchen.

The great fireplace where the cooking was done measures ten feet one visions the huge pot that once hung there. Mammoth hearth stones, polished smooth by countless steps, held the array of ovens and pans, banked with glowing coals, in which

the food was cooked. Windows in this room frame the valley and the mountains beyond. Quaint paneled doors with large hand made locks and long hinges speak of a day that was primitive but peaceful and happy.

Across the road in the Vance family burying grounds, now known as Hemphill cemetery, is the grave of David Vance, grandfather of Zeb Vance. He was born in Virginia, came to Priscilla Brank of Salisbury, N. C. Engraved on his tombstone is the record that he was a captain in the Continental army, fought at Kings Mountain, at Brandywine and at Germantown. He was with Washington at Valley Forge during the hardships of 1777-78. After moving to Reems Creek he was clerk of the superior court for Buncombe county, which position he filled to the day of his death.

He was elected colonel of the milita and evidently his daughter Celia inherited his military tendencies. She often watched the militia drill and caught on to the words of the manual of arms. One day she took down "Old Billy Craig", a gun six and one-half feet in the barrel, and went through the manual. When she came to the words, "Ready, Aim, Fire", not knowing that "Old Billy" was loaded, she pulled the trigger. The gun knocked her down and the load tore a rent in the wall in which one could lay his arm. The effect of Celia's drill was still seen long afterward in the old house which was destined to be the birthplace of the great Zebulon Baird Vance.

When Colonel Vance was buried in 1813, his surviving comrades of the Revolution awoke the echo of the mountains with the arms they had used in America's struggle for independence.

David Vance, the father of Zeb Vance, is also buried in the old cemetery atop the pine-studded knoll. He married Mira Baird, daughter of Zebulon Baird, state senator from the Buncombe district. He was born in the Vance home on Reems creek road in 1792, in the same room in which his renowned son was born thirty-eight years later.

An active and successful businessman, Captain Vance was kind and generous to the poor, often redeeming the forced sale of cows and other property for unfortunate neighbors.

For years the idea of preserving the birthplace of Vance as a shrine has been discussed by various groups and individuals. Eighteen years ago the Asheville chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, during the presidency of Mrs. L. E. Fisher, first considered plans for its preservation but the price at which the property was offered was prohibitive.

Knowing of the interest Judge Philip C. Cocke, Sr., of Asheville, has shown in making a shrine of this historic spot, I went to see him to ascertain the progress of the movement.

"Like many others of this section, I have often felt that too long we have neglected to honor the momory of Governor Vance by suitably preserving his birthplace", said Judge Cocke. "Judge E. Yates Webb, of Shelby, accompanied me out there last fall and certain remarks he made caused me to pledge myself to do everything in my power to preserve the place to the perpetuation of the memory and influence of Vance.

"Judge Webb deplored the lack of anything to associate the place with Governor Vance. It touched him, he said, to stand there and recall the career of Vance and his associations with Vance's friends in Washington. Although Judge Webb entered Congress nine years after the death of Vance, he found a deep and enduring appreciation among those who had been so often moved by his burning words as he battled for the principles of his party in that great body. It was a day when the Congress of the United States was largely made up of intellectual giants.

"Standing there in the yard where Vance spent his boyhood, Judge Webb turned the pages of history and revealed a group of eminent men who were colleagues of Vance. Among these were Senator John W. Daniel, crippled in the Battle of the Wilderness and thereafter called the "Lame Lion of Lynchburg"; Claude Swanson, Virginia congressman, governor, senator and secretary of the navy; Senator John T. Morgan, Confederate general and in the Senate 31 years; John H. Bankhead, congressman and Confederate veteran; Senator Jo Blackburn, later governor of the Canal Zone, Senator James McCrary, twice governor of Kentucky; Senator Hernando Money and John Sharp Williams; Champ Clark, who became speaker of the house in 1911; Senator Wm. B. Bate of Mexican war fame. Confederate general and governor of Tennessee; Bourke Cochran, ranking high priest of all orators of that time.

"Along with these were Henry Cabot Lodge, who admired the sledge-hammer intellect of Vance and, while he came to verbal death-grips with him in tariff debates, often publicly praised the great Tar Heelian. There too was Little Joe Cannon, congressman for forty years, speaker of the House, and perhaps the greatest parlimentarian of them all; Chas. Curtis, later vice-president of the United States; Wm. B. Allison, dean of the Senate and in Congress 35 years, and Senator Matthew Quay, master politican of all.

"All these and more Judge Webb recalled as associates of Vance, who ranked among them as peer of any. From the time he entered the Senate in 1879 until his death in 1894 he stood as one of the ablest and best informed members of that great body and in his encounters with able opponents suffered nothing by comparison. And yet he was so amiable and genial he was the hero of the cloak room and the charm of the social circle.

"The names of these eminent men who loved and admired North Carolina's great son link Judge Webb with Vance's past in Washington and seldom has such a legacy passed from one man to another", continued Judge Cocke. "Judge Webb is convinced that now is the time to commemorate the vigorous personality of Governor Vance by this adequate memorial. As the people of North Carolina face the sacrifices of what may be a long war it is fitting for them to recall Zeb Vance, who as war governor during the sixties led the state through the most trying period of its history. It is proper for them to be reminded again and again of men such as Vance whose ability and determination saw the state through magnificently during the darkest of days and

started it on the road to its hard-won come-back.

"This shrine will memorialize a man unique in the history of North Carolina—congressman, Confededate solider, governor, prisoner of war and United States senator. It will be a powerful influence in disseminating a wider knowledge of his great character. It will proclaim the unbiased truth of history that brave men who fought for the South were loyal champions of principles which they considered essential to the perpetuity of popular government. There will be power in this shrine to extinguish the embers of old fires and to kindle a flame of pride in the illustrious man who served the land of his birth and his re-united country with equal loyalty and devotion."

It is Judge Cocke's plan to ask the next General Assembly to allocate funds for the proposed shrine, thereby showing their honor and reverence for their native son who has received national recognition. His efforts in the project have received hearty support.

Charlotte naturally is much interested in the plan, for it was here that Governor Vance after his release from imprisonment in Washington entered into the practice of law with Major Clement Dowd. He bought a home on West Sixth street, the site of which was recently marked by the Daughters of the Confederacy. In the public library the people of Charlotte placed a handsome bronze bust of Governor Vance; in the first Presbyterian Church the pew he and his family occupied has been marked; a city park, a public school and a Charlotte street bear his name and the site of his law office in this city will be marked with a handsome monument in the near future.

WOOD

The poet looked at the kingly oak
And his soul was lifted high,
As he saw its widespread arms invoke
A blessing from the sky.

It filled his breast with a new-found cheer,
And his heart seemed all elate,
As he spoke to the yoeman, standing near,
And worshipfully sighed, "Its great!"

And the yoeman—one of Nature's lords—
Quite willing to agree,
Said, "Yes, I reckon they's twenty cords
O' wood in that thar tree!"

—Unknown.

DR. ALBERT ANDERSON

By R. C. Lawrence

When I was at the Bar they used to call them "Alienists" and the thing about them that I best remember is the big fees they charged and received. Since then they have changed their name and have become psychiatrists—but it's the same profession.

Carolina has done its full share in producing men outstanding upon the field of the healers of mental diseases. There was Dr. P. L. Murphy, who built the Morganton Hospital, a man nationally known in his specialty. There was Dr. George L. Kirby of Goldsboro, Confederate Surgeon and Superintendent of our State Hospital. His son, Dr. George H. Kirby, attained an international reputation as a specialist in psychiatry. This eminent son of Carolina was associated with the famous Dr. Adolph Meyer in Clinical Psychiatric Institute; he served as clinical director of the Manhattan State Hospital; he succeeded Dr. August Hoch as Director of the Psychiatric Institute in 1917. Dr Kirby developed what is known as the malarial treatment for paresis, which was and still is an outstanding contribution to world psychiatry, and to mental sufferers. He played an important part in the planning and development of the psychiatric unit of the Presbyterian-Columbia Medical Center in New York City, which is the last word in that specialty.

Dr. Kirby served as Professor of Psychiatry in New York University; in Bellevue Medical School; in the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Columbia University. He served not only as President of the New York Neurological Society, but also as President of the American Psychiatric Association, which is the accolade in that field.

Then there is Dr. J. K. Hall, who came out of Burke County and married the sister of Carolina's Judge Samuel J. Ervin, Jr., of Morganton. Dr. Hall is the proprietor of Westbrook Sanatorium at Richmond, and is a nationally known figure when it comes to a question of mental disease.

Nor would our list be complete without mentioning Dr. J. W. Ashby, who has been doing such splendid work as the head of the State Hospital in Raleigh for a number of years.

Now add to these big specialists the name of Albert Anderson, who was born in the red hills of Wake County in 1859. He took his academic degree from old Trinity College, and his medical degree from the University of Virginia; and he had postgraduate courses at New York Polyclinic and other institutions. Then he settled down at Wilson to the practice of his profession. Before he had been in Wilson long he married Miss Pattie Woodard.

The doctor founded what is known as Wilson Sanatorium. He was a man of large mental equipment; a tireless and prodigious worker; and he soon attracted statewide notice in the field of medicine. He became a member of the State Board of Medical Examiners; he served as a member of the

House of Delegates of the American Medical Association (quite an honor in the medical world); he served as President of the Tri-State Medical Association; and even of the Raleigh Academy of Medicine.

He moved to Raleigh in 1907 and became the first Medical Director of the Jefferson Standard Life Insurance Co. He became so prominent in the field of medicine, so outstanding for the quality of his public service, so conspicuous for his utility to both church and state, that in 1913 the Governor made him superintendent of the State Hospital—Dix Hill, if you please, and there he remained until his death in 1932.

Now when Governor John M. Morehead, Dorothea Dix and James C. Dobbin founded State Hospital, they never dreamed of a work such as is being carried on in Raleigh today; they never visioned an institution with scores of buildings, thousands of patients. And, my masters, it would surprise you to read the roster of some of the big men of the state who have "done time" in this institution and received treatment from the specialists in psychiatry there to be found—men eminent in the life of law, medicine, education, the pulpit and other fields. You may think all its patients are forced to stay where they are, but this is by no means true, for scores have sufficient mentality to know that they need mental treatment and go to Dix Hill voluntarily and stay there so long as necessary.

I undertake no appraisal of the achievements of my subject on the field of psychiatry, as that is entirely too technical for me. I will say, however, that when I was at the Bar I used to represent a railroad, and sometimes we had a flat tire. No, I do not mean a rubber tire. I mean a flat spot would develop on the driving wheel of one of the big monguls or pacific freight engines on the Seaboard, they would take the tire to the machine shops, put it on the lathe, ream it down a trifle and put it back. Then the wheel would run true again, would not pound on the rails.

Now all I know about Dr. Anderson's service as a psychiatrist is that he would take hold of a man who had allowed liquor to get the best of him; or a man whose nerves had given way to overwork, worry or other stress; or who had developed a brainstorm in his mental makeup. Such a man Dr. Anderson would put on his lathe, ream him out a trifle, and when the Doctor would get through with him, his mental machinery ran true again and his brain would quit pounding. I speak with authority here. The Book says "By their fruits ye shall know them." If this be true, then Dr. Anderson was a big psychiatrist because scattered all over North Carolina, in every county and in practically every town there are men who were put back on their feet and given back to society by Albert Anderson.

He was at his best when teaching the Sunday school lesson to an appreciative audience consisting of his patients and their nurses and attendants. Nor did there ever live any Methodist Bishop who could preach a better sermon than could this psychiatrist of Raleigh. Moreover he lived the gospel that he proclaimed full seven days in the week.

I think I can illustrate what manner of man this was by one or two

things which came under my observation. When he lived in Raleigh he did not team up with the strong and powerful Edenton Street Methodist Church. If he had, he would have been promptly elected as a steward, and he could have occupied its pulpit when, if and as he liked. Instead of so doing he went out on the highways and hedges to Jenkins Memorial—the Methodist Church out at the Methodist Orphanage, and joined up with it. Why? Because the Doctor felt that he could do more good in the smaller church than he could in its larger sister; and morever, he liked little children, and there were plenty of these out at Jenkins Memorial.

When insulin was something new in medicine, I went with the Doctor to hear a famous Boston physician lecture on the subject before an audience of North Carolina physicians at the clinic of Duke University. We arrived late, the amphitheatre was full when we reached the scene, and the distinguished speaker was just about to begin when we entered. But when the audience saw Dr. Anderson with one accord they rose to their feet, applauding.

That, in brief, is the measure of Albert Anderson.

FIRE SIGNALS

(Religious Herald)

The glen was lovely. It lay between the White Country and the Kingdom of the Sun. Here the trees lived. Grandfather Oak ruled them; he was a kind, gruff old tree. Here lived also Weeping Willow and Dogwood and Elm and Poplar and Aspen. They were very happy. A little brook laughed through the glen. The bright stars were their friends. The sun sent his sunbeam children to play among the branches. A cool breeze lived just around the corner. But the trees were most proud of the brids, their tenants. They made their own houses and weren't too choosy about their next door neighbors; their children never ran away from home, except when one fell out of the nest, and they sang all day long. There were green birds and brown, red and blue, pink and lavender. When they flew together it looked like a great wonderful rainbow.

In the spring the glen was magic with the songs and the twittering and the building of nests. And it was spring all the time! Nothing could be more beautiful than the trees and the birds and the laughing stream.

In one short night the history of the glen, and in fact the history of the whole world, was changed. Through the soft mystery of moonlight a little boy came to Grandfather Oak. He crawled up to Grandfather's ear and whispered. The rest of the trees couldn't understand what he was saying. Grandfather frowned and dropped a couple of leaves. The trees rustled uneasily—this was serious. Weeping Wilow began to wail.

Aspen began to shake. Dogwood, the watchdog, began to growl. The glen was disturbed.

Grandfather Oak called the trees together. "Children, times are getting serious. The way of life that we know is to be no more. Times are changing."

Miss Elm simpered, "Oh, Grandfather, you are mighty nice and cute and all that—but Grandfather, dear, you are just an old fogie." Miss Elm was the flirt of the glen. Grandfather did not approve of her.

The trees twitteerd nervously. Grandfather frowned and lashed his arms about. "Listen, silly one, this is serious. The Frost Boy has come."

There was a startled bush. The Frost Boy had come. Times indeed were changing. Life would never be the same. Legend of the forest foretold a time when the Frost Boy would come to the glen and change all the trees.

"What did he say, Grandfather?"

"Has he come to hurt us?"

"Foolish children, don't you know our secret? Remember we can pull up our bark blankets. The Frost Boy can never hurt us. He told me more. The Great White is coming too and bringing his ice spears with him." Grandfather laughed until he shook—The Great White would be very angry when he found that he could not hurt the trees of the glen. Suddenly Grandfather stopped laughing, and frowned. "But what about the birds; they haven't any bark."

"Grandfather, what shell we do?"

"Will," Grandfather stretched his foots, "well, that's what's bothering me. The only thing I know is to tell them." You know a tree can't talk very loudly.

The trees went back to their holes in the ground. The birds were too sleepy that night to pay any attention to their murmuring. Aspen shook so much his family theatened to move out. Weeping Willow cried and the little wrens caught cold. Those birds were quite disgusted with their trees.

In the morning the sun shone brightly. The birds flew away early for sunbaths. The trees couldn't fly after them. When the birds got home that night they were so tired they fell to sleep without so much as a cheep. The trees began to get anxious.

The Great White was coming with his needle spears. He was on the warpath; the Frost Boy said so. But it seemed that there was nothing that they could do to help their friends.

That night Grandfather called a council. "There is only one more thing we can do. We can build a signal fire of red leaves. Perhaps they will know the danger."

In the morning the glen was blood-red—danger was stalking near. The birds knew that the Great White was coming. It was deadly for them to go to the White Country. They turned and headed for the Kingdom of the Sun.

The Great White came with high winds, clouds of snow and sheets of ice. But there was nothing in the glen he could harm. The bark blankets kept the trees sung. The birds were in the Kingdom of the Sun.

Every year the Frost Boy comes to warn the trees. You see the blood red of the forest, the tree's fire signal. The Great White is on the way! Then you see the birds heading for the Kingdom of the Sun, green birds and brown, red and blue, pink and lavender.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Our cannery force, under the supervision of Mr. Walker, has been quite busy this week, puting tomatoes up in gallon cans, to be stored away for winter use.

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The first butter beans of the season were gathered from our gardens this week, and were issued to the various cottage kitchens. Many other fine vegetables are also being gathered at this time.

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Basil Wetherington, of Cottage No. 15, had the misfortune to sustain a badly fractured leg when he fell, down at the dairy barn, last Monday. He was taken to the North Carolina Orthopedic Hospital, Gastonia, for treatment.

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"Santa Fe Trail" was the feature attraction at our regular weekly motion picture show in the auditorium last Thursday night. A comedy, "Good-Night, Elmer," was shown at the same time. Both are Warner Brothers productions.

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Britt C. Gatlin, thirty-two years old, formerly of Cottage No. 3, was a visitor here last Sunday. He was accompanied by his wife, and they informed us they have a son, aged eight years. Britt has been in the United States Army a little more than one and one-half years. He is a member of the 116th Infantry, having attained the rank of sergeant, and has been stationed at Fort Meade, Maryland, for some time. Since his company is taking part in the maneuvers now being held in this section of the country, he said he could not pass up the opportunity to call on old friends amng members of the on old friends among members of the

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A break-down in the machinery at our ice plant last Tuesday, could not have occurred at a more unopportune time, since the little red line in the thermometer was hovering close to the top. A hury call was sent to the Concord Ice Company for ice for all departments, enough to last twenty-four hours, after which necessary repairs were made, and the ice plant was again functioning at top speed.

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Melvin Means, of Concord, a member of the United States Army Air Corps, was home on a furlough recently. We chanced to meet him on the street the other night, and he informed us that he read a copy of The Uplift while stationed at Tulsa, Oklahoma, a few weeks ago. Naturally, we inquired as to how it came about, and Means told us this story: Going into the barracks at Tulsa, he noticed one of the boys reading The Uplift, and lost no time approaching him, asking what his name was, where he was from, etc. The young fellow replied that his name was Smith; that he was from Wilmington, N. C.; and that the little magazine had been sent to him by a friend, one of the boys in our printing class. A paper bearing the old home town date-line never fails to appeal to a fellow when so far away from home, and friend, Means, stated that he read it from cover to

cover, enjoying every word therein contained.

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We recently received a letter from A. C. Elmore, one of our old boys, who is now a member of the United States Marine Corps, and is doing his bit for Uncle Sam, somewhere in the Pacific fighting zone. This lad, seventeen years old, a former member of the Cottage No. 5 group and of the shoe shop force, left the School, May 8, 1941. His letter, dated June 16th, reads as follows:

"Dear Friend: Just a few lines to say 'hello' and to let you know that I am getting along just fine. An not at Parris Island any more. I left there on April 1st, going to San Diego, California. After staying there just one week, I was sent across the water. We crossed the equator coming down here, and all were initiated. Cannot say where we are located right now, for if I do, and the information should get into wrong hands, look what might happen. One thing I like about this place, is that the natives are very friendly. Give my regards to Mr. Scarboro and Mr. Carriker. Tell the folks at the School that we do get lonesome some times, and I would like to hear from them. Yours truly, A. C. Elmore."

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Frank L. King, who left the School in January, 1940, called on friends here last week-end. While a lad at the institution, he was a member of the Cottage No. 2 group, and was employed in the library. Upon returning to his home in Hendersonville, Frank worked at the painter's trade for a while. He later secured employment in a garage, and in a short time became a pretty good automobile mechanic.

A little more than a year ago this lad enlisted in the United States Army, and spent some time in an army trades school, studying mechanics, specializing in work on Diesel motors. He is now a tank mechanic, a member of Co. A, 17th Ordinance Battalion, Second Armed Division, and has attained the rank of technical sergeant. He had been stationed at Fort Benning, Georgia, for some time, but during the army maneuvers in the Carolinas, his outfit is located near Charlotte.

Frank is now a well-mannered young man of twenty years, and judging from the record he has made since joining Uncle Sam's armed forces, we feel safe in predicting that he will go on to further success and promotions. He stated that he was most grateful for the training received at the School, and that it had been of great value to him in army life.

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The afternoon service at the School last Sunday was in charge of Mr. A. C. Sheldon, of Charlotte. After the singing of the opening hymn and Scripture recitation, led by Homer Bass, of Cottage No. 8, he presented Rev. Herbert Spaugh, pastor of Hawthorne Lane Morovian Church, Charlotte, as the speaker of the afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson he read Psalms 118:1-10, and the subject of his message to the boys was "Trusting In God."

At the beginning of his remarks, Rev. Mr. Spaugh, taking a coin from his pocket, asked his youthful listeners if any of them ever kept money

long enough to note the inscription on it. The words, "In God We Trust," on the coin of the realm, said he, indicates clearly that in this great country of ours, we should not leave God out of our financial or business affairs. We cannot afford to leave Him out of the very center of our lives. The United States has always put God first, and when people or nations put God out and place themselves in the center of life, trouble begins. No man's life is complete unless God is at the head.

The speaker then stated that the United States Government recognizes God above all. Our national flag, "Old Glory," is the pride and joy of every true American, but the chief allegiance is to our Heavenly Father. This is shown by the fact that the Christian flag is the only one that is ever permitted to fly above the United States flag.

When we put God first in our lives, we shall be successful, continued Rev. Mr. Spaugh. No two people in the world are alike, but God has a plan for each one of us. When we get in tune with Him, and make Him the center of our lives, we are truly headed in the right direction, along the pathway that leads to success.

In conclusion, the speaker told his listeners to remember the motto on the coin, and never lose sight of the fact that our lives cannot possibly be worthwhile unless we trust in God.

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A letter came to the School this week from Robert Ward, one of our former students, who has been in the United States Army more than fourteen years. He is now thirty-two years old, and is a sergeant in the 176th Infantry Band, and is stationed at Fort Meyer, Virginia. His letter reads as follows:

"Dear Sir: I received the June 27th issue of The Uplift, which got around to me after making quite a circuit. It was originally addressed to Fort Bragg, N. C., where I was stationed last year. From there it was forwarded to Fort Meade, Maryland, then to Anacostia, D. C., and finally reached me here at this post, Fort Meyer, Virginia. As usual, I enjoyed reading it, as the School has been an important factor in my life, especially in the line of work I have chosen. As you know, it was at Jackson Training School that I first studied music, and I have been at it for a good number of years, both teaching and coaching, as a member of the post band, and in association with many bands all over the country.

"It was with deepest regret that I learned of Mr. Boger's retirement. It could not have affected me any more had it been my own father severing his relations with the family. It is a loss that I am sure every young man who has been a boy at that fine institution, will feel deeply. Surely, no man ever gave so much of his life to a chap and asked so little in return, as did Mr. Boger. Upon leaving there, he only asked that I live in a manner that would be a credit to the institution, and to always conduct myself as a gentleman. That I have tried to do, and always shall, with his kindly admonition in my heart and mind at all times.

"To Mr. Boger I owe a great deal, but most of all, I owe him the love of a son to a foster father, for he has been just that to me. While I have

not written him in several years, nor to the institution often, his most inspiring teachings have constantly followed me during the time I have been away from the School. May they continue to follow me in the years to come, for his kind words have served me well.

"I would like to ask a special favor of Mr. Leon Godown, as I remember him when there. Would like to ask him if he would kindly see to it that I have a snapshot or a photo of Mr. Boger to keep with me always. This would be appreciated more than you know or I could tell. I remember very vividly the kindly expression of Mr. Boger's, even his voice, after these seventeen years of absence, and can also recall how he and Mr. Fisher used to walk down to the barns, and their friendly chats with the boys along the way. But dearest of all, I remember Mr. Boger on Sunday mornings as he taught us our 'Lesson for Today'.

"In closing, may I say to all the boys, and to the members of the staff, that I am sure they, like myself, feel the loss of a great friend. May God walk with him the rest of the way, even as this man has walked with me from 1922 until the present time, and for always I am sure. My very best regards to all. Robert Ward."

———:———

POETRY

What good is money, the poets cry,
As they scribble verse and vainly try
To swap it off for some bread and meat,
Or a leather strap that they can eat—
And my answer to this platitude
Is money will buy me clothes and food,
And ease and comfort, and friends and fame,
Or a facsimile of the same—
The poets ask what money is worth,
Knowing blame well, it rules this earth.

What good is money, the poets shout,
As they wave their itching palms about—
Oh, it won't buy love, they loudly hoot;
But it'll buy a good substitute—
Soft arms to comfort and hold you fast,
At least as long as your dollars last,
And why, I ask, ain't it just as fair
To marry for gold as wavy hair?
What good is money, the poet yells,
Grabbing for it, in his breathing spells.

—Selected.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending July 26, 1942

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Robert Padgett
Malcolm Seymour
Paul Smith
Charles Young

COTTAGE NO. 1

Thomas Barnes
Everett Case
Leonard Lovelace
Curtis Moore
James Parker
James Pitman
Leonard Robinson
Kenneth Tipton
Frank Walker

COTTAGE NO. 2

James McGlammery
John Pritchard
Leo Worley

COTTAGE NO. 3

Charles Beal
Fred Bostian
Joseph Dew
Albert Hames
Dewey Lanning
Fonzer Pitman
Rhonda Price
Samuel Pritchett
Charles Rhodes
John Tolley
Louis Williams

COTTAGE NO. 4

Wilton Barfield
William Broadwell
Leroy Childers
Mack Coggins
William Deaton
William Lanning
James Mondie
Robert Muse
Roy Patton
Simon Quick
Charles Simpson
Carl Tyndall
George Ward
Jesse Williamson

COTTAGE NO. 5

Levitt Ballard
Luther Coe
John Gardner
John Lipscomb
Eugene Stubbs
Wilford Seegers
Eldred Watts

COTTAGE NO. 6

Houston Turner

COTTAGE NO. 7

Henry Butler
William Butler
Robert Holbert
G. W. Kelly
Edward Loftin
Ernest Turner
William Young

COTTAGE NO. 8

Cecil Ashley
Homer Johnson
Grover Revels

COTTAGE NO. 9

Gerald Amos
Cecil Caldwell
Leonard Church
David Cunningham
Riley Denny
Eugene Dyson
James Hale
Wilbur Hardin
William Hart
Winley Jones
Alfred Lamb
Issac Mahaffey
Marvin Matheson
Lloyd Mullis
Leroy Pate
Lewis Sawyer
George Strayhorn

COTTAGE NO. 10

Jack Crotts
Forrest Davis
Amon Dryman
William Morgan
Charles Phillips
Joseph Paterson
Robert Stephens
James Spear
Joseph Willis

COTTAGE NO. 11

Bert Barnhardt
Noah Brown
Eugene Cline
Robert Goldsmith
Edgar Shell
Everett Stamey
Harold Shelton
Ray Taylor
A. B. Hoyle

COTTAGE NO. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 13

Edward Hammond
Donald Hobbs
Richard Kye
William O'Brien
Fred Rhodes

COTTAGE NO. 14

Robert Bailey
Robert Caudle
Walter Carver
Audie Farthing
William Harding
Lawrence Hord
Edward Kinion
William Lane
William Lanford
Joseph McKinney
Charles Pitman
John Reep
Robert Travis
Alvis Watkins

COTTAGE NO. 15

Horace Deese
Fred Jenkins
Wade Medlin
Clarence McLemore
Donald Sides
Basil Wetherington

INDIAN COTTAGE

Raymond Brooks
Frank Chavis
Edward Hall
Cecir Jacobs
Leroy Lowry
Herbert Lochlear
James Lochlear
Lester Lochlear
Eugene Watts

———:———

VICTORY

I try to be a simple son
Of native toil, my creed:
To do my part in work or fun,
And help the man in need;
Not turn my head from fellowman—
Who spied me in his Dower!
My aim in life; Aid whom I can—
And when—if in my Power.

In township, village, big or small
Where man possesses, soul.
His duty to his neighbor all
Is: Help him towards his goal!
Take kindly note to what I say
And practice all the while,
You'll find the folks across the way
Will answer every smile.

—Jay J. Sea.

AUG 10 1942
U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXX | CONCORD, N. C., AUGUST 8, 1942 | No. 32

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TINY MOMENTS

Time is so precious that it is dealt out to us only in the smallest possible fractions—a tiny moment at a time. We cannot live again a moment that has just passed, nor can we live in the moment that is to come. Just while the pendulum is swinging through the present instant—this is the only time of which we are sure, the only time to do our thinking, our working, Why should we not make this a perfect moment?—Irish Proverb.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

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CHARLES E. BOGER, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor

AMERICA'S DEFENDERS

America, we are thy sons,
And we shall keep thee free.
For in our veins there flows the blood
Of Washington and Lee.

No foreign flag upon thy sod
Shall we allow to stand;
No iron shackles from abroad
Shall touch thy foot or hand.

They mock thy Army, say 'tis small,
Thy Navy, too, they scorn;
Have they forgot the laurels won
Since freedom here was born?

They say thy untrained citizens
Will never soldiers be;
Have they forgot those valiant men
Who fought in sixty-three?

America, thy sons are true,
And if thou wilt but call,
Ten million men will give to thee
Their homes, their lives, their all.

For thou dost stand for what is right,
For "freedom of the seas;"
God grant Old Glory may always float
Forever in the breeze.

—Exchange.

OUR NEW SUPERINTENDENT

S. G. Hawfield

The interested friends of the Stonewall Jackson Training School realized that on account of the illness of Superintendent Charles E. Boger, his successor would be chosen at an early date. The die was cast at a called meeting of the Board of Trustees on July 29th. The responsibility of choosing a man fully qualified to meet the demands of the School weighed heavily upon the trustees, because the trust imposed in them was one that had to be handled with intense care and interest. It was necessary that the man thus chosen be one fully qualified to understand and adjust boys' problems, and at the same time be the executive of a million dollar plant, with its many activities.

Prior to the final decision of the trustees, there were three meetings held. The applicants for the position numbered eleven—each having splendid credentials—a fact that made it quite difficult to select the right man. There were eleven applications submitted, but by the process of cancellation, two were left in the race. When the final vote of the nine trustees present was cast, Samuel Glenn Hawfield was given the honored position of superintendent of the Stonewall Jackson Training School, the first unit of constructive social service work for the underprivileged boys in North Carolina.

Superintendent Hawfield was born in Union county, April 21, 1891. He graduated with honors from Duke University in 1915 with the degree of bachelor of arts. In 1922, he attended summer school at Columbia University, and after taking additional post-graduate work at the University of North Carolina, he was awarded a master's degree in education by that institution. He needs no introduction to the people of this community, because of his long service in the county as superintendent of the county schools, from 1927 to 1938. He has been honored with several offices in the North Carolina Education Association, and was its president in 1940-41.

While living in Concord, Mr. Hawfield was an active leader in Central Methodist Church, serving as superintendent of the Sunday school and teacher of the men's bible class. A prominent Rotarian, he served as secretary-treasurer of the Concord Rotary Club, and was its president for one year. He was also deeply interested with Boy Scout work in all its phases.

The new superintendent will take up the work as soon as necessary adjustments can be made prior to moving his family from Raleigh. There are two adjustments to be made before the program of activities can run on an even keel. The incoming administrator will have to familiarize himself with the duties of each empolyee, and phychologically study the boy's problems and give proper placement, so that dividends of splendid citizenship may be realized from the investment made by the state and philanthropic friends.

We extend to Superintendent Hawfield a most cordial welcome, and wish for him a successful administration.

* * * * * * * * *

"PARSON" HUGHES LEAVES CONCORD

The departure of Rev. I. Harding Hughes from the rectorship of All Saints' Episcopal Church, Concord, to take up a new field of duties as chaplain of St. Mary's College, Raleigh, is a decided loss to Concord and a gain for Raleigh in every phase of activities, including spiritual, civc and social life. Rev. Mr. Hughes not only served most acceptably the members of his own parish, but was extremely popular with the people of other denominations. He also took time to answer the plea for help of the indigent who needed cheer when the way seemed lonely and dark. He is a man of the kindest impulses, and always had time to listen to the stories of the hard-pressed.

All of us are familiar with the expression, "love begets love," and we feel that quotation aptly reflects the inner life of Rev. Mr. Hughes. He really loves people, and it is the consensus of opinion of all who passed his way that they, in return for his kindly spirit, loved him. Many such expressions have been heard since the announcement of his decision to take up his abode elsewhere, and he may rest assured that the latch-strings of many homes, regardless of denominational lines, hang on the outside for the Hughes family.

The Stonewall Jackson Training School will miss his friendly

visits and unbounded interest in the institution and the boys. This little magazine expresses the sentiments of the School by saying that we wish for "Parson" Hughes and his family the very best of everything that makes a happy life.

* * * * * * * *

HAY FEVER

This is the season of the year for an epidemic of hay fever, especially so for those susceptible to the fumes and dust coming from a musty basement, and the pollen of weeds that is wafted to practically every corner of a community. It is obvious that owners of property to a certain extent are careless about moving piles of debris that draw dampness, and neither is there any attention directed toward cleaning vacant lots in thickly populated areas of a large crop of weeds. Such places are breeding spots for mosquitos, and there is not a greater pest in any community than the mosquito. We take the following from the Mooresville Enterprise, that fine paper which so often touches upon subjects that rebound to a better under-understanding of community needs:

> So they might call it the good old summer time? But not when you are a sufferer from hay fever and when this is the season that you suffer most from the malady. The schedule for the operating of the onslaught is around August 15, and though the date may be advanced or retarded this year, you can just figure that come it will with the unfortunate feverites reaching for handkerchiefs and wiping watering eyes and noses. You may be among the fortunate sufferers who can hie themselves to a climate where relief is obtained, or perhaps you are able to afford air-conditioning in your home to withstand the pollens and dust. Maybe medical science has helped you check the fever. But whatever is done, is never quite enough for the hay fever victim. It is when the weed pollens are ripe for distribution that the unfortunate suffer the most. It isn't only in the country that weeds grow, but on many a neglected city lot. Neglect can cause much suffering and since we are humane and know we can help by cutting down any ragweed on our premises, we will do so. It doesn't take much effort and there isn't any expense entailed for us to get rid of some of these sniffle areas and pollen traps. We try to stay away from the irritant but it is difficult when you realize that pollen can rise to thousands of feet and be blown to points hundreds of miles away:

DR. CARVER, THE NEGRO SCIENTIST

The negro scientist, Dr. George Washington Carver, has added another interesting page to his life's story. His latest development or discovery of food value is a nutritious sandwich made from a weed. Upon reading of this new by-product, we exclaimed, "there IS something new under the sun," because weeds were nothing more to us than something to be chopped down or otherwise destroyed. Doubtless this "weed sandwich" will become popular because Henry Ford, the wizard in giving the people the thing they wanted in the way of a cheap automobile, has been photographed sampling the new-fangled sandwich. It takes pull and push to make anything go, so there is reason to believe the Carver weed sandwich will become a favorite. Along with this new scientific accomplishment of Dr. Carver's it is interesting to note that Henry Ford generally knows a good thing when he sees it, therefore, has secured this famed Negro to do research work in his laboratory. He realizes that success in any business depends entirely upon choosing capable and efficient co-workers.

* * * * * * * *

OUR PLIGHT AND THEIRS

We are truly living in a land "flowing in milk and honey" when we think about the plight of conquered nations. Briefly, the Catawba News-Enterprise gives a nauseating story of living conditions in Greece today, that little country which was once the center of culture, with a vision of superb ideals. Such conditions as related in the following are terrible:

> Those of us who are griping about the many things that we are forced to undergo as a result of the war should be able to get some consolation by comparing our plight with that of some of the conquered countries, for example, Greece. In addition to being the victims of cruel beatings by the Nazis, these unfortunate people are forced to live on herb tea, garden weeds and vegetable soup thickened with a spoonful of flour. Their only meats consist of dogs, cats and rats.
>
> It is incidents like these that call to mind the memorable words of Patrick Henry, "Give me Liberty or Give me Death."

EDUCATION AND THE WAR

(Selected)

In a recent issue of the New York Times, five galleys of copy were devoted to the simple statement, to-wit: "82 Percent Of Colleges Do Not Require United States History." This leading article which began on the front page and continued for over a half page on the inside was the longest news story this writer has ever seen and also the most complete diagnosis by our nation's Ph. D's who are beginning to think that America's diet deficiency in education is causing Democracy to get rickets.

If what is meant by "American History" according to this statistical autopsy those who remember the dull pedantic courses medicine-glassed down our throats may well recall the professorial monologues on political and world exploration heroes. These educational loaded dice tried to make students believe that elections, wars and discovering new countries were vitamins A, B, and C to rosy the undergraduates' cheeks with optimism. The monotone of the lecture only give future citizens practice in sleeping with their eyes open. This writer recalls the dullest class of his college career as an American History course taught by a professor who reads his stacked 4 by 5 cards to the class and during examination time expected the students to survive a 3 hour written examination without the use of their notes when the professor himself had not survived any minute of the lecture hours without his notes.

This writer has no dogmatic prejudice in the form of a verbal stink-bomb to throw at the term "History" as a whole. In fact the reason so many courses are insipid is due to the fact that they have been so retouched like a photographic negative that a school year of hearing factual propaganda reacts to give students either pseudo-invincibleism or sugar-water on the brain.

History diet has had an imitation flavor; it has had plenty of sweet tooth ingredients but the professors have left out the salt. By "salt", there is no implication to mean that all the mistakes that Democracy went through from the time the Puritans invaded Massachusettes to the time the New Dealers invaded Washington should be left and recorded in our history books for our children and their children to read. But mistakes can be beautiful: color is the result of light not going in a straight line, and anyone analyzing a beautiful sunset closeup would find nothing but dust and atmosphereic impurities reflecting the sun.

When a medical college regiments its students to study how to make man a well animal they spend more time studying the sick man and his diseases than they do admiring a flesh-and-blood Venus or Hercules. A police school does not spend its time memorizing Emily Post's book on etiquette but instead reads up and studies all the habits of the underworld. Idealism is simply being an authority on what one is trying to get rid of. After this war there will

be attempts by politicians and narrow-minded educators to supress the studying of Mein Kampf in the schools in the relation to world history. This will send students to studying in bed with a flashlight the way they devour the Whiz Bang.

A specific point after this long digression is simply that the theme to any course should be taught as history. Of course nine months is a short time given to any professor of physics, chemistry, music, English, or economics to inform the students about the details of their courses.

However some little anecdote, five minute reveiw or parallel reading about the reason things came in being instead of just automatically happening out of a clear blue sky would crystalize the concepts to follow.

But an endless discourse on the infallability or perfection of anything will put anyone to sleep. Education must make entries on both sides of the ledger. Facts by themselves are drudgery, but the fact behind the fact gives balance and flavor plus incentiveness to personally dig in further in the form of personal research.

For instance, in the teaching of Gullivers Travels by Jonathan Swift, most students have gotten through school and still think that it is a fairy tale written by a YMCA-minded individual who wanted to painlessly kill a few hours for his readers rather than that it is the most savage attack on man written by a man whose contempt degenerated into insanity during his later years. Shakespeare has been so dethorned that students reading the diluted versions blame the boring results on The Bard rather than the educators who censored the script. Civics has been tinted to such a brilliant color that one has to bathe his eyes in the boric acid of Lincoln Steffens Autobiography to study the realistic aftermaths of urban governments.

The war is precipitating cause for the progressive educators who now are implying that what this country needs is agressive education. The lack of workmen and skilled craftsmen to be placed on the defense assembly lines has put the gag on the soapboxers who say that this country is not cultured enough. The truth in real life is that we are not barbaric enough —we have evaded the real issue of teaching practical trades to the point in our colleges today a garduate student is looked upon as a senior who couldn't get a job. Of course we have technical schools and courses that advanced work mean a higher rating, but beginning with high school where a student already knows the alphabet and can count he is switched to a diet of abstractions that were meant for the mature mind and he loses all taste for mathematics, economics, literature and other things that need practical foundations.

Dr. John W. Studebaker U. S. Commissioner of Education, speaking at Raleigh this past Spring, stated that "all is not well in North Carolina when approximately 100,000 people in the State over 25 years of age according to the 1940 census, cannot function effectively because they are in total darkness of sheer illiteracy. Or more graphically, more than 33,000 people in North Carolina over 25 years of age have not gone through

the fourth grade. Only 1 of 4 white youths and 1 of 10 Negro youths receive a high school education. The school system fails to enrich its curriculum and make it sufficiently elastic to meet the needs of all types of children, youths, and adults and is lacking vocational guidance which if properly organized and operated would eliminate much of the present social and economic wastage of the State."

If Democracy fails one of the prime factors in its obituary will not be the absence of History courses but mainly an educational system which so under-paid its teachers, eliminated practical education and put sheepskins up for sale rather than a socialized opportunity for all, that real brains (due to lack of adequate compensation) deserted the field for better commercial opportunities.

———:———

WAVE ON, OH FLAG!

Wave to the breeze, O starry flag,
Proud emblem of our glory;
A thousand years and more thy folds
Shall tell sweet freedom's story.

In every clime throughout the world
Where weep downtrodden races,
Thy stars ablaze with hope sublime,
Shall light despairing faces.

Wave on, wave on, flag of the free,
Each age increase thy glory!
Through all the wreck and change of time
Proclaim the same sweet story.

At sight of thee shall eyes grow bright
And hearts shall beat the faster,
And those who long have cringed to might
Shall own no tyrant master,

May peace e'er nestle in thy folds,
No war relentless rend thee;
But shoudst thou need, may patriot hands
And patriot hearts defend thee,

A thousand years and more be thine,
Dishonor stain thee never;
But in thy folds may Right be writ
Forever and forever!

—Stanley

THE LOST BIBLE

By Dr. Hunter B. Blakely

One day, so runs a famous story, the world woke up to find that the Bible was gone. Not only had the Book itself disappeared but all traces of its influence had vanished. It was as completely erased from the record of men as if it had never existed. The Bible was completely and finally lost.

Well, what happened you ask? Was there any great change when one book was removed from the earth? The results were appalling.

The great art galleries of the world appeared as if vandals had been at work, slashing the best masterpieces from their frames. Room after room had massive empty frames on the walls with the pictures gone, for the art of the world had drawn its inspiration from the lost Book, and when the Bible was gone, art had lost its source of highest inspiration.

Much of the music of the world was silenced. The mighty oratorios were no longer to be heard. The hymns expressing the hopes and fears, the longings and reverence of human hearts had died away. Christmas and all the carols were gone. There was not much great music left, for it had drawn so upon the lost Book that now many of the songs were completely lost and others had great parts of the music missing.

The libraries looked as if billions of devouring moths had descended upon the printed pages. The books of authors such as Shakespeare, Milton, Bunyan, Tennyson, Wordsworth, Longfellow, Tolstoy, Dostoevski, and hundreds of others, were well nigh unintelligible due to the many omissions. The volumes containing the oratory of the last two thousand years seemed to have had stricken out most of the sublimest passages. The law books no longer made sense, for the fundamental principles seemed everywhere to have been eliminated. The Magna Carta of Britain, The Constitution of the United States, the American Declaration of Independence, the Bill of Rights, and all the great statements of liberty and human rights everywhere in the world were practically wiped blank, except for a few commonplace words now utterly lacking in significance.

Wherever the English language was spoken, men stammered and were unable clearly to express themselves, for the lost Book had fashioned their native tongues. And not only was this true in English-speaking lands but in other countries as well, for the Bible in the vernacular of the people had always proven the chief instrument for fashioning speech.

But the loss of the Book cut even deeper. Values became blurred. Human life grew cheap. Men became tools to be used. Life grew drab and meaningless. God was forgotten, and man had only himself to worship . Restraints fell off the human conscience and all the brutal instincts of the animal in man were unleased. With the Bible lost it was unnecessary to look for hell—hell actually had broken loose upon the earth.

Well, something like this has been

happening for the past hundred years. While some have been busy defending the Bible and others distorting its message, the multitudes have been laying it up upon the shelves to get covered with dust. The Bible can defend itself. It can speak for itself more clearly than many of its interpreters. Has it not been called a sharp two-edged sword? It merely needs to get at the hearts of men —to be read. It is no book of music, no book of strange charts and weird interpretations. It is no almanac of future events. You need not spend too much time over those parts you fail to understand. There is enough that you can understand if you will really take it to heart to so upset your complacency that all the time you will ever have can be used for getting wrong things made right in your own life, and then you will have just begun for according to the Bible it is your duty to help with others in righting the wrongs of this suffering world, wrongs and suffering partially caused by your own failure and neglect, whoever you may be.

It is a book for the common man. It is a book with a mighty message of God, moral law, of the worth and meaning of life, and of salvation from sin.

There is a spirit in the Bible which, if it can really get into men, will make them tall of soul, gentle of spirit, courageous of heart, humble before God, just and honest towards others, faithful in life, and fearless in death.

The Bible must be recovered. If you haven't read it for a long time, help the world to rediscover the Bible which has made history by starting a new reading of it for yourself today.

———:———

AMERICA ETERNAL

When at the Rock, undaunted still, the Pilgrims pledged anew;
When sword unsheathed at Bunker Hill a rallying answer drew;
A thought immortal moved the hand that made our nation free—
America the Freedom Land—the home of liberty!

When foreign despots' lure for power set all the world aflame;
When brother nations met the hour in Freedom's holy name;
The starry flag maintained its stand and made the foemen flee.
America the Hero land—we gave our lives for thee!

And thus again as duty calls to form the battle line,
The valiant hearts within our walls, of every race and clime,
As comrades do united stand that evermore shall be,
America the Brother Land—eternal unity!

—Franklin Taylor.

HAYMAKING IN THE SWISS ALPS

By Marie Widmer

In these days of stress, when land-locked Switzerland is obliged to attain an always greater degree of self-sufficiency, haymaking in all altitudes has gained added importance. Winter tarries long in the Swiss mountains, and the carefully housed cattle are to a considerable extent dependent upon the yield of the summer pastures..

Haymaking begins in July and continues without a break, if the weather is favorable, until September. The bountiful meadows in the valleys are cut first. Here the hay is stored either in lofts above the cattle-stables, which on some farms still adjoin the owner's living quarters, or in special barns. In a mormally good season a second crop of shorter hay can be harvested in the lower regions during the month of August.

After the first hay harvest in the lesser altitudes is well under cover the time has come for the peasants in the mountains to start work. Hay harvesting in the high alpine districts is attended by countless dangers. When he bids farewell to his family the mower knows that he will have to brave death many times a day. His scythe on his shoulder and carrying cramp-irons and huge squares of home-spun cloth or nets neatly rolled up in a bundle, he sets out before dawn. During the few harvest weeks a peasant only goes down to the village three or four times to replenish his supplies.

Where the sure-footed goat hardly ventures the alpine haymaker stakes out his field of endeavor. For on the steepest and rockiest slopes he finds the juiciest herbs.

Absolute quiet prevails in these dizzy heights, except for the occasional whistle of a watchful marmot or the call of some wild birds. Bread, cheese and smoked meat are the haymaker's simple fare and when he is thirsty there is always a crystal-clear mountain brook near by.

The newly mown grass is scattered and dries within a few hours in the boiling hot sun. As soon as it is perfectly dry it is carefully piled into a cloth or net, then carried down for temporary storage in one of those primitive chalet-type barns which one finds here and there on the steep mountainsides. There it remains until it is needed.

In winter, when a thick mantle of snow covers the ground, the peasant climbs up to the place where he has stored away his hay, first pulling, later carrying his sturdy wooden sled on his shoulders. Sometimes he is unable to take his sled as far as his barn and is then obliged to carry the heavy bundles of hay on his back until he reaches his vehicle.

In the Samnaun, in the most Eastern part of the Grisons, the hardworking men club together when the time has come for bringing down the hay. Weather conditions are carefully studied and the council of the valley has to give the necessary permission for this truly dangerous expedition. When every thing is in order heavily

roped peasant-sleds padded with straw, to prevent any possible loss of hay, are hauled up the mountainside. Since the snow is many feet deep a few young men lead the way by shoveling a path. The difference in altitude between Samnaun, 6,050, feet above sea level, and Alp Ceblas, where the hay has been stored is about 3,280 feet. The ascent consequently is strenuous and the decent also is full of hardships. Often the sleds sink deep into the snow, so that the brave workers have to dig them out again and again.

Bringing in the hay harvest in Switzerland is by no means accomplished after one uniform pattern. Different methods prevail in different parts of the land. Thus the peasants in the Lotschen Valley deposit their bundles of hay through an opening in the roof of their barns. A haymaker in the Emmental mountains loads his bundles on a crate specially fashioned for this purpose in order that he may have an unobstructed view for his going. In the lowlands generally the hay harvest is brought in on wagons that are drawn by horses or patient slow-going oxen.

In the Great St. Bernard region, in the Valaisan Goms, in the Engadine, as well as in parts of the Bernese Oberland, the peasants use lightly built "ladder-waggons" for taking home their hay. Before loading it they bundle it up in homespun cloths, about eight bundles making a load. In the Lotschen Valley the price of a pasture is still figured according to the number of bundles of hay which it is expected to produce.

A glad event is the Hay-Sunday Festival which is celebrated in the middle of August and marks the height of summer life on the mountain pasture. First there is an impressive religious service in the nearest church or chapel where praise is fervently offered to God for all his bounties. Afterwards the haymakers, together with their families and friends, enjoy a happy get-together, also their favorite pastimes of singing, yodeling, alphorn and accordion playing, plus dancing and wrestling.

The desire for a fuller, richer life runs as an unbroken thread throughout the history of mankind. This yearning and aspiration to attain perfection is given expression in nearly every object of art. It is the dominant theme in literature and the inspiration of the world's great music. Religion, literature, music—these are the inseparable trinity to which man intuitively turns with faith and confidence for strength to hold a forward course unswervingly through every trial. It is in these, rather than in the material things, that the spirit finds complete contentment. These irresistible forces alone possess the power to exalt and unify, and have inspired the noblest deeds of valor and sacrifice. However difficult the path, everyone will find courage in the knowledge that the beautiful things in life endure for all time.

IT NEVER FAILS

By Margaret A. J. Irvin

If you are the sort of person who is easily exasperated, there are many things in this world to exasperate you. There is a series of cartoons running in some of our newspapers that plays up some of life's irritations. The series is called, "It Never Fails!" and portrays all kinds of situations that emphasize the contradictoriness of human relationships.

You may bathe and dress and look your best every afternoon for a week; no visitors appear. Let yourself become involved in cooking up a "batch" of preserves, so that you forget that your hair is stringy, your dress fruit-stained, and your face shiny. That day you are bound to have callers. You may sit by the telephone by the hour; it is silent. Head for the farthest corner of the house, and it is sure to ring. You may have had a record-breaking hot spell. Put the blankets away for the summer, and a breeze blows in from the North Pole. Plunge your hands and arms in a tub of soap suds, and your nose is sure to itch.

At least, that's the way life seems to many of us. Completely contrary and seemingly organized for our special irritation and annoyance.

Take this matter of summer appetites. These hot days that make every housewife want to get out of the kitchen and stay out, are just the ones that make our families "picky" about their food. The household magazines are full of ideas for tempting the most squeamish appetite. But sometimes we feel that the shoe should be on the other foot. Instead of having to be coaxed to eat, families should have to coax the cook into the kitchen. The burden of proof seems misplaced. After all, people have to eat to live. Families ought to be grateful to the person who makes it possible for them to eat, instead of acting as though they were doing her a favor.

If mothers will follow the advice of Mrs. Anna W. M. Wolf, of the Child Study Association, the cook may come into her own one of these days. She urges parents to adopt an attitude of "friendly indifference" as to what their children take of the food that is set before them. Many children become accustomed to eating in an atmosphere "charged with parental despair." Perhaps that is what has helped so many people to grow up with the feeling that is is their right to keep the cook on the defensive. Many otherwise fairly good Christians think nothing of making some member of their family unhappy over the food problem.

It is difficult to assume this attitude of "friendly indifference" toward the adult members of the family. The habit is usually so deeply ingrained that to try to break it might cause serious difficulty in the family relationship. But with the children it ought to be much easier.

When you stop to think about it, a bit of the same attitude would be a help with all the little irritations that beset our path below. Suppose a caller does catch you looking your worst. Showing your embarrassment

will not improve your appearance; nor will worrying about it after the incident is over. The joke is on you.

Suppose the 'phone does ring at an inconveinent time. You may answer the summons or you may ignore it. Whichever you do, fuming doesn't change anything.

If the weather turns cold after you have put the heavy bedclothes away, you can either get them out cheerfully or lie still and freeze. But when your nose starts to itch and your hands are full of soap suds, you have no choice. You dry your hands and grab your hanky. Then you may say, "It never fails!" Adding a smile to the exclamation takes away 99 per cent of the irritation.

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MAGIC MEDICINE

There's a heap o' consolation
In the handclasp o' a friend;
It can wipe out desolation,
And bring heartaches to an end;
It can soothe a troubled spirit
Like no magic in the land;
Heaven? You are pretty near it—
When a good friend grips your hand!
There's a heap o' satisfaction
In a friendly shoulder pat;
It's a simple little action—
But a mighty one, at that!
When firm fingers grip your shoulder,
When you sort o' need a brace,
Makes you stronger, braver, bolder,
An' more fit to run the race!
When you're full o' worry pizen,
An' the world is looking drear,
There's a heap o' energizin'
In a little pill o' cheer!
When some little threats distress you,
They put nectar in your cup—
Little phrases like "God bless you!"
An' the other one, "Cheer up!"

—James Edward Hungerford.

A SIMPLE YET HIGHLY IMPORTANT INVENTION

By Charles Doubleyou

Although the machinery devised to manufacture it demands expert mechanical knowledge, barbed wire itself can hardly be considered one of the great inventions. It is on the whole a simple affair: a couple of strands of galvanized wire twisted together and fitted, at intervals, with sharp barbs or spurs. Yet the introduction of barbed wire transformed the cattle industry and played a tremendous part in the settling of the west.

The Homestead Act had lured thousands from the eastern and central states with the prospect of free land. But what many did not realize when they left the wooded regions of their homes was that trees were scarce on the open spaces.

Wooden rails for fences were therefore expensives. Stone suitable for fences was likewise not generally available. The cost of fencing an acre of land ranged from two to eight dollars, often far more than the area covered was worth.

The settling of the west by vast numbers, which the governent had hoped, was seriously impeded, as hundreds of discouraged homesteaders returned and told of the severe handicaps they were forced to face: extreme heat extremecold, dry spells, wind stroms, and, finally, lack of fence material for confining their live stock.

One attempt at solving the fence problem was the introduction of hedges, a movement that quickly spread from Iowa to Texas. The most popular hedge for this purpose was that of the osage orange. This was excellen t because of its thory twigs, discouraging animals with a tendency to stray from contacting them. Often reaching a heigh of fifty feet, the osage orange was also desirable for its ornamental and shade and benefits. But this form of enclosure was also expensive. Moreover, it required several years to grow.

Then came the introduction of barbed wire. The man generally credited with making the first barbed wire is Joseph F. Glidden, of DeKalb, Illinois. It appears, however, that a few previous attempts had been made. Glidden had extensive land holdings in Texas, where he engaged in cattle raising on a large scale. The problem of fence material was, therefore, an acute personal concern. In 1873, he saw a barbed wire then recently invented, probably that of Jacob Haish, with barbs in the form of the letter S.This not proving entirely practicable, Glidden decided that he could make a better one. The result—th e sharp-spurred barbed wire we know today.

The introduction of this wire was, to a large extent, responsible for transforming the cattle industry, which until then had been conducted mostly on the oqen range.

THE HOODOO ROAD

By Ethel Mary Baker

Thalia Wilkens dropped into the first of the half dozen booths. It was Saturday afternoon, but nevertheless a quiet hour in Burton's drug store. Although most of the juniors would be doing other things on such a grand October afternoon, now Thalia did not mind. She still couldn't quite account for such a friendly gesture on the part of Alicia Grant. As president of the junior class, Alicia could have asked anyone to head that committe for the first autumn hike—and yet she had chosen her; just walked up to her as though they'd always been on the friendliest of terms, and asked her to be chairman.

Dad and mother were happy too.

"I'm so glad you're taking part in things this pear," beamed mother.

"It's time you used that recreation room," gruffly contributed dad.

Lovable dad and mother who had so cheerfully given up traveling to romantic places so that she might have a home and friends like other girls! That was why, when dad was offered a permanent position on the big water projects, they had decided to come to Vernon Park and build a house.

And now the house was finished. A low, rambling affair of logs nestled cozily against a mountain where one might look across the glistening, twisting mountains pitted by glaciers and capped by eternal snows.

Yet, ever since she'd entered school, Thalia had felt like an alien in the country where she was born—an alien on probation. But that was over now. She'd been asked to take an active part in an important class event and she would work hard.

It hadn't taken her long to decide upon the members of her committee. Kurt Heath was easily the most popular boy, while Beulah Devory was Alicia's close friend. With everything so settled in her mind, she'd stopped for a malted milk before matching the thread for her mother. Evening would still be time enough to do the telephoning.

The girl behind the soda fountain was lazily mixing sodas. Thalia leaned her head against the back of the booth and closed her eyes.

"How come you asked her to be chairman?" The husky voice of Kurt Heath floated from the next booth. "She's always lived in the tropics."

Thalia's eyes popped open.

Alicia's laugh was low, confident. "That's why I asked her."

"Say by any chance have you nipped some sprouts off a loco weed "

Alicia giggled. "Listen, Kurt. With the skiing season coming on, we'll get enough hiking. That girl would give her eyeteeth to get in the gang—and she won't want anything she plans to turn out to be a flop. When she begins to ask me questions I'll hint that a party might be better than a hike—and with money to hire an orchestra and a cook to supply the eats, it should be some party! I'm perishing for a chance to get inside that recreation room, yet I wouldn't flatter her by suggesting that I wanted to come."

"I don't suppose it has occurred to you—"

With cheeks burning and eyes unnaturally bright, Thalia got out of that booth as quickly as she had slipped into it. The feet which had followed tangled jungle trails and planted themselves firmly in boats negotiating treacherous rivers, stumbled blindly as they hurried up the quiet street.

She had walked perhaps a mile when the rattle of wheels and the quick clop of a horse's feet upon the oiled surface of the road, slowed up beside her.

From the doorway of a milk wagon, a familiar voice called, "Just walking, or going somewhere?"

Thalia looked up. It was impossible not to smile a little, meetng Harvey Miller's grin. "I'm just walking."

"Well I'm just working—and it's a fine day to be doing either one! All right, Grandpa—"

Thalia watched the wagon for a moment, then slowly turned about. How did Harvey manage to keep so cheerful? Going to school, managing a small, but select dairy, and looking after a grandfather who since a serious accident in which Harvey's father had been killed, lived for the most of the time in an imaginative world of his own. Harmless old Grandpa Miller always drove the horse when Harvey delivered milk.

Maybe Harvey felt that he was missing something too, that he didn't quite belong. But maybe, when you were really busy doing things, you didn't care what other people thought or said. You went right on and did your job without letting something you'd accidently overheard, upset your plans, although you might be changing them a little.

There was Velma Long who probably had never been asked to serve upon a committee in all her life. An unattractive girl wearing thick-lensed glasses and forever keeping her nose in a book, usually wasn't. Harvey too, might think it fun to do something besides deliver milk and care for cows.

"There are certainly enough horses around the park to draw some buggies and buckboards and wagons," Thalia told her committe that night. "One sees lots of them in parades."

"Sure there's enough—and a caravan hike is a keen idea!" exclaimed Harvey.

"If we can't find enough vehicles," put in Velma, "my mother is president of the Historical Society. We can borrow buckboards and canopy-topped buggies from them."

"That's one place my milk wagon will fit in," grinned Harvey. "But, what about eats?"

"I was talking with our gardener this afternoon," replied Thalia. "At one time he cooked for roundups, and he's willing to fix a chuck wagon supper for us with barbecued beef and biscuits and doughnuts. John will get the chuck wagon, but he'll need someone to help."

The look that Harvey gave her was enough to drive away the chill from any girl's heart.

"I'll volunteer for that job right now. You've thought of just about everything, haven't you? Decided where we're going?"

"No," smiled Thalia. "I'm leaving that up to my committe."

"Let's go to the Rustler's Hideout!" cried Velma.

"But," objected Harvey, "that would mean following the Hoodoo Road—

and that road was abandoned ages ago!"

"For autos, yes. Horse-drawn vehicles can get over it all right. Mother and I were up there last week end. It's really a wonderful scenic road."

"At one time it was used for that," said Harvey. "Grandpa drove tourists over it in a double buggy."

"However did it get such a name?" asked Thalia.

"Oh things were always happening on it," answered Harvey. "Buggy wheels came off. Horses ran away—and once a gang of rustlers who had driven a bunch of cattle into a pocket held up some tourists until they got the cattle out. That's why the pocket is called the Rustler's Hideout. It's about eight miles up the road. I'll inspect the route for you before we go."

On Monday morning Thalia decided that Alicia had been talking. Otherwise the plan would have met with more enthusiasm. As it was, Miss Chaney had fiilled in that dreadful silence by remarking brightly:

"Remember, it is hike awhile, and if you like, ride awhile, then hike again—with a chuck wagon dinner at the end of the trail. Wear sturdy shoes and carry an extra sweater. Meet at the camp ground at the foot of the Hoodoo Road at one o'clock on Saturday afternoon. Now, I'm sure we all understand—"

"Sure," spoke up Kurt Heath, "we understand." And then he laughed.

Thalia, with burning cheeks, filed out of the assembly room with the others.

"They haven't quite got the idea yet," whispered Harvey, edging up beside her. "When they do, it will be different."

Thalia smiled at him gratefully as they entered the classroom.

Friday morning Alicia came to school favoring a taped ankle. "I'm not sure that I can hike at all," she said. "Couldn't we plan something else?"

"Too late," grinned Harvey. Besides, you can ride in my milk wagon and drive Sammy."

"You'll look sweet upon the seat of a milk wagon—" chanted Kurt. "Say, what did you do to that ankle anyway?"

Alicia tossed her head. "Maybe you think I don't know how to drive a horse!"

Thalia studied the girl curiously. She might be shamming, but at least, she was game enough not to back down just because Kurt had laughed.

By eleven o'clock on Saturday morning, the chuck wagon was ready. They all agreed that the chuck wagon should leave ahead of the hikers, and that Velma and Miss Chaney would lead the first group, while Thalia waited for the final vehicle.

When Harvey arrived to go with John, there was a sober look in his fine grey eyes.

"Grandpa wanted to come," he confided to Thalia. "It-it was awful to see him cry when I told him he couldn't drive Sammy on the Hoodoo Road—" Then he quickly changed the subject. "I left Sammy at the camp grounds. Tell Alicia not to get the lines crossed. He doesn't care what happens in the milk wagon, but he'll start running in a second if the lines get tangled up."

Thalia didn't want to tell Alicia anything. Several times she'd been on the point of relating to Harvey what

she had overheard, but always something held her back.

Later, when Kurt grasped Velma's arm and said, "Come on pard. We'll show the tenderfeet how to hike," she couldn't help feeling a little sorry for Alicia.

"Kurt," Alicia's face suddenly went white, "you're not really going to leave me to come alone!"

"You said you could drive," wickedly reminded Kurt.

Alicia made no further protests, but after the rest of them were gone, she turned to Thalia. "I really know so little about a horse. Do you mind if I wait until last to start out? Perhaps you'll ride with me then."

"Of course I'll ride with you, but I can't leave until Jerry and his buckboard get here. Besides, I'll catch up with you."

Jerry was late. Alicia had been gone a good half hour when he arrived.

"I forgot just what time you said to be here," he apologized, "but I can push this team along."

"There's plenty of time," said Thalia. "I only wanted to be certain you were coming. You can wait here about twenty minutes and then take your time on the road. By then, there'll be stragglers waiting to be picked up."

"Okay," agreed Jerry. "I'll be seeing you."

Thalia walked briskly, slowing a little when she climbed steep grades, stepping faster when they sloped downward. She had hiked at least three miles when she first glimpsed the milk wagon some distance ahead, a cumbersome vehicle, looking oddly out of place among such surroundings.

By now the milk wagon had reached the top of the long pull and drawn out to the side of the road. Judging from what Harvey had said, this would be the lookout point. After a mile or so of the narrow, shelf-like trail, the road would gradually drop down into the canyon, then meander toward the grassy valley where they'd turn off into another trail and follow another stream directly to the Rustler's Hideout.

Abruptly, Thalia halted; rubbed her eyes and looked again. No, this was not an optical illusion. That was certainly Harvey's grandfather climbing over the edge of the bank. But how did he get there?

Even before she heard Alicia's piercing scream, something prompted Thalia to start runing and when she saw those hairy, loose-skinned hands clamped about Alicia's white throat, there was a dizzy, frightening moment when the girl couldn't think what to do.

"Stop it!" shrieked Thalia, clawing at those hands. "Stop it!"

The vacant blue eyes which swung around to Thalia were still wide and staring, but the fingers relaxed.

"She laughed at me," the old man muttered. "She said I was crazy. She said the Lord didn't send me flying through the woods just to drive Sammy—"

"I thought he was harmless," chocked Alicia, hands pressed against her relieved throat, "and he-he-"

"It's no time to cry now," snapped Thalia. Something that she had once read drummed in her ears—Humor a demented person and don't act afraid. And if she could only get the wagon headed the other way, they'd soon be meeting Jerry. "Of course you

can drive Sammy." She hoped the smile she turned upon him looked all right. "You can drive him all the way back to the camp ground."

Quick as a cat, the old man seized the lines. "No," he muttered. "I don't want to go to the camp ground. I want to find Harvey. Can't deliver milk 'til I find Harvey."

Sammy's head shot up in quick alarm. Too late, Thalia remembered Harvey's warning.

"The lines!" she cried. "Untangle the lines."

Instead, the old man pulled and tugged, while Sammy took the bit as though it were not there.

How long could a frantic horse keep up such a mad pace on a down grade? How long could a clumsy wagon stick to a road that was so narrow and so crooked? A rear wheel bounced off the edge and obligingly bounced back again. Around sharp curves they lurched, skimming edges of sheer drops where a fragile milk wagon would be shattered into splinters long before it reached the bottom.

Thalia knew that she must get possession of those reins. Now they had rounded another curve, and she could see that the road was gradually dropping down into the canyon, and that the bank on the left wasn't quite so steep. They might tip over and roll into the creek, but they were not likely to be killed. She braced herself an instant, then hurled herself against the old man. Reaching out, she found a rein, tugging on it with all her might. She didn't see the jutting rock until it was upon her.

A crash—a terrific wrench of the wagon—and everything so still except that whimpering old voice—"Sammy, you broke the wagon—"

Slowly, Thalia sat up, spit the dust out of her mouth, wiped it out of her eyes. Alicia was hobbling toward her. Grandpa Miller, tears running down his cheeks, stood at Sammy's meek head. Footsteps were coming from somewhere, coming very fast. Thalia was thankful for that.

"Anyone hurt?" asked Harvey, helping Thalia to her feet.

"No—I guess not. Only the wagon. Where did you come from?"

"Thought I'd hike over the ridge and meet some of the gang since there wasn't anything I could do for John. I wanted to be certain of an appitite. I saw Sammy running and—"

"We might have been killed," sobbed Alicia. "First that crazy old man nearly choked me to death, then—But, he's going to be put where he belongs!"

"Grandpa," interrupted Harvey, "take Sammy down the road a way. I'll be along in a minute." Turning to Alicia, his eyes were hard and bright. "Look here, Alicia, my grandfather is an old man. Mother and I feel that it is our job to take care of him. I could no more see him in an institution than you can have your father arrested for pushing you off the back porch and injuring your ankle. You see, I happened to be delivering milk in the same block that morning."

Never had Thalia seen such agony in a girlish face.

"Dad wasn't himself. He-he'd been out all night."

"Neither was my father himself the day he wrecked our car. He'd stopped at a liquor store along the highway. Grandpa tried to get dad to let him drive, but dad only laughed. He was still laughing when he crashed into

that telephone pole. The paper said he failed to negotiate a curve, but I was alone in the back seat. I'll fight liquor as long as I live."

Remorse swept over Thalia. She'd been unhappy over something that was actually of no consequence at all. And all the time two young people in her class were carrying invisible loads which few adults are forced to carry, and one of them she'd once thought was heartless and conceited. Without a word, she went to Alicia and slipped an arm about her.

For a moment, Alicia clung to her gratefully, then she wiped tears out of her eyes.

"Harvey, let's take grandpa with us to the chuck wagon supper. Yes, I really mean it. I can see that it was all my fault now. I shouldn't have laughed at an old man just because I thought he was harmless. I should'nt have dropped those lines—and Thalia, I shouldn't have said what I did in the drug store that day. Kurt and I saw you in a mirror as you went out that door. We knew you'd heard."

Harvey shot a quick inquiring look at Thalia, but she only smiled. "I think I hear Jerry coming. We'll get this mess out of the way and pick up a ride to camp. After all, it wouldn't be much fun traveling a Hoodoo Road if something didn't happen!"

TWO BUILDERS

Reputation—he raised its shaft
In the crowded market place;
He built it out of his glorious deeds,
And carved them upon its face;
He crowned its towering top with bays
That a worshiping world supplied;
Then he passed—his monument decayed,
And his laurels drooped and died.

Character—he built its shaft
With no thought of the pillar to be;
He wrought intangible things like love
And truth and humanity;
Impalpable things like sacrifice
And sympathy and trust;
Yet steadfast as the eternal hills
It stood when he was dust!

—Daniel M. Henderson.

WILD GEESE

By Hazel Ross Gaddy in The State

About fifteen years ago, my husband, Lockhart Gaddy, bought five Canadian geese which he planned to use as hunting decoys. In this number were "Big Boy" and his mate; another big gander appropriately called "Bowlegs," and two other young geese.

Several years later a hunter-friend contributed to his group a mated pair known as "house geese," because they nested close by our home.

In 1936, as the result of a rather unusual incident, "Gander Jack" was added to this number. A friend, B. D. Nelms, who kept a flock of decoys at that time, had among them a fine goose that got run over by a car one night. This goose was "Gander Jack's" mate, and he was so grieved or revengeful over the accident that he stood guard at the place where it happened and tried to fight everybody and everything that passed that way. He was making himself so much of a nuisance that Mr. Nelms was glad to sell him to my husband. In different surroundings the old gander recovered after a while from his loss and got along congenially with the other geese.

At that time, the law allowed hunting with live decoys, so my husband and his friends would catch the geese (it was easy to do this as their wings were clipped each year), take them down on the Pee Dee River, three miles away, stake them in the fields and then conceal themelves in hunting blinds. The decoys understood perfectly well what they were supposed to do. When a flock of geese would be passing high in the air—before a human eye could see or ear could hear—they would send out their most enticing honks which invariably caused the flying geese to circle down and alight near the decoys. The shooting would then begin.

Several years ago a law was passed, prohibiting the hunting of geese with live decoys. Mr. Gaddy had become so attached to his decoys that he continued to keep and feed them. But he no longer clipped their wings. He decided to leave it up to the geese themselves whether they wanted to stay or leave.

They stayed.

"Big Boy's" mate made nests and laid eggs for several seasons, but some misfortune always happened before hatching time. And then, one day, as "Mrs. Big Boy" was flying around, a neighboring farmer shot her, claiming to have mistaken her for a hog. An absurd explanation.

If you have never seen a bereaved wild goose, you should have seen "Big Boy." He was completely desolate and unconsolable. It is said to be a fact that a wild goose never really remates. We agreed with that fact until the spring of 1941, about which I shall tell you a little later on.

The "house geese" raised their first family in 1935. I shall never forget those three little soft, fluffy, yellow goslings. They were the cutest things imaginable and we would watch them for many minutes at a time.

In the course of a few years, "Bowlegs," our original big gander, mated with an offspring of the

"house geese," and to this date their mating has proved to be very fruitful. In the spring of 1941 they had a nest down in Brown Creek Swamp, about two miles from our home. The day the nest was found with four eggs in it, a big rain fell and the high water washed away both nest and eggs. A few days later the nest was found on the highest mound in the swamp with only two eggs in it. They hatched on May 4. The goslings thrived and are now as large as the old ones.

In 1937 we thought "Gander Jack," the widower, had proved fickle and had mated again. This is the strange thing about it: he really did take up with a young goose which we called "Jill." The first year she made a nest but laid no eggs. Then, the following three years she laid six eggs, and not a one of them hatched. Again this spring she laid the customary six eggs and, to our amazement and joy, one of these eggs hatched. We named the gosling "His Majesty." He was later known as "Jerry"—one of the finest goslings we ever have had.

When "Jerry" was two weeks old, he disappeared. The parent-geese were as greatly distressed as you or I would have been over the absence of a loved one. After the passage of six weeks, his whereabouts were reported to us. Upon investigation we found that "Jerry" had been "goose-napped" and was being kept as a pet at a home about eight miles from where we live. He was returned to our pond and belive it or not, "Jack" and "Jill" rubbed their bills over him and gave other manifestations of delight over his return. You should heard their joyous chatter! They recognized their offspring immediately, although he was two months old and had grown so much in the six weeks of his absence. "Jerry" is as large now as the two old geese, but he continues to follow them wherever they go.

In connection with our keeping and feeding of wild geese, I also must tell you about the pond which was originally planned for a fish-pond for my mother, Mrs. Pattie K. Ross, who is 84 years young and still dearly loves to fish.

My husband is a farmer, so during the "laying-by season" in the summer of 1937 he took his tenants and started building the fish-pond about a mile from our home. This pond now covers about two acres and is fed by a never-failing spring located under a large cedar tree. It did not take the geese long to find this larger body of water and they soon proceeded to take complete possession of it.

In the fall of 1938, nine wild geese were called onto this pond by the decoys. We were so thrilled when they decided to winter with us, and as we fed them every day they finally became as tame as our own geese.

In this number was a goose which had been badly wounded on top of its head; and it just lay around for several days, apparently on the verge of dying. When it was able to get around once more and the wound began to heal, the feathers returned white—a spot the size of half a dollar. We called him "Whitey," and he became so tame we thought he might decide to remain with us. But when spring arrived, he returned north with the other wild geese.

Fourteen wild visitors stopped by and remained with us in the fall of

1939. In this group was a goose with a white spot on top of its head. He didn't seem to be so wild as the others and we were positive it was "Whitey," bringing his family and kinspeople with him. The following spring "Whitey," the other wild geese and eight of our young decoys disappeared at the same time. We presume ours went north with the others.

On October 15, 1940, Mr. Gaddy went to the pond and you can imagine his surprise and joy when he found the water almost covered with wild geese. They were frightened at his approach and swam to the far side of the pond. Some of them took wing and flew away. Finally he distinguished "Whitey" and counted forty more wild visitors.

During November and December about thirty-five more wild geese remained with us. It was so exciting each day, for we never knew how many to expect. In January and February, forty or fifty more wild geese winged their way to our refuge and remained there until spring. We also had a most unusual visitor for this section of the country. He came about the middle of February—a snow goose —but he stayed only one day.

When wild geese first come in they are suspicious of everything. They will not eat shelled corn but will go for it in the shucks. It takes infinite patience and plenty of feed to get them to come up and eat when anyone is present. Our corn supply began to run short so we did not encourage more than 120 geese to remain. My husband believes that had he been able to keep corn on the ground surrounding the water he could have had at least 500 permanent geese-tourists for the season.

Mr. Gaddy went to see the State Commissioner of Game and Inland Fisheries with the hope of being able to get some kind of aid to help with the feed bill. The Commissioner suggested that he keep a register and see how many people might be interested in a project of this nature. The register was installed February 12, 1941, and to date more than 5,000 people have called to see the geese. There have been people to register from over half of the states in the union. Many of them, knowing something about the nature of wild geese, have arrived in a skeptical frame of mind, but in every case they have gone away convinced that kindness, protection and plenty of feed will win over even the most supicious of wild geese.

Mr. Gaddy likes to have people who really enjoy watching the birds come and see them at any time. He never tires of telling of the things he has learned about geese—their habits, peculiarities, characteristics and so on. At times, especially when the weather is wet and chilly (they seem to be more active under those conditions) they put on air shows and water stunts that both amuse and fascinate.

The fields surrounding the water are sown in the early fall with wheat, oats, rye, vetch and other winter cover crops. It is very necessary that the geese have green feed. They graze it down like a herd of cattle. Lots of times when they are feeding out in the fields and see Mr. Gaddy coming along in his Ford—vintage of '34— they recognize it at a distance and immediately rise and fly to the pond. They hit the water gracefully; web feet extended and skimming along the surface for a short distance before settling down. As he gets out of the

car with his basket of corn, the decoys come out in front, with the wild visitors close behind. You should hear the chatter that goes on then! Mr. Gaddy talks to them and they talk back in enthusiastic fashion.

Last spring we watched reluctantly for the departure of our wild visitors, but we knew it must come. We expected them to leave any day after March 1, for they were beginning to get restless and fussy with one another. The day finally arrived. Seventy geese left between seven and eight o'clock on the morning of March 20. In leaving, they formed a straight line, with the leader flying back and forth along the line, seemingly encouraging them or perhaps giving orders for the long flight ahead. All of them were giving forth the merriest honking imaginable. About twenty miles north of the pond (we were told this later) they were seen flying swift and high in the well-known V formation, still honking away lustily.

Late that afternoon, twenty more visitors circled low over our home, honking a personal farewell, as they, too, took off northward. In this group were "Whitey" and a Jack Miner goose that had spent the entire season with us. The remaining geese stayed just one week, and then they lit out, taking a few of our decoys along with them.

On October 9, last year, twenty-three wild geese arrived and were welcomed by the thirteen decoys that did not desert us during the spring and summer. On October 30 "Whitey" arrived safely for his fourth season. There were forty-four geese in his company at this time, and we noticed quite a number of young ones in this group. The wild visitors continued to come at intervals, mostly winging their way in on moonlight nights. For over two months now, the number has ranged around 150, and they seemingly are tamer than ever. A larger number of Jack Miner's banded geese are noticeable.

I AM AN AMERICAN

Whatever you are, what e'er you may be,
When you're in America, you're in the land of the free.
That Flag of the Stars and Stripes is yours,
The emblem of freedom in this great land of ours.
It means humanity, and it means freedom, too,
Freedom for worship, and for happiness true.
Live for it, fight for it, and die for it,
This is the dream of all true Americans.
In the light of the Torch of liberty,
I am an American.

—Selected.

INSTITUTION NOTES

"Road Show," a United Artists production, was the attraction at our regular weekly motion picture show, last Thursday night.

—:—

Our boys are now enjoying plenty of watermelon and cantelopes. Instead of serving the melons on the campus to the entire group, as in former years, they are issued to the various cottages, and served there.

—:—

Mr. Crider and his boys recently improved the scenery around the infirmary and trades building. They cut down a large quantity of grass and weeds, removed a huge pile of rocks, trimmed shrubbery, and otherwise gave this section of the campus a much neater appearance.

—:—

Our gardens continue to furnish a most generous supply of all kinds of vegetables. We are now receiving more than is necessary for daily use, and our cannery force is quite busy salvaging the surplus for winter. In other words, we eat what we can, and what we can't eat, we can.

—:—

Fred Owens, formerly of Cottage No. 11, called at The Uplift office last Tuesday. This lad, now eighteen years old, left the School, January, 6, 1941, returning to his home in Kings Mountain. He enrolled with a CCC unit and spent sixteen months in a camp near Cherryville. After leaving this camp, he went to Shelby, where he was employed as truck driver for a couple of months. Fred told us that he had applied for admission into the United States Marine Corps, had sucessfully passed the physical examination, and expected to enter his country's service soon.

—:—

Jesse L. Bange, a former member of the Cottage No. 9 group, who left the School, January 16, 1930, visited us last Monday. When Jesse was allowed to leave the institution he returned to his home in Mt. Airy, where he obtained employment in a hosiery mill, working there about six months. He then worked in a hosiery mill at High Point for one year. His next place of employment was Farmville, Virginia, where he worked on a farm for two years. In 1935, Jesse became an enrollee in a CCC camp near Cleveland, Virginia. Since 1936, Jesse has been working in the spinning department in a silk mill at High Point, and he reports that he has been getting along very nicely there.

—:—

We recently received another post card from Johnnie Holmes, one of our old boys, who left the School about thirteen years ago. He has been in the United States Army a little more than a year, and is now a member of Company E, 57th Quartermaster Regiment. His address was recently changed to A. P. O., 308, in care of Postmaster, Leesville, Louisiana, which would indicate that Johnnie will soon be engaged in active warfare.

He wrote, in part, as follows: "Am now on maneuvers which are supposed

to last about four months. I am now getting a taste of real army life—sleeping on the ground in pup tents every night. Being with a supply company, we are neutral during maneuvers, as we supply both armies with auto parts. Am working in the office and like it just fine."

—:—

Rev. C. C. Herbert, pastor of Forest Hill Methodist Church, Concord, was in charge of the service at the School last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson he and the boys read responsively the 122nd Psalm.

Accompanying Rev. Mr. Herbert were the members of the Forest Hill choir whom he presented to the boys after the singing of the opening hymn. He stated that he had been telling the members of his congregation for a long time how well the Training School boys sang, and that he wanted his choir to have the privilege of hearing them. He further stated that he was also quite proud of his group of singers, and that another reason why he had brought them with him was because he wanted the boys to have an opportunity of enjoying some music rendered by them. The visiting choir, numbering about fifteen, then sang a couple of numbers in a most pleasing manner, which was thoroughly enjoyed by the boys.

Rev. Mr Herbert then presented his assistant, Rev. George Wesley Jones, as the speaker of the afternoon. He told briefly the story of one of Walt Disney's comic characters, "Pinnochio," and pointed out several incidents in the life of that fabulous character from which boys of today could learn important lessons. The first thing for a boy to remember, said the speaker, is the importance of telling the truth at all times. If we once start telling lies, each one calls for another, until we finally reach the point that no one in the world will believe a word we say.

Rev. Mr. Jones then called attention to the second thing learned by little Pinnochio—the realization that life is not all pleasure, and that we should always listen to that still, small voice called conscience, when tempted to do wrong.

Finally, said the speaker, we learn from this story that ours should be a life of service to others. Living only for ourselves causes us to become most miserable creatures. Service to our fellow men enables us to enjoy the pleasures of life. There is no greater satisfaction then that of knowing our lives have been really worthwhile because we have helped others.

We are deeply indebted to Rev. Mr. Herbert for bringing his choir to the School on this occasion, and trust they may find it convenient to visit us again in the not too distant future.

———:———

To pardon those absurdities in ourselves which we condemn in others, is neither better nor worse than to be more willing to be fools ourselves than to have others so.—Pope.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending August 2, 1942

RECEIVING COTTAGE
Howard Combs
Weaver Ruff
Paul Smith
James Watts

COTTAGE NO. 1
Thomas Barnes
James Brigman
Oscar Carter
Wade Fisher
Durwood Martin
Curtis Moore
James Pitman
Jack Ray
Leonard Robinson
Luther Vaughn

COTTAGE NO. 2
William Butler
John Crumpler
James McGlammery
Charles Tate

COTTAGE NO. 3
John Bailey
Fred Bostian
Charles Beal
Hurley Bell
Robert Coleman
Donald Daniels
Joseph Dew
Albert Hames
Dewey Lanning
Edward Overby
Fonzer Pitman
Rhonda Price
Samuel Pritchett
Earl Smith
John Tolley
Louis Williams
Thomas Yates

COTTAGE NO. 4
Edward Batten
Jack Bright
William Broadwell
Leroy Childers
Mack Coggins
William Deaton
William Lanning
James Mondie
Robert Muse
Roy Patton
Simon Quick
Charles Simpson
Ernest Turner
Carl Tyndall
Jesse Williamson

COTTAGE NO. 5
(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE NO. 6
Kenneth Caldwell
Robert Hobbs
Robert Jarvis
Gerald Kerman
Marvin Lipscomb
John Linville
Buddy Marshal
Jacob Myers
Jesse Peavy
Reitzel Southern
John Rhodes
Houston Turner
Rufus Massingill

COTTAGE NO. 7
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 8
Cecil Ashley
Homer Johnson
Grover Revels

COTTAGE NO. 9
Gerald Amos
Cecil Caldwell
Leonard Church
David Cunningham
James Hale
Wilbur Hardin
Morris Johnson
Marvin Matheson
Lloyd Mullis
Albert Newton
James Ruff
Lewis B. Sawyer
William Hart

COTTAGE NO. 10
Edward Loftin
William Morgan

Charles Phillips
James Spear
Cilfford Spriggs
Joseph Willis
William Young

COTTAGE NO. 11

Bert Barnhardt
Noah Brown
Eugene Cline
A. B. Hoyle
Edgar Shell
Everett Stamey
Ray Taylor

COTTAGE NO. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 13

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE NO. 14

Robert Bailey
Robert Caudle
Walter Carver
Henry Ennis
Audie Farthing
Aubrey Fargis
Vernon Harding
William Harding
Robert Holbert
Edward Kinion
William Lane
William Lanford
Roy Mumford
John Maples
Charles Pitman
Theodore Young
Robert Travis
Alvis Watkins

COTTAGE NO. 15

D. C. Reynolds

INDIAN COTTAGE

Frank Chavis
Ernest Jacobs
Leroy Lowry
Lester Lochlear
Herbert Lochlear
Eugene Watts

LOOKING ON THE BRIGHT SIDE

America is in the midst of a grim, desperate battle: a battle which will cost us many lives and vast sums of money, as well as a great personal sacrifice on the part of all of us.

But, as usual, Americans are going about this business of winning the war with their customary cheerfulness. With all of the hardships that may confront us, we're not going to lose our ability to laugh and look at the bright side of the picture.

That's one reason why so many people got a hearty chuckle out of the following news item which appeared in the papers recently:

"Bluefield, W. Va., July 15.—A Mercer County man, who recently became a bridegroom, asked the draft board at Princeton for deferment from selective service and quoted Deuteronomy 24:5 on his questionaire:

" 'When a man hath taken a new wife he shall not go out to war; neither shall he be charged with any business: but he shall be free at home one year and shall cheer up his wife which he hath taken.'

"The bridegroom was classified 1-A."—The State.

U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROC

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXX CONCORD, N. C., AUGUST 15, 1942 No. 33

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GOOD IN MOST OF US

There is good in a man who is doing,
The best that he can right along;
There is good in the man who is sorry,
For the things that he did that were wrong;
And the soul is not dead in the father
Who brings home a toy to his child;
And the world still has faith in the fellow
Who met a misfortune and smiled.
Who met misfortune and smiled.

—Selected.

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S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor
LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

COURAGE

I want to walk by the side of the man who has suffered and seen, and knows;
Who has measured his pace on the battle line, and given and taken blows;
Who has never whined when the scheme went wrong, nor scoffed at the paling plan
But taken his dose with a heart of trust, and the faith of gentleman;
Who has parried and struck and sought and given, and, scarred with a thousand spears,
Can lift his head to the stars of heaven, and isn't ashamed of his tears.
I want to grasp the hand of the man who has been through it all, and seen,
Who has walked in the night of an unseen dread, and stuck to the world-machine;
Who has beaten his breast to the winds of dawn, and thirsted, and starved, and felt
The sting and bite of the bitter blasts that the mouths of the foul have dealt;
Who was tempted and fell, and arose again, and has gone on trusty and true,
With God supreme in his manly heart, and his courage burning anew.

—Author Unknown.

AN AMERICAN BOY PAYS TRIBUTE TO A BRITISH FRIEND

The present war, in which practically the whole world is now engaged, has brought countless touching incidents to our attention. One that deeply impressed us was a tribute paid by a young American of our acquaintance to a British pal, who gave his life in his country's service, which reads as follows:

"Au revoir, Jimmy." That was what he said. His ship was casting off for a short run. He would return in ten days or two weeks. He had no reluctance about going. It was duty calling. No tear dimmed his eye. His voice didn't quaver as he said "au revoir." With a smile on his lips and determinaton in his bearing, he sailed away.

Days later a letter arrived. The task was done and he was returning soon. There was a ring of gladness and hope in his letter. He was returning to the people who knew and loved him. He knew there was a warm welcome awaiting him.

Today, I stood beside a casket. It was not an unusual casket. It was like millions being used the world over today. But had you looked upon it, you never could have known the secret it held.

That's the way he returned. His body was all they could find. The sparkle and gleam of his eye were gone. The smile had been erased from his lips. The determination in his bearing had relaxed. That's the way he returned.

At least, that's what people thought. They thought he was dead and that nothing had returned but his body. But the world doesn't always know. He isn't dead. He's here with me now. Long ahead of that dreaded call telling me that his body had been recovered, he came back to me. Into the veins of my body flowed a new warmth. Into my heart came a new strength. My purpose in life became more determined. His soul has come to live with mine, and he will not sail upon the high seas again. His task is done and he has come back to rest. Always his spirit will be near to offer strength and courage when my own is inclined to falter.

But I must not falter now. My task is doubled because I must meet the eyes of others with composure. I must wear a smile on my lips. Down deep in my heart I find the courage to "carry on," because from out on the high seas his spirit came to me, and that was the reason—so I could share his strength of soul and heart.

Millions of others have returned to some miserable and wretched heart in the same manner. Their purpose, their courage, their endurance must live on in us. They are not dead. They've merely come back to rest when their task was done. They've returned to us in this manner that they might give us the stamina to push on. We must push on! We've a duty to perform! Let your eyes sparkle! Get a smile on your lips! Steady your voice and carry yourself bravely as you "sail away" to whatever task is yours. Perhaps someone may receive that dreaded call about you. But let them have the joy and comfort of knowing that you went forth to your duty with strength and determination, and when you come back ahead of your body to commune with them in spirit, as he came back to me, you can bring them strength to carry on where you left off.

They aren't dead! They can't be dead! Their memory will be sacred to all of us as long as we live, and the generations who follow us will whisper their names reverently because they went away as he went when duty called—with a clear eye, a steady voice, a smile on the lips, and determination in the carriage.—Tony Elton.

* * * * * * * *

GOVERNOR BROUGHTON HEARS THE CALL

Governor J. Melville Broughton has not permitted a stone to remain unturned in following up the investigation of conditions at the state hospital for the mentally sick, at Morganton. In his quiet and dignified manner, he went into the whole works with a courage that reflected a humanitarian interest in unfortunate citizens of the Old North State who are physically and mentally incapable of speaking for themselves. The best and most satisfying service any human being can render is to relieve as far as humanly possible the ills of suffering humanity. Our chief executive has in this instance measured up to the duties involved in his office, and has been highly commended by the people at large.

There is not a doubt that Governor Broughton, in his varied activities in meeting the demands of his office, is not oblivious to the appeal of those who need his attention. It is satisfying to feel the result of his investigation will mean a sweeter environment and greater consideration for those mentally sick in the Morganton Hospital.

* * * * * * * *

AN AWAKENING

There is always a jolt coming to us even when things seem to be moving along smoothly. One of the greatest knock-outs to the people at large is the physical rating of our men when examined for military training. It is distressing to realize that one out of every three examined for service in the armed forces fails to measure up to the physical requirments.

If this story had been broadcast prior to the United States' declaration of war upon the Axis, few people would have credited it as true, or at least it would not have taken lodgement in the minds

of the most highly-trained citizenship. The mistake made by most of us is that we sit complacently, without a thought of the welfare of the other fellow. We are our brothers' keeper, and from now on should think not in terms of personal progress and achievements, but the physical, mental and spiritual culture of the youth of the land.

If history were to repeat itself and another war be declared within the next quarter of a century, our men and women would be found physically fit, as well as trained in military strategy, capable of measuring up to any emergency. Hind sight is frequently better than foresight, therefore, the future generations, regardless of class, will receive the best training and care.

* * * * * * * * *

Britain's Board of Education is using the school children to solve the meat problem of the land. All the schools are being urged to form rabbit-raising clubs. The plan has been adopted in many schools withe excellent results, but the intention is to make the project universal. Co-operative clubs for the purchasing of feed for the rabbits and wire netting to enclose them are now included in an extension of the plan. Considering the marked mathematical ability of rabbits, the chances of greatly increasing the meat supply of Britain are very good. Rabbits are good eating—if you like rabbits.

—The Lutheran.

* * * * * * * * *

AN EDUCATED ARMY

It is the unqualified assertion of Roscoe Drummond, one of the ablest of the consistently able corps of specialist writers for The Christian Science Monitor, that "the 1942 edition of the American soldier is the most educated fighting man in the world today."

He goes on to prove his case by citing that today 11 per cent of the white selectees have had a college education. In World War I only 5 per cent had a college education.

Today 30 per cent of the citizen Army are high school graduates. In World War I only 4 per cent were high school graduates.

Today 28 per cent have one or more years of high school training. In the last war only 12 per cent were high school non-graduates.

It takes more than college training and high school instruction to make an effective soldier, but all things else being equal, the soldier with this asset is more effectively prepared for his job than the unlearned and illiterate.

Modern warfare demands, first of all, the sharpened wit, the quick and accurate mental process, the ability to think and plan and blueprint and the knowledge to work out the plans that have first been sketched for the prosecution of the tactics and techniques of warfare.

The American educated soldier, with his high school and college background, should have the advantage which Mr. Drummond detects and deduces from the facts.—Charlotte Observer.

* * * * * * * *

DRIVE ON THE RIGHT SIDE

In spite of all that has been said concerning certain motorists who seem determined to take their half of the road out of the center, there are those who continue to roll along at high speed, letting fellow travelers do their best to scramble out of harm's way, if possible. Director Ronald Hocutt of the North Carolina Highway Safety Division, calls attention to the law supposed to regulate this careless practice, as follows:

> Section 108, Motor Vehicle Laws of North Carolina: "Upon all highways of sufficient width, except one-way streets, the driver of a vehicle shall drive the same upon the right half of the highway and shall drive a slow-moving vehicle as closely as possible to the right-hand edge or curb of such highway, unless it is impractible to travel on such side of the highway and except when overtaking and passing another vehicle subject to the limitations applicable in overtakng and passing set forth in (other) sections of this act."

In other words, share the road with fellow travelers. Stay on your side—the right side—except when passing.

DOLLARS FROM THE TRASH PILE

By Ross L. Holman

It won't be many years before we will start digging in our garbage and rubbish heaps for something to sell. No, I don't mean we will be reduced to such a low state of poverty that we will have to scratch bread crusts and meat scraps out of the ash can to live. What I am trying to say is that some of the things we are throwing away will some day be valuable products. They won't be worth much as garbage but will be invaluable to the scientist and his test tube.

Several times since World War I geologists have prophesied that the supply of gasoline in this country would give out in ten years. At first such predictions threw American motorists into a panic. But since necessity is the mother of invention the prospect of such a calamity encouraged hundreds of scientists to look for a substitute.

Rotten apples are not the only answer to a possible gasoline shortage. At the university of Illinois the laboratory technicians went to work on a pile of cornstalks and wheat straw and manufactured a motor fuel that will carry you over the highways as smoothly as anybody's gasoline.

Ordinarily after corn is harvested cornstalks are left in the field to rot. Many farmers turn cattle on them to eat the shucks and fodder, but about all the good it does them is to give them jaw exercise. Recently a number of test tube artists began seeing in them possibilities we never dreamed they had. By putting them through various processes they were translated into building blocks, dynamite absorbent charcoal, furfural, lumber substitutes, pulpboard, gunpowder and face powder.

Not only this but cornstalks make some of the finest white paper offered on the market. Many of our dailies have been printed on cornstalk newsprint. A cornstalk paper factory in the midwest turned out newsprint for a few years but had to close down because the process is still too costly to compete with paper manufactured from wood pulp.

Another farm waste being turned into salable products is wheat straw. One of the chief of these is wallboard to take the place of lumber in the construction of houses. It takes from twenty to one hundred years to grow trees suitable for lumber. You can grow wheat straw for it in less than a year.

The process of turning farm products into articles of industrial and household use has recently been named "Farm Chemurgy." You probably won't find the word "chemurgy" in the dictionary, but it defines one of the most far-reaching scientific developments of the day. Uncle Sam has four laboratories and in these institutions hundreds of scientists are hunting down new industrial uses for farm products, thus creating a large number of new farm markets. At first the movement was concerned only with the processing of such staple products as wheat, corn, milk and soybeans, in order to find markets for great surpluses that American people couldn't consume as food. But when laboratory technicians went to

work on the job in earnest they learned that many useful articles could be made better and cheaper from farm wastes than from regular salable products. So, our trash piles and dumps may some day be lucrative sources of income.

Among other important discoveries in this field are methods of using wood wastes. Ordinarily when a tree is cut for lumber twenty-five to fifty per-cent of it is wasted. That includes the limbs, short cuts, slabs, sawdust and stumps. A few years ago scientists discovered that these wastes can be converted into one of the most valuable plastics manufactured. After being turned into plastic they can be converted into clocks, fountain pens, radio cabinets, chairs combs and dozens of other things we use in our daily lives.

At Laurel, Miss., one manufacturing company is taking such wood wastes as scraps, sawdust, scrub pines, slabs, chips and chunks, and turning them into wallboard, wood tiles and plastics.

In the Pacific northwest where there are very few coal mines, there are fifty million tons of wood wasted a year, which according to one authority can be turned into substitute coke that can serve as fuel much cheaper than long-haul coal. He says this coke is practically free from ash and is a high grade fuel for blast furnaces in the production of iron.

A few years ago Dr. George W. Carver, famous negro chemist at Tuskegee Institute in Alabama, manufactured a synthetic marble made from wood shavings. He wears a tie he made from plant fibers and has on his floor rugs made from cotton stalks. He has a hobby of painting pictures and uses for the purpose paint he made from Alabama clay and canvas manufactured from peanut hulls.

While skim milk is not altogether a waste product, its feed value for hogs is not rated at over two cents a gallon, while the butterfat taken from that same gallon is worth twenty cents. There is now a plant manufacturing from milk a wool that makes a high quality of cloth. In a few years we will be milking suits and overcoats from the contented cows by the thousands.

One of the most unsightly scenes one can imagine is a stretch of cut-over land covered with pine stumps. Such area always gives one a feeling of desolation. These stumps can now be snatched out of the ground and turned into a terpene hydro-carbon that is used as solvent to reclaim rubber from old tires.

Stumps can not only be used to stretch out our rubber supplies and give worn-out tires a new value, but they can be given a chemical bapitsm and spread over our floors in the form of linoleum. The rosin from pine stumps is also used in floor tiles, eletrical insulation, soap, paint and metals.

Most of us felt our first pinch of war time economy when Uncle Sam decided that no more aluminum could be spared for pots, pans, perculators, automobile trimmings or for any private use whatsoever. The government not only needs all that can be produced but is digging into our basements and dumps for the last scraps and crumbs of the aluminum that we have worn out.

Recently, however, scientists announced a method of processing this

metal from white clay which we have super-abundance. Our present aluminum is made from bauxite, most of which has to be imported from British and Dutch Guiana.

These are only a few of the hundreds of articles that are coming from Uncle Sam's waste products. We are also making fountain pens and steering wheels from cottonseed hulls and chewed-up sugar cane; piano keys and ivory from skim milk; sugar from whey, rubber from weeds, rubber and gasoline from waste gases of steel mills; and the end is not yet. The developments are coming so fast we can hardly keep up with their great numbers.

There is usually quite a lag, however, between the time such processes are discovered and when they are put to general use. It takes time for industry to equip new factories, train workers and build new consumer demands, for the products that are turned out by the scientist and his test tube. And with present conditions it will take even longer.

A KING ASKS PRAYER

In a statement issued to Religious News-Service, His majesty George II, King of the Hellenes, while visiting Philadelphia, appealed for the prayers of Americans for the Greeks. He said: The Greeks of old made an inestimable contribution. Who could estimate the worth of St. Paul's two letters to the Greeks at Cornith! The Greeks of my nation today are making a noble and heroic struggle. Remember them constantly in your prayers for victory." It is not so long ago that Greece was heralded for its valor in its unequal struggle against the Italians and the Germans. Streamer headlines praising the Greeks covered the fronts of newspapers all over the land. Since the Nazi conquest, a blackout of news concerning the internal conditions of the country allows us to do no more than guess at conditions there. Here is a nation that paid a tremendous price to be true to itself and its best traditions in defying the cruel invaders. The Greeks would hardly be human to be without disillusionment in the tragic hour, but they are descendants of ancestors who knew how to stand against oppression. We believe they still remain true to the heroic past. Yet millions suffer and live day by day in fear of their lives. Our New Testament tells us to pray for kings and governors, and who will forbid a king who asks us now to pray for him and his benighted country in this extremity? Is it not, after all, the best thing to do? Better yet, would it not have been wiser to have been strong in prayer before the war began?

—Watchman Examiner.

U. S. WOMEN FIGHTING WAR ON HOME FRONT

By Ruth Cowan

You've been reading about the WAACS—the girls who have joined up with the army —about the women in factories, the women testing the big guns.

But what about the farm wife, the housewives in large cities and at cross-corners, the home-bodies, the older women? What are they doing to help win the war?

Plenty!

That can be seen from the annual round-up being compiled by the General Federation of Women's Clubs on what its 2,500,000 members in their 16,500 clubs have been doing to aid Uncle Sam.

The General Federation president, Mrs. John L. Whitehurst of Baltimore, hopes this 1941-42 report will be a goal to be surpassed in the club year opening in September.

A foot-high stack of reports coming in from clubs throughout the country is evidence of women at work on a thousand and one projects from raising chickens to increase the egg supply for lease-lend, to raising money for bombers.

For one thing, the war bonds the women have voted to buy out of club funds, bought out of their own pockets (and their husbands') and helped to sell in booths and campains run into the billions of dollars.

Members of the California Federation of Women's Clubs have purchased $1,680,212 in stamps and bonds. The Texas club women's total is nearly $1,000,000.

Many clubs report that their individual members decline to disclose how much they are putting into bonds, but the figures that are obtainable are impressive. For example, the Columbia club of Crowell, Tex., with but 18 members, reported $20,315 in stamps and bonds.

Club after club reported 100 per cent of its members buying stamps and bonds. The Kansas Federation of Women's Clubs adopted a slogan of "every club a bond owner—every club women a bond buyer. Corsages made of stamps rather than flowers are given by the Kansas club women to their speakers.

Many reports told of clubwomen staffing booths and participating in campaigns to sell bonds thus getting the ready cash to be turned into bombs, bullets and batteships. The Indiana federation worked hard on the bond campagn that brought in the record-breaking $2,000,000 sale—the campaign aided by Carole Lombard, movie star, who was kil'ed in a plane crash en route back from Indiana to Hollywood.

Every state has its story of what its federated club women are doing. In some states the stories are new and unusual. In others it is the same old story of women trying to better conditions—but intensified. It is Mrs. Whitehurst's opinion, formed after trips about the country, that never have so many women worked so hard.

It was noticed in going through the reports from individual clubs that it

is the smaller clubs, and especially clubs in small towns and hamlets, that more uniformly wrote "100 per cent" after the question: What percentage of the members is doing defense work?"

All ages are represented from the junior clubs of Delaware who have raised $54,257 in their "buy a bond for a bomber" campaign, to Mrs. Mary B. Soule, 81, president of the Newson Study club of Alamosa, Calif., who reports how the members of her small club are working on "food for freedom gardens."

Home gardens are a project of many clubs. The Alabama federation has been encouraging members to "add a hen house" to every yard.

Many club women have responded to the American Red Cross' call for donations of blood to be stored for use in transfusions for the military forces. This has been a special incentive for the Miami, Fla., woman's clubs and the woman's clubs of Spanish Fork, Utah, and also in Pennsylvania.

Numerous state federations and individual clubs have registered the work abilities of their members. About one out of every four of Oregon's 200,000 women, who have been registered through the state federation, lists herself as available for farm work. North Dakota clubwomen are planning to don overalls and go into the fields if the need comes.

Every club reports members working for the Red Cross as well as doing something—from baking cookies to furnishing recreation rooms in service clubs—for the soldiers and sailors. The Illinois federation is helping to put over an army and navy club in Chicago that occupies 10 floors of a large downtown building.

It is the members of these clubs, for the most part mothers and housewives, who are the ones mainly to bring touches of home life into military routine. There are the pies mother does bake—countless mothers with a little spare time in the afternoon. Likely it was a housewife who thought to stitch curtains for the recreation room in camp.

It is the housewife, who after she has got her husband off to work and the children out to play or to school, has the time to go about the neighborhood collecting books that go into camp libraries. It is the same old story—although the generals and the admirals call it "keeping up military morale"—of women trying to make life more comfortable for men-folks.

Perhaps what these club members are doing is not as novel as a woman testing a big gun for Uncle Sam or as spectacular as welding an airplane. But ask any general or admiral if these things aren't important—

Bangor, Me., clubwomen collected 375 pieces of furniture to furnish four recreation rooms for enlisted men. Missouri clubwomen sent 500 pounds of cookies to a nearby camp. New Jersey clubwomen furnished 75 recreation and reading rooms for soldiers stationed in that state. Reno, Nev., clubwomen have set up a canteen for troop trains passing through, as have club women in Albany, N. Y.

Everywhere that there is a military camp or naval base clubwomen are organizing dances and acting as hostesses—that's the 1942 word for "chaperone." Many clubs like those in the Alabama federation encourage members to "ask a soldier home for Sunday dinner."

Clubwomen are helping meet national emergency problems. Thousands of tons of paper have been salvaged by Maryland clubwomen. In New London, N. H., clubwomen have worked out a plan to help conserve tires and gas. In a central garage they put up a slate on which anyone driving out of town can post the date of his trip and the seats available his car. Anyone wishing to make that trip can thus get in touch with the driver.

Clubs are planning ahead. Those in Massachusetts are especially foreseeing of possible dangers. Those in New Mexico, Arizona, Mississippi as well as along the New England coast are working to be prepared to care for possible evacuees.

Even in the Rocky Mountains, the clubwomen in Swink, Colo., have turned in a survey of their homes so that in event of an air raid, it will be known where there are spare blankets and pots and pans.

Total action is the response of the federated clubwomen to total warfare.

THE ONE RESPONSIVE CHORD

In the early spring of 1863, when the Confederate and Federal armies were confronting each other on the opposite hills of Stafford and Spottsylvania, two bands chanced one evening, at the same hour, to begin to discourse sweet music on either bank of the river. A large crowd of soldiers of both armies gathered to listen to the music, the friendly pickets not interfering, and soon the bands began to answer each other.

First the band on the northern bank would play "Star-Spangled Banner," "Hail Columbia," or some other "yankee" air, and at its conclusion the "boys in blue" would cheer most lustily. And then the band on the southern bank would respond with "Dixie," or "Bonnie Blue Flag," or some other southern melody, and the "boys in gray" would attest their approbation with their sky-rending Confederate yell. But presently one of the bands struck up, in sweet and plaintive notes which were wafted across the peaceful Rappahannock, were caught up at once by the other band and swelled into a grand anthem which touched every heart—"Home, Sweet Home!"

At the conclusion of this piece there went up a simultaneous shout from both sides of the river—cheer followed cheer, and those hills, which had so recently resounded with the thunder of hostile guns, echoed and re-echoed the glad acclaim. A chord had been struck responsive to which the hearts of enemies—enemies then—could beat in unsion; and on both sides of the river.

"Something down the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stains of powder."

WE CAN GROW OUR OWN TEA

By James A. Hoyt

You can do without your tea? Well, you do not have to, for if we cannot import from the East Indies all the tea we want, we can grow it right here in the United States of America. That has been conclusively demonstrated in South Carolina.

Recently you probably saw in the papers that the War Production board had announced that the British, who drink more tea than any other people, except the Chinese, have been given charge of buying tea for all the United Nations. This great war, then, has brought about again pretty much the same thing against which the American colonies revolted 166 years ago —the control of the tea trade by Great Britain. This time we and "the mother country" are united in a common cause for self-preservation of each.

The purchasing agent for the Kingdom Food Ministry works under an agreement reached by the British and American governments. The purpose is to obtain equitable distribution at fair prices of world tea supplies which have already been reduced by one-fifth by the Japanese conquests in the Far East. Only the early defeat of the Japanese can prevent an even greater reduction in the world supply of tea.

The annual importations of tea into the United States the last two years has been about one hundred million pounds. This is an increase of about ten million pounds over 1932, but allowing for the known increase in the population this does not represent so large an increase in consumption as might be supposed.

"We used to import a lot of green teas from China and Japan, Oolong tea from Formosa, and also Oolong from China; Congou from China," says my authority, Mr. George F. Mitchell, who is referred to later in this article. "All these teas are very much lighter than the Ceylon, India, Java and Sumatra teas which make up the bulk of our importation at the present time and therefore teas we are now using go much further because they are much stronger and have more body." By reason of the heavy advertising of tea which has been done in recent years, chiefly by the British companies engaged in the tea trade, "these teas have gained a tremendous foothold, constituting about 75 per cent of our importations," says Mr. Mitchell.

That tea can be sucessfully grown in this country was proved more than 40 years ago in South Carolina, at Summerville, by the late Dr. Charles U. Shepard. The experiment was eminently satisfactory from the agricultural standpoint but commercially the tea produced at the Pinehurst Plantation of Dr. Shepard could not compete in the American market with tea produced by cheap coolie labor in the Far East. Senator Benjamin R. Tillman in 1909 made a fight in the Senate to secure a duty on tea in order to "protect" the infant industry but his efforts were unavailing over the opposition of the powerful interests then, as now, engaged in the tea trade.

The name "tea" is by some au-

thorities said to have been taken from the word "Thea", adopted by Linnaeus from the Greek Thea, goddess; tea being the "divine herb". The plant is scientifically described as "genius of tropical evergreen trees or shrubs typifying the family Theaceae, characterized by large, usually solitary, white or red flowers with numerous stamens connate at the base." Thea sinensis in the tea plant."

The japonica, or camellia, is the Thea japonica, which grows nowhere in such beauty and luxuriance as in the "low country" of South Carolina.

Dr. Charles U. Shepard was a physiological chemist and writer on chemical and agricultural subjects. He began about 1890 growing tea on a small scale, having reasoned that it should be sucessfully grown, since throughout the Atlantic and Gulf states were to be found so many of the oriental trees and shrubs demanding the same conditions as the tea plant. Apparently, the climate and soil were favorable. Then, at that time, an abundance of cheap labor and thousands of acres of idle land were also available.

Dr. Shepard interested the Department of Agriculture in his Summerville experiment, and for ten years or more annual appropriations to assist the experiment were made, and scientific representatives of the department were detailed to co-operate with Dr. Shepard. Among these was George F. Mitchell, a graduate of Clemson in chemistry and agriculture who remained for nine years, and then went on to become one of the leading authorities in the United States, now holding an important position with General Foods Corporation in New York.

It is from Mr. Mitchell that I have obtained directly much information, as well as from his reports to the Department of Agriculture, which I have recently read in the Library of Congress, refreshing my own recollection of the Pinehurst experiments, with which at the time I was, as a newspaper reporter in South Carolina, quite familiar.

Is is my information from Commissioner J. Roy Jones of South Carolina that tea is still grown at Pinehurst Gardens, in a small way. Tea plants live for many years, some have been known to exist for more than 100 years, becoming large trees, but in cultavation the plant is pruned and plucked each year periodically. It is a pretty plant, makes a suitable hedge, and it was one of Dr. Shepard's ideas that the growing of tea might be encouraged in individual gardens. You can raise your own tea, even if you cannot grow your own rubber.

The tea plant in its ability to adapt itself to a wide range of conditions is exceeded only by wheat, as tea thrives from 30 degrees north latitude in Japan to 35 degrees south latitude in Africa. It is grown, commercially, in many countries, but the bulk of the commercial production is in the lands now controlled or threatened by Japan.

"Although this species (tea) as a whole has such a wide geographical range, not all varieties thrive equally well in any one locality," says one report of the Agricultural department, and in a recent letter Dr. Mitchell says:

"There is no question but that tea will grow not only in South Carolina but in many of the southern states but we cannot produce the very fine qualities that are produced in the high elevations of the tropics. It might be of interest to know that, everything else being equal, teas raised in the high elevation areas are the quality teas. This is true of all the tea producing countries."

The Pinehurst experiment developed into quite a large undertaking, and while it did not result in establishing a permanent tea industry in the United States, it did give many valuable indications to those interested in the tea trade, and many phases of the experiments were important. Lacking the heavy rainfall of the oriental countries, irrigation was utilized with excellent results; many varieties of soil and of fertilizer were tried out. An expensive plant was erected for dying and curing the tea, and several labor-saving devices were originated by Dr. Shepard and Mr. Mitchell. To attract and hold the negro labor, women and children mostly, a school was established.

The tea plants withstood the severe cold of the 1929 winter, when at Summerville the thermometer went down to around zero.

During the period of Dr. Shepard's experiments another tea plantation was started nearby, on old abandoned rice fields, by retired army officers, and in one year. before their own trees began to produce these men are said to have bought up and marketed the entire Pinehurst production. The main promoter of this enterprise died and the project was abandoned, about 1903.

The first effort to start a tea industry in South Carolina, however, was much earlier than Dr. Shepard's experiment. It was in 1795 that the French botanist, Andre Michaux, who spent 11 years in America, secured some tea plants and set them out in the botanical gardens of the still famous Middleton estate. Perhaps some of them are still there—they were some few years. ago.

Then about 1848, Dr. Junius Smith, who came from London, planted tea on his plantation near Greenville, S. C., and according to his report to the American Agriculturist in 1851 his experiment "got along first rate", even surviving a heavy snow storm, but when Dr. Smith died in 1852 the plantation was abandoned.

The next recorded experiment was undertaken by the U. S. Commissioner of Agriculture about 1880, when the commissioner employed one John Jackson to conduct experiments on a 200 acre farm near Summerville, Jackson had had 17 years of experience in tea culture in India; his brother, William Jackson, did more than any one else to develop the tea industry in India, inventing many of the machines used in curing the plant. This early Summerville experiment was abandoned after John Jackson lost his health.

It was no doubt the knowledge of this Jackson experiment which gave to Dr. Shepard his idea of trying to develop the tea industry.

While tea is grown in many lands the great tea producing countries after all are those which are going to be most vitally affected by the war in the Orient. It is in India that the British have so greatly developed their

tea industry, and who can say what labor conditions in India are going to be after the war? Certainly not the same as before.

China raises and drinks more tea than any other country. There are no reliable figures as to how much tea China does produce and consume, for in that vast and incomprehensible country the growing of tea is an individual matter with those wise people who utilize every inch of the "good earth," and they have been doing that for untold centuries. What are going to be labor conditions in China? Or in the Netherlands East Indies? Or even in Japan?

There is a school of economic thought which fears that if we establish a domestic rubber industry—synthetic or natural—in this country, in meeting our present rubber emergency, we may build up an industry which after the war will demand "protection" and thus interfere with the re-establishment of trade relations that will promote peace and good-will. Whatever merit there may be in that argument (it is the argument which is largely responsible for our present rubber plight), who can say what conditnons after the war are going to be in all those countries from which we have been getting rubber? There may be in the far eastern countries a great economic revolution which will result in the demand for a higher standard of living—no more cheap coolie labor—and in that case we may not be able to get rubber, and tea, as we used to do.

"Prepared in mind and resources" is the free translation of South Carolina's motto—to which she has always llved up. But as a means of being prepared, is it not wise to know what our resources are, both actual and potential? Can we make rubber or raise it? Certainly we can raise tea, and plenty of it.

With the possible exception of cotton, no agricultural commodity has played so important a part in the war history of the United States as has tea. It was cotton, and its system of cultivation by slave labor, which brought on the War Between the States. It was behind barricades of cotton bales that General Andrew Jackson and his motley army defended New Orleans in the War of 1812.

But it was tea that solidified the British colonies in America in their resistance to taxation without representation, and precipitated a revolution which many of its participants did not themselves forsee.

According to the history text books which we studied at school (books generally written by New England historians) the "Boston Tea Party" stands out as the great extent in the colonists' resistance to the stamp tax, and there is no desire to minimize the importance of that great event which Oliver Wendell Holmes has depicted in the "Ballad of the Boston Tea Party."

No 'ne'er was mingled such a draught
In palace, hall or arbor,
As freemen brewed and tyrants quaffed
That night in Boston Harbor.

But as a matter of fact, it was in Philadelphia that organized resentment to the stamp act was first announced. It was on October 18, 1773,

that a great mass meeting in Philadelphia adopted resolutions declaring that the tea tax was an unwarrantable duty imposed on the colonists without their consent, and that the monopoly given to the East India Company was unconscionable and that any person who should attempt to unload or vend the tea would be an enemy to the country. On October 26, a similar mass meeting was held in New York and a like declaration made.

In Boston, which was divided in sentiment between the radicals led by Samuel Adams, and the conservatives, who were for the most part merchants, the stamp tax on tea and the monopoly of the East India Company (which took the tea trade away from the local merchants and importers) the tea tax brought these two elements together in common resistance to the act of the mother country, and after repeated protests and warnings, it was on November 5, that a great mass meeting presided over by John Hancock, one of the merchants, adopted the Philadelphia resolutions.

When the Dartmouth, the Beaver and the Bedford, ships laden with tea, arrived in the harbor the Boston patriots were prepared and prevented the landing of the cargoes. When the time permitted for landing had expired, under law, on December 16, 1773, the "greatest gathering that had ever been held at Old South Church" was assembled, and when it was announced that no agreement as to the cargoes had been reached with the authorities and owners, the meeting broke up, but mysteriously there emerged that historic band disguised as Mohawk Indians who boarded the ships and dumped the tea into the harbor.

Then followed tea parties at Charleston, at Philadelphia, at New York, at Greenwich, New Jersey, then an important port; and at Annapolis, where the owner of the brig "Peggy Stewart," one Anthony Stewart was compelled to put fire to his tea ladden vessel, or be hanged, a gallows having been erected in front of his residence for that purpose. A tablet marks the spot where the vessel was burned and in the Court House at Baltimore there is a mural depicting the event.

It was Edenton, North Carolina, where the women took the lead in the resistance to the hated stamp tax. Meeting on October 25, 1774, the women drew up a paper commending the resolutions previously passed by the colonial deputies at New Bern in condemnation of the unjust tax on tea, and "boldly signing their names to the document, sent it to a London paper for publication." Appearing in the Morning Chronicle and London Advertiser of January 16, 1775, the protest "created a sensation in England, where many of the signers had social and family connections." The Edenton women, fifty-one in number, pledged themselves to drink no tea imported under the act, nor to wear any more British cloth.

In the rotunda of the capitol at Raleigh there is to be seen the bronze tablet, erected by the Daughters of the American Revolution, commemorating the passage of the resolutions by the women of Edenton, and on the site of the house where their tea party was held there has been placed a Revolutionary cannon surmounted by

an heroic bronze teapot bearing the inscription:

"On this spot stood the residence of Mrs. Elizabeth King, in which the ladies of Edenton met on October 25, 1774, to protest against the tax on tea."

An old mezzotint printed upon glass shows the declaration spread on the table before the ladies.

The American colonies started their career as a more or less united nation with a decided prejudice against tea-grown in Asia and imported by a British monopoly with a tax in the imposition of which they had had no part. But that prejudice long since passed away—the prejudice against tea—and the United States is now one of the greatest tea drinking countries of the world, and if we cannot get tea from Asia any more, with a few years of preparation the United States can raise all the tea its people can consume.

———:———

WE ARE THANKFUL FOR THESE

These to be thankful for: a friend,
A work to do, a way to wend,
And these in which to take delight:
The wind that turns the poplars white,

Wonder and gleam of common things
Sunlight upon a sea-gull's wings,
Odors of earth and dew-drenched lawns,
The pageantry of darks and dawns;

Blue vistas of a city street
At twilight, music, passing feet,
The thrill of spring, half joy, half pain,
The deep voice of the autumn rain.

Shall we not be content with these
Imperishable mysteries?
And jocund-hearted take our share
Of joy and pain and find life fair?—

Wayfarers on a road where we
Set forth each day right valiantly,
Expectant, dauntless, blithe, content,
To make the great experiment.

—Author Unknown.

WRECK OF THE AGNES BARTON

(Dare County Times)

One of the most distressing cases of the year 1889 occurred March 14. During a heavy northeaster the brig Agnes Barton, of Baltimore, Maryland, was wrecked on the Virginia coast a short distance north of the Dam Neck Mills Station, (Sixth District). She was bound home from Navassa, West Indies, with a cargo of phosphate rock valued at $3,300, and a crew of ten men of whom four were saved and six lost. The master was named H. B. Knight, and he perished.

This disaster was particularly unfortunate in view of the attending circumstances. The brig went ashore only a quarter of a mile from the station, in broad daylight, within easy reach of line operations, but owing to a succession of unavoidable accidents six of the crew lost their lives, drowning in plain view of the workers on the beach, who had exhausted every means known to their calling in vain efforts to save them.

The vessel, valued at $10,000, was of four hundred tons burden and had started from Navassa, February 20th, on her return voyage. Her passage was a very tempestuous one, and on March 14th she encountered an unusually severe northeast blow. Owing to the thick and rough weather that had been experienced, she was thrown a considerable distance to the westward of her reckoning and instead of making Cape Henry, at the entrance to Chesapeake Bay, in the forenoon of that date, as the captain expected, it was found that she was off Currituck Beach, more than thirty miles to the southward. When this fact became known the vessel was hauled by the wind, now mounting to nearly a gale, and a course shaped about north-by-west, some five miles off the land. Soundings were taken and the depth of water was ascertained to be twelve fathoms. The brig had been leaking ever since she left Navassa, and by this time the watch were compelled to pump at the rate of a thousand strokes an hour to keep her free. As she proceeded northward, under full canvas, she was driven to leaward and constantly neared the shore.

After reaching a point opposite the Dam Neck Mills Station, it became obvious that she could not be made to fetch by Cape Henry, and it was decided to beach her as near the station as possible. The weather was too heavy to tack; besides, in the vessel's leaky condtion, it would have been a perilous venture to stand off shore. The captain hoisted a signal of distress to inform the station crew of his intentions, and then headed the brig, under all forward sail, squarely for the beach. She was driven at a high rate of speed before the gale and furious sea and struck the outer bar, head on, some two hundred and fifty yards from the land. This was at twenty minutes of five o'clock. The tide was nearly half flood. The swift succeeding breakers swept over the stern and reached as far as the foremast, the crew being obliged to seek safety near the break of the forecastle.

The vessel was first sighted from the station when she was some three miles to the southeastward. She passed by, attracting no unusual attention. As soon, however as she hoisted her ensign, union down, the life-savers saw that something was amiss, and they ran up, in answer, a code signal to open communication. Hardly had this been done when she was seen to stand for the shore. The beach-apparatus was immediately ordered out and the station crew were abreast of the craft almost the moment she struck. A fine rain now began to fall, and the wind and surf were momentarily increasing in violence.

In five minutes' time a line was fired off, but fell short some forty or fifty yards. This was speedily hauled back and coiled in the box. It was then fired again, with an increased charge of powder, and went between the headstays, landing on the starboard fore yard-arm. The line was passed clear of the rigging by the sailors, and the whip hauled aboard and made fast on the foremast about twenty-five feet up. The hawser quickly followed, and was secured a couple of feet above the tail-block. Thus far everything worked well. Meanwhile the deckhouses, bulwarks, etc., began to break up and go adrift. The vessel kept working nearer the shore, rolling heavily with the action of the seas, and swinging round so that she was finally broadside to the beach, and listed hard over to port with her head to the north. Her constant swaying and shoreward movements caused the loss of an hour's time by preventing the tautening of the lines so that the buoy could be operated. The shore purchase had to be fleeted several times.

At last, however, as darkness was approaching and the brig was listing over more and more every minute, the breeches-buoy, and the surfmen, after waiting a few minutes and receiving no signal, hauled the mate ashore. He was drawn through the surf most of the way and proved to be the first mate. Notwithstanding that some twenty persons assisted on the whip-line, it worked very hard and several times caught, obliging the beach party to use their utmost endeavors to move it. The mate, who was considerably exhausted on reaching shore, informed the life-savers that a piece of rope had lodged in the tail-block and jammed the sheave and line, and that he had been trying to clear it (having entered the breeches-buoy for that purpose) when he was hauled ashore.

There was so much rope and junk adrift that the keeper had been obliged to keep one of his men continually clearing the whip-line so that it would render through the sand-anchor block. The breeches-buoy was hauled back again to the vessel, and the ship's steward was landed under about the same circumstances as attended the first trip. Darkness now prevented those on shore from seeing the buoy when it reached the vessel. It came back the third time empty.

Two of the survivors testified that the captain, in a weak and helpless condition, was assisted into the buoy. It seems that he got into it with a long overcoat on, the skirts of which hung outside. He was advised to remove the garment, but showing no inclination to do so, a comrade, fearing that an underrush of the surf be-

tween the coat and bouy, pulled out a jack knife and attempted to cut the skirts clear. This was only partly accomplished when the buoy was hauled towards the shore. It is stated that one of the sailors saw the captain washed out. This is the first occurrence of the kind in the history of the Service.

The buoy was again sent back to the brig and a sailor and the cabin boy were safely landed. For the fifth time the buoy was hauled off, but on its return it was found empty. It must be remembered that these operations were executed under the greatest difficulty; the lines became repeatedly fouled with pieces of rope and wreckage; the vessel was very unsteady, and a tremenduous surf swept the beach and broke over the lines a large portion of their extent. The breeches-buoy was started on its sixth trip to the craft, but after it had traveled some fifty yards it stopped altogether, and the united efforts of the rescuers could not move it in either direction. The life-savers tried in various ways to break it loose, but to no purpose. The vessel had now listed over so that nearly all the gear was under water. Shortly after this the keeper and crew of the Seatack Station arrived on the scene. Efforts were renewed to get the buoy clear, but without success.

About this time what appeared to be the flying jib-boom went by the board, together with all the head-sails, and the wreckage was swept under the foremast. After satisfying themselves that it was usless to continue trying to break loose the buoy, the station men decided to wait until low water (the tide was falling), and put another line over her, as she would then probably be lying easier, and less difficulty would be experienced in throwing the line clear of the wreck-stuff.

The weather was not cold and there was no immediate danger of the crew's perishing. A fire was built on the beach to encourage them and a strict watch maintained. Keeper Payne, of the Little Island Station, with one of his crew, also arrived shortly after 11 o'clock. About midnight another line was fired across the vessel, but no efforts were made on board to haul it off.

The surfmen kept working it up and down the beach, so as to give the sailors a chance of reaching it, but the experiment proved futle. No sounds that would indicate that a living soul was on board the vessel could be heard and the worst fears were entertained. The life-savers, being powerless to do anything effectively, now resolved to wait until daylight. Further precaution was taken to vigilantly patrol the beach, in order to give prompt help to anyone who might come ashore in the surf.

When day broke five men were seen, two on the fore-topmast; one of these was lying across the mast, apparently lashed, with his legs dangling, giving the appearance that he was dead. The craft was listed so far over that her top-mast heads almost reached the breakers. A line was speedily fired, which fell to leeward of the brig, as there was nothing high enough out of the water to catch it. This was quickly hauled in and fired again. It fell across the starboard braces. The surfmen walked with it up the beach and succeeded in drawing it to the yardarm, so that one of the

men could reach it. The whip was then taken a short distance up the beach, to gain the advantage of the current, and bent on to the shot-line. It was the intention, if the sailors succeeded in hauling off the whip, to send aboard a hawser and try to effect a rescue by means of another breeches-buoy.

As soon as they commenced to haul off the whip the other gear, which had remained standing, was cut clear, so that there would be no danger of the lines fouling. The whip went off so well at the start that a number of the life-savers immediately proceeded to the station to obtain a hawser and breeches-buoy. After thirty or forty fathoms of whip had been paid out the weight of the line prevented the sailors, in their exhausted condition and from their cramped positions, from hauling it farther against the inrushing sea. They then, apparently, made the shot-line fast. The surfmen motioned to them to slack up the line, but they did not seem to understand. Signals were also made for one of them to tie the shot-line around his waist and take the chance of being dragged ashore through the surf, but without effect.

The man on the end of the top-mast was seen to leave the brig and attempt to follow the shot-line in, hand-over-hand, but he soon disappeared. The life-savers scattered along the beach in hopes of saving him, but he did not gain the shore. Twenty minutes after this the vessel's top-mast began to dip deeply into the water, and she suddenly took three heavy rolls and collapsed, the heels of her casts floating up. Those on board of her were instantly engulfed, and, so far as could be seen, did not come to the surface again. Diligent search was made along the beach, but no traces of the men were found.

From the foregoing account it will be seen that the life-saving men, from the moment they commenced operations until the vesel went to pieces, did everything in their power to rescue those on board. Three keepers and two crews were present during most of the work, and every expedient that had any chance of success was employed. During the entire proceedings a furious storm was raging, the wind at no time being less than forty-eight miles an hour, and at times rising to a velocity of seventy-two miles according to the Signal Service record at Cape Henry. The sea that swept the beach was so tremendous that it was utterly impossible to launch a boat; in fact it was not once thought of.

The life-saving men supposed that little difficulty would be experienced in bringing off the sailors in the breeches-buoy, but the fouling of the gear as described, the almost immediate swinging of the vessel broadside to and listing over, combined to defeat their best efforts and render them powerless to do effective work. No mistake seems to have been made on their part. They exerted themselves to the utmost in trying to save life and their failure to effect a complete rescue was due solely to unfortunate conditions over which they had no control.

The following names and residences of the lost: H. B. Knight, captain, Baltimore, Maryland; James Richards, second mate, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; John Smith (colored), Cape Charles, Virginia; Peter Florida

(colored), Panama, United States of Colombia; Charles Hobbs (colored), Suffolk, Virginia, and Edward Forbes (colored), Turk's Island, West Indies. Four of the bodies, including those of the captain and the second mate, subsequently washed upon the beach one of them forty miles south of the scene of the wreck. Two of them were buried by the surfmen and the other two sent to relatives in Baltimore.

The four survivors, who were provided with suitable clothing from the supply placed at the disposal of the Service by the Women's National Relief Association, were cared for at the Dam Neck Mills Station several days, after which they proceeded to their homes. The vessel and cargo were a total loss.

MY CREED

To this day that is mine, my country's and my God's, I dedicate my all. My talents, every one, shall be held subject to the slight draft of the emergencies of others. I will enlarge my soul by cultivating love for those from whom I find myself recoiling. No man shall ever feel his color or his caste in my presence, for within my heart of hearts there shall be no consciousness of it.

The man who has fallen shall find in me a friend, the woman down, a helper. But more than this, those falling shall have my trust that they may stand again. The cry of every child shall find my heart whether cry of need or of aspiration. Not one of all the nation's "little ones" shall be despised. Cherishing every life of whatever land or race, and mindful of hidden struggles in all things, I will strive to help and to serve.

No word shall ever pass my lips that hurts another in things of face, form, station, or estate. My own weakness, my foibles and my sins shall chasten speech and spirit and deny desecration to pervert them. The vandal hands of lust and hate and greed shall not be permitted to despoil.

And thus I resolve, not because I am good, but that I want to be; not because I am strong, but that I feel weakness; not that I feel above others, but with all my soul I long to be a humankind, both helped and helper. So do I set apart my culture. So do I receive but to give to others. So do I press humbly into the presence of the sacrificial Son of Man, crying out in eager consecration, "Let me follow Thee, Master, wherever the world still needs ministry, wherever life is still to be given for many."

Help me, Thou whose manger cradle brought democracy to light, to meet in my own worth democracy's final test and to my own great day to be true.—By Dr. Charles Medbury.

WHERE SUNSETS GET THEIR GLORY

By W. P. Keasby in Christian Science Monitor

Sunlight, as seen at midday, is considered to be white, or colorless. Actually, it consists of all the colors of the rainbow—red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet—resulting frequently in the most gorgeous dawns and sunsets.

That the colors of the spectrum combine to make the white of midday is demonstrated by the fact that when a circular card on which they are painted is made to rotate rapidly, the card appears white.

When the sun is near the horizon, its light passes through a great deal more of the denser portion of the earth's atmosphere than when the sun is overhead. Consequently, it passes through much more air laden with particles of dust, smoke, and water vapor. These particles tend to cause the sunlight to disperse; that is, to separate into its component colors. The longest rays (yellow, orange, and red) pass most readily through the dispersing particles, and predominate in sunset skies.

If it were not for the tiny particles floating in the earth's atmosphere, the sky would appear black, even in the daytime. This has been shown by experiment. An air-tight box was made, with the inside painted black and the bottom covered with a sticky substance which imprisoned the dust particles as they settled.

A strong beam of light was directed into a window at one end of the box and passed out through a window at the other end. By looking through a third window in the side of the box, students observed that the beam was invisible and that it did not illuminate the interior of the box. Thus, the light we see in the sky is reflected from the tiny particles suspended in the atmosphere.

The more dust there is in the air, the more gorgeous the sunset colors are likely to be.

Courage, by keeping the senses quiet and the understanding clear, puts us in a condition to receive true intelligence, to make computations upon danger, and pronounce rightly upon that which threatens us. Innocence of life, consciousness of worth and great expectations, are the best foundations of courage. These ingredients make a richer cordial than youth can prepare; they warm the heart at eighty, and seldom fail in operation.—Elmes.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Considering the gasoline and tire shortage, there was an unusually large number of visitors at the School last Wednesday, the regular visiting day.

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Our farm is the scene of considerable activity these days. We recently noticed a good sized group of youngsters cutting and loading corn in some of the fields. Several teams were hauling this corn to the dairy barns, where still another group was busilly engaged shredding same and filling two huge silos. We also noticed that the corn was well-eared and had a healthy dark green color, it having been cut at just the proper stage to make fine ensilage.

—:—

In a recent issue of The Charlotte News, we noticed that two of our former students had enlisted in the United States Navy. George H. Shaver, 423 West Eleventh Street, Charlotte, according to the newspaper item, had completed his basic training at the United States Naval Training Station, Newport, Rhode Island, and was spending a week's furlough at his home before entering into active service. George, who is now eighteen years old, was a member of the Cottage No. 3 group during his stay at the School, and was allowed to return to Charlotte, July 15, 1941.

We also learned from the Charlotte paper that Calvin C. Tessneer, of Lawndale, had been accepted for inlistment into the United States Navy, but it did not state to which training station he had been sent. Calvin left this institution, July 28 1941. While here, he was in Cottage No. 15, and was employed on the dairy force. He is approximately seventeen years old.

—:—

We have often heard it said that the best way to really learn to know each other and to enjoy real fellowship with our fellow men, is to rub elbows with them around the dinner table. Superintendent Hawfield must have thought this worth trying, for since taking over the management of the School, he and Mrs. Hawfield have adopted such a plan. Beginning at Cottage No. 1, they have been taking three meals a day at each cottage, thus making personal contact with all staff members and the boys under their supervision. We think this is a fine way to get aquainted, and have all thoroughly enjoyed having the new "boss" and "the missus" visit us at the cottage homes. When this round is completed, should they care to start all over again, we feel sure they will notice the word "welcome" on the door-mat at each cottage.

—:—

A letter came to the School the other day from Nelson Daubenmeyer, who left us, July 6, 1937. While a lad here, Nelson was a member of the Cottage No. 6 group, and was later transferred to Cottage No. 14. He is now eighteen years old. Nelson has been in the United States Army for some time and is stationed at Fort Crook, Nebraska. His letter to Mr. Boger reads in part, as follows:

"Dear Mr. Boger: Am proud to say that I was once at the Jackson Training School, and what I learned there has helped me since joining the army.

"I remember many things that

happened while I was at the School. When your son, John, had his leg broken playing football, I used to go over and talk to him. I often think of the days when Jim, Dub Johnson and I used to play touch football on the lawn in front of Cottage No. 2. We had many good times together.

"Please remember me to Messrs. Andrews, Johnson, Godown, Sappenfield and family, the Fisher family, and above all the Bogers. I'll write again when I have more time, and hope you will write to me. Yours always, Nelson Daubenmeyer."

—:—

Having made good records during their stay at the School, 68 boys have been granted conditional release since July 1st. Some of these lads returned to their respective homes, while others were placed elsewhere. Many of them will attend school at the beginning of the fall term, and the others will take up some kind of employment. As these boys try to make satisfactory adjustment away from the institution, our very best wishes for success go with them. The names of those thus released, and the localities to which they have gone, are listed as follows:

James Deatherage, Greensboro; J. C. Allen, Brookford; William Cook, Concord; J. C. Willis, Hickory; Carl Moose, Newton; Jesse Smith, Hickory; Eugene Hefner, Gastonia; Samuel Kirkesy, Gastonia; Louis Stafford, Taylorsville; Robert Chamberlain, Winston-Salem; Grover Beaver, China Grove; J. R. Whitman, Bowden; Jerry Jenkins, Duplin County; William T. Smith and Hubert Smith, Willmington; Ventry Smith, Durham; Melvin Stines, Marshall; Jay Brannock, Winston-Salem; John Allison, Thomasville; Henry Smith, Kannapolis; Clarence Medlin, Cameron; George Green, Montgomery County; Hoyle Pitman, Spruce Pine; Sidney Hackney, Southern Pines; Jack Warren, Hay, wood County; Robert Hampton, Waynesville; J. B. Hensley, Yancey County; James Brewer, High Point; Everett Watts, Whiteville; Paul Roberts, Mocksville; Woodrow Wilson, Elm City; Robert Jones, High Point; Robert Deyton, Robbinsville; Lloyd Callahan, Reidsville; John Gibson, Franklin; Vollie McCall and Glenn McCall, Jackson County; Jack Crawford, Asheville; Edgar M. Hedgepeth, Kinston; Laney Broome and Wade Aycoth, Monroe; Ronald Washam, Huntersville; George and Charles Gaddy, Waynesville; Edgar Simmons, Duplin County; Peter Harvell, Faison; Marvin Ballew and Daniel Kilpatrick, Buncombe County; David Williams, Fayetteville; Clifford Lane, Gastonia; Paul Morris, Stanly County; Charles B. Ziegler, Rockingham; Cecir Jacobs, Robeson County; Wayne Allen, Avery County; Fred Rhodes and Everett Case, Hendersonville; Alfred Lamb, East Flat Rock; Robert Goldsmith, Henderson County; James Bargesser, Stanfield; Wade Medlin, Kannapolis; Henry Barnes, Sylva; James D. Mondie, Burlington; Glenn Drum, Newton; Jack Crotts, Hickory; Otha Dennis, Dunn; Edward Overby, Willard; Horace Deese, Mathews; Louis Williams, Mooresville.

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Rev. E. S. Summers, pastor of the First Baptist Chruch, Concord, conducted the service at the School last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson he read Matthew 6:25-

34, and as the subject for his most interesting and helpful message to the boys, he selected one line of the Lord's Prayer—"Our Father, who art in heaven."

In referring to the Fatherhood of God, the speaker pointed out that we are all His children, by creation. This includes people of all races, therefore, in a certain sense, all men can say, "Our Father." He further told his young listeners that all men being brothers, we should not, even in these distressing times, hate the Japanese, Germans or Italians, for Christ has taught us to love our enemies. While it is our duty to keep them from dominating the earth, trying to wipe out Christianity, and otherwise forcing their evil will on all people, we, as true Christians, should not hate them, but strive to teach them to live upright, Christian lives.

Rev. Mr. Summers then stated that because God is our father, there are certain things involved that apply to all of us, and, he mentioned some that come into our hearts because of God, as follows:

(1) Love: We love our brothers and sisters because we have the same father and mother. God wants us to love all men because He is our Heavenly Father. (2) Sustenance: God takes care of us. He gives us the air we breathe; waters the earth that we might have something to keep us alive; in fact, He provides everything we need. (3) Protection: A mother wrote her son, a soldier under MacArthur, on Bataan, saying, "I want you to always be safe in the hollow of God's hand, which is far better protection than fox-holes." (4) Education: A good father will educate his children, even as God gives us the opportunity to learn more about Him. (5) Discipline: If we did not have discipline, we would have no order in the world. We see evidence of the value of discipline when we see an athlete break training rules, thereby causing his body to be unfit and the game is lost. (6) Consolation: Even when sorrows rest heavily upon us, consolation comes to us from God. (7) Social life: Our social life with those round about us is prompted by God. To know God, is to live happily with each other. (8) Inheritance: At the end of a good life here on earth, God will give us a happy home with Him for all eternity.

Rev. Mr. Summers then stated that he would bring his part of the service to a close, as he thought our new superintendent, Mr. S. G. Hawfield, attending his first Sunday afternoon service at the School, should have an opportunity to address the boys.

Mr Hawfield began his remarks by stating how delighted he was upon hearing the boys sing so well, and that the manner in which they conducted themselves during Sunday school and church services had impressed him very favorably.

He then spoke briefly on sports—a topic always dear to a normal boy's heart—pointing out several lessons to be learned from clean sportsmanship, and relating a few humorous incidents in the lives of well-known baseball stars. Abong the diamond stars mentioned was Lou Gehrig, the famous "Iron Man" of baseball, who took part in more consecutive games than any player in the history of the great American pastime. Even after a se-

vere form of paralysis compelled Lou to retire from the game he so dearly loved, said Mr. Hawfield, he was a man of such fine character that the mayor of New York City appointed him to the position of juvenile commissioner a position he held until just a few days before his death.

Our new superintendent then told the boys that he wanted them to remember at all times that there is no better place in which to live than in this great country of ours. He urged them to strive to become good citizens of the state and nation, for especially at this time, America needs good men. He added that in a recent conversation with Governor Broughton, the latter stated that we should keep in mind that the Jackson Training School belongs to North Carolina, and the people of the state expect the boys to go out from here and become citizens of whom all may be proud.

The boys here have many privileges denied many other boys, continued the new superintendent. They enjoy playing games of all kinds; here they take an active part in Sunday school and church work; the opportunity to receive an education is theirs; they learn to do worthwhile work at various trades; they are surrounded by men and women who want to help them; in fact the many experiences in their daily lives at the School are of a nature that helps to build character, man's greatest asset.

In conclusion, Mr. Hawfield told the boys that at this particular period of their lives, they are building strong foundations for future Christian citizenship, and urged them to take advantage of every opportunity offered. By so doing, they will, in future years, become men who will be a great joy to themselves and to all with whom they come in contact. He added that was the goal he wanted to help them attain, and felt sure they would not fall short of the mark.

A CREED

I believe in boys and girls, the men and women of a great tomorrow, that whatsoever the boy soweth, the man shall reap. I believe in the curse of ignorance, in the efficacy of schools, in dignity of teaching, and the joy of serving another. I believe in wisdom as revealed in human lives as well as in the pages of a printed book; in the lessons taught not so much by precept as by example; in ability to work with the hands as well as to think with the head; in everything that makes life large and lovely. I believe in beauty in the schoolroom, in the home, in the daily life and out-of-doors. I believe in laughing, in all ideals and distant hopes that lure us on. I believe that every hour of every day we receive a just reward for all we do. I believe in the present and its opportunities, in living the future and its promises, and in the divine joy of living.

—Edwin Osgood Groover.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending August 9, 1942

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Jack Bateman
John Hogsed
Roy Jones
Charles Pearson
Weaver Ruff
Malcom Seymour
Paul Smith
James Watts
Charles Young

COTTAGE NO. 1

Ralph Bailey
Thomas Barnes
Everett Benfield
Paul Childers
Wade Fisher
Leonard Lovelace
Durwood Martin
Curtis Moore
James Pitman
Jack Ray
Jack Reeves
Leonard Robinson
Frank Walker

COTTAGE NO. 2

Paul Abernathy
William Butler
Bernice Hoke
Virgil Lane
Luther McIntyre
Thomas Roper
Newman Tate

COTTAGE NO. 3

John Bailey
Charles Beal
Fred Bostain
Donald Daniels
Albert Hames
Dewey Lanning
Edward Overby
Fonzer Pitman
Samuel Pritchett
Ralph Powell
Charles Rhodes
Elbert Russ
John Tolley
Louis Williams
Thomas Yates

COTTAGE NO. 4

Edward Batten
Jack Bright
William Broadwell
Leroy Childers
Mack Coggins
William Deaton
Douglas Holt
William Lanning
Robert Muse
Roy Patton
Simon Quick
Charles Simpson
Ernest Turner
Carl Tyndall
Jesse Williamson

COTTAGE NO. 5

Levitt Ballard
Glenn Drum
Eugene Kermon
Jesse King
John M. Mazoo
J. H. Peek
Wilford Seegers

COTTAGE NO. 6

Elgin Atwood
Kenneth Caldwell
Robert Hobbs
Robert Jarvis
Gerald Kerman
Marvin Lipscomb
Rufus Massingill
Jesse Peavy
Reitzel Southern
John Rhodes
Houston Turner
William Wilkerson

COTTAGE NO. 7

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 8

Cecil Ashley
Homer Johnson
G. W. Kelly
Grover Revels
Wilbur Russ
Frank Workman

COTTAGE NO. 9

Gerald Amos
Cecil Caldwell
Curtis Campbell
Leonard Church
David Cunningham
James Hale
Wilbur Hardin
William Hart
Winley Jones
Morris Johnson
Marvin Matheson
Lloyd Mullis
Albert Newton
Troy Parris
James Ruff
Lewis B. Sawyer
George Strayhorne
Glenn Wilcox

COTTAGE NO. 10

C. W. Cline
Jack Crotts
Forrest Davis
Amon Dryman
Edward Loftin
W. S. Morgan
Charles Phillips
Robert Stephens
James Spear
Durham Smith
Joseph Willis
William Young

COTTAGE NO. 11

Bert Barnhardt
Noah Brown
Everett Stamey
Ray Taylor

COTTAGE NO. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 13

Ernest Overcash

COTTAGE NO. 14

John Baker
Robert Bailey
Henry Ennis
Audie Farthing
Aubrey Fargis
Vernon Harding
Robert Holbert
Lawrence Hord
William Lane
William Lanford
Roy Mumford
John Maples
Charles Pitman
Robert Travis
Alvis Watkins
Theodore Young

COTTAGE NO. 15

Fred Jenkins
D. C. Reynolds

INDIAN COTTAGE

Raymond Brooks
Edward Hall
Ernest Jacobs
Leroy Lowry
James Lochlear
Lester Lochlear
Eugene Watts

TODAY

Finish every day and be done with it. You have done what you could. Some blunders and absurdities no doubt crept in; forget them as soon as you can. Tomorrow is a new day; begin it well and serenly and with too high a spirit to be cumbered with your old nonsense. This day is all that is good and fair. It is too dear, with its hopes and invitations, to waste a moment on the yesterdays.—Emerson.

AUG 3 2 1942
U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXX CONCORD, N. C., AUGUST 22, 1942 No. 34

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THESE THREE

So long as faith with freedom reigns
And loyal hope survives,
And gracious charity remains
To leaven lowly lives;
While there is one untrodden tract
For intellect or will,
And men are free to think and act,
Life is worth living still.

—Selected.

PUBLISHED BY
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S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor
LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

HIGH FLIGHT

The following sonnet of World War II has been ranked by poet Archibald MacLeish, Librarian of Congress, with Rupert Brooke's "The Soldier" and John McCrae's "In Flanders Field" of the first World War.

The author was John Gillespie Magee, Jr., 19-year-old American flier, killed December 11, 1941, in action with the Royal Canadian Air Force. He was the son of the Rev. and Mrs. John G. Magee of Washington, D. C.

Oh, I have slipped the surly bonds of earth,
And danced the skies on laughter-silvered wings;
Sunward I've climbed and joined the tumbling mirth
Of sun-split clouds—and done a hundred things
You have not dreamed of—wheeled and soared and swung
High in the sunlit silence. Hov'ring there,
I've chased the shouting wind along and flung
My eager craft through footless halls of air.
Up, up the long delirious, burning blue
I've topped the wind-swept heights with easy grace,
Where never lark, or even eagle flew;
And, while with silent, lifting mind I've trod
The high untrespassed sanctity of space,
Put out my hand, and touched the face of God.

———:———

A DISTINGUISHED VISITOR

The "Towel City," Kannapolis, was honored this week by a brief visit from Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, wife of Franklin Delano Roosevelt, President of the United States. A representative crowd of citizens, including the president of Cannon Manufacturing Company, Mr. Charles A. Cannon, and Mr. A. Luther Brown, superintendent of the Cannon chain of mills, were present to greet her.

From the many sources of information, we find that the general impression was that Mrs. Roosevelt recognized the thrift and unity

of purpose of this industrial interest of far-reaching proportions. The city of Kannapolis has a rich background. If time and space permitted, a full account could be given of her civic and manufacturing developments that have taken place in the past quarter of a century. The busy lives of the managers of this great plant do not absorb their entire time. They take time off to mix in a social manner, and are fully cognizant of the value of fine contacts among the leaders of the nation and state.

The visit of Mrs. Roosevelt will make a colorful page in the history of Cabarrus county, for future generations to read. The mission of the "First Lady," while in North Carolina, was to visit Livingstone College, Salisbury, an institution for Negroes, and to make an address to the students, faculty and others interested in the education of their race.

* * * * * * * * *

WOMAN-POWER

The march of time unfolds new duties and in every instance women are called, and they fill the positions admirably. Last week, the information given out officially from Washington, at present one of the busiest cities of the universe, was that 123,000 women, according to official count, were found in the many departments of service on the Fourth of July. In the same broadcast, the statement was to the effect that from now until Chrismas, one thousand women, weekly, could be placed in lucrative positions.

The old-time sentiment that the four walls of home furnished sufficient pastime for women, is no longer true. The home, with the family, was her shrine, and still should be, under normal conditions. Today the government calls for the assistance of women in winning the war against the ruthless enemies of the freedom and liberties enjoyed in the home. It is obvious that the demand for women by our government is an expression of faith in their courage and loyalty to the finer and worthwhile things of life. These same women who are now making personal contribution to the National Defense, to safeguard us from slavery, have given their sons to the armed forces to combat the enemy.

In every war recorded, from the beginning of time, they have shown a strong mould of the best mettle. They have always been

the first, with dignity and courage, to accept the crosses through tear-dimmed eyes, and the last to place forget-me-nots npon the new made mounds.

* * * * * * * *

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

In looking over a recent issue of Carl Goerch's fine magazine, The State, we learned the story of the many changes in spelling the name of Currituck county. Editor Goerch says there are more ways of spelling this name than the name of any other county in the state, and lists the following fourteen names, compiled from early Colonial Records:

CORATUCK	CARROTUCK
CORRATUCK	CURRYTUCK
CURRATUCK	COURATUCK
CARRAHTUCK	CARATANK
COROTUCK	CARATUCK
CARAHTUCK	CORATOKE
CURUTUCKE	CURATUCK

* * * * * * * *

TIME HELPS

Some ancient writers have declared "man is born to trouble, as the sparks fly upward." Our troubles are many, but the imaginary troubles are the ones that make deep furrows in people's faces. From observation, and a long experience, we note that the Negro race is less apprehensive of forthcomin misfortunes than the Caucasians. The Negroes, as a class, are lignt-hearted, and accept conditions in a gleeful spirit that is beyond understanding. However, the care-free maid in the kitchen or the butler in the home of the rich man gets more joy out of life because of a lack of anticipating future emergencies. We of superior advantages, by home environment and education, know there are all kinds of troubles. For instance, the troubles of the body and n ind, troubles that we bring upon ourselves, and those that others inflict, together with the ones that cannot be traced to their origin. There are menal disturbances at times that cannot be adjusted, but in the course of time

they become doors to golden opportunities. Our impatience as to personal conditions shows a lack of faith in Him who controls all things. An abiding faith will always give us the courage to carry on.

* * * * * * * *

TRAITORS IN OUR MIDST

It is difficult for anyone who has lived the simple life, under the influence of parents who practiced and taught loyalty, integrity and honor, to visualize the presence of disloyal citizens in our nation, showing utter disregard for their homeland, especially at this national moment of universal discord. We were shocked and amazed recently upon hearing that the Dies committee had turned up seventeen thousand people who are Axis sympathizers.

It is not at all unusual to hear the statement, "beware of the person who bites the hand that feeds the bread." We have always had an overwhelming pity for that class of ingrates. Words are inadequate, for thoughts come too rapidly to express clearly all we feel when we recall that seventeen thousand people in the United States are in accord with the Axis powers. When thinking upon this class of misfits, our lips curl, and briefly one word comes to mind —traitor!

* * * * * * * *

OLD INDIAN CUSTOM

Oklahoma's Creek Indians are already beginning eagerly to eye their corn fields. This is intended to measure the fields' contribution toward a generous celebration of the Creek New Year late in August. A "Busk" (which means a fast), or green corn ceremony, ushers in the new year with an eight-day observance of rigorous fasting, which is topped off with the drinking of a copious and equally rigorous ritual emetic. In this way the Creeks hope to purify themselves religiously, so that they may go through the year before them without mishap. The ceremonial concludes with an abounding feast of roasted green corn. The entire celebration is carried on in the midst of the incessant din of beating tom-toms and yelping, dancing Indians. Until quite recently this ritual ob-

servance was strictly secluded from white observers. Though nowadays visitors are taken as a matter of course, their presence is ignored. The Creeks continue to hold themselves aloof, strictly withdrawn from any but the most casual contact with the whites, a condition that is made possible by their self-sufficiency as farmers.

—Julius Seebach.

* * * * * * * *

RULES OF THE ROAD

The North Carolina Highway Safety Division, under the direction of Ronald Hocutt, is still striving to make our highways safe for all who travel upon them. The many dangers involved when motorists follow too closely behind the car in front, and the laws governing this practice, are called to our attention, as follows:

> Section 114, Motor Vehicle Laws of North Carolina:—(a) The driver of a motor vehicle shall not follow another vehicle more closely than is reasonable and prudent with regard for the safety of others and due regard to the speed of such vehicles and traffic and condition of the highway.
>
> (b) The driver of any motor truck when travelling upon a highway outside of a business or residence district shall not follow another motor truck within one hundred feet, but this shall not be construed to prevent one motor truck overtaking and passing another.

In other words, judging how closely you can follow another vehicle with safety, you should consider the speed of that vehicle, the condition of traffic, and the condition of the roadway. If you drive a truck on the open highway, you should stay at least one hundred feet behind any other truck except when passing.

YOUTH IN THE PRESENT CRISIS

By Dr. Hunter B. Blakely

Many of us "oldsters" wake up in the morning thinking of world affairs and so concerned about our personal interest in the present crisis that we forget that youth has the greatest stake in the future. The men and women who now control affairs are gradually rising from their seats and passing up the aisles into the invisible galleries, while their places are taken by maturing youth.

The future belongs to youth.

They had little to do in creating the immediate future. The bungling, the selfishness, and the lawlessness of mature men and women created this hellish world in which we exist now and for many days to come. Hummanity violated the rules of the game of life, and the moral forces of the universe, which we imagined could only threaten, began to operate. A world that sowed to the wind is reaping now the whirlwind.

One contrast between the manner of thinking of youth and of maturity interests me tremendously. So many friends of my own age frankly tell me that they are not so much interested in questions about the kind of world we will live in after the war as they are in the problems of winning this war now. They say, "Let's win the war and then talk about peace."

But those youngsters who will win the war with their own sweat, blood, and tears, not from the sidelines, but in tanks, airplanes and submarines, on all the seas and on all the continents—these young men and their sisters and sweethearts are interested in what kind of peace is coming after this war. They are training mind and body to win this war, but they are doing a lot of constructive thinking about the peace which will follow the war.

I admire the way in which American youth are facing life with steady eyes. They are better, more courageous and stronger, than we ever dreamed they were. There is no glamour about this war; "the fuss and feathers" belong to other ages. Ours is a crisis of deadly reality, where youth understands that war spells absence, privation, heartache, suffering, wounds, death. There is a hard, dirty, unpleasant, but very necessary job to be done; and our young men are stepping up to it without flinching, and the girls are sending the boys off with true feminine heroism. The war is not of their own making or of their own choosing, but it will end by their courageous winning.

They have the biggest stake in the future. Their whole life depends upon the kind of world which it is possible to build when this war is over. They had better face the future with steady eyes for unless they can plan and devise a better way of living with their fellowmen, the world increasingly will become a more unhealthy and dangerous place in which to live. Youth seems to recognize this more clearly than maturity, and the boys and girls are doing a lot of thinking.

Youth is under a tremendous strain of nerves today. The battles of the past put men's nerves on edge, but they were child's play when you compare infantry with tanks and calvary

with airplanes. Even a Stonewall Jackson would have to revise his schedule with planes making four hundred miles an hour. It is not easy to go into this modern war, but sometimes I think it is harder to stay at home. The younger women who send their brothers and sweethearts off to war and then wait for weeks and months to hear from them from far across the ocean somewhere suffer emotional strains most difficult to bear calmly.

The days ahead for all of us will be hard—perhaps dangerous and sad —and in those days young and old will need to cultivate the spirit of understanding, of sympathy, and of mutual helpfulness.

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HONEST MAN

When first my bark was put to sea—
Often wondered what I would be;
What mighty proof I should proclaim
To write my name in the Hall of Fame,
When surging crowd with banners high
Would shout and cheer as I rode by.

Fickle was that summer wind, badly was my sailboat tossed;
Sometimes by chance I seemed to win, more often lost;
The throng I thought would wave and cheer,
Seldom have a flower for the bier.
Soon I chucked this foolish dream—
Life is what you are, not what you seem.

There are some who boast of high degree,
While others prate of pedigree.
Seems to me while we are here
We should be more than thin veneer;
The noisy crowd don't care one whit,
And jeweled crowns not often fit.

In all we say, and what we do,
Just be a man through and through;
Stoop to nothing low or mean
And be quite sure the thoughts are clean.
Take off the coat, undo the vest,
Swing that old axe and do your best.

For the highest rank since time began
Still goes by the name of "Honest Man."

—William T. Ritter.

THE JOURNEY BEGINS

By Helen E. Pfatteicher

In the town of Einbeck in Hanover a young boy bent over a workbench. Never did he get out into the sunlight. Seldom was he free, even at night. "I know we must all work if we are to eat," he thought, "but I do wish I had a little time to study."

Young Henry Muhlenberg had had to stop school and go to work when his father died. He was then twelve years old and now had not attended school for several years. He seemed so set on learning that his family finally alllowed him to use his evenings for himself.

For the next three years Henry crowded as much as he could into each evening. There was so much he wanted to know. He studied organ, arithmetic, Latin, and Greek. The rector with whom he studied Latin and Greek saw such promise in this lad that he prevailed upon the family to allow him to attend school during the day.

At twenty-one Muhlenberg entered the Latin school in his home town. The other boys were much younger and did not much like having a grown man in their classes. Like Luther, Muhlenberg joined the choir boys in singing before the wealthier homes. In this way he was able to pay his school fees for his fine tenor voice gained much attention.

Muhlenberg heard of two schools located in the Harz Mountains. If only he could attend one of them! He set out on foot, determined to gain entrance to one of those schools. At the first he could find no means of supporting himself so he had to go to the second. There he was examined and accepted on condition that he would make study his chief work. This he was only too glad to do.

Four hours each day he taught a class of small children. The rest of the time he attended classes and received four or five hours of private instruction besides.

After a year in this school Muhlenberg was advised to go on to a university. Having no money to do so, he returned home. The next year a new university was begun at Gottingen. Muhlenberg's town was allowed one scholarship and Henry Muhlenberg was chosen to fill it. So once more the young man set out from home.

Soon after arriving at Gottingen, Muhlenberg became secretary to one of the professors. In return for his services he received room and board. He met many outstanding people in the home of his professor and some of them became his good friends.

With two other students Muhlenberg opened a school for poor children in a room which they succeeded in renting. Some of the ministers and teachers of the town made complaint about this to the government. Count Reuss took up the cause of Muhlenberg and the other students. As a result the government decided there was nothing wrong in such an undertaking and the project received more backing than before.

Muhlenberg was now preaching occasionally in the university church. Count Reuss asked him to come to his fine home and speak there. A close friendship grew up between

them, and when Muhlenberg was graduated he took Reuss' advice and went to Halle.

At Halle Muhlenberg studied and taught. The professors saw great promise in him and wanted to prepare him to go to India. There were no funds at the time to send more missionaries, so when a call came for a pastor at Grosshennersdorf, Muhlenberg accepted it. Two weeks after he left Halle there came a call for missionaries to India and the means for sending them was provided, but it was then too late.

The parish to which Muhlenberg went was supported by the Baroness von Gersdorf. Besides the church there was also an orphan house where the children of poor noblemen and poor subjects of the baroness were taught. Even girls were taken into one part of the school. Aged persons were cared for in another.

Muhlenberg had to supervise this orphan house, besides carrying on the other work of his parish. It was a great enterprise. The baroness gave too freely and was forced to sell her estates. Muhlenberg knew how sorely the orphan house would miss her aid. He decided to go to his home town to see if he could get any money to help the orphan house over this bad time.

On the way home Muhlenberg stopped at Halle. There he was invited to the home of the director, Dr. Francke, for supper. As they sat down Francke said, "A call has come to me for a pastor for the Lutheran people in Pennsylvania. Would you like to go?" Muhlenberg answered that he would go wherever the Lord sent him. He just wanted to be sure it was the Lord's will.

Arrangments were made. Muhlenberg resigned from his charge at Grosshennersdorf and prepared to set out for America. Leave takings were sad. Muhlenberg sensed that he would not see his old friends or his mother again, but he did not waver. His call was for three years. After that time he could return if he wanted to.

Francke wanted to find someone to accompany Muhlenberg, but could find no other pastor willing to fit in with the necessary arrangments. So Muhlenberg set out alone for London is April 1742. There he went immediately to the home of the court preacher Dr. Ziegenhagen. He obtained a room near Ziegenhagen's home and spent nine weeks there.

The city held little attraction for Muhlenberg, but the help and council given him by Ziegenhagen proved of great value. His chief memories of London were of this man whom he counted as a dear friend until his death in 1776.

On June 13 Muhlenberg said goodby to his friends in London. He boarded a small packet ship and set sail toward a new life in America.

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You cannot run away from a weakness; you must some time fight it out or perish; and if that be so, why not now, and where you stand.—Stevenson.

ROGER WILLIAMS

By Stanley High

The totalitarianisms which Americans have fought against have not always been military and external. They have been political, economic, social and religious. Some of the worst of them have been the handiwork of Americans. Whatever the category or the source, there never has been a totalitarian threat to America which did not meet an authenic American challenge. What we have of civilization in the United States is chiefly a consequence of the success we have had in those encounters.

One of the first of them was in mid-seventeenth century Massachusetts. The axis which ran Massachusetts at that time had the church at one—the upper—end of it and the state at the other. This alliance was busily turning the Bay Colony into a first-rate New World dictatorship. The civil magistrates enforced the preachers' moral and ecclesiastical laws, and the preachers, in their turn made support for the civil authority one of the first of their religious tenents. Between that upper and neither pressure, freedom of conscience—in either religious or civil matters—was suppressed.

On February 5, 1631, the ship Lyon with twenty colonists and 200 tons of goods, dropped anchor off Nantasket. To celebrate the event, the General Court proclaimed a day of thanksgiving.

Most honored of the arrivals on that occasion, were Roger Williams—a preacher—and his wife, Mary. In those days the church was the most important social institution and the only community center. Religion, at least for the respectable and ruling majority, was the only diversion—albeit an exceedingly dour and excessively theological one.

The Colony's dictators should have known what manner of man they were honoring when they honored Roger Williams. He came because he had run afoul of the authorities in England. Being stiff-necked, unrepentant and unsilenced, England was made too hot for him. So, before long, was Massachusetts.

But, though he lost a good many battles and frequently had to retreat, Williams won the war. It is in considerable part to preserve the fruit of his victory in that war that the United States is now engaged in this one.

Roger Williams' father was a prosperous member of London's middle-bracket gentry—a trader. At an early age Williams was converted to Puritanism. His faith was shaped by the literature of Puritanism and from the recently translated King James version of the Bible.

To prepare for the ministry, Roger Williams went to Cambridge. By the time he had finished at Cambridge, the reactionary party in the Church of England —in a last desperate fight for its life—had found a leader in the person of Bishop Laud. Laud noted with glaring dissaproval young Williams' liberal, non-conforming ideas and promptly saw to it that the roads to his ecclesiastical employment were blocked. He served for a short time,

as chaplain in the home of a wealthy Puritan trader. But Laud threatened him even there. So Williams and his wife fled to what he believed were greater freedoms of the New World.

He arrived when the pulpit in Boston was vacant and Williams was invited to accept it. As a precautionary measure he called the lay leaders of the church into session. There is no record of what went on at that meeting. What Williams evidently found out was that this church was an important part of the church-state axis which was running the colony. It was to escape from that kind of regimentation that he had left England. He promptly told the brethren that he would have none of them or their job. His refusal caused a major scandal and no little uneasiness in the upper reaches of authority.

Soon thereafter he left Boston and went to Salem; the church there was much smaller. But the people were farther removed from the seat of the governing theocracy. As a result, the Salem air was more conductive to a freedom of conscience.

But all was far from smooth going in Salem. Ambitious clergymen of the community proposed regular meetings to discuss and agree upon matters of morals, religion and, not incidentally, of government. Presently Williams was in another controversy. He openly opposed such sessions, because he was convinced that another church-state dictatorship was in the making.

Salem, or at least its ruling conservatives, did not like this show of independence. Whereupon, Williams was forced to retreat again—this time to Plymouth.

Plymouth—the first Bay settlement —appears to have kept alive more of the spirit of the Mayflower Compact than any other community in the Bay colony. Governor William Bradford and Elder Brewster were its two leading citizens. Boston's icy influence hardly reached it.

Moreover, in Plymouth, Williams—although he preached on Sundays—entered into a sizeable trade with the Indians during the week and prospered. He spent much time with the Indians and learned their language.

He did so well and made such a name for himself that he was invited back to a church in Salem. He went. But the authorities soon realized that they had a fight on their hands.

Williams was a powerful speaker. He was learned in English law and literature as well as in matters of theology. Moreover the liberalizing tides that were running in England had begun to wash against the shores of the New World. The common people were increasingly resentful of the regimentation to which they were subjected. Williams, therefore, soon had a following.

What he preached were principles which—written into our laws and practices—have long since become taken-for-granted American political and economic meaning. The Colonists, possessing guns and gunpowder, took lands from the Indians without troubling to pay for them. Williams stood up in meeting and condemned the practice and those who practiced it. The grant from the King to colonize said Williams did not include the right to steal from the natives.

Soon after that blast Williams loosed another. This concerned the oath of allegiance. To make its dic-

tatorship more secure, the General Court had decreed that all freemen swear allegiance to and unreserved acceptance of the dictates of that ruling body. Williams insisted that men's oaths be reserved for religious matters and that the rulings of the General Court be subjected to the same critical scrutiny as any other man-made, and therefore fallible, instruments.

He kept pounding away against the effort to pour the free wills and consciences of the people into a mould prepared by the authorities.

The law required that all magistrates be church members. Williams insisted that the officials should bend their efforts toward getting good magistrates. "Civil places of trust and credit," he said, "need not be monopolized into the hands of church members (who sometimes are not fitted for them) and all others deprived and despoiled of their natural and civic rights and liberties." That was a bomb at the base of one of the biggest pillars of the status quo.

Moreover, said he, the civil authority has no right to take over the conscience of the people. On the contrary—and here the American pattern again appears—the state should give "free and absolute permission of conscience to all men in what is merely spiritual—and provide for the liberty of the magistrate's conscience also." That was more than 100 years before the Bill of Rights!

He hated totalitarianism and all its works. "Persecutors of men's bodies seldom or never do these men's souls good. That body-killing, soul-killing and state-killing doctrine of not permitting but persecuting all other consciences and ways of "worship" except their own, is "to pluck up the roots and foundation of all common society in the world, to turn the garden of paradise of the church and saints into a field of the civil state of the world. To blow out the candle or light and to make a noise in the dark with a sound and cry of a guilty land, a guilty state."

That was more than the dictators could put up with. The whole country of America, Cotton Mather wrote, is "like to be set on fire by the rapid motion of a windmill in the head of one particular man." The man— the General Court decided—would have to be got rid of. Roger Williams was given six weeks—later a little extended—in which to get out of the Bay Colony.

That was in the spring of 1636. The first place in the peripheral wilderness which the exiled Williams selected was too close to Plymouth for comfort. Its governors—suddenly fearful lest they give offense to Boston—asked him to move on. With his wife and an infant, whom they had christened "Freeborne," he moved.

The place he chose—across the Bay—he named Providence. There, on land given him by a friendly Narragansett chief he and five young men who chose to share his exile, cleared the wilderness planted a crop, built a house and began to lay the foundations for an authentic American Commonwealth.

It was a Commonwealth hewn—not only from the forests—but, more importantly, from William's own mind. Into it went the freedoms which he had fervently preached. It was a state built in the likeness of the America that was to be.

Providence and the settlement that grew around it became a Promised Land for dissenters. Anne Hutchenson —likewise banished from Massachusetts—found refuge there. So did many non-conforming Baptists. The law of the settlement—lenient as it was in matter of conscience—was stringent in the matter of diligence. As a result of this industry and of Williams' shrewd bargaining with the Dutch and his friendly relations with the Indians, the colony prospered. Massachusetts eyed its prosperity with considerable envy. Williams however. forestalled any move from that direction by going to England and securing from the king a charter for his colony.

But even in this colony Roger Williams never found the going was easy. That was because he never failed to understand that the New World—vast as it was—was too small to house both Freedom and Totalitarianism. Eventually it would have to be all one or the other.

Williams fought for freedom among the weak-willed, the appeasers, and the ambitious saboteurs among his own colonists. He continued to fight for it against the Massachusetts axis. When a wave of persecution was unloosed there. he risked his life and the security of his colony to oppose it.

The chronicle of many of his activities is entered in the town record of Providence. His death is recorded in the Spring of 1683. At the end of that page someone has written: "The Venerable Remains of Mr. Roger Williams, the Father of Providence, the Founder of the Colony and Liberty of Conscience." Someone now might add: "and one of those First Americans with whose vision of America the Americans of 1942 are keeping faith."

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SAVE TIN CANS

The tin can salvage program, originally confined to 36 metropolitan areas, is being extended to another 104 cities because the necessary detinning plant capacity now is available,

The program has received excellent support from the communities already covered. Their residents have realized that, in addition to the valuable tin recovered in the process, "tin" cans produce thousands of tons of scrap steel to boost the output of our overburdened steel plants.

During the current six calendar months the Salvage Division needs 17,000,000 tons of scrap iron and steel. Much of this will come from the larger sources. But every householder in the 140 can salvage areas can contribute toward victory if he will save all tin cans, remove wrappings, cut off heads and bottoms, flatten them out, and turn them over to whatever collection agency his community may provide.

—Concord Daily Tribune.

THE FOURTH WHEEL

(Christian Advocate)

I met him at the west end of Glenwood Canyon, where the Colorado River crowds its way for twenty miles up through the cliffs two thousand feet high. He had used his thumb, and I had stopped. I thought that his presence would not be intrusive. I could rest behind the wheel just as well with him as without, and, while negotiating the twists and turns demanded of the road by the winding river, I could take in the incomparable scenery undisturbed. I had not reckoned with my boy.

"Did you ever hear of Kansas?" he ventured, after he had eagerly watched me get the car under way.

"I guess I did, once. Why, what's the matter with it?"

"Oh nothing," he said, "I was just wondering. I'm going there."

I climbed back into my silence again, and observed that a train was just coming out of a tunnel a stone's throw across the river. As suddenly as the train appeared came the boy's next question: "How old are you?"

"Why do you wish to know?" I countered, a bit interested.

"Oh, just wondering," he replied. "I'm thirteen. It's a year since I left home. And I've learned a lot."

The river had just foamed out of the heart of the mountain, where the turbines turned at the Shoshone power plant. But it was not the sight of that work of man's ingenuity that had stabbed me awake. It was the boy's next query. Said he, "What do you think life is?"

"Why do you ask me that?" I challenged.

"Well you're a preacher, ain't you?"

"How can you tell?"

"Oh, I don't know. Some people can make money. And some can write books. But I can tell people," he replied. And then he pressed that question again, "What is life anyway?"

Awake now to the intensity of a great situation, I said, "How old did you say you were?"

"Thirteen. Why?"

Adopting his words, I answered, "Oh, I was just wondering." Then I waited—waited for something tremendously important that I felt intuitively was about to happen Sure enough, once again came that eager question, "What do you think life is?"

"Do you know what life is?" I asked.

"I know something about it," he said. "You see, when a fellow has lived out in the world like I have among people, making his own way for a year, he gets grown up. It's swell to be thirteen and grown up, ain't it?" he added eagerly.

"Well, what do you think life is?" I pressed.

His reply came back loaded with great earnestness: "Our neighbor back in Kansas said it was travel. 'If you want to learn life, kid,' he said, 'get away from home.' Well, I don't think he was right, because I had good clothes a year ago. And all I have now is these overalls and this old sweater. I'm a mess, sure enough, ain't I? Well, I lit out. And now I'm going back." With this he paused.

I hoped this was not the end. I held my breath lest my eagerness might disturb him. But he went on. "Ain't mothers funny? When you are with 'em, you think you can't get along with 'em. And when you are away from 'em, you don't see how you can get along without 'em. But a fellow manages to learn, somehow, don't he?" came the sober reflection. "I have a brother, too. He lives in Rifle. Rifle's the last town west of here, you know. That's where I came from. My brother's the only good guy I know. Last week he said to me, 'Kid, why don't you go back to school?' And so I am. That's why I am on my way back to Kansas."

The mountains towered high above us at this point, and the river turned white as it foamed by. But today I did not notice these sublimities. For a boy was talking about life. And I was the audience.

"That's about all I have to say, I guess. Why don't you talk to me now? I thought preachers liked to talk!" he prodded with a skill beyond a boy's years. "Go ahead. Tell me something about life—why don't you?"

"Well, old man, since you put it that way, I think I will. Are you listening?"

"Sure, mister."

"Well, for one thing, life is having a good body.

"I've got that," he said quickly. "Just feel my arm!" It was the arm of a man!

"But life is sociability, too."

"Don't use such big words," he interrupted. "What's sociability?"

"Getting along with folks," I translated.

"I can do that," he said. "You see, I think. And when I talk with people I think. I always say to myself, 'How do you suppose this fellow would like me to be?' And I act that way, and I get along fine."

"But life is intellect, too. Brains," I explained.

"Oh, I got brains!" he interrupted. I think the boy was not really conceited. He was just eager—eager and unspoiled.

"If I didn't have brains, why would I be going back to school? And if I didn't have brains, how could I tell you were a preacher?" he triumphed.

Then said I. "Life is spiritual. Life is having room for God in your plans."

At this there came a dead silence. The restless mind of the boy seemed suddenly clogged. Eagle was only a few miles away. The river was just now entering the canyon. But I had no thought of rivers just then. I was waiting for eternity to dawn. A boy beside me was letting the stream of thought crowd through the narrow gorge of life. Would it get through? I wondered.

"I went to Sunday school once. I didn't like it." The boy never got further than that. For suddenly I stepped on the brakes and said, "Get out!"

"You ain't mad at me, are you?" he asked sharply.

"Get out!" I said. He did, and I followed. I walked around to the front of the car with him and, pointing to the wheel, said, "What is that?"

"Why, it's a wheel."

"What is on it?"

"A tire."

I took him to each wheel, putting the same question and getting the same answer. I said no more, and we got into the car again. But quickly

the boy said, "What did you mean about the wheels? I didn't get you,"

"Suppose one of them had a flat," I philosophized.

"Well, if one of the wheels had a flat," he laughed, "I guess we wouldn't go anywhere much, until we fixed it, would we?"

Then I made my quick and forceful thrust. "Did it ever occur to you, son, that you might have a flat?"

That was all. Silence ensued as in empty spaces. The road ran on. Eagle was very near now. But still the silence except for the whir of the motor.

But after a few moments the boy spoke quietly. "I haven't left you, mister. I'm still here. I'm just thinking—thinking about that flat. Flats are the kind of things that make us travelers think, ain't they? I've been thinking that I've got a strong body, good brains, and I can get along with folks. Three pretty good wheels. But the fourth wheel—guess I ain't got it. Sure, I got a flat all right."

There was nothing more for me to say. We had pulled into Eagle. "Here is where I stop son," I said.

The boy got out, as one who expected to, and thrust his open hand at me, as a boy would. He looked deeply into my eyes. "Thanks mister—for the ride. I'll be getting along to Kansas now, I guess. And thanks, to, for talking to me about—the flat. Guess I'd better fix it—a right smart job. But I guess I can.

I left the boy standing there by the highway. I recalled at length that I did not even get his name, to say nothing of the place where he lived. But it was just as well. He had come to me alone—on three wheels. I knew somehow that I had sent him down the road with the Fourth Wheel. And that was enough.

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RUINS

It happened in the night;
In this full glow of day
Men work with all their might
To clear the ruins away.

Through shattered roof and wall
And splintered rafters and beams
Are left, still shining tall
Are the towers of man's dreams.

Smoke from each stricken land
At morning still may roll,
But above all ruins stand
The mansions of man's soul.

—By Glenn Ward Dresbach

EGYPTIANS FIRST CIVILIZED PEOPLE

By Victor C. King

Egyptologists have informed us that the Egyptians were the first people to civilize themselves; that there was a good reason for this world-important event; also that the Egyptians are not an indigenous people, but on the other hand they drifted into the valley of the Nile from the west along the northern rim of Africa.

Until their arrival Egypt was destitute of human habitation.

We are also informed by the men who have given their lives to the study of the ancient Egyptians and excavation of their tombs and buried cities that the invaders were Europeans. The place of their origin in Europe is unknown. Their last place of abode, however, was in Italy. From Italy they crossed over to the Dark Continent via the Sicilian land bridge which in pre-historic times connected Tunisia with the island of Sicily just off the toe of the Italian boot.

These people probably roamed about the hills and plateaus of Tunisia for centuries; thence, in small groups if not in a body, they traveled east along the south coast of the Mediterranean to the Nile—a distance of approximately 2,000 miles if the indentations and protuberances of the coast line are considered.

Here they were stopped by the mile-wide river.

They of course did not travel so fast as General Rommel's mechanized army—the first army ever to invade Egypt from the west. Nor did they stir up the dust and sand storms of the Nazi war machines, but they left behind many stone instruments indicative of the period they entered Egypt. Many of their instruments and artifacts have been discovered and are now exhibited in the great Egyptian museum the British have established at Cairo.

No such instruments have ever been found west of the Tunisian bridgehead, ample proof that here was the point of their crossing which of course occurred before the islands and ridges were submerged by the Mediterranean.

The valley of the Nile had not been previously occupied; nor has any other race ever supplanted the Egyptians, although they have been conquered numerous times, chiefly by the Mohammedans from Turkey. The country is quite inhospitable. Primitive people who live off the land could not exist where there were no animals, fruit or vegetation. Even today the people of Egypt must import practically all of their food, clothing and building material.

The invaders could not well turn back and retrace their steps to Tunisia; so they settled down permanently beside the great river, existing at first solely on fish; but following the first spring inundation they observed that the intense heat of the sun (of which of course they had no scientific knowledge) cracked the black mud left in the valley by the overflow in small squares. And in due course grasses with edible grain grew in the cracks. They harvested the grain, made their meal and rather than to await chance winds planted seed in furrows or cracks made by the sun;

then it followed they invented a crude plow, made better designed furrows and cultivated in a more efficient manner the grains and roots of edible plants.

Thus it was the Egyptians discovered the art of agriculture and to this day the fact is generally recognized that civilization follows the plow.

Out of the sun-cracked mud they also learned to construct substantial huts for their families, followed by the erection of magnificent temples in honor of their gods; they also learned to paint and decorate these structures with liquids manufactured out of reeds and shrubs growing beside the river, thus discovering in addition to the art of architecture the art of painting.

The Egyptians were now a civilized people.

Unable to continue their march toward the land of the morning sun, in search of which some Egyptologists believe was the impetus back of the peregrination in the first instance, they learned to worship the river as a beneficient god. Here is another concrete idea the philosophers have not been able to trace beyond the Egyptians.

Later, they attributed the overflow to the sun, finally establishing it as their chief god, giving him the name of Osiris whom the Greeks subsequently memoralized by their chief god, Zeus, and the Romans under the name of Jupiter. We must therefore credit the Egyptians with the first conception of a beneficent god, erroneous as their idea may have been on the subject.

What the Egyptians called themselves as a nation, if anything, is not known. The word has been variously interpreted by the numerous languages of the East, ancient as well as modern. We first meet up with the word as Aegyptus in the poetical works of the great blind poet of Greece, Homer, who wrote approximately 1,000 years B. C. In the ancient Arabaic it was interpreted to mean alluvial or "black land," in contradistinction to the sandy wastes of the adjacent hills and plateaus. Some investigators think, as in the case of Osiris, that the word was first applied to the Nile itself; then later to the land, whereas Egypt now embraces a territory estimated at 400,000 square miles.

The Egyptians at first had not learned to measure time and did not possess the idea of the year; or that the overflow of the Nile was an annual event, but in the course of time they discovered the inundation occurred with a certain regularity and in this manner they learned to measure the years by the spring rise of the river.

Flax and the corns were first cultivated by the Egyptians; they also discovered the science of astronomy, mathematics and other modern conveniences. Other civilizations of course have invented and discovered many of our present day articles and customs, but it was the Egyptians who discovered the one basic foundation of modern civilization—agriculture. Nor has any other people been able to learn to construct such substantial burial places as the Egyptians. Here was another contingency, perhaps, that the mind of man was forced to meet.

The shifting sands of the neighboring plateaus, one thousand feet or more above the floor of the valley, or the mud-laden valley itself, did not present a safe and satisfactory burial

ground; hence, if not to protect their deceased kindred, the preservation of the body having been assured by an embalming process science has not been able to equal, they at least learned to construct enormous pyramids to the honor and memory of their dead.

We obtain our first traveler's view of these people from the historical writings of Herodotus. He visited them about 300 B. C.. He states they informed him that they came into existance ten thousand years before his visit. Who they were or from whence they came he does not state, but it is quite apparent that the Egyptologists of today are correct in their theory of the Sicilian land bridge crossing.

Herodotus, perhaps, was content to surmise to his own satisfaction that they sprung full blown quite like his own people, the Greeks, (although he was born in Asia Minor), who claimed to have originated from the gods who resided midway between the earth and the heavens.

Written history of course does not go back to the date of the origin of these people, as stated by Herodotus; that date would carry them back 12,500 years from today. Now, that was a long time ago.

Our own America was for almost twelve thousand years thereafter wholly unknown in the scheme of civilization; the fact is, our contribution has no doubt changed to some extent since that time.

Europe likewise, had not then been named; for the Greeks who were followed by the Romans did not come into existance until the Egyptian civilization had commenced to wane. Then it was the Greeks picked up the torch of civilization; but it was from the Egyptians that they obtained many of their arts and sciences, their idea of a beneficent god and civil government.

———:———

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

It is everybody's business
In this old world of ours,
To root up all the weeds he finds
And cultivate the flowers.
It is everybody's business
As he walks earth's weary miles
To keep back all the frowns he can
And bring out all the smiles.
It is everybody's business
It is our old world's need—
To keep the hand from unkind acts,
And do the kindly deed.

—Exchange.

THE NOONING TREE

By Leta Schaefer Wierson

The moment Britta Jenson stepped into the farmyard that Saturday morning she was aware of a tense undercurrent of discord at Fair Acres. Even the heavens seemed in sympathy with the pattern as dark clouds piled ominously in the west and now and then a roll of thunder threatened. Over in the garden Inger Anderson, down on her hands and knees, hopefully patted tiny seeds into the Iowa soil, hastening to get them covered before the showers came. Her gnarled hands moved swiftly, but at times they fumbled so helplesly that Britta looked at her with pity. There was no doubt about it; Inger's eyesight was definitely going. In that moment Britta felt glad that she had left her father's house two miles up the road to spend the summer with the Andersons and to help them through another of their many hardships. Over near the barn Justin, an Ag student at the university, was busily mending a fence that should have been replaced by a new one long since. His father, Martin, was attempting to help rather unsuccessfully.

The only bright note in the whole picture of Fair Acres that morning was Debby Ann, the six-year old granddaughter of the Andersons. Yet even her coming to the farm six months before had been preceded by tradgey. An accident had robbed her of her mother who had been the Anderson's only daughter. But Debby Ann with the blessed forgetfulness of childhood, had left all that behind. Now she played happily under the honey locust tree with a lapful of tiny kittens. As Britta streaked off across the yard to the feed shed, Debby Ann called.

"If I took Tabby's kittens to my tree house, Britta, do you s'pose she'd leave them there?"

Britta smiled at her. "I'm afraid not. I imagine Tabby would rather choose her own home for her babies."

With that she passed on into the shed after the mash for Inger's flock of Leghorns that had become her own special care. There she stopped short. She didn't mean to eavesdrop, but she could hardly help hearing a voice pitched as high as Justin's was at that moment.

"Dad,' he was saying. "it's just plain ridiculous to let that tree stand in the middle of a good forty-acre field, taking up space and moisture."

Britta sighed. Justin and his father were at it again, wrangling over the nooning tree.

Martin's voice came back sharply, charged with obstinacy. "Son, that tree stands.!"

Through the window of the shed Britta saw Martin Anderson pull himself up proudly to his full six feet as he feasted his eyes on the tree that had been the cause of his bickering with Justin. It was a native walnut, thick of girth, wide-spreading, its foliage still in that washed green stage of early summer. Going up one side of its trunk, a crude ladder led to Debby Ann's playhouse, squatted in the crotch of its friendly branches. A few moments later Martin turned again to Justin. It was as if he were determined to make one more plea for

the magnificent tree in the middle of the west forty.

"You don't seem to understand, Justin, just what that tree means to me. It is a part of us Andersons, son. My grandfather set it out when he first came to these parts. It was only a sapling then, but it took root in the soil just like the Anderson's did, and the two have gone on together. Grandfather liked the idea of having a bit of cool shade for man and beast to rest in during the noontime heat. That's why he planted it in the middle of the field and called it the nooning tree."

Justin's reply came impatiently. "That may have been all right back in the horse and buggy days. Now it seems a bit screwy."

Britta found herself wishing that Justin would be a little more sympathetic with his father. Ill fortune, such as had come to the Anderson's lately, did one of two things, she reflected. It hammered the characters of those concerned into mellowness and made them more understanding or it filled their souls with great bitterness. She didn't want Justin embittered; he was much too fine. As she stepped out of the shed, Justin called to her.

"Come here a minute, Britt; I want to show you something."

She knew without asking that it was Abner, Justin's prize Black Angus bull, that he wanted her to see. Justin had just finished repairing the fence of the exercise pen and turned the animal into it. The bull seemed to possess all the human traits of showmanship as he slowly crossed the pen, looking every inch the thoroughbred that he was. Justin's eyes shone with pride as he looked upon him.

"All the future hope of Fair Acres walks right there, Britt," he told her. "With a sire like that I could build up a herd in time that would pull us Andersons right out of the mud. If only I had money!" His voice rang with the overwhelming impatience of youth.

"That will come, too,Justin," Britta offered.

"I'm not so sure. Every little bit would help, of course, but my hands are pretty well tied." Then, as if to vindicate himself in the bickering over the nooning tree, he added: "Take that matter of the nooning tree, for instance. It would bring in a pretty penny if dad would part with it, but you know how he feels. That tree is walnut and I can sell it outright to the Manual Arts instructor down at the college for cash."

Martin, sharpening his axe at a nearby grindstone, ceased his labors and approached them.

"You didn't tell me that, Justin," he accused. "You didn't say a word about having a buyer for the nooning tree."

"You didn't let me get that far, Dad; you were too angry."

Martin stood uncertainly for a moment "Guess I'll run into town and see that Manual Arts man myself," he announced as he started for the garage.

Britta and Justin exchanged puzzled glances.

"You don't suppose he is going to sell it! ejaculated Justin.

"I hope not," Britta snapped.

He looked at her quickly. "For the

love of Mike! See here, Britt what difference does it make to you?"

"None—none at all, Justin." Britta's face flamed as she hurried out of his presence.

It was sometime later as she watered the chickens that Debby Ann sought her out. The child's arms were full of kittens.

"I am going to take Tabby's babies over to my treehouse," she announced.

"All right. Only stay in the path through the field, Debby and start for the house the instant it starts to sprinkle." She searched the darkening sky uneasily. The storm was gathering momentum.

Debby Ann trudged on toward her playhouse in the nooning tree, her bright red sweater and plaid beanie making brilliant splashes of color against the green of the field.

Suddenly there was an unearthly split of timbers. It was followed by a bellow, long, low and murderous. Justin shot out of the barn; Britta popped out of the hen house. Justin's mending of the fence that surrounded the exercise pen had not been sufficient. Abner, as if for the first time feeling the great surge of power within him, had lunged against the pen and felt it crack apart before him. Triumphant he emerged, drunk with power and satiated with the desire to destroy. And right in front of him, beckoning like a target, flamed Debby Ann's brilliant sweater and beanie.

White-faced, Justin took in the situation. "Run for the treehouse, Debby! Run!" But even as he shouted he knew she could never make it. On came Abner, bellowing his wrath against the world. Grabbing a pitchfork, Justin swung over the fence. Britta guessed his intention. He was attempting to divert the animal's attention to himself, away from fleeing Debby Ann. But Abner had no intention of being so distracted. On he came, shortening at an alarming pace the distance between him and the child. Justin, within reaching distance of him now, jabbed him viciously with the pitchfork. Still Abner paid no attention. When the steel tines bit into his side a second time, he wavered a moment, turned, and with a maddening bellow, charged. Justin, on his guard, swerved once more out of the way. Even as he seesawed out of the path of the infuriated beast he noted Debby Ann going up the ladder to the treehouse. She was safe! His own position was growing momentarily more perilous. With head lowered, maddened by the thrust of the sharp steel, Abner came upon him now like a monster bent on killing. Every jab of the fork into the bull's flesh added to his mounting fury. It was an unequal battle. Justin realized he was losing it, for his strength was no match for that of the thoroughbred, and he was growing desperately tired. Back and forth the two shuttled with only the length of the fork between them. Then somehow—Justin never knew exactly how it happened—the fork slipped from his grasp and fell to the ground. Abner made a lunge. Justin saw the lowered head, the wild eyes, felt the hot breath upon him. Then as Abner made as if to gore him, Justin seized the animal by the horns and held on. Surprised and still further enraged, Abner swung his head back and forth like a mighty pendulum to rid himself of the weight that

had fastened itself upon him. And as he swung, Justin swung too. Abner gave one mighty wrench. Justin's hold loosened and he flew through the air, sped on by the great bull's pendulum-like swing. He landed in the direction of the tree house. He scrambled to his feet, legged it across the field with Abner still pursuing. His foot touched the third step up; with the other foot he brought himself into the treehouse built so sturdily in the nooning tree. He leaned against the wall of the house fully exhausted.

For the first time Justin realized that the storm was raging. Wind tore at the lone tree out there in the west forty. Under it the brave old walnut rocked and twisted and snapped and groaned. Rain pelted savagely against the tree and the snug little house in the crotch of its branches. Lightning zig-zagged across the sky in brilliant patterns; thunder rolled and cracked like something let loose from Inferno. Debby Ann clung to Justin terrified. He was aware that a tree was not the safest place to be during a storm, but Debby Ann had to be comforted.

"Listen, Debby, we're safe. The nooning tree is big and strong and its roots go deep. It will keep us safe from the storm and Abner."

"Safe from Abner! Why, he and Debby both owed their lives to the nooning tree!

It was sometime later that Justin and Debby Ann descended into a sodden world. Abner had stalked crestfallen back into the pen and from there into the barn. As the two approached the farmyard they met Martin who had just pulled into the driveway.

"Justin," he announced, "I've sold the nooning tree!"

Justin's jaw dropped. "Oh, no, Dad; you can't do that."

Martin glared at him. "Why, you said only this morning—"

"I know; I said too many foolish things. But I take them back, every one of them." Then he related the events of the morning.

"I thought you would come to appreciate that tree when it was too late. And it is too late. I sold it fair and square."

"I'll see the buyer, Dad; I'll tell him that we decided not to take his—"

"No! thundered Martin. "I sold that tree and it will have to go."

Britta and Justin looked at each other in amazement. Neither understood Martin's attitude. Then a sudden flash of understanding came to Britta. "Why are you selling it!" she asked gently. "Is it to help pay for the operation on Inger's eyes?"

Her guess had been correct. Martin nodded miserably. "Nothing is too much to do for Inger," he stated.

Justin found his voice. "I didn't know you were quite that hard up, Dad, but I still maintain that we must keep the nooning tree. We'll sell Abner instead."

But son, your herd!"

"I've just learned that some things come ahead of the herd. Besides, I don't think I care to keep Abner after what happened today."

Then Justin turned and looked off toward the nooning tree in the west forty. For the first time in his life he saw it through his father's eyes. Slowly he spoke: "You were right, Dad; that tree is a part of us Andersons. Its roots go deep into the soil

even as ours do. As it rises to heights so must we rise on the wings of our idealism into something straight and beautiful."

Martin looked at him with pride. Britta's eyes reflected both happiness and relief. Justin was leaving the bitterness of the past behind him and she was glad. And who knew? Perhaps in the years to come, her life, too, was to be interwoven with that of the nooning tree. At least, she read as much in Justin's eyes.

———:———

THE GULLIBLE JAP

Herr Hitler related a story
One day to a gullible sap
Who swallowed it hook, line and sinker,
And that sap was you, Mr Jap.
He told of a land filled with plenty,
Its treasures the fairest on earth;
A land that would rival the glory
Of Solomon, and all his worth.
He spoke of an Old Man who guarded
These treasures, and his children who
Loved peace, then he whispered how simply
This land could be conquered by you.
You gathered all your war lords together,
And sent to this land as a mask
A pair that professed peace and friendship—
A cloak for their teacherous task.
And while they were filling their mission
You struck at this land with your might
But when the Old Man got his bearings
You found him to be dynamite.
He answered the dare of your challenge,
And you felt the sting of his bite;
The islands of Marshall and Gilbert
Will tell you he knows how to fight.
This land you attack is America,
The Old Man is our Uncle Sam,
And we'll change the end of the story
With you Mr. Jap, on the lam.
Our ending will not be so rosy
For you, and you'll learn what a sap
You were to believe in the story
Herr Hitler told you, Mr. Jap.

—T. A. Steele.

INSTITUTION NOTES

"Gay Vagabond," a Republic production, was the attraction at the motion picture show at the School last Thursday night.

—:—

Mr. Wade Cashion, of Raleigh, Director of Institutions and Correction in the state, spent last Thursday afternoon at the School.

—:—

Mr. Alf Carriker and his carpenter shop boys have spent the greater part of the week making minor repairs at various cottages. They have also greatly improved the appearance of the entrance to the Swink-Benson Trades Building by giving the doors a coat of paint.

—:—

Levitt Ballard, of Cottage No. 5 and Charles Phillips, of Cottage No. 10, underwent tonsilectomy operations last Thursday morning. Using local anesthesia, Dr. R. B. Rankin, performed these operations in his offices in Concord. Both boys returned to the School, and are recuperating in our infirmary.

—:—

Our watermelon patches are still quite productive. As this is being written, three large wagon-loads of fine-looking melons are passing our window. Should one take a stroll over the School grounds most any day, it would not be at all unusual to see groups of boys near their respective cottages, enjoying watermelon feasts. In a glance toward the porch of the Adminstration Building and at other places on the campus, it would be quite obvious that the youngsters are not the only ones around here who like melons, for we have lately seen many of the grown-ups with faces buried deep in huge slices of melon.

—:—

Jordan T. McIver, formerly of Cottage No. 13, who left the School, June 27, 1941, recently wrote Mr. W. Frank Morris, officer in charge of that cottage. He is now eighteen years old, and is in the United States Navy, taking basic training at the Naval Training Station, Norfolk, Virginia. Jordan writes in part as follows:

"Dear Mr. Morris: Guess you have been thinking that I had forgotten you, but I have not. Wish I could see you and Mrs. Morris and thank you for the many things you taught me while in Cottage No. 13. Am now in the Navy, and getting along fine. If I have to die soon, I want to die fighting for our great country, because that is the most important thing to think of now. I am married, and have a little boy, three months old. Certainly wish you could see him. If there are any boys in the Cottage now who know me, please tell them I said 'hello'. Remember me to Mrs. Morris, too. I am going to sea in September, joining a North Atlantic convoy. Hope I may hear from you soon. Your old friend Jordan McIver."

—:—

We recived a letter from Frank E. Cobb the other day. This lad, a former member of the Cottage No. 2 group, left the School, April, 11, 1938, returning to his home in Wilson. He soon became a member of the national guard unit in that city, and when the state militia was included in

the regular army. Frank was stationed at Fort Jackson, S. C., where he remained until being transferred to Fort Benning Georgia, a few months ago. His letter reads as follows:

"I have finally managed to get time to write you again. Lots of things have happened since I last wrote. Am now in an entirely different branch of service from what I was in at that time—the Parachute Troops— and it is a tough outfit. Have jumped five times, and am now a qualified parachutist, but my training here has just started. Our quarters here are in the woods, and the mosquitos are really bad.

"I hope to get a few days off next week and make a trip back home. Would like to stop and see you but have to spend as much time as possible with my sister, and will not have time to look up old friends at Jackson Training School. If you will kindly send me a copy of The Uplift once in a while, I certainly will appreciate it, for that tells me how things are going up there. Sincerely, Frank Cobb."

—:—

Rev. R. C. Whisenhunt, pastor of Trinity Reformed Church, Concord, conducted the service at the School last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson he read the 39th chapter of Genesis, and in his highly interesting message to the boys, he told them about Joseph, a familiar Bible character.

The story of Joseph, said the speaker, is a true account of the most beautiful life lived in the Old Testament. His father, Jacob, had twelve sons, but somehow, young Joseph seemed to be his favorite, and his eleven brothers hated him because of this fact.

Rev. Mr. Whisenhunt then told how Jacob gave Joseph a beautiful coat, which caused his brothers to be more jealous of him than ever before. The boys were sent out to tend their father's sheep, and as the eleven were seated together, resting, they saw Joseph coming toward them, dressed in his new coat. They at once began to plan how they might destroy him. Their hatred for this younger brother had become so strong that they first considered killing him outright, but finally decided that would not do. They then agreed to put Joseph in a pit, put sheep's blood on his coat, and tell their father that a wild beast had killed him. Jacob was grieved at the news of the loss of his favorite son, and mourned day after day.

Several days after those evil-minded brothers had placed Joseph in the pit, they met a band of Ishmaelities, a roving group of traders, on their way to Egypt. The traders often bought people and sold them to the Egyptians as slaves, so the deal was made and they carried the lad away with them. Down in Egypt, the king had a man in his household who was always on the lookout for slaves that would meet the ruler's approval. Joseph being a fine-looking, healthy lad, he purchased him from the Ishmaelites, and took him to the king.

Rev. Mr. Whisenhunt continued by saying that the king was very favorably impressed with Joseph, and placed him in charge of his household, in which position he proved highly trustworthy. Joseph was a young man of fine character, and was soon promoted to a higher position in the household of the king. One day, the king's wife tried to make him lower

his high standard of character, promising to have her husband promote him to a still higher positon. Joseph refused. He held firm even after beng tempted several times. The secret of Joseph's ability to withstand temptation was that the Lord was with him.

Rev. Mr. Whisenhunt then told his listeners that he firmly believed that Joseph is in heaven today, wearing a coat of many colors, which has become the symbol of a good boy's life, adding that the angels in heaven will make us all such a coat if we remain true to God.

In conclusion, the speaker told the boys to ever strive to be loyal to the fine things that are being taught them in early life, and urged them never to lose sight of the fact that Joseph's coat is a symbol of all that is courageous and pure. He added that to gain entrance into the kingdom of God, we must keep the example of Jesus' life before us, and be true to his teachings.

———:———

DID YOU GIVE HIM A HAND

Did you give him a hand as he walked along
To the door he has just now shut?
Did you brighten his life with a smile or a song
As he traveled along in his rut?

Did you help him around the pitfalls and snares
Life sets for both foolish and wise?
And when he was blinded by sorrow and cares
Did you lend him the sight of your eyes?

Did you shoulder his burden of sorrow and pain
As you shared all his moments of joy?
Did you try, when he thought all his work was in vain,
To find some new means to employ?

When he worried—was gloomy—with sorrow and fears
Did your laughter and smiles clear his brow?
If you didn't do this—Don't shed any tears
For he can't see them—where he's resting now.

—Perry J. Swank Jr.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending August 16, 1942

RECEIVING COTTAGE
Carl Barrier
Weaver Ruff

COTTAGE NO. 1
Thomas Barnes
N. A. Bennett
James Pitman
Kenneth Tipton
Curtis Moore

COTTAGE NO. 2
Hoyt Newell

COTTAGE NO. 3
Charles Beal
Hurley Bell
James Blake
Fred Bostian
Robert Coleman
Donald Daniels
Dewey Lanning
Fonzer Pitman
Rhonda Price
Charles Rhodes
Elbert Russ
John Tolley
Thomas Yates

COTTAGE NO. 4
Edward Batten
Jack Bright
William Broadwell
Leroy Childers
Mack Coggins
William Deaton
Marvin Howard
Robert Muse
Roy Patton
Charles Simpson
Ernest Turner
Roy Womack
Jesse Williamson

COTTAGE NO. 5
J. H. Peek
Wilford Seegers

COTTAGE NO. 6
Elgin Atwood
Robert Hobbs
Robert Jarvis
John Linville
Buddy Marshall
Jesse Peavy
William Wilkerson

COTTAGE NO. 7
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 8
Cecil Ashley
Homer Johnson
Grover Revels
Wilbur Russ

COTTAGE NO. 9
Gerald Amos
Cecil Caldwell
David Cunningham
Edward Guffey
James Hale
Issac Mahaffey
Lloyd Mullis
Albert Newton
Leroy Pate
James Ruff
Glenn Wilcox

COTTAGE NO. 10
C. W. Cline
Amon Dryman
Arcemias Hefner
William Morgan
Charles Phillips
James Spear
Durham Smith
William Young

COTTAGE NO. 11
A. B. Hoyle

COTTAGE NO. 12
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 13
Edward Hammond
Ernest Overcash
William O'Brien

COTTAGE NO. 14

Walter Carver
Audie Farthing
Aubrey Fargis
William Harding
Robert Holbert
Edward Kinion
William Lane
William Lanford
Roy Mumford
John Maples
Joseph McKinney
Alvis Watkins

COTTAGE NO. 15

Fred Jenkins
Clarence McLemore
D. C. Reynolds

INDIAN COTTAGE

Raymond Brooks
Frank Chavis
James E. Hall
Ernest Jacobs
Leroy Lowry
James Lochlear
Lester Lochlear
Eugene Watts

INFIRMARY

Wilton Barfield
Henry Butler
Robert Padgett

———:———

OUR BOOK OF LIFE

Each one of our days is a leaf from a book
A part of life's story revealed.
What ever is done we cannot undo,
At the end of each day it is sealed.

If we open the page for others to read,
We must care what we say, what we do,
To make of the book, a story complete,
Of a life that is splendid and true.

Each year is a chapter in our book of life
But each new year depends on the past.
We can't waver a bit as we go page by page
To the chapter entitled "The Last."

The story is told by our words and our deeds
Are they such that all others will know
We are doing our best in writing our book
As on through the last pages we go?

With the last pages written, with the book all complete
Will we hear from the Master, "Well done,
Come, rest from your toil, your work is all through
Come to the peace you have won?"

—Bowne.

U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROO

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXX CONCORD, N. C., AUGUST 29, 1942 No. 35

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WORDS

Words certainly are perverse things,
They can either joy or sorrow bring;
And isn't it strange, that by a simple twist
Your tongue can bring sunshine or mist?
Thoughtless words spoken oft in jest
Have countless friendships put to the test;
So take care that words, once they're born,
Do not live to see their conceiver mourn.

—Selected.

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The Uplift

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S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor
LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

MARINES' HYMN

From the halls of Montezuma.
To the shores of Tripoli,
We fight our country's battles,
On the land as on the sea.
Admiration of the nation,
We're the finest ever seen.
And we glory in the title,
Of "United States Marines".

Our flag's unfurled to every breeze.
From dawn to setting sun,
We have fought in every clime and place
Where we could take a gun;
In the snow of far off northernlands.
And in sunny tropic scenes,
You will always find us on the job—
The United States Marines.

Here's health to you and to our Corps,
Which we are proud to serve;
In many a strife we've fought for life.
And never lost our nerve;
If the Army and the Navy
Ever look on heaven's scenes,
They will find the streets are guarded by
The United States Marines.

———:———

BACK TO SCHOOL

The young people of the city and county schools will soon find themselves in their respective grades, from the elementary to the high school units. These institutions stand for mass education provided by the state, regardless of class. They offer golden opportunities, if used and not abused. Very frequently the teachers are

blamed if a youngster fails, but we know the parents have the first chance, as well as the power, to place the children in the right frame of mind to co-operate with the faculty, so that success in every study may be obtained. It is not unusual to hear a teacher remark that the homes of students are easily visualized by the conduct and general appearance of the student body.

The Parent-Teacher Association is a wonderful and effective organization of two units—parents and teachers—working together. If this plan is followed, there will be far-reaching results in the mental culture, as well as in character building. It is conclusive that the molding of character for the future home makers of the nation rests in the hands of both parents and teachers. The parents have every advantage to do a fine work because they contact the children seven days of the week, while the teachers follow up their work in school rooms in a period of five days.

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BURMA

Every item of interest relative to natural resources, government, customs, and manner of living in India, or in any one of the divisions of that country is being read with interest, hoping to better understand why there is such unrest among the people. It seems that from records of ancient history the natural resources of this country has been coveted by other countries. Prior to the building of railroads, this ancient land had canals and navigable rivers that made transportation comparitively easy for that period of history. From an old history for students, we read a brief sketch of Burma, and the same revealed something as to the past and present day conditions existing there.

The largest of all the provinces of the Indian Empire is Burma. It covers about 171,430 square miles, considerably more than the state of California. It is very thickly populated, having something over 10,000,000 people. There are two provinces, the upper and lower. The capital of Upper Burma is Mandalay, and the capital of Lower Burma is Rangoon. The country is mostly hilly, largely covered with forests. Teak and bamboo are the most valuable of the forest products. The rubies found there are listed among the world's most precious gems. The chief food is rice, with an

abundance of fish and meat daily. There are in the woods an unusual wealth of wild beasts, serpents and birds.

The concensus of opinion is that natives of India live well, but know little about economy or thrift. The Buddhist monks have the most influence and are most respected. Their duty is to teach the youths by precept and example. Most of the people live in modern houses or bamboo huts.

History relates that the Burmese came into the valley of the Irawadi River about 2,000 years ago. This river, the largest in Burma, flows from its unknown source in the snows of Thibet, over a course of 1,100 miles, to the Bay of Bengal. This river is navigable all the year round. In 1886, the whole of Burma, after many disputes, became a part of the British-Indian Empire.

Through the influence of missions of this country, a large number have become Christians. We feel that the influence of the Christian missions will play a strong role in settling the disputes between the British and the people of India. At the present time, the fact that these two countries cannot get together, is holding the attention of the people of the world.

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OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

Today is the anniversary of the birth of Oliver Wendell Holmes, one of America's best-loved poets. He was born in Cambridge, Mass., August 29, 1809. He graduated from Harvard at the age of twenty. After studying law for some time, he turned to the study of medicine, receiving his M. D. degree at the age of twenty-seven, after which he settled down in Boston to practice. During that same year, he published a book of poems. He enjoyed writing so much that he gave up medicine and became a lecturer in Dartmouth College, and for thirty-five years served as professor of anatomy at the Harvard Medical School. During his work he found time to write poems, but not until the Atlantic Monthly was founded in 1857, did he become famous. To this new magazine he contributed his papers known as the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," which is considered his masterpiece.

At the age of eighty, Holmes wrote a final autocrat series known as "Over the Teacups." Among his most famous poems are The

Chambered Nautilus, The Last Leaf, and The Wonderful One-Hoss Shay. The qualities of sprightlyness, geniality, and humor combined to make Dr. Holmes the most popular man of his day. He died at the age of eighty-five.

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ON BEING OVERTAKEN

In driving over the highways for a number of years, we have been "burned up" on many occasions when becoming tired of following a very slowly moving vehicle in front of us, to have the driver ahead suddenly speed up just as we came abreast, after having given the proper signal signifying our intention. In addition to being a most provoking practice, it is also one that endangers both life and property, and should be stopped. From the office of Director Hocutt, of the North Carolina Highway Safety Division, comes a statement quoting the law against such a foolish practice, as follows:

> Section 113, Motor Vehicle Laws of North Carolina: The driver of a vehicle upon a highway about to be overtaken and passed by another vehicle approaching from the rear, shall give way to the right in favor of the overtaking vehicle, and shall not increase the speed of his vehicle until completely passed by the overtaking vehicle.

In other words, when the driver of an overtaking vehicle signals his intention to pass, stay in your proper place in the lanes of traffic and continue at the speed at which you are traveling. Above all, do not speed up.

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CONQUEST OF CORN

We can go back to the days when corn bread was main dish of our Pilgrim forefathers, as they struggled to keep their bodies whole in their attempt to obtain freedom for their souls. They didn't call those early ears of corn by such names as Evergreen or Golden Bantam perhaps, nor realize that they were savoring vitamin A when they ate of the tasty dish. There is the corn meal that we prepare for the table, especially in our southlands, which was a favorite with the Indians, who, by the way, should have credit for instructing the

Pilgrims how to plant corn and how to use it. What would we do today without the waving stalks, the luscious ears, white or yellow, buttered and salted, oozing with crunchy mouthsful of delicate grains. The temptress of August, the boon to life in a hot spot, the glory of a corner resturant or an ornate banquet hall. You may be given little silver forks with which to hold the ears daintily, or an ordinary looking tool that makes a handle which still keeps the fingers clean though the procedure isn't as 'ritzy' appearing as the silver. But to most folks in Mooresville, the old-fashioned, down-to-cob method, working from left to right and back again, cleaning up as you go along with a smile of satisfaction that carries a smeary appearance of butter, to the corners, the hands still holding on to each end with a relish for the task, that is eating corn on the cob with appreciation. August offers other table glories from the garden but always corn is the main love. Corn is purely American, almost every farm grows it, almost every citizen wants it. When you talk about 'buy American' we are most happy if it is sweet corn on the cob!—Mooresville Enterprise.

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A WARNING

It is timely to warn parents that the months of August and September find infantile paralysis at its highest peak of communication. Known as poliomyelitis to some, it stands for all as a horrible disease, most commonly occurring in children and injuring the nervous system too often beyond human repair. At one time we were sure that the germ came from the nose or throat, though so small it couldn't be seen without the most powerful microscope, its power so potent that it spread from body to body. However, science has discovered that it can be spread through sewage and even by insects. Parents are warned to watch for symptoms that are often difficult to find, but watch a fever, an irritable or drowsy patient and one who complains of a stiff neck. It may be nothing severe, but parents aren't going to carelessly overlook the symptoms until too late.

WITH THE UNITED STATES ARMED FORCES

The following list includes the names, as they have come to this office, of members of the staff, former staff members, and former students of Stonewall Jackson Training School, who are now serving as members of the armed forces of the United States. It will be seen that two employees went into the service directly from the School campus. The others listed have, in some cases, been away from the institution for quite a number of years, joining the fighting forces several years after severing their connection with the School.

In checking over the list of our old boys, we find that practically one hundred per cent voluntarily enlisted in "Uncle Sam's" service, rather than wait to be called by the selective service system. It is also interesting to note that many of these fellows had been in their country's service several years prior to the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, December7, 1941.

If any of our readers know of former Training School boys who are now in any branch of service, and can furnish definite information as to their present location, please notify the editor of THE UPLIFT, P. O. Box 32, Concord, prior to the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, December 7, 1941.

Staff Members

Patterson, James L. (Army)
Query, James L. (Army)

Former Staff Members

Hollingsworth, Jesse G. (Navy)
Parker, Major Samuel I. (Army)
Poole, William E. (Army)
Wingate, Wm. J. (Army Air Corps)

Former Students

Adams, Clyde (Navy)
Adams, Felix (Army)
Alexander, Robert (Army)
Andrews, Julian (Marine Corps)
Ashley, Arthur (Army)
Atkins, Richard (Army)
Atwell, Robert (Navy)
Atwood, Earl (Army)

Baynes, Howard (Army Air Corps)
Beach, Ernest (Army)
Beaver, Albert (Army)
Benson, John (Navy)
Blocker, James C. (Army)
Bordeaux, Junior (Army)
Bowman, Charles (Army)
Brogden, Norman (Navy)
Broome, Jack (Army)
Broome, Paul (Army)

Brothers, William (Naval Air Corps)
Brown, Aldine (Army)
Brown, Harold (Army)
Burke, Ensign William H. (Navy)
Burkhead, Dermont (Navy)
Butner, Roy (Marine Corps)

Carter, Douglas (Army)
Carter, Fred (Army)
Causey, Floyd (Army)
Chapman, Edward (Army)
Cherry, Herman (Army)
Cobb, Frank E. (Army)
Coffer, Robert (Army)
Collins, Glenn L. (Army)
Cook, George (Army)
Cooper, Walter (Army)
Connell, Harry (Army)
Cox, J. C. (Army)

Craft, Arthur (Army)
Crawford, Louis (Army)

Dalton, James (Army)
Daubenmyer, Nelson (Army)
Donaldson, Harold (Marine Corps)
Dorsey, W. Wilson (Army)
Driver, Malcom (Army Air Corps)
Dyson, Fred (Navy)

Earnhardt, Donald P. (Navy)
Efird, N. A., Jr. (Army)
Elmore, A. C. (Marine Corps)
Evans, John H. (Army)

Faggart, John (Marine Corps)
(Enlisted 1929. Made Warrant Officer by Act of Congress, 1941.)
Ferris, Russell (Army)
Fisher, Edward (Army)
Freeman, Richard (Army)
French, Ian (Army)
Furches, William (Marine Corps)

Gardner, Horace T. (Army)
Gatlin, Britt C. (Army)
Glasgow, Norwood (Navy)
Glasgow, Ramsey (Army Air Corps)
(Served in Marine Corps, 1929-1933. Member China Expeditionary Force, '29-'32.)
Godfrey, Warren (Army)
Goodman, Albert (Army)
Greene, Giles E. (Army)
Griffin, James H. (Marine Corps)
Grooms, J. B. (Army Air Corps)

Hall, Joseph (Army)
Harris, Edgar (Army)
Hawkins, William T. (Navy)
Head, Elbert (Army)
Hefner, Charles (Army)
Hendrix, John (Army)
Henry, Carlton (Navy)
Hicks, Garland (Army)
Hill, William (Army)
Hodge, Dallas (Navy)
Holland, Burman (Army)
Holland, Donald (Army)
Holmes, John (Army)
Hulan, Norman (Navy)

Irvin, Raymond (Army)
Jackson, William (Navy)
Jordan, James E. (Army)

Keen, Clinton (Army)
Keith, Monroe (Army)
Keith, Robert (Navy)
King, Cleo (Army Air Corps)
King, Frank L. (Army)
Kinley, Robert (Marine Corps)
Kivett, Clyde A. (Coast Artillery)
Knight, Thomas (Army Air Corps)
Kye, George (Army)

Lamar, A. C. (Army)
Land, Ruben (Army)
Landrum, Luther H. (Army)
Lane, Floyd C. (Marine Air Corps)
Langley, William (Army)
Leagon, Harry (Army)
Ledford, Harvey L. (Army)
Lewallan, Paul R. (Army)
Long, Loyce (Army)

Martin, Willie H. (Army Air Corps)
May, George O. (Army)
Medlin, Ervin J. (Army)
Merritt, Edgar (Army)
Miller, Latha (Navy)
Montgomery, Samuel (Navy)
Murphy, Lemuel (Army)

McBride, Irvin (Army Air Corps)
McCain, Edward G. (Navy)
McCoy, Hubert (Army)
McGee, Norman (Army)
McIver, Jordan T. (Navy)
McKee, Thomas R. (Army)
(Enlisted 1937)
McNeely, Robert (Army)
(Enlisted 1933)
McPherson, Arthur (Navy)

Owen, Fred, Jr. (Marine Corps)

Page, James (Army)
Patterson, James (Navy)
Peak, Harry (Marine Corps)
Pennington, Grady (Army)
Pyatt, Jack (Marine Corps)

Ramsey, Amos (Army)
Rivenbark, William W. (Army)
Rhodes, Paul (Army)
Roberts, Lonnie (Navy)
Rochester, Nicholas (Navy)
Russ, James P. (Army)
Seibert, Fred (Army)
Shaver, George H. (Navy)
Shropshire, Hassell (Army)

Sloan, Lonnie (Army)
Snuggs, Charles L. (Navy)
Springer, Jack (Army)
Stepp, James H. (Navy)
Strickland, Robert W. (Army)

Tessneer, Calvin C. (Navy)
Threatt, Sidi (Army Air Corps)

Waldrop, Ned (Army)
Walker, Glenn (Army)
Walker, Oakley (Army)
Walters, Melvin (Army)
Ward, Eldridge (Army)
Ward, Robert (Army)
(Enlisted 1928)
Watkins, Floyd A. (Army)
Watson, Lieut. Lemuel (Army)
Webb, Charles R. (Army)
Whitaker, William E. (Army)
White, Marshall (Coast Artillery)
Whitlock, Winfred (Army)
Wilhite, James (Army)
Williams, Samuel R. (Navy)
Williams, William R. (Navy)
Wiles, Fred (Army)
(Enlisted 1927. Now a Recruiting Officer)
Wilson, John C. (Army)
Wilson, Robert (Marine Corps)
Wilson, W. J. (Army)
Wood, Leonard (Army)
Wrenn, Lloyd (Army)

Young, Brooks (Army)
Young, R. L. (Marine Corps)

Ziegler, Henry F. (Navy)

THE FLAG

It's the sun of California,
It's the rugged coast of Maine,
It's the pines of Carolina,
It's the covered wagon train,
It's the bugle call at Yorktown,
It's a clipper in the bay,
It's a rustic bridge at Concord,
It's a soldier lad away.
It's a country's shining glory,
It's a red, white and heaven's blue,
It's an emblem and a beacon,
It's the banner of the true.

It's the prairie and the forest,
It's the hunter's lonely camp,
It's a homestead on a hilltop,
It's a housewife's evening lamp,
It's the joy of good companions,
It's a pleasant evening's end,
It's the happiness of children,
It's the handclasp of a friend,
It's the magic of the mountains,
It's the rivers and the sea,
It's the tolerance and courage,
It's a people brave and free.

It's the kindly deeds of neighbors,
It's forgetting race and creed,
It's the good works done together,
It's a hand for one in need,
It's a lookout's lonely vigil,
It's a worker at his trade,
It's a haven for the outcast,
It's a stout heart undismayed,
It's the sunlight and the starlight,
It's the rainbow in the skies,
It's humanity triumphant,
It's the grandest flag that flies.

—Joseph K. Colton.

HERO OF WORLD WAR OFF TO WARS AGAIN

This hero of World War I, Samuel I. Parker, was once a popular and efficient member of the teaching staff at Stonewall Jackson Training School. During this period of employment, he met the woman of his choice, who lived just a few miles from the School. In civil life, as well as during his military career, "Si" has made a most enviable record. At the close of the first World War, he was a first lieutenant, later becoming a captain in the reserves. His many friends at this institution are delighted to learn of his promotion to the rank of major, and tender best wishes for continued success as he again enters the service of his country. The following was taken from the Charlotte Observer:

Samuel I. Parker, native of Monroe, brother of Charlotte's Judge John J. Parker and widely known business executive who was several times cited for gallantry in action in World War I, has been commissioned a major and will report Monday at Fort Benning, Ga.

Mr. Parker, called "Si' Parker by many friends throughout this section, is stopping for a short visit with relatives and friends here before reporting for duty at Fort Benning, where he will take a short refresher course before being assigned to an infantry organization.

Major Parker has been given a leave of absence for the duration as general sales manager of the Ciba company, Inc., dealers in dye-stuffs and chemicals, which has a southern office in Charlotte. During his absence Mrs. Parker, who before marriage was Miss Mary Lou Morris, of Concord, and their daughter, Miss Margaret Parker, will live in Concord, Mrs. Parker's former home. Miss Parker, who has been attending Mount Holyoke college in Massachusetts, will enter the University of North Carolina this fall as a junior.

Major Parker as a student at the university joined the army the day after the United States entered the war in 1917. He went to the first officer's training school at Fort Oglethorpe, Ga., and was commissioned as a second lieutenant and sent at once on overseas duty. He was discharged as a first lieutenant September 25, 1919, and later joined the reserves as a captain. During his service overseas he fought in the battles at Cantigny, Montdidier-Noyon, Aisne-Marne, St. Mihiel, Meuse-Argonne and later he served in the Army of Occupation. He was wounded at Cantigny, May 28, 1918, and Soissons July 19, that year.

Major Parker was decorated with the highest honor given an American soldier when he was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor, the one-hundredth person to receive it. He also won the Distinguished Service Cross, the Silver Star Medal with Oak Leaf Cluster, and the Purple Heart. France decorated him with the Fourragere in colors of the Croix de Guerre.

DAVIDSON'S COLONEL STEEL EARNED HONORS ON BATAAN

(Charlotte Observer)

Colonel Charles L. Steel, commander of Bataan's famed 31st Infantry, was promoted to chief of staff of the Second Philippine army corps on March 2, according to a letter just received by his wife, Mrs. Charles L. Steel, of Davidson.

The appointment of Colonel Steel, coming 38 days before the fall of Bataan on April 9, filled the vacancy left by the transfer of General Funk to the U. S. A. F. E. E. staff. Prior to this promotion, Col. Steel, recently a member of the Davidson college R. O. T. C. department, had gained national recognition for both himself and his men in the brilliant struggle waged by the 31st Infantry against the onslaught of Japanese forces.

The letter containing this information of Col. Steel's transfer to the Second corps was postmarked "U. S. Navy—March 31." It is believed that it was in the mail pouch recently fished from the Pacific, which is reported by the navy to have left the islands "probably by way of a submarine, which transferred it to a small freighter. Subsequently, the ship was torpedoed. The mail bag floating at the scene was pulled from the sea and its contents were forwarded to the army postal service of the War Department, which sent the letters on to the addressees."

Though no message has been received from Col. Steel since the fall of Corregidor, it is assumed that he is interned in one of the concentration camps established in the Philippines by the Japanese army of occupation, possibly in or near Fort Stotsenberg.

In a letter dated July 7, Col. George S. Clark reported to the wife of General William E. Brougher concerning her husband, also captured by the enemy in these islands, that "He needs desperately food, sweets, medicine, and smokes, as do all the American prisoners there. Never since during those long days in Bataan did any one of us believe that help would not come to us, and since no help came we must not fail to send help to them now."

Inspired by the challenges of Col. Clark, one of the few who escaped by a matter of hours before the fall of our armies in this area, the San Francisco Press club, supported by contribution from all over the nation, has chartered the Swedish freighter "Kanangoora" which is scheduled to sail shortly with a million dollar cargo of supplies for these men, under the protecting symbol of the Red Cross.

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Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind. The thief doth fear each bush an officer.—Shakespeare.

MOUNTAIN MAGIC

By Stephen Bennett in Industrial School Times

A young man in ragged khaki, leading a lean and weary burro, climbed suddenly over the rim of the canyon.

"Vaya!" greeted the archaeologist in his best Peruvian manner.

"Hello, Addison Graves," returned the young man.

"Hello yourself, and how did you know my name?"

"Oh," said the young man casually, "everyone knows Professor Graves."

There was a suspicious slience.

"My name is Wallace, Ned Wallace," said the young man.

"Wallace?" muttered the professor, as if trying to remember having heard that name before. He peered through the rapidly gathering dusk at the man and the burro. "I don't know the name," he said, slowly shaking his head, "and I don't know the man. What are you anyway—a magician to be able to appear suddenly in this desolate place and pronounce my name?"

"I've been six days crossing the Cajay country."

"Then you are a magician!" The archaeologist glanced hungrily at the burro's bulging pack."Suppose you could conjure up something to eat?"

Ned Wallace grinned. "That's only my kit. I'm a traveling photographer. I haven't had a bite to eat since morning, and my burro is half starved."

"I'm taking off weight myself," sighed the professor. "In the village they gave me just enough to keep me alive, but they absolutely refuse to sell me what I really want to eat."

"Village?"

"Come along, I'll show you." The professor started off on a faintly marked trail among boulders. "It's a three-hut metropolis with fifteen Indians and a hundred curs, not counting guinea pigs and chickens," he chuckled.

"Those chickens interest me," said Ned.

"Never fear," snorted the professor, "they won't sell them."

Night had fallen with tropical speed, and Ned stumbled on with nothing to guide him except the ghostly white of the archaeologist's pith helmet.

"I've been stranded here for ten days," said the archaeologist mournfully. "I came up alone on the tip of ruins along the Cajay, and my mule driver got cold feet and bolted. There's an Indian in the village who's going to take me back, but he hasn't got around to it yet."

They emerged from the boulder-lined trail onto a sheltered plateau, and a dozen Andean dogs rushed at them, yelping. As they approached one of three dingy huts, the professor raised his voice in Quichua the Indian dialect.

A leather-faced man came out.

"This gringo is hungry," said the professor. "He desires food."

"Manam cancha. We haven't any," replied the ancient sullenly.

Ned unloaded his burro and tethered him to a convenient rock. "Let me handle him professor.' He forced a coin into the native's grimy fingers. "My burro stands in need of fodder," he said with a significant glance at the

animal as it took ambitious bites out of a near-by thatched roof.

"Manam cancha," repeated the Indian.

"Sell me something and I'll cook it myself."

"Manam cancha."

"It's hopeless,' said the professor.

Following the native, Ned entered the hut. A fire burned in a rude grate. The half-dozen members of the family within observed Ned silently and without protest as he picked up an iron pot, filled with water, and hung it over the fire.

"Well," he sighed, "since you won't sell me anything. I'll have to get along with stone soup."

The audience, now augmented by the professor and the old Indian, pressed more closely about Ned and amazed murmurs began to arise from the little group. "A stone soup! Think of it!"

Ned went out and returned with a few fairly clean pieces of rock which he dropped conspicuosly into the pot. Silently he stirred and watched the steam rise. An old woman in her curiosity, stumbled against him. Ned looked up. "You don't happen to have a bit of salt?" he inquired.

The crone extracted a chunk from a bowl and handed it to him amid awed silence. Ned continued to stir. The old Indian could no longer contain himself. "Do you often make stone soup without potatoes?"

Ned shrugged indifferently. "When potatoes are available I sometimes use them." Here he glanced innocently at the old Indian. "Also, he continued, "I have used cabbage, peppers, and occasionally even a bit of meat."

The hut swarmed with sudden activity. Anything to help along the miracle! Ned had potatoes, cabbage, and grandmother dug up a venerable piece of jerked beef which he solemnly sliced into the now fragrant pot.

Bowls and other receptacles began to appear, and before he was through, Ned had turned over a good half of his product to the Indians. He sat with the professor, and they did justice to the remainder. Their food problem was solved, and their burro was obligingly acquiring his own fodder.

"My boy you are a magician," whispered the professor.

"It's an old stunt," smiled Ned. "I read it in a book by Franck years ago. There's one thing," he continued gravely. "I want to warn you against. "Don't eat the stones."

"Thanks," said the professor, "I had not intended to."

After supper Ned set up his portable dark-room in the hut, and developed the negatives he had exposed during his week in the Cajay.

"I've followed the Andes down from Bogota," he said. "Made expenses by taking family pictures for petty officials and the local plutocrats."

"Eh?"

Just why are you in South America " quizzed the professor.

Ned grinned. Adventure."

"Is that why you crossed the Cajay country?"

He nodded soberly. "I'd heard about it. I knew its reputation. Believe me, it deserves it. I wouldn't go through there again for a lot of money."

"I might as well tell you," said the professor, "the place I am looking for is supposed to be in Cajay."

"What are you looking for?"

"A ruin—an old fortified town used hundreds of years ago by the Incas. The Spaniards never found that

town, but the Indians have built legends about it."

"It must be rather discouraging chasing a legend."

"It is," sighed the professor.

"Do you have any substantial clues?"

The professor lowered his voice confidentially. "The Indians call it 'the city which sits in the lap of three craters.'"

Ned was hanging several strips of film to the thatch of the hut to dry. "All you have to do is locate three craters in a huddle."

"That's all," yawned the professor. "but right now I'm going to locate a little sleep."

The professor went off to his cot and duffle beyond the range of prowling dogs. Ned rolled up in his poncho on the earthen floor of the Indian hut, and was soon asleep.

It was long past noon the next day before his prints were dry. He had spent part of the morning on a mysterious enlargement, and now he purposefully gathered up his Cajay views and went in search of the archaeologist. He found him on a ledge of the canyon, staring out across the wild and barren expanse of the Cajay.

The professor was interested in Ned's pictures, in a mild way. "I like that," he would mumble. Finally Ned thrust at him the enlargement on which he had been working.

"What do you think of that?"

The professor peered through his glasses. "Ah, very interesting."

"Notice the peculiar formation of the mountains there," suggested Ned. "Those three chopped-off cones and that queer terraced ridge between them."

"And walls!" cried the professor excitedly, Overgrown and half-hidden but certainly walls!"

He stood on the ledge looking out across the Cajay at the strange, haphazard mountains, his strudy figure suddenly very erect and determined. "I'm going," he announced.

"Impossible!"

"Young man," insisted the professor in archaeological tones, "you can't imagine what this means to me." He clambered down from his perch and faced Ned, his arms akimbo. "Youngster, I need your help. Could you locate this site again?"

"Probably."

"How far is it?"

"Three days of the toughest travel in the world."

"Well, demanded the professor with a trace of pathos in his voice, "will you take me there?"

"Maybe," said Ned, smiling grimly. "When do you want to start?"

"Tomorrow morning."

Dawn found them off. The little expedition, two men and a burro, ambled along the boulder-stream trail out of the village. A few apathetic Indians were up to see them off.

"It is remarkable how easily you obtain food from these people, Ned," remarked the admiring professor. Ned had stocked his saddlebags with meal and rapadura along with his cameras. The expedition would not starve.

After an hour of steady descent the trail vanished permanently, and the young man paused for his bearings. The professor was full of fire, but twelve o'clock found him wilting against a handy boulder. He was perspiring freely. "This is no boulevard!" he sighed.

"It is compared to what we'll hit this afternoon," Ned promised cheerfully. No man of the professor's rotound build could long withstand the punishing footwork of that hideous lack of a trail. But the professor was indomitable, He plodded on, weak in the knees, grim with determination.

All day they followed a little river, and all day the mountains, great reddish masses of tumbled rock, grew more immense on either side of them, hemming them in. The river was shallow and full of rapids. Luckily it was the season of low water. By the time they had made camp in a most inhospitable spot, it was dark. The river chattered beside them. In the wedge of sky overhead the stars seemed very pale and remote.

The professor was a failure in camp. He fell asleep out of sheer exhaustion. Ned did all the work. He managed a fire from a scanty amount of brush, and put together a fair imitation of supper. The aroma penetrated the professor's slumbers, and he awoke.

"Sorry," he muttered. But fatigue triumphed again, and he fell asleep with the food in his hands. Ned cleaned up, stoked the fire, and turned in.

In the middle of the night he opened his eyes. The professor was standing over him, looking down at him a weird and puzzled expression on his face.

"I remember you," he whispered hoarsely, "but I don't know who you are. Who are you, Ned?"

"Forget it," commanded the young man. "You're having a nightmare. Go back to sleep."

Obediently the eminent archaeologist toddled to his side of the embers and settled down with a sigh.

To Ned's amazement the professor was tougher on the second day than he was on the first. "I'm getting my second wind," he grunted proudly, although he surveyed each sudden bend with undisguised eagerness.

Don't worry," reassured Ned, "when we reach the right place you won't miss the view."

"How far are we along?"

"Maybe twenty-five miles. We're doing well but we still have another ten to go."

The professor allowed himself a groan but did not falter. Twice during that day they paused briefly to eat. Ned, occupied with the route, occasionally called a halt to get his direction. The way grew more and more capricious. One moment they soared upward along a rocky rim; the next they pitched downward into a suicidal canyon. Now and then the valley opened out into a maize of torn uplands, barren and sinister. Nowhere was there a sign of human habitatiion. Finally as the sun dropped dangerously low against the mountain wall, Ned stopped.

"Lost!" groaned the archaeologist.

"On the contrary, I've found it," said Ned quietly. "Now I know where we are."

"Are we going to camp?"

"Wait," said Ned. He increased their pace, and they stumbled upward across the face of a cliff, dislodging loose rubble, starting the burro into a trot. With disconcerting abruptness they came out on a windy height. A dramatic setting sun painted the picture of the professor's dreams.

Across the river which they had been following, in a cup formed by the sloped sides of three smokeless

craters, was an immense terraced ridge, rampant with tropical vegetation, but with here and there a gleam of granite. The archaeologist stood panting and speechless until a rapid dusk blotted out the vision of his dreams. They slept that night in a near-by cave.

In the morning, fortified by cakes and the sugary rapdura, they descended to the river. Ned located a ford, and by noon both men, the burro, and the precious supplies were on the opposite bank. The terraced ridge soared upward above them to an awesome level.

"Steps!" cried the professor, exploring upriver, in his eagerness giving no thought to the tropical heat of the river bottom at noon. He swung his machete tentatively against the tangle of vegetation which blocked the narow, mossworn stones. Ned unslung the burrow's pack and tethered the animal in the shade, and together he and the professor started upward.

"This has a snaky look," said the professor as he hacked away at creepers.

"Imagination."

The sudden transition from arid uplands to the moist jungle was a startling one. The ridge had been terraced long ago by men whose descendants had disappeared. Earth had been hauled here, and the ridge transformed into a garden; the garden had run wild. Now and then they came upon places into which the jungle had not penetrated, little stone parapets from which they could see the canyon walls and the river far below them.

The professor uttered little gasping cries as they toiled upward along the curving, climbing trail. "Marvelous!" he whispered. "Remarkable! Unheard of!"

"Three men could hold it against an army," observed Ned.

They passed outlying defenses and walls of dwellings. Here and there a great tree had pushed up through the stone fortificatoins to complicate the tangle of ruins. Small springs trickled from walls. Orchids flowered. Now and then an alarmed bird croaked harshly overhead. Along the levels the sky appeared, and they caught glimpses of the three great craters hovering above them.

In the center of the town the archaeologist dashed here and there like a small boy on Christmas morning.

"What a discovery!" he cried. But we must have proof of it. We must have photographs."

Ned observed him with comic stupefaction. "Of course, but we have only four days."

"That's plenty of time," the professor assured him.

Ned indicated a tiny granite paved court. "We'll camp there. I'm going down for out kit and the burro."

It was dark when he reached their proposed camping site with the little animal. The professor was sitting in the gloom trying to make a memorandum in his notebook.

"Better build a fire." suggested the pratical youth.

"Of course," said the professor absently.

Ned constructed the fire and set up camp. The saddlebags yielded a hard-won chicken from the village, which Ned had reserved for celebration.

"My boy," said the professor solemnly as this miracle appeared, "you think of everything. You're indispensable. You are the ultimate in the

practical. And yet," he peered anxiously across the fire, "why did you consent to bring me here?"

"Well," said the young man after a moment,, "I guess it was a sort of revenge."

"Revenge!" the professor fairly shouted.

They faced each other in silence; they could hear the burro cropping grass among the stones in the courtyard.

"Revenge," repeated the professor in tones of supreme amazement. "What nonsense! Explain yourself."

"You're a member of the faculty at Northern U?"

"I am," replied the professor.

"In your ancient cultures course who was the worst student you ever had?"

"The worst student?" muttered the befuddled scientist. "Eh, of course, the worst student... I had plenty of bad ones... let me see... yes, I have it! I have it! Wallace—Edward Wallace." Disbelief crept into his tone. "You can't possibly be Edward Wallace."

"That's who I am," smiled Ned.

"Well," snorted the professor, "what is all this rot about revenge?"

"You dropped me from your class. You called me the most incompetent person you ever had anything to do with. Remember?"

I was wrong."

Ned said, "I determined to learn things. I came to South America, and for three years I've been roughing it, learning the country and the people, trying to make a man out of myself. I forgot all about Professor Graves until the other day when we met under fantastic circumstances, and the whole thing came back to me."

"Go on."

"I didn't care so much about your lost city, but I did want to take you through the most miserable going in the world, make you suffer and give up, and prove that I was a better man than you."

"You have."

"No," said Ned, "you've beaten me again." He was silent a moment.

"I've crossed the Cajay once for adventure, and once out of pride, but you would do it a thousand times for your archaeology. Adventure wears thin when there's nothing behind it, and there's nothing behind mine."

"See here," said the professor with indignation, "confession eases the soul and all that, but Ned, my boy, I wouldn't be sitting in this courtyard, gnawing at this bit of chicken if it weren't for you."

Ned stirred the fire.

"Seems we'd better stick together," said the professor. "Why not put something behind your talent for adventure? I think you'll make a fair archaeologist."

"Do you mean that?"

"You're hired right now," snapped the professor. "We'll have to dig this town next year, and your job will be to move the expedition here from Lima and feed it as long as it stays. It won't be a two-man expedition either. How about it?"

"Taken," said Ned.

They shook hands across the fire.

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Conceit may puff a man up, but can never prop him up.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE

By Dr. Hunter B. Blakely

On upper Fifth avenue in New York City stands the haunted house. It is surrounded by the mansions of the millionaires which are kept in immaculate repair. Its front presents an old appearance to all its neighbors. The house has stood so long untenanted and neglected that the mortar is falling out from between the stones. The windows of the second story have come open, and through them enter pigeons and bats, wind, and rain and snow. The great iron gate at the entrance hangs loose from its hinges, admitting any who will stoop down and crawl through into the little yard before the front door, where weeds and grass grow knee-high before the mansion door.

The passerby stops to look and wonder what happened to transform a lovely dwelling into the haunted house on Fifth avenue in the midst of one of the finest and most expensive residential sections in all the world. Doubtless many have done precisely what I did a few days ago—walk down the street and ask the porter at the first open entrance: "Please tell me the story of the haunted house in the next block."

He replied, "the children of Mr.— now own it. Some of them lived in this apartment house a few years ago. They have plenty of money and travel far and wide, but they take no interest in the old family home which was built by their father. Ever since I took this job eleven years ago, the old house has stood vacant as you see it today."

I did not learn the legends of the ghosts which which inhabit the old mansion. The youngsters of the neighborhood could supply that information, but none happened to be standing near. I can surmise, however, that the haunted house is inhabited by the ghosts of unrealized dreams. A successful man built it as a home for his wife and children. They should have the best which his money could purchase. Its halls have echoed with the laughter and chatter of children. Santa Claus has come down its great chimney into the living room on Christmas Eve, and Christmas morning a jolly family has gathered to unpack the stockings around the brightly lighted tree. In the drawing room lovely music has sounded and sprightly conversation of men and women who had traveled widely over the earth was heard.

But now, the halls are abandoned, the old furniture is dust-covered, and seams are appearing in the walls where through the chinks light filters in. The bats fly in the darkened rooms, and in the best bedrooms facing the avenue pigeons have built their nests. The dilapidated mansion is the haunted house of dreams which never came true.

Upon reflection, the haunted house becomes a parable of life. Many men and women live with the ghosts of their unrealized dreams. Life begins to come to pieces in their hands. They have neglected the things which build and strengthen and abide, just as the children of the builder of the haunted house on Fifth avenue have

neglected the mansion of their father. No matter how beautiful, how stately, how strong the new house apparently may stand, neglect surely will crumble it into ruins.

Life must continually be building. When we stop building—that is, developing in character and usefulness—personality begins to decay. We will grow into stranger persons or we will deteriorate into haunted dwellings for dying souls. It is the rule of life—growth or death.

A great builder of men left a final word to some friends for whose growth he longed in an ancient letter—Paul to the Philippians: "Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise think on these things."

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LOGS

I like to look on life as a mill,
Where wheels are turning and nothing's still.
Young boys for the logs, all floatin' around.
Some in the water and some on the ground.

In each of these logs there's lumber that's good;
When run through the mill, makes the best of wood.
Never a knot nor even a flaw,
That's the part that respects every law.

And then in each log there's lumber that's bad;
Cracks and knots and mistakes of the lad.
It's put to the side and dumped on the fire,
'Cause that's the part that no one will hire.

So, if just a log can give of its best,
To handle the job in the east or the west;
By waiting its turn to go through the mill,
Then so can a boy, and most of them will.

—The Outlook.

CARRIE JACOBS BOND STILL WRITING SONGS

By Ted Gill

Her finer sensibilities untouched by the disturbing influences of war and swing, Carrie Jacobs Bond reached her 80th birthday recently, and is still actively engaged in writing the soft, soulful melodies that have made her one of the nation's outstanding and revered composers.

"The music that touches deepest into the heart is the music that always has and always will survive through the ages," says the sprightly white-haired musician, who has been composing almost constantly for nearly half a century, inspired by things of beauty, rather than comercialism.

Perhaps her best known song, "A Perfect Day," was published back in 1910. Since then, she has written more than 300 songs, including seven new ones so far this year.

Proceeds from one, entitled "There's Somebody Waiting For Me," have been assigned to the USO, while another, "The Flying Flag" has been dedicated to the American Red Cross.

The latter, a contribution to the general war effort, is one of the few songs with martial words she has ever written. A dreamer, idealist and lover of more peaceful things in life, Mrs. Bond has tried to shield herself from the influences of the beating tom-toms of war and modern swing.

"Here in the beauty and quietitude of my home, surrounded by my memories and the possessions I have acquired and cherished through the years," says the fair-complexioned, soft-spoken composer, who started playing the piano at four and was mastering the classics at seven. "I try to find the peace and happiness which the world of today seems to have lost.

"I try not to listen too much to the war news, lest it disturb me and influence my music. And I have no patience with modern swing. It may be all right for those who like it, but I prefer that music that touches closer to the heart."

Despite her 80 years, this alert, indefatigable composer attends symphonic programs in Hollywood bowl each week, and seldom misses other musical concerts.

To her, life centers almost entirely around her music, her home, her garden and her prayer. She cares little for the more mundane things in life and, although she does not attend church as much as she would like to, because of her hearing, she finds solace and comfort in prayer at her own family altar.

Her day opens with the sunrise and closes soon after the last red rays of sunset beyond the horizon. To her, they are perhaps her greatest inspiration and beauty.

Each morning she awakens with the sunrise, then indulges in prayer. Soon afterward, she is out in her garden, working with her flowers, or sitting beside a little waterfall that cascades musically into descending fern-banked pools along a precipitous hillside, from which was cut the foun-

dation for her rambling, frame house she has been enlarging and otherwise altering for the past 26 years.

"Working around the house gives me something to keep me active," she explains. "And there is nothing more comporting than building something that is permanent, like a home."

Within those high-paneled walls are a priceless collection of deeply cherished heirlooms, paintings and other homey furnishings, many more than 100 years old. To her each hold a coveted memory.

Sometimes while strolling through her one-acre, well shrubbed estate that provides a flowered sanctuary for wild birds and butterflies, or while seated in her broad, multi-windowed living room, she mentally "catches a song" and hastens to play in on the piano while a recording machine etches it permanently in wax before it can escape her. That is how she composes.

Recently the words and lyrics of a song she titled "My Mother's Voice" came to her while she was returning from a trip downtown. When she reached home, she immediately wrote out the words, played the melody once and considered it so well done not a single alteration was necessary.

The twice-married but now widowed Mrs. Bond, who was born at Janesville Wis., in 1862, lives alone attended only by a housekeeper. During the summer, however, she is being visited by her granddaughter, Elizabeth Walters, a student at Vassar.

The only brithday celebration she planned this year was an automobile trip with friends. Car rides are her greatest relaxation.

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The old saying that "you can't get the best of an Irishman" doesn't always hold good. Some time ago an Irishman speeding down one of our mountain highways had a collision with a Scotchman driving his car along the highway.

True to the instinct of the belligerent Irish, the son of Erin leaped from his car, bristled up to the canny Scotchman and dared him to engage in a fight. The Scotchman merely smiled and said: "Hoot mon, dinna ye be angry. Come, let's take a drink and then we can take a look at our situation."

The Scotchman drew a bottle from his pocket and tendered it to the Irishman. The Irishman took almost all the whiskey in the bottle, then returned it to the Scotchman who put it in his pocket.

"Ach, but are yez not going to take a swig, too?" asked the Irishman. The Scotchman smiled as he replied: "Hoot mon, no —not until the cops get here to investigate the wreck." And when the cops arrived, they smelled the whiskey on the Irishman's breath and held him responsible for the wreck as well as arresting him for driving drunk.—Selected.

MAGAZINES OF YESTERDAY

By Marie Allen Camp

It was two hundred years in 1941 since the first periodical with the name magazine on it was placed on sale in America! Ten years earlier (1731) the name had been used in England. Edward Cave thought of the name magazine as meaning a storehouse, so he used it on his publication The Gentleman's Magazine. It was a storehouse of the various kinds of writing then available, including poetry, fiction, essays and so forth.

It and the London Magazine, which was in imitation of the Gentleman's, were successful from the start. Benjamin Franklin decided to start one in America. He was too busy to do it himself, so he asked Mr. Webb to help him. Mr. Webb sold his own services and Franklin's plan to Mr. Bradford, who was the rival printer of Philadelphia. Each man raced to get a magazine to the public first. A bitter controversy took place in the rival newspapers while the struggle was going on. Mr. Franklin lost the race by three days.

Mr. Franklin's General Magazine was the second one to be published in the American Colonies. Mr. Bradford's American Magazine was the first American magazine. It was offered to the public on February 13, 1741—Mr. Franklin's on February 16. It was a long time before magazines were successful in this country, but almost a hundred appeared before the new century began. They appeared even more rapidly after that.

During the first hundred years we would probably be surprised by the scarcity of pictures. We take the pictures for granted today. The struggle to get illustrations was a long, difficult one. It was a long time before wood cuts were perfected to a point where the various magazines were especially willing to use them. They were used somewhat in the juvenile magazines before they appeared in the others. Engraving on copper or steel was the satisfactory medium for "embellishments." Each one cost from three hundred to a thousand dollars. Very few publishers had the money. However, so few workmen in our country had skill in this work, the demand on them was great, sometimes too great. Paul Revere did some of this work. His illustrations are preserved in early magazines.

About a hundred years ago no picture of any kind entered the average home in our country. One can understand that one "embellishment" or "one pleasing representation" in each issue was an ambitious ideal for those early magazines.

What were the magazines publishing in this first hundred years? Much of it was copied from English magazines in the beginnng, for there was no international copyright law until 1891. Towards the end of the first hundred years the tables were turning and England had begun to copy rather generously from our American magazines and writers. Each could copy from the other without making payment.

Much about politics, much about religion and much about temperance was published, with generous discuss-

ion of each. It was a time of isms and all of these came in for much comment. Many of these "isms" had to do with religion. It was a time of controversy in religion. The many new religious sects that were formed within this period were written about at length. It has been claimed that three-fourths of the contents had to do with religious subjects.

Slavery began to be one of the greatly discussed issues in the magazines as early as 1820 and was written about even earlier. Economics was discussed in a limited sense in those early magazines. It seemed to reduce itself to first principles, it was mostly thrift and extravagance. What we term "dullness' was not a crime in those days.

Much fiction and much poetry appeared in these early magazines. The poetry was usually all grouped together in the last few pages.

Trivial things were discussed. Some of the things seem ridiculous to us today. Big hats for women were objected to because they obstructed the sidewalks. Manners (so called) for both men and women were much discussed. Men were advised, among other things, not to lean back in their chairs and support them on two legs. Many reasons were given for not doing this, among which were that it did not look well and was not courteous to the women when in a social group. Furthermore it was very apt to break the chair and more especially if done repeatedly had a tendency to wear out the carpet.

Of course we cannot find anything about the automobile in the first hundred years. One might naturally think that in consequence thereof we could find nothing about problems for the pedestrian. On the contrary the pedestrian had a big problem in New York City. The New York Mirror, which even abroad was praised for its literary excellence, tells us of this problem. More than all other annoyances, writes the editor in 1834, is the great number of pigs in the streets of New York City. "The streets are swarming with them," he declares. He claims he counted thirty-seven of them in a half mile walk in the city streets. He adds that they reside in the "upper part of the city," but come down to the market each day to gain their livelihood. The editor advocates omnibuses to convey them back and forth each day so they will not get in the way of pedestrians. Was he serious?

Towards the end of the first hundred years (1841) the magazinist was appearing, that is, the man or woman who made magazine writing his profession. This is another way of saying that the strong tradition of having no names of authors or of paying nothing for writings had gradually weakened. They began by using the names of the better known writers when the writers would permit it. They were also the first to be offered pay. The North American Review tried to make all its contributors accept one dollar per page. Some refused. It is true of course, that some would have written more if the pay had been higher or more certain. Two schools were growing up here. Even by 1841 magazine writing was not a promising profession financially. It was a long time before the magazines paid high prices even for works of quality. But a desire had been growing through that first century to have our own American writings

in our American magazines. The reading public had grown less and less well satisfied with the ones borrowed without pay from the English magazines. This caused the pay for American writers to become more generous.

Certainly by 1850, if not by 1841 (when one hundred years old), our American magazines were beginning to take on many of the characteristics of the modern magazine. They have gradually become so much a part of our life that now we take them for granted. But they have not developed without struggle.

The largest circulations today are more than one hundred times as great as the largest estimated circulation in 1841. It is not so easy to measure the growth in the relative quality of the contents. During that first hundred years contributions were made by Irving, Cooper, Bryant, Longfellow, Hawthorne, Whittier, Holmes, Emerson and Poe. Viewing these names, perhaps we can appreciate the primary meaning of the word "magazine" and call the periodicals "storehouses." Edward Cave of England chose a name wisely over two hundred years ago. Is it used guardedly by American periodicals? It is indeed by many. To them we as readers should be grateful.

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THE POSTAGE STAMP

There was a little postage stamp,
No bigger than your thumb,
But still it stuck right on the job
Until its work was done.

They licked it and pounded it,
Till it would make you sick;
But the more it took the lickin',
Why, the tighter it would stick.

Let's be like a postage stamp
In playing life's big game;
And stick to what we know is right,
And we can't miss our aim.

—Selected.

A DREAM OF FOUR CENTURIES LATE IN FULFILLMENT

(N. C. Christian Advocate)

The Panama Canal was a dream of four hundred years. Christopher Columbus spent months cruising back and forth along the Carribean coast of Central America seeking a way of passage to the riches of India. The following century witnessed many explorers obsessed with the same idea searching for a way of passage to the Far East. As late as 1609 Henry Hudson in the same quest sailed up the river that bears his name, and the following year attempted a more northern voyage to the Hudson Bay which was named for this doughty Englishman. All the while he was seeking for that illusive passage which had commanded the interest of seemingly all mariners to the western hemisphere.

Having become convinced that no natural passage existed attention was turned to digging a canal. The subject was discussed the greater part of these four centuries and preliminary surveys were made as early as 1532. But not until 1904 began the actual fulfillment of this dream, which the United States government began the construction of the canal that would reduce the distance from New York to San Francisco from 13,615 miles to 5,292 miles, being only a little more than one-third of the original distance. The canal was opened with elaborate ceremonies in 1914, the very year that the first world war began.

At the very time that the canal was being constructed the Wright Brothers were over at Kitty Hawk, N. C., learning to fly. And now in little more than a quarter of a century bombing planes are about to supplant battleships, and trans-Atlantic clippers have eclipsed the greyhounds of the ocean. And it is not a fanciful dream that in no distant day much shipping across the widest oceans will carried in ships that can fly.

As a result the Panama Canal is already becoming of secondary importance and no man can foresee what the end will be.

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KNOW THYSELF

The secret of your sucess lies in the careful study of yourself and your opportunities. Don't try to preach. Stick to your job. Each man is a sort of Yale key that will go smoothly into a certain lock. Your success depends on finding where you belong—getting there and staying. Get a fit—the sooner in life you can get fitted, the more you can accomplish.—Selected.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Mrs. A. F. Powell, Jr., Mrs. Josiah Maultsby and daughter, and Miss Ruth Moore, of Whiteville, spent Friday night with Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Fisher.

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Jesse C. Fisher, Jr., son of Assistant Superintendent and Mrs. J. C. Fisher, returned to his home yesterday, after having spent a few days with relatives in Whiteville.

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"Mister Dynamite" was the feature attraction at our regular motion picture show, last Thursday night. A comedy, "Mouse-Trappers," was shown at the same time. Both are Universal productions.

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We are now enjoying the first sweet potatoes of the season. A small quantity was gathered the other day and issued to the cottages. These potatoes are of nice size, and the quality seems to be the best we have tasted in several years.

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Our farm forces are still keeping quite busy. A number of mowing machines are in use daily, cutting lespedeza, and we have noticed some very fine hay being hauled to the barns. It has been reported to this office that the prospects of another fine crop of lespedeza hay are very good. Our tractor forces are also being kept busy, preparing land for Fall planting.

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Eldridge Ward, twenty-four years old, formerly of Cottage No. 11, who left the School, July 12, 1934, was a visitor here last Thursday. Upon leaving us, he went to Burlington, where he worked as carpenter's helper for a couple of months. He then obtained employment in a hosery mill, where he worked a little more than three years. On December 24, 1940, Eldridge enlisted in the United States Army. He was first stationed at Fort Bragg; was later transferred to Fort Jackson. South Carolina, and about three weeks ago, he became a member of an anti-tank outfit, and was sent to Camp Gordon Georgia, Eldridge informed us that he was married about a week ago.

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Rufus Nunn, formerly of Cottage No. 12, and Jack Lemley, of Cottage No. 3, who left the institution, January 10, 1942 and January 14, 1942, respectively, called at The Uplift office last Welnesday. Both of these boys returned to their homes in Mt. Airy upon leaving the School.

Shortly after going back home, Jack went to Greensboro, where he worked in a cotton mill for six weeks, after which he secured a position in the W. Koury Pants Factory, where he is still employed, working as a presser.

Rufus also went to Greensboro soon after returning home, and since that time he has been employed in the same factory, and at the same type of work as Jack. Both boys reported that they liked their present places of employment and were getting along very well.

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We recently received another letter from Willard L. McCullers, a former Training School boy, who left us, August 1, 1924. Willard wrote us sev-

eral months ago, giving an account of his activities, which was printed in these columns. His latest communication contained such a fine tribute to our former superintendent, Charles E. Boger, that we are passing it on to our readers as follows:

"Dear Sir: I was very sorry to learn from The Uplift which was sent to me in June, that Mr. Boger had retired, due to ill health. I think every boy who attended the School during the many years he was at its head, can say with me that he really did live an abundant life. It has been many years since I left the School, but many useful memories still remain with me. I hope there is as much done for other boys as was done for me, in the years to come. I shall appreciate other copies of The Uplift wherever you have time to send them. Very truly yours, Willard L. McCullers."

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Mr. A. C. Sheldon, of Charlotte, was in charge of the afternoon service at the School last Sunday. Following the singing of the opening hymn, Homer Bass, of Cottage No. 8, led the boys in the recitation of the First Psalm and the Lord's Prayer.

Mr. Sheldon then presented Mr. Guy Carswell, prominent Charlotte attorney, as the speaker of the afternoon. As the text of his very interesting message to the boys, he selected Matthew 6:33—"But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you."

At the beginning of his remarks, Mr. Carswell stated that Jesus never tells us to do a thing that he doesn't keep his promises to us, if we obey. He makes it clear that if we will recognize and appreciate him, he will give us certain things. In the words of the text, said he, Christ is speaking to us, assuring us if we will take that kind of life and live it and use it, he will make us as we would like to be.

Mr. Carswell then told this story: A young lady went to work with a great corporation. When she took the position, she said, "I am going to live exactly as the Lord wants me to live." In her daily life in the office, she lived that way. People began to whisper, "Isn't she a wonderful person?" "Why is it that she is so popular?" On and on, she lived every day for six months as Christ would have her live. She went on her vacation, and while she was away the company officials found that they could not get along without her. When she returned, the president called her into his office. He asked what there was in her life that made her so different from other girls. She replied that it was God in her life.

The speaker then told his listeners that if God can do that to a little girl's life, He could do it for every boy within the sound of his voice.

What a fine world this would be, continued the speaker, if everybody would live every hour as God would have them live. He is constantly telling us that if we live for Him, He will make us prosper.

Mr. Carswell then told this story of a man who had been out of work for a long time. One day, as he was sitting on the beach, he began whittling, carving several nice-looking articles out of wood. A man approached and complimented him on the beauty of the articles he was making, and asked why he did not make them to sell. His reply was that he did not know what children would really like

to have. When he went home that night, he asked his little girl just what kind of things she would like to have him make her. She told him that she liked such things as doll-houses, small tables and chairs, and other little ornaments. In that way he started his business of making toys, and in thirty-four years' time, he was operating large factories, and had made millions of dollars. This man needed wisdom, and wisdom is knowing how to use the talents God has given us.

God tells us that He will bless our names, continued the speaker. All down through the ages, people's names have become great because they have lived for God. How many people do we know today who can say they are better because they know us? In the words of the text we have the assurance that if we conduct our lives according to God's Word, our lives will be a great blessing to us and to others. If we want to grow and have our faces light up, we must do something that is good.

Mr. Carswell then asked, how much does this kind of life cost? The answer is—nothing. He told the boys that if they would take that kind of life, and live it well, they would most certainly develop into outstanding men of this country of ours. Our greatest trouble is that we cast so many good things aside, and go along on our own way. In conclusion, he added that he hoped every boy in the audience would choose the right kind of life, and go out and minister to others.

———:———

ROOM AT THE TOP

Never mind the crowd, lad,
Or fancy your work won't tell;
The work is the work for a' that
To him that doeth it well.
Fancy the world a hill, lad;
Look where the millions stop;
You'll find the crowd at the base, lad;
There's always room at the top.

Courage and faith and patience.
There's space in the old world yet;
The better the chance you stand, lad,
The further along you get.
Keep your eye on the goal, lad;
Never despair or drop;
Be sure that your path lies upward;
There's always room at the top.

—Grit

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending August 23, 1942

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Howard Combs
John Hogsed
Ray Jones
Charles Pearson
Weaver Ruff
Malcom Seymour
Paul Smith
James Watts
Harry Wilson
Charles Young

COTTAGE NO. 1

Albert Allen
Thomas Barnes
N. A. Bennett
Richard Hudson
Leonard Lovelace
Durwood Martin
James Pitman
Frank Walker

COTTAGE NO. 2

Luther McIntyre
Hoyt Newell

COTTAGE NO. 3

Hurley Bell
Charles Beal
James Blake
Fred Bostian
Robert Coleman
Donald Daniels
Albert Hames
Fonzer Pitman
Rhonda Price
Samuel Pritchett
Ralph Powell
William Pegram
Charles Rhodes
Earl Smith
John Tolley
Thomas Yates

COTTAGE NO. 4

Edward Batten
Jack Bright
William Broadwell
Leroy Childers
Mack Coggins
William Deaton
Marvin Howard
Douglas Holt
William Lanning
Robert Muse
Roy Patton
Simon Quick
Charles Simpson
Ernest Turner
Jesse Williamson

COTTAGE NO. 5

Levitt Ballard
John Lipscomb
Allen Morris
J. H. Peek
William Penninger
David Stubbs
Wilford Seegers
Eldred Watts

COTTAGE NO. 6

Elgin Atwood
Kenneth Caldwell
Robert Hobbs
Robert Jarvis
Gerald Kermon
Marvin Lipscomb
Buddy Marshall
Rufus Massingill
Jesse Peavy
Reitzel Southern
John Rhodes
William Wilkerson

COTTAGE NO. 7

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 8

Jesse Cunningham

COTTAGE NO. 9

Gerald Amos
Cecil Caldwell
Curtis Campbell
Leonard Church
David Cunningham
Riley Denny
Edward Guffey
James Hale
Wilbur Hardin
William Hart

Winley Jones
Morris Johnson
Isaac Mahaffey
Marvin Matheson
Lloyd Mullis
Albert Newton
Troy Parris
Leroy Pate
James Ruff
Lewis B. Sawyer
George Strayhorne
Glenn Wilcox

COTTAGE NO. 10

Forrest Davis
Amon Dryman
William Morgan
Charles Phillips
James Spear
Clifford Spriggs
William Young

COTTAGE NO. 11

Bert Barnhardt
Noah Brown
Velda Denning
William Guffey
A. B. Hoyle
T. B. Nowell
Everett Stamey
Ray Taylor

COTTAGE NO. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 13

Edward Hammond
Donald Hobbs
James Johnson
Ernest Overcash
William O'Brien
Melvin Roland

COTTAGE NO. 14

Robert Caudle
Walter Carver
Aubrey Fargis
Vernon Harding
Robert Holbert
Edward Kinion
William Lane
William E. Lanford
Roy Mumford
John Maples
Robert Moose
Joseph McKinney
John Reep
Robert Travis
Alvis Watkins
Theodore Young

COTTAGE NO. 15

(No Honor Roll)

INDIAN COTTAGE

Raymond Brooks
Edward Hall
Ernest Jacobs
Lester Lochlear
Eugene Watts
Alphonso Williamson

INFIRMARY

Henry Butler
Wilton Barfield
Robert Padgett

———:———

GOLF

The game is played on carefully selected grass with little white balls, and as many clubs as the player can afford. A "hole" is a tin cup in the center of a "green." A "green" is a small parcel of grass costing about $1.98 a blade, and located between a brook and a couple of apple trees, on a lot of "unfinished excavation." The idea is to get the golf ball into each of the eighteen cups in the fewest strokes and the greatest number of words. After the eighteenth hole, the golfer adds up his score, stops when he reaches 87, takes a shower, sings "Sweet Adeline" with six or eight other fibbers, and calls it the end of a perfect day.—Toledo Dial.

CAROLINA ROO

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXX CONCORD, N. C., SEPTEMBER 5, 1942 No. 36

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FOUR LESSONS WORTH LEARNING

Learn to keep your troubles to yourself. The world is too busy to care for your ills and sorrows.

Learn to tell a story. A well-told story is as welcome as a sunbeam in a sick room.

Learn to hide your aches and pains under a smile. No one cares whether you have the earache, headache, or rheumatism.

Learn to stop grumbling. If you cannot see any good in the world, keep the bad to yourself,—Selected.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor
LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

THE WAY TO SUCCESS

You can't just walk into success without first working your way into it. If the job at which you are now working does not satisfy your taste, don't go off and leave it half done. Do it well.

Whoever is in charge of you will notice the way you work and will report the kind of work you do, and the manner in which you perform your task will react either to your loss or gain, and will determine the kind of job to which you will be assigned tomorrow.

Don't work only when somebody is watching, but keep it up when there is nobody around. If you are working on something that is not your own, say to yourself: "This is mine while I am working on it." By following this plan, you will do a job that will satisfy yourself as well as the one for which it is being done.

There are many people who go around doing jobs the easiest way, only working long enough to draw sufficient pay to get them out of town, in order that their employers cannot tell them what they think of their work. Such a course can lead only to dismal failure.

Here is a good rule, which, if closely followed, will produce a workman worthy of his hire—"In all your work, great or small, difficult or easy, do it well."

—Selected.

THE STORY OF SEPTEMBER

The month of September, the transition period between summer and autumn, partakes of the character of both seasons. In the southern part of the United States, it is one of the warmest months of the year, and even farther north, hot days are not infrequent.

The nights, however, are likely to be cool, and there is often more than a touch of that golden haze which makes the later autumn days so beautiful.

In rural sections, September is a very busy month, as it is the harvest period for many crops, and while the "tilled earth, naked and yellow from the harvest lies," the "tanned farmers labor without

slack," to store away the rich fruits of the field. In the calendar of Charlemagne, September was called the "harvest month," and it is still so named in Switzerland. The Anglo-Saxons, being more specific in their choice of a name, called it the "barley month."

The old rhyme declares that—

Thirty days hath September,
April June and November.

Many of the months have undergone changes in their number of days, but September has always had thirty days since old Roman times. It has not always been the ninth month, as it is today. Before Julius Caesar revised the calendar, September was the seventh month. Its name is from the Latin septem, meaning seven. When the month was shifted, in the Julian calendar, to ninth place, its name was not changed. The special gem for the month of September is the sapphire.

The only holiday that falls in the month is Labor Day, which, in the Canadian provinces and in most of the states of the American Union, is the first Monday in September.

* * * * * * * *

LABOR DAY

We again approach an important day of the year. Without Labor Day and all it stands for there could be no rest day. What would we rest from if there were no toil, fatigue, physical and mental exhaustion? Each is necessary to the other. They belong together. Without either of them we would be impoverished. Through labor we come to need rest. Through rest we are prepared for labor and its manifold blessings.

It is perhaps true that this day was originally appointed to give fitting recognition to that army of persons who toil with their hands. We do not forget them. Indeed, we honor them. We place them at the head of the roster of those for whom this day has meaning. Their hands may be soiled and horny, but their lives are woven into the unbroken fabric of our American life. The honor due them is not one whit less than that we ascribe to statesmen and poets.

We cannot think for a moment of the building of our nation without having in mind the men who handle the pick and the shovel and the plow, and all those other tools through the use of which we have

become great. The honor we do them can never be fully measured by the spoken or written word. It must come from the heart. No other group deserves more honor. We want them to feel it is merely formal recognition we bestow upon them. They have had a part in all great achievements. We deeply honor and profoundly respect them. They may be no better than any other group, but they are just as good, and quite as necessary.—Selected.

* * * * * * * *

A HAPPY CHOICE

The appointment of S. G. Hawfield as our new superintendent seems to have met the approval of people in all parts of North Carolina, if we are to judge by articles that have appeared in newspapers in various sections of the state. One of the best we have seen is an editorial from the facile pen of Dr. Julian S. Miller, editor of the Charlotte Observer, which reads as follows: (L. G.)

> To succeed the veteran Charles E. Boger whose retirement is occasioned by ill health, Glenn Hawfield has been elected superintendent of the Stonewall Jackson Training School at Concord and the institution is thereby promised a chief executive whose experience in public school administration and whose knowledge of the problems of boyhood cleverly fits him into this important picture.
>
> Mr. Hawfield, a native of Union county, for many years was superintendent of schools in Cabarrus county, being recognized as among the ablest and best qualified school men in the State and prominently and often honored by the North Carolina Education Association.
>
> The Training School will profit from his administration there. He knows both the business and the human phases of the work which will fall into his hands. The trustees are happy in the choice they have made in filling such an important post.

* * * * * * * *

SHEET METAL COURSE

There are many ways in which those who are interested in helping to win the war against the enemies of democracy can serve. The only thing necessary is the will to do. This short excerpt taken from the Concord Daily Tribune tells an interesting story, showing how

it takes a man of vision to light the torch and point out opportunities to others:

With the opening of the Concord high school, there will be room for an unspecified number of trainees needed for a sheet metal course to be started at that time by Ernest Harshbarger. The time of the course will be from 4:30 in the afternoon to 12:30 a. m. each day for five days a week. There will be no charge for the course, and there will be excellent opportunities for employment in defense industries upon completion. Persons interested in the course are urged to contact the local office of the United States Employment Service at once.

* * * * * * * *

THE IOWA LAUNCHED

The 45,000-ton Iowa, the largest battleship ever built, slipped into the water, ready for service, August 27th, after completion in the Brooklyn Navy Yard. This mommoth ship was launched months ahead of schedule. Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Ralph Baird, addressed the assembled audience after this warship glided as gracefully into the water as a young girl in a whirl of an aesthetic dance. Mrs. Henry A. Wallace, wife of the Vice-President of the United States christened the ship as she moved out to take her place in making our Navy stronger and surer of defeating the enemy.

The completion of this ship ahead of scheduled time shows there is intense action in our navy yards. It is obvious that America feels time is precious, and there is not a moment to lose in making ready for victory.

* * * * * * * *

KEEP 'EM FLYING

There will continue to be people who can run the other fellow's business better than he can run his own. The same is quite true with big issues. Wherever one goes, remarks are general about expenditures necessary to save our heritage—the greatest country of the universe. There would not be heard a cry to curtail the use of water if our home was being consumed by fire. It is quite true that forty-eight billions of dollars is a staggering sum to be spent in

one year, much more than any mind can grasp. But if it takes that vast amount to save people from dictatorship, we say in the words of an old rebel of The War Between the States, "Boys, keep shooting. Give the enemy———!" We cannot afford to send our men out to fight our battles without something with which to fight. Having unlimited faith in our government we say, "Keep 'Em Flying," and this cannot be done without collateral.

* * * * * * * *

A HEARTHSTONE BECOMES THE CORNERSTONE

Down through the unwritten history of a pioneer community of this country comes the story of the erection of a new church for that primitive neighborhood. And among these plain people was an old lady who brought the hearthstone from her cabin home and offered it as the best gift that she could make to the new church. And the building committee placed it as the cornerstone of that "church of the wildwood."

This may be a true story, or it may be little more than a parable, but the truth contained therein is the same. The hearthstone of the home is the cornerstone of the church. This has been and is true in every generation and in all places. You cannot make a prosperous and abiding church out of people who dwell in hotels and boarding houses. They may be just as good as can be found anywhere, but there is lacking that permanency of residence which guarantees the perpetuity of a Christian church. Every American city contains object lessons that prove the accuracy of the observation. This is more emphatically true of Protestant churches than of Roman Catholic churches because the strength of this world-wide organization can reach across those communities where people fail to dwell in permanent residences.—N. C. Christian Advocate.

WITH THE UNITED STATES ARMED FORCES

The following list includes the names, as they have come to this office, of members of the staff, former staff members, and former students of Stonewall Jackson Training School, who are now serving as members of the armed forces of the United States. It will be seen that two employees went into the service directly from the School campus. The others listed have, in some cases, been away from the institution for quite a number of years, joining the fighting forces several years after severing their connection with the School.

In checking over the list of our old boys, we find that practically one hundred per cent voluntarily enlisted in "Uncle Sam's" service, rather than wait to be called by the selective service system. It is also interesting to note that many of these fellows had been in their country's service several years prior to the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, December 7, 1941.

If any of our readers know of former Training School boys who are now in any branch of service, and can furnish definite information as to their present location, please notify the editor of THE UPLIFT, P. O. Box 32, Concord, N. C. We shall appreciate your co-operation.

Staff Members

Patterson, James L. (Army)
Query, James L. (Army)

Former Staff Members

Barrier, Captain George L. (Army)
Hollingsworth, Jesse G. (Navy)
Parker, Major Samuel I. (Army)
Poole, William E. (Army Air Corps)
Wingate, Wm. J. (Army Air Corps)

Former Students

Adams, Clyde (Navy)
Adams, Felix (Army)
Alexander, Robert (Army)
Andrews, Julian (Marine Corps)
Ashley, Arthur (Army)
Atkins, Richard (Army)
Atwell, Robert (Navy)
Atwood, Earl (Army)

Baynes, Howard (Army Air Corps)
(Previously served an enlistment period in the Army.)
Beach, Ernest (Army)
Beaver, Albert (Army)
Benson, John (Navy)
Blocker, James C. (Army)
Bordeaux, Junior (Army)
Bowman, Charles (Army)
Brogden, Norman (Navy)
Broome, Jack (Army)
Broome, Paul (Army)
Brothers, William (Naval Air Corps)
Brown Aldene (Army)
Brown, Harold (Army)
Burke, Ensign William H. (Navy)
Burkhead, Dermont (Navy)
Butner, Roy (Marine Corps)

Carter, Douglas (Army)
Carter, Fred (Army)
Causey, Floyd (Army)
Chapman, Edward (Army)
Cherry, Herman (Army)
Cobb, Frank E. (Army)
Coffer, Robert (Army)
Collins, Glenn L. (Army)
Cook, George (Army)
Cooper, Walter (Army)
Connell, Harry (Army)

Cox, J. C. (Marine Corps)
Craft, Arthur (Army)
Crawford, Louis (Army)

Dalton, James (Army)
Daubenmyer, Nelson (Army)
Donaldson, Harold (Marine Corps)
Dorsey, W. Wilson (Army)
Driver, Malcom (Army Air Corps)
Dyson, Fred (Navy)

Earnhardt, Donald P. (Navy)
Efird, N. A., Jr. (Army)
Elmore, A. C. (Marine Corps)
Evans, John H. (Army)

Faggart, John (Marine Corps)
(Enlisted 1929. Made Warrant Officer by Act of Congress, 1941.)
Ferris, Russell (Army)
Fisher, Edward (Army)
Freeman, Richard (Army)
French, Ian (Army)
Furches, William (Marine Corps)

Gardner, Horace T. (Army)
Gatlin, Britt C. (Army)
Glasgow, Norwood (Navy)
Glasgow, Ramsey (Army Air Corps)
(Served in Marine Corps, 1929-1933. Member China Expeditionary Force, '29-'32.)
Godfrey, Warren (Army)
Goodman, Albert (Army)
Greene, Giles E. (Army)
Griffin, James H. (Marine Corps)
Grooms, J. B. (Army Air Corps)

Hall, Joseph (Army)
Harris, Edgar (Army)
Hawkins, William T. (Navy)
Head, Elbert (Army)
Hefner, Charles (Army)
Hendrix, John (Army)
Henry, Charlton (Navy)
Hicks, Garland (Army)
Hill, William (Army)
Hodge, Dallas (Navy)
Holland, Burman (Army)
Holland, Donald (Army)
Holmes, John (Army)
Hulan, Norman (Navy)
(Previously served an enlistment period in the Army.)

Irvin, Raymond (Army)

Jackson, William (Navy)
Jones, Mark Twain (Navy)
Jordan, James E. (Army)

Keen, Clinton (Army)
Keith, Monroe (Army)
Keith, Robert (Navy)
King, Cleo (Army Air Corps)
King, Frank L. (Army)
King, Lee (Army)
Kinley, Robert (Marine Corps)
Kivett, Clyde A. (Coast Artillery)
Knight, Thomas (Army Air Corps)
Kye, George (Army)

Lamar, A. C. (Army)
Land, Ruben (Army)
Landrum, Luther H. (Army)
Lane, Floyd C. (Marine Air Corps)
Langley, William (Army)
Leagon, Harry (Army)
Ledford, Harvey L. (Army)
Lett, Frank (Army)
Lewallan, Paul R. (Army)
Long, Loyce (Army)

Martin, Willie H. (Army Air Corps)
May, George O. (Army)
Medlin, Ervin J. (Army)
Merritt, Edgar (Army)
(Previously served an enlistment period in the Army.)
Miller, Latha (Navy)
Montgomery, Samuel (Navy)
Murphy, Lemuel (Army)

McBride, Irvin (Army Air Corps)
McCain, Edward G. (Navy)
McCoy, Hubert (Army)
McGee, Norman (Army)
McIver, Jordan T. (Navy)
McKee, Thomas R. (Army)
(Enlisted 1937)
McNeely, Robert (Army)
(Enlisted 1933)
McPherson, Arthur (Navy)

Owen, Fred, Jr. (Marine Corps)

Page, James (Army)
Patterson, James (Navy)
Peak, Harry (Marine Corps)
Pennington, Grady (Army)
Plemmons, Hubert (Army)
Pyatt, Jack (Marine Corps)

Ramsey, Amos (Army)
(Previously served an enlistment period in the Army.)
Rivenbark William W. (Army)
(Served in Marine Corps, 1933-1938.)
Rhodes, Paul (Army)
Roberts, Lonnie (Navy)
Rochester, Nicholas (Navy)
Russ, James P. (Army)
Seibert, Fred (Army)
Shaver, George H. (Navy)

Shropshire, Hassell (Army)
Scott, Archie (Army)
Sloan, Lonnie (Army)
Snuggs, Charles L. (Navy)
Springer, Jack (Army)
Stepp, James H. (Navy)
Strickland, Robert W. (Army)

Tessneer, Calvin C. (Navy)
Threatt, Sidi (Army Air Corps)

Waldrop, Ned (Army)
Walker, Glenn (Army)
Walker, Oakley (Army)
Walters, Melvin (Army)
Ward, Eldridge (Army)
Ward, Robert (Army)
(Enlisted 1928)
Watkins, Floyd A. (Army)
Watson, Lieut. Lemuel (Army)
Webb, Charles R. (Army)
Whitaker, William E. (Army)
White, Marshall (Coast Artillery)
Whitlock, Winfred (Army)
Wilhite, James (Army)
Williams, Samuel R. (Navy)
Williams, William R. (Navy)
Wiles, Fred (Army)
(Enlisted 1927. Now a Recruiting Officer)
Wilson, John C. (Army)
Wilson, Robert (Marine Corps)
Wilson, W. J. (Army)
Wood, Leonard (Army)
Wrenn, Lloyd (Army)

Young, Brooks (Army)
Young, R. L. (Marine Corps)

Ziegler, Henry F. (Navy)

OUR FLAG

Hail to our flag, with its colors so gay!
Blue as the sky in the month of May;
White as the path of the Milky Way;
Red as the sunset at close of day.

Rainbow of promise, that came from on high,
Sprinkled with stars on its way from the sky.
Red, white, and blue! Tis the flag you and I
Sing to, and cling to, when danger is nigh.

Treasured alike upon land and sea,
Naught shall sever our homage from thee;
Flag of our nation, unfettered and free,
We've prayed o'er, and fought for you, Old Liberty!

Red for your blood that was shed not in vain;
White for your honor which bears not a stain;
Blue, the true hope that forever shall reign
The white dove of peace o'er our country's domain.

Pride of our nation, and pulse of its heart,
None shall dismantle or tear you apart!
Free from corruption, deceit, or its art,
God bless and impress you, new strength to impart.

—Florence W. Butler.

SAFEGUARDING THE HEALTH OF JACKSON TRAINING SCHOOL BOYS

By S. G. Hawfield, Superintendent

It is generally recognized that good health is an essential pre-requisite for happiness and success in the lives of all. This applies to young people as well as to adults.

Believing this to be true, the officials of the Stonewall Jackson Training School have assumed the responsibility of keeping the robust boy well, and bringing the boy who ranks low in physical vigor, up to standard. It is believed that the boys here should be given a chance to come into their highest physical efficiency, and that this is possible through a balanced health program of cleanliness, wholesome food, medical care, clinics and and immunizations.

I. Infirmary

The School owns and operates its own infirmary, which is in charge of a resident registered nurse. In addition to the nurse, the boys have the benefit of the services of a part-time physician, Dr. R. M. King, of Concord, who makes daily calls to the infirmary, and is also available for emergency calls.

Any boy who is found to be running more than normal temperature is put to bed and kept there until he can be examined by the physician. Boys who report with boils or skin sores are given treatment and, if necessary, held until they can be further treated by the physician. Tetanus treatments are also given when needed. Tonsil patients are carefully supervised until ready to be discharged.

The infirmary is a beautiful one-story brick building, of fireproof construction. The floors are inlaid composition, placed on a concrete base. This building has the following facilities and equipment:

1—Large reception room.
2—Twenty-five beds.
3—Quarantine section for ten patients, with private entrance.
4—Two wards.
5—Matron's quarters—room and bath.
6—Nurses' quarters—two rooms and bath.
7—Operating room (for minor cases.)
8—Large kitchen, for preparing trays and meals for patients and attendants.
9—Officers' dining room.
10—Sun porch for convalescents.
11—Steam-heating plant, with stoker feed.
12—Medical supplies for first-aid purposes.

II. Dental Clinic

The School co-operates with the State Board of Health in providing a dental clinic of eight weeks, divided into two periods, during the year. In addition to this, provision is made for emergency treatments, given by reputable dentists in the city of Concord.

August 28th marked the termination of a four weeks' clinic, conducted by

Dr. A. D. Underwood. Dr. Underwood is one of the very best trained dentists in the state. He has an excellent disposition for handling boys, and has been very popular among the lads at the School. He has given special emphasis to dental education, and has tried to get the boys to understand that the person who suffers from bad teeth individually pays the biggest price for neglect.

The following is a tabulation of dental work at the School for the last twelve months:

Number children treated	451
Number amalgam fillings	267
Number cement fillings	155
Number silver nitrate treatments	422
Number teeth extracted	168
Number teeth cleaned	429

III. Tonsil Clinic

Each year provision is made for a tonsil clinic. During the month of August, this year, Dr. R. B. Rankin, of Concord, removed the tonsils of twenty-four boys. Considerable emphasis is given to the importance of having defective tonsils removed before the boys are committed to the School. However, this is not always done. The School nurse estimates that approximately 75 per cent of those who enter without undergoing this operation, ultimately need it. The policy is to get this done as soon as possible, in order that the period of training at the School may be of most benefit.

Emergency cases are given treatment throughout the year.

IV. Typhoid Immunization

Early in the month of September of each year the vaccine for the prevention of typhoid is given those who have not had it within the last three years. This applies to all boys in the School. The first of the three "shots" is given by members of the staff from the Cabarrus County Health Department, and the last two are administered by the School nurse.

V. Wholesome Food

One of the basic needs for good health, of course, is good, wholesome food which has been well prepared. The records of the School indicate that practically every boy enrolled gains regularly in weight. They gain from the very beginning.

At least one quart of milk is supplied to each boy daily, and most of them get more than this. In addition, they are given ice cream twice each week, and milk is used in breads and other foods.

Vegetables and fruits represent rather important items of food. Care is used in planning for spring, summer and fall garden produce. Among the vegetables grown on the farm are tomatoes, onions, cabbage, mustard, turnips, kale, bunch beans, butter beans, corn, peppers, peas, Irish potatoes and sweet potatoes.

At present the School has on hand 850 gallons of peaches and 1975 gallons of tomatoes, for winter use, canned in the School cannery.

The School operates its own bakery. The items of food prepared here are lightbread, cornbread, cakes, pies, rolls, and baked sweet potatoes for use in all cottages. A very high quality of lightbread is furnished; it is well-seasoned with fresh milk, lard and sugar. It requires 100 pounds of corn meal daily; 150 pies are dis-

tributed each week, and 3,000 rolls on Wednesdays.

The meats most frequently used are beef, bacon, oysters, weiners, fish and chicken.

The cooking which has to be done in the cottages is done by the boys who have been trained and who are supervised by cottage matrons. It is felt that this training is of a semi-vocational nature, and forms the basis for better understandings in family living later in life.

During the fruit season the boys receive an abundance of fruits, especially grapes, cantaloups and watermelons. Some fruits are canned when the quantity permits.

VI. Cleanliness

It is recognized that cleanliness is a big factor in good health. The School officials emphasize this fact in all situations as often as possible.

The School nurse inspects the cottages regularly and suggests where improvements should be made.

The dairy barn is cleansed thoroughly each day, and only Grade "A" milk is given to the boys. Cottages and other buildings are re-painted at intervals as needed. Good housekeeping is stressed constantly among the cottage matrons and officers. The School itself is situated on a high elevation, and there is excellent drainage in all directions.

The boys go swimming in the School's swimming pool twice each week. In the summer time they take shower baths every night before retiring. They are now being required to use night clothing, either shorts or pajamas, at all times. The bed linen is being changed from top to bottom once each week.

A high standard toward which all matrons strive is to make the cottage neat and clean, attractive, and as home-like as possible. The goal is to inculcate high regard for happy home living in all of its aspects. It is the hope of the officials that the School will supply for each boy an ideal home, so far as is possible.

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AMERICA

I know a land so fair and broad
Where men are free to think and toil;
Where honest zeal wins just reward,
And all may own and till the soil,
No other land so broad and free,
The land I love, America.

Oh, in that land my home shall be
Where'er my birthplace may have been;
To thee I pledge my fealty,
None else shall my allegiance win.
Oh, I would give my life for thee,
Dear land I love, America.

—Mary K. Buck.

RESOURCES WHICH WERE ONLY SCRAP

By Dr. Hunter B. Blakely

We are making a great discovery —there are resources which we thought were only scrap. Our riches had blinded us to our values, but the vast needs for victory have pulled our eyes open. Scrap is a vital resource and must be put to work.

We are out to find the things which had been cast aside—old iron, cast-away steel, metals of all kinds, rubber, rope, burlap, old rags, discarded fats. The scrap must get into circulation again. From the junk piles, the attic, the basements, the garbage heaps, and from any and every out-of-the-way place the cast-offs that we thought were useless must come forth to be fashioned into airplanes, tanks, guns, rubber tires, new clothes, explosives—and into victory. This all-out war demands all resources. It can't be won unless we use the forgotten things. We are learning a great lesson in conservation—victory and waste are incompatible—waste is in alliance with Hitler.

The campaign for scrap has beneficent results, beyond creating the sinues for victory. Eliminating waste restores orderliness, recreates beauty, and instills into the landscape the sensation of usefulness. We have seen the country of colosal wasters, casting aside as useless as much as some people had for their living. Perhaps now the urgencies of today will instruct us in both economy and in order.

There are resources of personality which we thought were only scrap, or at least we left them unused. Very few of us have ever lived up to the maximum of our abilities. Many of our talents were kept out of circulation, laid up in a napkin and hid away in the ground, as the parable suggests.

Most men are stronger than they know. We don't succumb from overwork or from being overburdened but because we are "driving with our brakes on, racing our motors, grinding our mental gears." We have untapped capacities which we have never used and which may be called up and put into service. The times demand that the unused resources of personality be put into circulation.

Think of those unused capacities to forget self and to serve the commonwealth. Most of us are somewhat chronic grouchers, asking first what the results will be to us personally. It is time to call up our capacity to forget self and dedicate our best to our nation, for self dwindles into insignificance in view of the vast consequences of defeat or victory.

Most of us will have to use the untapped reserves of courage before this calamity has passed. We can endure more hardship, more sorrow, more loss than we now think for few have ever exhausted the capacity of enduring.

For many the resources of religion have been left on the scrap heap of the unnecessary and the unused. The

neglectors had better start seeking the unlimited resources of the Eternal God, for "you can bet your boots" that they are going to need God before they get out of this time of trying.

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WHERE IS SHANGRI-LA?

Where is this place called Shangri-La
From which our heroes flew
To hurl down bombs on Tokyo
And other Jap towns too?
Where is this mythic airplane base
That's not on any maps.
Where Yankee fliers started off
To take war to the Japs?

This Shangri-La's a coral isle,
Hid in far-out sea,
It is a factory in Detroit,
A camp in Tennessee.
It is a motor shop in Flint,
It is the workmen's chant
As caterpillars grow from steel
In East Peoria's plant.

It is the Corpus Christi base,
A shell plant in Mobile,
A shop where old men help to make
War items out of steel;
It is the lonely night watch there
In Sitka and in Nome.
It is a soldier's mother's heart
Lonely, but brave, at home.

It is the lad who saves his dimes,
To buy more Victory Stamps.
The man who wheels big loads of shells
Up on the loading ramps.
Yes, Shangri-La, that mythic place,
Where airmen started out
To bomb Japan with all their might
Is not a place of doubt;
For it is quite close to home,
And is a way off far—
It's every place in the wide world
Where U. S. Patriots are!

—St. Clouds Sentinel.

PEOPLE'S MUSIC

By Nancy Schallert Loftin

Winston-Salem recently heard the birth-cries of a new sort of music.

It was "community music"—directed, produced and presented by the people and for the people, in a series of four concerts comprising the first "Greater Winston-Salem Music Festival."

The music itself was as new as the latest jazz-song and as old as the stately chorals of the Moravians, who have been filling the Salem hills with music for some two hundred years. Combined in the festival were Mozart opera and ballet, modern American folk-drama and ancient sacred music, all blended into a refreshing sort of musical free-for-all.

North Carolina's young, growing Festival Opera Group of youthful musicians and singers presented the operatic numbers. The Festival, expected to become an annual event in the city, was sponsored by the new Citizens' Music Committee of the Winston-Salem Chamber of Commerce as part of its forward-looking program for cultural development in the field of the arts.

Unique in a very special sense, the entire series of four concerts was underwritten by Winston-Salem citizens with an interest in music, who, with contributions ranging from one dollar to one hundred dollars, became "patrons" of the festival. Admission to everyone in the city was free, and the 2,300-seat R. J. Reynolds Memorial Auditorium rang to the rafters with the applause of citizens from all walks of life.

On the evening of July 22, the festival opened with two one-act Mozart operas and a Mozart ballet, in themselves unusual enough to rate a celebration. Neither opera had ever before been given in the United States in quite the same manner in which it was presented here. First of them, "The Impressario," had never been given in America in its present version prior to its presentation this summer by the N. C. Festival Opera Group in several Piedmont cities. A little-known comic opera and a satire on opera itstlf, it was presented in a new translation by Clifford Bair, festival director and head of Salem College's department of voice and opera dramatics.

The Mozart ballet, "Les Petites Riens," a gay and courtly ballet filled with intricate solo dances against a background of ensemble work, was produced by a ballet corps from the Dorminy Dance Studios of Winston-Salem.

Second of the operas was Mozart's "Bastien and Bastienne," given for the first time in America in this summer Festival Opera Group series as it has been traditionally presented for hundreds of pears at Salzbury's famous Mirabell Garden Theatre. This presentation included the introductory ballet pantomime, "Les Petites Reins," and interpolated dances in both the overture and the finale.

Presented on the next evening of the festival—July 23—was the new top-flight American music-play, Ernst Bacon's "A Tree on the Plains." Winston-Salem citizens heard its fifth performance; it had its world premiere at

the Spartanburg, S. C., Music Festival on May 2, 1942, and has since been performed only by the N. C. Festival Opera Group in Piedmont North Carolina cities. This opera, commissioned by the American League of Composers, has already received nationwide acclaim and has been heralded by the national musical press as a definite sign that American music is ,'finding itself." Critics have called it the natural successor to George Gershwin's immortal "Porgy and Bess."

Ernst Bacon, who wrote the score, is the young head of the Converse College department of music and is rapidly gaining recognition for his work in composition. He attended the Winston-Salem performance of his work. Paul Horgan, widely-known author, wrote the libretto. The two men turned away from everything exotic and foreign and wrote an opera as American as chewing tobacco, bath-tubs and "Stardust." For their source material, they went to the farmers of the Dust Bowl. In life lived on the simplest terms they sought to find operatic material of beauty and significance, and they succeeded. Out of a typically American fount of song—jazz-songs, gospel hymns, ballads, nursery rhymes and folk songs—they have developed a beautiful and frequently noble score; a score entirely fitting for presentation by just such young American singers as those who performed recently for their fellow Americans in Winston-Salem.

The city-wide festival reached its half-way mark with "A Tree on the Plains." In addition, two other events were presented. On the evening of July 25, the Festival Orchestra under the baton of James Christian Pfhol—Davidson College's director of music—presented a "pop" concert of light summer music in Reynolds Auditorium. The next evening, the festival was climaxed with an out-of-doors concert of sacred and patriotic music in the amphitheatre of Reynolds Park. The Festival Orchestra, the Moravian Band and a 150-voice chorus of singers from the city's church choirs and music clubs—performing under the stars—provided the colorful finale to the festival. A large audience joined in many of the songs; thus making the event a huge "community sing."

All the operatic offerings of the Festival were presented with full orchestra, costuming and scenery. Roles were sung by students and teachers of the summer school conducted each year at different colleges in the state by the North Carolina Festival Opera Group. Six weeks during the summer at some North Carolina college, the Group conducts a lesson
the Group conducts a session of well-rounded opera training. Last year it was held at Salem College; this year it was conducted at the Woman's College of the University of North Carolina, Greensboro.

The school is designed to give training and experience to young singers of merit. It is unique in that it aims at actual full-scale production, an unusual opportunity for any young singer. College credit is given for work done at the school. Last summer, its productions of Smetanan's "The Bartered Bride" and Mozart's "The Abduction from the Harem" were widely praised. They reached a composite audience of more than 10,000 North Carolinians.

This summer school, in addition to its performances in the Winston-

Salem Festival, has presented the Mozart operas and the new Bacon opera in High Point, Chapel Hill and Greensboro.

As Bacon's opera is being heralded as the father of future American opera, so is the new Winston-Salem festival indicative of the future trend of native American music. It was a musical event produced by a community and its neighbors; out of their own talent and for themselves. Each group of citizens gave widely of their time or ability or money to make possible the city-wide enjoyment of good music. The festival was living proof that American music has not only "come of age"; it has also "come home"—back to the people and back to the land.

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HOW WE LEARN

Great truths are dearly bought. The common truth
Such as men give and take from day to day
Comes in the common walks of easy life,
Blown by the careless wind across our way.

Bought in the market, at the current price,
Bred of the smile, the jest, perchance the bowl,
It tells no tale of daring or of worth,
Nor pierces even the surface of the soul.

Great truths are greatly won. Not found by chance,
Nor wafted on the breath of summer dream,
But grasped in the great struggle of the soul,
Hard buffeting with adverse wind and stream.

Not in general mart, 'mid corn and wine,
Not in the merchandise of gold and gems,
Not in the world's gay halls of midnight mirth,
Not 'mid the blaze of regal diadems.

But in the day of conflict, fear, and grief,
When the strong hand of God, put forth in might,
Plows up the sub-soil of the stagnant heart,
And brings the imprisoned truth-seed to the light.

Wrung from the troubled spirit in hard hours
Of weakness, solitude, perchance of pain,
Truth springs, like harvest, from the well-plowed field,
And the soul feels it has not wept in vain.

—Horatius Bonar.

PUPPETS AND THUNDER

By Owenita Sanderlin

Thunder roared, lightning flashed, and a greenish-white skeleton danced weirdly to the tune of the Funeral March. His bones danced together, and then, like the partners in a minuet, they separated to dance alone. His arms and legs went east and west, and just after he had danced into his open grave, his head popped impudently up to the sky, and down again.

The little red curtain fell, bouncing sympathetically. The children shrieked applause, and up on the bridge the puppeteers grinned in relief. Once again, Sir Skeleton had come through without tangling.

There were three of them standing over the stage—a tiny, dark-eyed girl whose hair was piled high on her head, a broad-shouldered boy with a shock of sandy hair and pleasant eyes, and a lively-looking red-headed girl—seated at the piano, coming back to earth after the last melancholy strains of the Funeral March, was the Maestro, a long-fingered, solemn boy whose eyes looked vauge and dreamy behind thick glasses.

"Here come the kids!" Sandy warned cheerfully, and he hung the skeleton, a Chinese puzzle of strings and bones, out of reach.

Topknot buttoned her smock over her immaculate white skirt, anticipating sticky fingers.

Reds leaped from the bridge with a crash, and felt around in the semi-darkness for the light switch. Just as she flooded the backstage with light, she fell over something, landed sprawling, looking straight into the terrified eyes of a strange boy who was crouching over the property trunk. He looked, she thought, about her own age, and as if he would be incredibly tall when unfolded.

Before she could get her breath back, he turned and ran, a puppet cow clutched in his hands. Reds watched a few seconds without moving, she was so surprised. Then she was up and after him, through the back curtains, before the other puppeteers realized anything was wrong.

Reds could run, but she was no match for those long legs. She just managed to keep them in sight. Two blocks from the church she ran out of breath and sank down on the curbstone. "You stop!" she shouted indignantly.

Incredibly, he did stop; and he turned and came toward her, holding out the puppet, his large ears very red.

"I'm sorry," he muttered, and handed her the puppet at arm's length.

"What's the idea?" she panted fiercely.

He looked as if he would like to run again, but he was worried enough to ask, "Are you hurt? Are you all right?"

"I'll be all right," she admitted. "Now come on, 'fess up. Are you just a common thief, or a kleptomaniac, or what?" She glanced at the wooden cow she was now holding, and grinned up at him. What a thing to steal!

Reds was not exactly beautiful, but her grin was a joy forever. It made friends whenever it happened.

The boy avoided her searching eyes, but he told the story. I was just looking at the puppets. I think

they're wonderful. And then when you—I—"

"And then when I spied 'im and sat down beside 'im," prompted Reds, a la Mother Goose.

He looked a little less solemn at that. "The fact is—I—I didn't realize I still had the cow when I ran."

"Oh, I see," Reds said. "You wanted to see the puppets but not us."

He nodded, embarrassed.

"Want to work her?" Reds asked quickly. She showed him how, then glanced up into his face suspiciously, as the cow, under his skilled fingers cropped grass at the edge of the sidewalk. "You've done it before."

"Well—yes. Just some I made." His ears were red again.

"We need another puppeteer. Why don't you try out? Come back and meet the company now," Reds suggested with her usual impulsive abandon.

"Oh, no," he exploded earnestly. "Why not?"

He couldn't answer, but Reds knew why. Maybe he was self-conscious like that because of his unusual height. Reds, always the crusader, decided to take the matter in hand.

So, awkward, protesting but helpless against Reds' determination, John was led back into the company.

But, as John ducked into the vestry door behind her, Reds feared she had picked a bad time for the introduction. Topknot confronted her, sizzling with grievances, the skeleton dangling from her hand.

"Where've you been? Leaving us with all those children swarming around! One of them dropped the skeleton, and I've just finished stringing him up again."

"Oh, I'm sorry!" Reds knew that was a tedious job, which only Topknot's nimble fingers could manage.

"And we've got to pack up. I would like to get home before midnight. And what was the idea of your telling the superintendent we would do this show for half price? How do you expect to work your way through college that way?"

"But it's for the benefit of the mission, Toppy. We couldn't charge more than half—"

Sandy looked appealingly at the Maestro and mopped his brow. The situation was getting tense.

"It was all right, of course," Sandy said soberly. "Topknot doesn't mind. Only you should have asked us."

"I—I know. I didn't think." For a moment, Reds was miserable. Her impulses were always running away with her. Then she brightened. With a flourish, she introduced John. "Our new puppeteer!" She announced. "Wait till you see—"

She stopped, at the flash of Topknot's eyes. "Still manageing the show?" Topknot flared, while the Maestro played soothing music. She looked John over scornfully. "But this isn't a circus," she went on. "We dont need—"

At the misery in the boy's face, she bit her lip and stopped abruptly, so ashamed of herself that she was even more angry at Reds for provoking her to it.

John was trying to slip out, but Reds eagerly snatched the skeleton from Topknot, and thrust it at John. "Just show them how good you—Oh!" she cried. "The skeleton, in John's fumbling fingers, had fallen with a crash to the floor.

Topknot, her face white with fury,

picked up the tangled heap and went off into a corner without a word. Reds, penitent and incoherent, followed, tried to explain what it would mean to John if he could make good—how it would cure his shyness, bring him happiness.

Sandy took a step toward Topknot, then shook his head and turned, with a friendly smile, to John, who was quietly leaving.

"Let'e see what you can do," Sandy suggested.

Sandy gave John a work-out—manipulation, voice, even scene-shifting. John was really good, and there was a faint gleam of hope in his eyes—though he still protested.

"I don't see why we can't try you," Sandy said warmly, and called, "Topknot, how about—"

Topknot strolled over with the restrung skeleton. "I heard," she said coolly. "And now that you have your new puppeteer, you can count me out. I'm in this thing to make money, not to run a reform school."

There was a long silence. Then Sandy shook his head. "You don't mean that, Topknot."

"But we can't get along without you," Reds cried, forgetting her anger.

All four of them were thinking of the same thing—the company without Topknot, without her lovely voice and clever fingers. It would just fold up.

"But—I do menn that," she said, and walked out quickly, to hide her tears. They all sensed her tears, knew that she was too proud to stay around after being so cruel to John. And they knew that she wouldn't come back.

For the next two weeks, John worked night and day, and Reds and Sandy worked with him, until the company could function again. Engagments were hard to get. It began to look as if college would have to be put off for a year. Then came the offer from Mr. Woods. He was considering featuring a puppet show in the toy department of his store. Would they like to give him an audition.? Would they!

They had worked up Aladdin and his Wonderful Lamp into a beautiful show. The sets were dripping with Oriental magic, and the puppets seemed alive. The lines were funny and exciting. Mr. Woods and his staff were favorably impressed when the little red curtain rose.

Aladdin, the lazy, good-for-nothing boy, strolled onto the stage and did a couple of hand-springs. He wouldn't behave, and his poor mother wept for him and for the empty larder. After she had gone sadly into the house, the Magician appeared.

Mr. Woods and his staff clapped noisly. The bearded villian was magnificent. But a moment passed, a moment of silence. Then a wooden crossbar came hurtling from the sky and hit the magician over the head, tangling him in his own strings. And at the same time, the voice of the magician, which should have said, "Good day, Aladdin," said, "I can't," instead. It was John.

The little red curtain banged down, but in a few minutes it was up again. Somehow the company carried on, though John was too shaken to do his part. The play dragged.

After the show, the company faced Mr. Woods with red ashamed faces. "You have a nice little show there," he said; but he did not add what they

had hoped to hear. He did not hire them.

"Mr. Woods," John said earnestly. "It was my fault the show was bad. It's a good show. They can get a good person to take my place. I—I just let them down."

Mr. Woods said only, politely, "I'm sorry.

"Come on, John," Reds said, taking his arm. The company packed up. They didn't say much, just miserably, "Pass the thumbtacks, will you?" "Unscrew that light."

Sandy sooked over at John, who was working hard with a tight, hurt look on his face. "It was nice of you to tell Mr. Woods, Johnny—"

"I'm a coward," John said bitterly. "Only it never hurt anybody but me before. Why didn't you leave me alone?" he asked Reds almost savagely.

"You never get stage fright that bad after the first time," Reds encouraged, feebly.

"Stop being kind to me!" John said in a hoarse strained voice. "Why don't you say how bad you feel about losing this chance? Stop being polite!" he almost shouted.

"Of course we're all cut up about failing tonight," Sandy said. "All four of us. But," he added quietly, "we won't fail again."

"Maybe you won't have another chance," John said.

Reds walked over to him. "If you don't stop thinking about yourself," she said furiously, "we'll throw you out of the company."

Suddenly John realized what these friends of his meant. They believed in him more than he believed in himself. He wasn't fired. "I won't fail again," he agreed.

They didn't have another chance for several weeks. Summer was passing and there was no assurance that they would make the money they needed to enter college in the fall. Then Mrs. Delarue decided that she would have puppets at her little girl's birthday party. She had seen Sandy's company at the mission benefit performance, and liked it.

It was then that John went to see Topknot. He walked up the steps to her house slowly. The old fear of people clutched at him as he rang the bell.

When she came, herself, to the door, he stood looking down at her for a moment with dry lips. Then he said, "I'd like to talk to you."

He told her the story of the show at Wood's Department Store.

"I'm sorry they didn't get the engagment," Topknot said coldly. What am I supposed to do about it?"

He asked her then, if she would help them out on the show for Mrs. Delarue. He told her how they missed her, wanted her back, and he promised he would keep off the bridge and act only as the company electrician if she wanted it that way.

"Why did they send you for me?" she asked suddenly, curiously.

"They didn't send me," he admitted.

"You—came on your own hook?" Topknot asked incredulously. "Well, you are improving!" She could see that he was afraid of her, but he was keeping his feet on the floor. "Oh, very well, I'll come back for the show," she said carelessly. "I sort of miss the puppets.

Not until he got safely out of the house onto the sidewak did John's knees begin their rat-a-tatting. "I

didn't even stutter," he thought wonderingly.

Sandy and Reds and the Maestro were wild with delight when Topknot walked in to rehearsal. But, still ashamed, and too proud to apologize, she greeted them without much warmth, and put things strictly on a business basis.

It was still that way the day of Kitty Delarue's birthday party. The Delarue estate was in a park, and the gate through the woods seemed endless.

The woods were dark, although the sultry afternoon was only beginning. A distant rumble broke through the hot sky. Lightning flashed a quick signal of warning.

"Hope we make it before the rain," shuddered Reds. Their old car didn't have any side curtains.

A blinding jag of lightning seemed to stretch from the livid sky to the trees over their heads. Thunder rocketed across the clouds directly above them.

Topknot screamed.

"When in a thunder storm, get out from under the trees," Reds remarked humorously.

The car chugged on. It began to rain, but at first the rain only pattered on the leaves above. Then, "Look!" cried Sandy, peering down the gloomy woods road ahead. A great oak had fallen across the road, barring their passage.

It was immovable—they tried to move it. They pushed until their hands were scratched and torn, Reds and the boys, but it wouldn't budge. And there was no way around it.

"We have to be there by three, and we're already late," Sandy groaned.

Another deafening crash split the skies, and the rain broke through the leafy roof in torrents.

Topknot had been cowering alone in the car. Now she sprang out and ran madly, scrambling over the tree trunk.

"Wait! Wait!" called Reds. "Carry some of the stuff. The house can't be far."

Topknot ran stumbling out of sight.

The four divided the load between them, and just managed it. Everything was soaking wet, but the important thing was to get it all into the house.

"There it is!" Reds pointed at the mansion, which was in sight, but at some distance. Their bundles were too heavy, but the sight of a goal made it possible for them to carry on.

The storm was at its height. John, striding ahead, found Topknot crouched at the foot of a tree, her face white with fear and pain. "Please help me," she sobbed. I've turned my ankle."

John had a heavy suitcase in each hand, and he couldn't leave them in the rain. but he bent over quickly.

"Can you get on my back?" he asked.

"Oh, yes!" she cried eagerly, terrified at the thought of being left alone in the storm.

Somehow he managed to get her into the house. The minute he put her down, her cheeks began to get pink again.

The others were arriving. Mrs. Delarue, a little worried at their lateness, was showing them where to place the stage.

"I—I can help," Topknot insisted.

"You can't work on that foot," Reds said firmly. "So just sit yourself down and forget it."

Topknot looked at Reds' determined,

anxious face. Then blushed. "I can work all right," she said in a low voice. "I—maybe I didn't really hurt my ankle. I was so scared."

The stage was up in time. The show was the best they had ever given. The lines flashed gaily back and forth between Topknot and Sandy and Reds and John. The children screamed with laughter, and stormed applause. Nothing went wrong. At the end the puppeteers looked at each other in perfect friendliness.

Then Topknot fainted.

"Oh, look," Reds cried. Topknot's ankle was swollen to almost twice its natural size.

John eased off her shoe, and Mrs. Delarue, who had come backstage to congratulate them, remained to help Reds with Topknot's ankle. Topknot, revived, was looking pale but happy.

"You certainly are a trooper," Reds said admiringly, and the rest of the puppeteers hovered about, agreeing.

"You certainly are," Mrs. Delarue said warmly. And before she left them, to wait for the doctor, she spun off a string of her friends who would be sure to want puppet shows in the near future.

"Oh, my," Reds breathed happily.

The Maestro's fingers on the keys found a quaint wooden melody, which he played with a background of magnificent storm.

"We'll name it—Puppets and Thunder," the Maestor said.

Topknot looked out of the window beside her. The sun sent long slanting fingers of gold through the broken-up clouds, and the leaves were all glistening.

"The storm is over," she said softly —and grinned at John.

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FAITH

I don't understand the hills,
Or the bounding sea,
Or the laughing mountain rills—
How they came to be.
I don't understand the sun,
Or the twinkling star—
How they ever were begun,
But I know they are.

So with faith—its mysteries
I cannot analyze,
Holding certain verities
Too deep for my eyes;
But I know this heart of mine
Rises from despair
Into joy and peace divine,
Knowing they are there.

—John Kendrick Bangs.

THE GINGLES MAN

By Harold E. Christie

I never knew his name. To me he was just "the Gingles man" from whom I had brought hundreds of useful little articles. He reappeared at regular intervals throughout the years, and I came to look forward to his visits.

He wasn't a salesman, in the sense of present-day high-pressure salesmanship. As a salesman in friendship and human-interest, he was a genius. His suit was always neatly pressed, but it showed the marks of home pressing. His shirts were scrupulously clean, but he wore them long after they began to fray at the collars and cuffs. Occasionally I would catch a glimpse of a home-applied sole to his neatly polished shoes.

Few people in our neighborhood permitted him to leave their homes without purchasing some small article from him. Sometimes he would sit on my back porch for an hour, chatting agreeably, and never mentioning the articles in his kit. I have seen thousands of better salesmen. I've never seen a more contented one, or one whom I welcomed more sincerely when I heard his timid knock on my door.

I did not buy of him the first time I met him. I was rather gruff with him when he knocked on the door and timidly inquired if "the lady of the house" were at home.

"She's asleep," I growled. "What do you want?"

"I'm the Gingles man," he answered, smiling. "We—we've a special bargain this week, and I'm thinking she'd like to see it."

"I'm afraid she wouldn't be interested," I answered, shutting the door to prevent any further argument. And as he walked down the steps, I grinned. I wished all salesmen were as easy to intimidate. I watched as he approached the gate. He paused a moment, and I could see his lips move. Then his shoulders straightened, and he walked on to the next house.

The lady of the house was awake, and she had overheard the conversation. She kept a watch on the next-door house, and when she saw the man finally emerge from the door, she raised the window and called: "Oh, Mr. Gingles man, I want to see you."

He smiled, and as he made his way back to the house, the lady of the house settled herself on the front step to await him. The man made no mention of a "special," nor made any effort to sell anything. "Tom, meet Mr. Gingles man," the lady of the house said, introducing me. I noticed a button on his lapel which said that he had seen service overseas. It established a mutual link, and I mentioned it.

"Yes," he replied, "I was with the first group that went across, and I stayed until we evacuated the Rhine district." But he immediately changed the conversation to a philosophic discussion, and I perceived that he was a philosopher of no mean ability.

When he made ready to go, the lady of the house insisted on buying a bottle of vanilla, and he took his departure courteously and with a smile.

"Tell me about 'the Gingles man,'" I asked of the lady of the house. "As he left after his first call, he stopped

at the gate, looked about, and muttered something. I would have thought he was cursing me."

"Oh," she replied, "I heard him say once, whenever he goes to a house where he is received coldly he never leaves the premises until he has discovered something beautiful about which to think. It may be only a flower growing by the gate, or a child playing in a sand pile. In that way he carries away from that home the picture of something lovely instead of something harsh and disagreeable. And, he says, as he leaves he utters a prayer that when he returns to that home everything about it will be as pleasant as the little flower or the little child.

"And, Tom, he has every housewife in the neighborhood believeing in his philosophy. We try to make our homes as pleasant as the Gingles man wants them to be."

"Hm-m-m," I muttered, only half understanding.

"And I didn't buy that vanilla because I needed it. I bought it because I wanted to get some more of the man's philosophy of life."

And it dawned upon me that "the Gingles man" had more to sell than temporal things, and that he, among all salesmen, was the greatest.

———:———

MERCY IN THE JUNGLE

As the Japanese army moved toward the Burma Road, a Baptist missionary doctor did his utmost to repair the damage done to the bodies of Chinese soldiers and natives of the Shan States by bombs and other weapons. When Dr. Gordon S. Seagrave had to abandon his station hospital, due to war conditions, he opened new service stations wherever it was possible. It is easy to see the terrific burden that was laid upon Dr. Seagrave and his associates, especially in the march to Assam with General Stilwell. Since his arrival in India, Dr. Seagrave has been commissioned a major in the U. S. Army and has been awarded the Order of the Purple Heart, a rare distinction. Owing to his almost miraculous ability to use "cast-offs" and to temporize instruments for emergency needs, Dr. Seagrave is called "The Waste-Basket Surgeon," which is the title of one of his fascinating books. With the resources of the Army Medical Corps to draw upon, he will be thinking himself "in clover." We hail this Christian hero who sets us the example of self-sacrifice, without any desire on his part for praise.

—Watchman-Examiner.

INSTITUTION NOTES

A few apples have been gathered in our orchards, and have been distributed among the cottages. While these are mostly very nice apples, the crop will not equal that of last year.

—:—

"The Marines Fly High" was the chief attraction at the regular motion picture show, last Thursday night. A comedy, "Aqua Poise," was shown at the same time. Both are R-K-O productions.

—:—

Workmen from the Duke Power Company have been replacing some poles on the power lines on the School grounds during the past few days. They also made a number of other minor repairs.

—:—

Our gardens are now producing some fine late string beans. A considerable quantity was recently gathered and, after issuing a good supply to each cottage kitchen, there was quite a surplus. The beans left over were taken to the cannery, where they were put up for winter use.

—:—

During the past two weeks, twenty-five Training School boys have had their tonsils removed at the Cabarrus County General Hospital, Concord. These operations were performed by Dr. R. B. Rankin, of Concord. All of these lads have returned to the School. The first group to undergo operations have assumed their regular places in the cottages, while the boys in the second group are still in the infirmary. All are getting along nicely.

Dr. A. D. Underwood, of the oral hygene department of the State Board of Health, who has been conducting a dental clinic at the School for the past two weeks, has completed his work and returned to his house. This was the second two-weeks period the genial doctor spent with us. Dr. Underwood has been conducting clinics at the School for several years, and has become a favorite with both the boys and officials.

—:—

Norman Smith, formerly of Cottage No. 12, who was allowed to return to his home in Aberdeen, May 1, 1941, called on friends at the School last Wednesday. At present he is driving a truck for the Linen White Laboratories, Aberdeen, and is getting along very well. In conversation with several staff members, Norman stated that he did not regret a single minute spent at the School, and that he had found the training received here had been of great benefit to him.

—:—

Just a few days ago, John Crumpler, of Cottage No. 2, received a telegram from his mother, who lives in Mt. Olive, stating that his brother, Lawton Crumpler, Jr., had been killed in action somewhere in the Pacific fighting area. This young man, nineteen years old, had been a member of the United States Marine Corps for two years. John's father, Lawton Crumpler, Sr., is also a member of our armed forces. When last heard from he was a member of a field artillery battery, and was stationed at Fort Bragg. John's many friends here, among both the boys and offi-

cers, deeply sympathize with him and other sorrowing relatives and friends in their hour of bereavement.

—:—

The regular service last Sunday afternoon was conducted by Rev. James W. Fowler, pastor of Kerr Street Methodist Church, Concord. In presenting Rev. Mr. Fowler to the boys, Superintendent Hawfield stated that it was a very happy occasion for him, since he was introducing a former pupil of his. He added that, as a boy in school, he was a fine lad, and now that he had become an ordained minister of the Gospel, he was extremely proud of him.

As texts for the subject he wished to speak to the boys about. Rev. Mr. Fowler made two selections: John 3:16—"For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten son, that whosoever believeth in him, should not perish, but have everlasting life," and John 3:17—"For God sent not his son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through him might be saved."

At the beginning of his remarks, the speaker expressed his appreciation of the opportunity to visit the School. He complimented the boys on their singing, saying that it was the very best singing group of boys he had ever heard. He added that in coming to a School, with Mr. Hawfield at its head, he felt very much at home, and hoped that he might soon count everyone here among his friends, and visit us often.

Rev. Mr. Fowler then told his listeners that in the words of the text, we learn that God really loves the world, and that Jesus, God's gift to us, has the power to save us, if we will only do his bidding.

He then told this story: One afternoon, a group of country women were sitting on the porch of a fashionable home. Some were sewing, some were knitting, and all were enjoying a very pleasant visit. Nearby a very small boy and girl were playing. Unnoticed by the ladies, the youngsters slipped off to the orchard to get some apples. Shortly after crawling under the wire fence, they heard a great roaring sound, looked up and saw a large bull, standing some distance away, pawing the dirt. The children screamed, as did the ladies on the porch, and great excitement reigned. It seemed that no one knew what to do. There was one creature that knew what to do. It was an old shaggy shepard dog, "Shep," who had been lying nearby, lazily sunning himself. Old Shep listened for a moment, and then went into action. He sensed the dangerous position the children were in, and attracted the bull's attention just as he was about to charge on the little boy and girl. Shep grabbed the bull by the nose; the infuriated animal roared loudly, but old Shep held on until the women called the children to a place of saftey. Then Shep, bleeding from wounds acquired when he hurriedly scrambled through the wire fence, bruised by the bull, went back to his place in the shade to lick his wounds and take another nap. That dog was a savior, said the speaker. He really saved the lives of those children.

Ages ago, said Rev. Mr. Fowler, God heard the cries of suffering humanity, people who were deeply concerned about their well-being, but seemed not to know what to do. He sent His son, Jesus Christ into the world to save the people from their

sins. Christ lived on earth among men. He knew the cause of their troubles, and tried to teach them to live in such a manner as to save them. After ministering to men for a few years, he even suffered the agonies of the cross, and gave his life that men might be saved from their sins. While nailed upon Calvary's tree he did not say, "Look what I am doing for the world." He simply endured the torture, without the least complaint, that we might be saved.

Rev. Mr. Fowler then told the boys another story, as follows: There was once a small boy who thoughtlessly did all sorts of things that were wrong. One day, upon entering the yard, he caught his sleeve on the gate-post. Upon examination, he saw a number of nails driven into the post. The lad asked his father why the nails were there. The father replied, "Everytime you did what was wrong, I drove a nail into the post." The boy then asked if a nail might be pulled out each time he did a good deed, and dad assured him that he would be glad to do so. Some time later, the boy noticed that the nails were all out, but the post was terribly scarred. Realizing that he was the one who had caused the scars, he took the old post down, and put up a new one.

So it is with us, continued the speaker. Our souls become scarred by our misdeeds, but through Jesus Christ, our mistakes are forgiven and forgotten.

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Fowler, stated that God is indeed a loving father, and would not, under any circumstances, place us into the world, with all its dangers and evils, and not give us a chance to get back to Him. He sent Jesus down into the world to help us to return to Him and the joys of life in the heavenly kingdom, when life on earth is over.

If for no other reason, we should have been delighted to have had Rev. Mr. Fowler visit us, because of the fine message he brought. In addition to being a very good preacher, he is the possessor of a very fine tenor voice. We had heard of his reputation as a singer, and naturally, asked him to render a solo on this occasion. He very graciously obliged, and sang the number, "He Ransomed Me," in a most delightful manner. We at once decided that what had previously been said about his ability to sing, was quite true, and trust we may have the pleasure of hearing him many more times during his stay in Concord.

———:———

The kangaroo got its queer name because of a misunderstanding. When a British sea captain, putting in at an Australian harbor, asked a native the name of the strange-looking animal bounding about, the native answered, "Kan ga roo." The captain put to sea again, and the word kangaroo found its place in the dictionary. All the native had said to the visiting skipper was, "I don't understand.—Selected.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending August 30, 1942

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Jack Bateman
Howard Combs
John Hogsed
Roy Jones
Charles Pearson
Weaver Ruff
Malcom Seymour
Paul Smith
James Watts
Harry Wilson

COTTAGE NO. 1

Albert Allen
Thomas Barnes
N. A. Bennett
Wade Fisher
Richard Hudson
Durwood Martin
James Pitman
Jack Ray
Jack Reeves
Frank Walker

COTTAGE NO. 2

Raymond Brooks
William Butler
John Crumpler
Charles Tate
Newman Tate

COTTAGE NO. 3

Hurley Bell
Fred Bostian
Charles Beal
James Blake
Robert Coleman
Donald Daniels
Joseph Dew
Albert Hames
Dewey Lanning
Fonzer Pitman
Ralph Powell
Sam Pritchett
William Painter
Charles Rhodes
John Tolley
Earl Smith
Thomas Yates

COTTAGE NO. 4

Edward Batten
Jack Bright
William Broadwell
Leroy Childers
Mack Coggins
William Deaton
Marvin Howard
Robert Muse
Roy Patton
Simon Quick
Charles Simpson
Ernest Turner
George Ward
Jssse Williamson

COTTAGE NO. 5

John Lipscomb
Allen Morris
John M. Mazoo
William Penninger
J. H. Peek
David Stubbs
Wilford Seegers
Eldred Watts
Kenneth Wilson

COTTAGE NO. 6

Elgin Atwood
Kenneth Caldwell
Robert Hobbs
Gerald Kerman
Joseph Lane
Buddy Marshall
Rufus Massingill
Reitzel Southern
John Rhodes
Wesley Turner
William Wilkerson

COTTAGE NO. 7

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 8

Wilbur Russ
Frank Workman

COTTAGE NO. 9

Gerald Amos
David Cunningham
James Hale
Wilbur Hardin
Morris Johnson
Albert Newton

Leroy Pate
James Ruff
Lewis Sawyer
Glenn Wilcox

COTTAGE NO. 10

Forrest Davis
William Morgan
Charles Phillips
James Spear
Durham Smith
Clifford Spriggs
William Williams
Palmer Wilson

COTTAGE NO. 11

Bert Barnhardt
Noah Brown
William Guffey
A. B. Hoyle
T. B. Nowell
Everett Stamey

COTTAGE NO. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 13

James Johnson
William O'Brien

COTTAGE NO. 14

Robert Bailey
Robert Caudle
Henry Ennis
Aubrey Fargis
William Harding
Vernon Hardin
Lawrence Hord
Edward Kinion
William E. Lanford
Roy Mumford
Robert Moose
Joseph McKinney
Charles Pitman
Theodore Young
Robert Travis
Alvis Watkins

COTTAGE NO. 15

Fred Jenkins

INDIAN COTTAGE

Ernest Jacobs

INFIRMARY

Wilton Barfield
Henry Butler
Robert Padgett

———:———

COMPANIONSHIP

We need the lives of others to make our lives complete,
It takes the smiles of neighbors to light our humble street;
And all the joys we treasure would cold and sordid be
Unless another waited to share our victory.

For on a desert island where man must live alone,
Though heaped with gold and silver which he could call his own,
The stuff would lose its value and he would cease to care,
And he would sigh for someone with whom his wealth to share.

Fame were and empty glory without the friends who praise;
From others comes the splendor which crowns the toil of days;
There's none so great or humble but what he's sure to find
That with the lives of many, his life is intertwined.

—Selected.

CAROLINA

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXX CONCORD, N. C., SEPTEMBER 12, 1942 No. 37

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A DAY WELL SPENT

If we set down at set of sun
And account the things that we have done,
And, counting, find
One self-denying act, one word
That eased the heart of him who heard,
One glance most kind,
That fell like sunshine where it went,
Then we may count that day well spent.

—Selected.

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The Uplift

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LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

"DOGS AND CATS FIGHT, MEN REASON"

Four men, the greatest living authorities on Chinese culture, were in a conference endeavoring to decide the outstanding characteristics of the Chinese people. They unanimously agreed on the quality of reasonableness. If all peoples of the world were as reasonable as the Chinese, there would be no wars, and all disputes would be settled around a conference table.

There are two Chinese proverbs that summarize the Chinese attitude. The first is this: "If you lose your temper it is a sign that you have wrong on your side." And this is the second: "Dogs and cats fight, men reason."

Both of these proverbs might well be posted in every industrial plant, in every business office, in every Government office in the land. A tremendous amount of time is wasted by petty quarrels and disagreements. When we fight among ourselves we help the enemy in his fight against us. If we would settle all disputes in a spirit of reasonableness and good will, we would start moving forward with giant strides.

The next time you have a human relations problem to solve, try using the two Chinese proverbs. They are powelful harmonizers.—Sunshine Magazine.

THE PRESIDENT SPEAKS FEELINGLY

One could not but feel that every word spoken by President Roosevelt, in his fireside chat, 9:30 p. m., last Monday, had at heart the future welfare of every citizen of the nation, including those of every class, and intended to use the power imposed in him by virtue of his office in the sense of fairness and justice to all. He stressed the fact that this World War II was the most extensive and brutal ever known, and that the historians of the future would encounter difficulties in telling the story and giving it true coloring. Moreover, that the battles were not to be fought by our soldiers alone, but by every citizen with an understanding heart, knowing that unless we win the future holds for all free nations nothing but serfdom.

President Roosevelt feelingly said, "this is no time for luxuries

or places of ease and comfort," but the time to not only conserve, but to bend every effort to win the war, and "win we will." His fireside speech inspired a greater confidence in our Chief Executive, and we hope an awakening of those who have reposed in a lethargy, so to speak, will be realized. We hold fast to a lesson, learned in childhood, "might never makes right, and in the course of time, right will prevail."

* * * * * * * *

DON'T LOOK DOWN ON THE CHILD NOT GIFTED WITH BOOK SENSE

One has grown accustomed to snobbishness among certain groups of people of limited intelligence, but when it shows itself in the schools there is ground for disgusted astonishment.

The schools are the reflections of the people's ideas and there is no denying that the snobbishness of which I complain springs directly from the people. In the past, those who worked with their hands were classed as inferior to those who used their heads only, and the less they did, the higher in the social scale they placed themselves.

The way of life in these United States ended that idea or should have ended it, had not some mistaken people cherished it for their weak sakes. Take away their pretensions to importance and they were zeros; so one can scarcely blame them for fighting to hold their imitation rank.

What annoys me about the whole matter is that teachers and many school boards, continue to class children who do not stand high in book work as inferior to those who do and deny them admission to the schools that were really intended for the less book-minded children. Vocational schools were planned for those who were hand-gifted and they are usually less gifted in book work. What happened?

The schools started with the hand-minded children, and as soon as they were well organized the heads of the schools and the teachers began raising the academic barriers until they practically excluded the hand-minded pupils in favor of the book-minded ones. That in turn, forced the changes in the courses of study so that these vocational schools intended for education and development of manual skills, became cultural schools, repeating the work done by the al-

ready highly-organized high schools. Once more the potential trade workers were pushed out.

The heads of the schools and the teachers had been trained in the old-style schools and went back to their training. They thought in terms of book-minded children, taught on that basis, and the hand-minded child was unhappy and a misfit. Only where the heads of the schools, and the leaders in the teaching staff understood the potential values in their hand-minded pupils are the vocational schools functioning well. While the school people are greatly responsible the parents are more so.

When a child does not do too well in book work his parents feel disgraced although he may be a skilled worker in some worthy field. The child who gets A is honored beyond all others in the family. Over and over I have seen the skillful worker go to work to earn the money for the special education of the professional brother or sister and be looked down upon the while.

We need professional people true, but we need with an everlasting need the skilled worker. His way should be made easier, and his name written higher. The old notion that labor is low and thinking is high, work is menial and professional service honorable, in contrasts, must go and it must let go first in the minds of fathers and mothers.

Never mind the I. Q. Ask rather "What can this child do and how well can he do it?" and base his education and his honors accordingly.—Angelo Patri.

* * * * * * * *

A GOOD TOBACCO GROP

This year has been a fine one for the farmers who specialize in growing tobacco. The yield, we learn from reports, has been very satisfactory, and the financial results have not been very disapointing. In the sections of the state where tobacco is cultivated, if quantity, quality and prices measure up to meet the demands of living conditions, contentment prevails, therefore a hope for the future is felt throughout the community.

The tilling of the soil is not a job for the man who loiters under the shade of a tree when the sun is hot, or sits by the fireside when the weather is bleak, for on the farm there is work to do every day in the year. There is that indescribable something in the agricultur-

ist's life that inspires. Briefly, we feel it is faith in the Unseen Power that controls nature. He has said man shall live by the sweat of his brow.

It was by chance we once heard a conversation in which a farmer, sixty-four years old, and a young man, thirty-two years of age, working in a shop, gave an exchange of experiences. The young man said, "My knees are so weak at times from standing seven hours a day, lifting large sheets of metal, till I sometimes feel I will fall out." The farmer conceded that the young men had to do the fighting for their country, but added that he thought it was the older fellows' duty to keep the store-houses filled with food. It was amazing, as well as interesting, to hear the elderly farmer tell of his accomplishments on the farm. This 69-year-old man first told of his fifteen acres of bottom land in fine hay; then of his twenty acres of corn; and his herd of thirty cows under his direct supervision. He further colored his story by saying that his hay was hauled to the barn by the light of the moon, but in spite of such strenuous activities, he was up by five o'clock the next morning, feeling as "fit as a fiddle." This enthusiast closed his story by saying, "I would not exchange living conditions with any man, for I live at home and board at the same place, and owe no man a penny."

After all the plain, unsophisticated citizen finds contentment, and contentment is the thing that keeps the furrows from the face.

* * * * * * * *

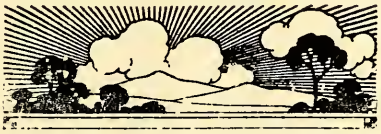
TEACH CHILDREN THE DANGERS OF ALCOHOL

Not a day passes that the press carries a pithy article pertinent to the control of alcohol, or a discussion by the rank and file of society about the morale being seriously impaired by strong drink. The discussions are all interesting, but absolutely nothing so far has been accomplished by way of curtailing the flow of wines and other intoxicating beverages. The days of intoxication date back to the time of Noah. We think more deeply and earnestly as to preventive measures for the control of the sale of alcohol than one realizes. It is not a national, but an international issue, and it has destroyed human life in countless numbers, as well as having brought entire families to dire poverty. When once the habit takes hold of mankind it completely weakens, yes, it more frequently destroys every

fiber that makes physically, mentally and spiritually inclined human beings.

What is the cure for the habitual driinker? Heaven only knows! We have little faith in legislating morale, but we do have superb faith in teaching the child from the elementary grades the insidious danger to body and mind by indulging in alcholic drinks. Neither do we mean that one page of science be stressed, but a teacher, specially trained for that subject, and let it be taught the same as other text books.

A taste for anything can be cultivated, and in the same manner, discouraged. All of us have frequently heard friends remark, "I cultivated a taste for bananas and olives," or some other food stuff. Having read of the thrift and sturdiness of the Danes, we were impressed to learn that in their schools they taught their young people the poisonous effect of alcohol, moreover, the people of Denmark were recognized for their sobriety. This idea is food for thought, and doubtless may be accepted as a far-flung suggestion, but we have undertaken problems just as knotty, and succeeded. Anything is worth trying to save our young women and young men.



WITH THE UNITED STATES ARMED FORCES

The following list includes the names, as they have come to this office, of members of the staff, former staff members, and former students of Stonewall Jackson Training School, who are now serving as members of the armed forces of the United States. It will be seen that two employees went into the service directly from the School campus. The others listed have, in some cases, been away from the institution for quite a number of years, joining the fighting forces several years after severing their connection with the School.

In checking over the list of our old boys, we find that practically one hundred per cent voluntarily enlisted in "Uncle Sam's" service, rather than wait to be called by the selective service system. It is also interesting to note that many of these fellows had been in their country's service several years prior to the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, December 7, 1941.

If any of our readers know of former Training School boys who are now in any branch of service, and can furnish definite information as to their present location, please notify the editor of THE UPLIFT, P. O. Box 32, Concord, N. C. We shall appreciate your co-operation.

Staff Members

Patterson, James L. (Army)

Query, James L. (Army)

Former Staff Members

Barrier, Captain George L. (Army)
Hollingsworth, Jesse G. (Navy)
Parker, Major Samuel I. (Army)
Poole, William E. (Army Air Corps)
Wingate, Wm. J. (Army Air Corps)

Former Students

Adams, Clyde (Navy)
Adams, Felix (Army)
Alexander, Robert (Army)
Andrews, Julian (Marine Corps)
Ashley, Arthur (Army)
Atkins, Richard (Army)
Atwell, Robert (Navy)
Atwood, Earl (Army)

Baynes, Howard (Army Air Corps)
(Previously served an enlistment period in the Army.)
Beach, Ernest (Army)
Beaver, Albert (Army)
Benson, John (Navy)
Blocker, James C. (Army)
Bordeaux, Junior (Army)
Bowman, Charles (Army)
Brogden, Norman (Navy)
Broome, Jack (Army)
Broome, Paul (Army)
Brothers, William (Naval Air Corps)
Brown Aldene (Army)
Brown, Harold (Army)
Burke, Ensign William H. (Navy)
Burkhead, Dermont (Navy)
Butner, Roy (Marine Corps)

Carter, Douglas (Army)
Carter, Fred (Army)
Causey, Floyd (Army)
Chapman, Edward (Army)
Cherry, Herman (Army)
Cobb, Frank E. (Army)
Coffer, Robert (Army)
Collins, Glenn L. (Army)
Connell, James (Navy)
Cook, George (Army)
Cooper, Walter (Army)

Connell, Harry (Army)
Cox, J. C. (Marine Corps)
Craft, Arthur (Army)
Crawford, Louis (Army)

Dalton, James (Army)
Daubenmyer, Nelson (Army)
Donaldson, Harold (Marine Corps)
Dorsey, W. Wilson (Army)
Driver, Malcom (Army Air Corps)
Dyson, Fred (Navy)

Earnhardt, Donald P. (Navy)
Efird, N. A., Jr. (Army)
Elmore, A. C. (Marine Corps)
Evans, John H. (Army)

Faggart, John (Marine Corps)
(Enlisted 1929. Made Warrant Officer by Act of Congress, 1941.)
Ferris, Russell (Army)
Fisher, Edward (Army)
Freeman, Richard (Army)
French, Ian (Army)
Furches, William (Marine Corps)

Gardner, Horace T. (Army)
Gatlin, Britt C. (Army)
Glasgow, Norwood (Navy)
Glasgow, Ramsey (Army Air Corps)
(Served in Marine Corps, 1929-1933. Member China Expeditionary Force, '29-'32.)
Glover, Henry (Marine Corps)
Godfrey, Warren (Army)
Goodman, Albert (Army)
Greene, Giles E. (Army)
Griffin, James H. (Marine Corps)
Grooms, J. B. (Army Air Corps)

Hall, Joseph (Army)
Harris, Edgar (Army)
Hawkins, William T. (Navy)
Head, Elbert (Army)
Hefner, Charles (Army)
Hendrix, John (Army)
Henry, Charlton (Navy)
Hicks, Garland (Army)
Hill, William (Army)
Hodge, Dallas (Navy)
Holland, Burman (Army)
Holland, Donald (Army)
Holmes, John (Army)
Hulan, Norman (Navy)
(Previously served an enlistment period in the Army.)

Irvin, Raymond (Army)

Jackson, William (Navy)
Johnson, Hugh (Navy)
Jones, Mark Twain (Navy)
Jordan, James E. (Army)

Keen, Clinton (Army)
Keith, Monroe (Army)
Kelly, Jesse (Army)
Keith, Robert (Navy)
King, Cleo (Army Air Corps)
King, Frank L. (Army)
King, Lee (Army)
Kinley, Robert (Marine Corps)
Kivett, Clyde A. (Coast Artillery)
Knight, Thomas (Army Air Corps)
Kye, George (Army)

Lamar, A. C. (Army)
Land, Ruben (Army)
Land, Wilfred (Marine Corps)
Landrum, Luther H. (Army)
Lane, Floyd C. (Marine Air Corps)
Langley, William (Army)
Leagon, Harry (Army)
Ledford, Harvey L. (Army)
Lett, Frank (Army)
Lewallan, Paul R. (Army)
Long, Loyce (Army)

Martin, Willie H. (Army Air Corps)
May, George O. (Army)
Medlin, Ervin J. (Army)
Merritt, Edgar (Army)
(Previously served an enlistment period in the Army.)
Miller, Latha (Navy)
Montgomery, Samuel (Navy)
Morrozoff, Ivan (Army)
Murphy, Lemuel (Army)

McBride, Irvin (Army Air Corps)
McCain, Edward G. (Navy)
McCoy, Hubert (Army)
McGee, Norman (Army)
McIver, Jordan T. (Navy)
McKee, Thomas R. (Army)
(Enlisted 1937)
McNeely, Robert (Army)
(Enlisted 1933)
McPherson, Arthur (Navy)

Owen, Fred, Jr. (Marine Corps)

Page, James (Army)
Patterson, James (Navy)
Peak, Harry (Marine Corps)
Pennington, Grady (Army)
Plemmons, Hubert (Army)
Pyatt, Jack (Marine Corps)

Ramsey, Amos (Army)
(Previously served an enlistment period in the Army.)
Rivenbark William W. (Army)
(Served in Marine Corps, 1933-1938.)
Rhodes, Paul (Army)

Roberts, Lonnie (Navy)
Rochester, Nicholas (Navy)
Russ, James P. (Army)

Seibert, Fred (Army)
Shaver, George H. (Navy)
Shropshire, Hassell (Army)
Scott, Archie (Army)
Sloan, Lonnie (Army)
Small, Clyde E. (Army)
Snuggs, Charles L. (Navy)
Springer, Jack (Army)
Stepp, James H. (Navy)
Strickland, Robert W. (Army)

Tessneer, Calvin C. (Navy)
Threatt, Sidi (Army Air Corps)

Waldrop, Ned (Army)
Walker, Glenn (Army)
Walker, Oakley (Army)
Walters, Melvin (Army)
Ward, Eldridge (Army)
Ward, Robert (Army)
(Enlisted 1928)
Watkins, Floyd A. (Army)
Watson, Lieut. Lemuel (Army)
Webb, Charles R. (Army)
Whitaker, William E. (Army)
White, Marshall (Coast Artillery)
Whitlock, Winfred (Army)
Wilhite, James (Army)
Williams, Samuel R. (Navy)
Williams, William R. (Navy)
Wiles, Fred (Army)
(Enlisted 1927. Now a Recruiting Officer)
Wilson, John C. (Army)
Wilson, Robert (Marine Corps)
Wilson, W. J. (Army)
Wood, Leonard (Army)
Wrenn, Lloyd (Army)

Young, Brooks (Army)
Young, R. L. (Marine Corps)

Ziegler, Henry F. (Navy)

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NEW FRIENDS AND OLD FRIENDS

Make new friends, but keep the old;
Those are silver, these are gold.
New-made friendships, like new wine,
Age will mellow and refine.
Friendships that have stood the test—
Time and change—are surely best;
Brow may wrinkle, hair grow gray,
Friendship never knows decay.
For 'mid old friends, tried and true,
Once more we our youth renew.
But old friends, alas! may die,
New friends must their place supply.
Cherish friendship in your breast—
New is good, but old is best;
Make new friends, but keep the old;
Those are silver, these are gold.

—Unknown.

IMPORTANT DATES IN SEPTEMBER

(Selected)

1-7—First Monday in September is Labor Day.
1—Peter Cartwright born, 1785.
1—James Gordon Bennett born, 1795.
1—Beginning of earthquake in Japan, killing 192,000 people, 1923.
2—Great London Fire, 1666.
2—Treasury Department of the United States organized, 1789.
2—Henry George born, 1839.
2—Eugene Field born, 1850.
3—Treaty of Paris signed by United States and Great Britain, 1783.
3—Sarah Orne Jewett born, 1849.
3—Dirigible airship "Shenandoah" destroyed, 1918.
4—Phoebe Cary born, 1824.
4—Third Republic declared in France, 1870.
5—First Continental Congress met in Carpenters' Hall, Philadelphia, 1774.
6—Pilgrims left Plymouth, England, in the "Mayflower", 1620.
6—Marquis de Lafayette born, 1757.
6—Horatio Greenough born, 1805.
6—Sir Georges E. Cartier born, 1814.
6—Jane Addams born, 1860.
6—President McKinley shot by an assassin, 1901.
6—Peary's discovery of the North Pole announced, 1909.
7—Queen Elizabeth of England born, 1533.
8—New Amsterdam surrendered by the Dutch to the English, 1664.
8—English gained possession of Montreal, Canada, 1760.
8—Tornado at Galveston, Texas, 1900.
9—Cardinal Richelieu born, 1585.
9—Thomas Hutchinson born, 1711.
9—California admitted to the Union, 1850.
9—S. S. "Morro Castle" burned off New Jersey coast, 1934.
10—About 5,000 Acadians banished, 1755.
10—Battle of Lake Erie, 1813.
11—Battle of Brandywine, 1777.
11—John Ireland born, 1838.
12—Charles Dudley Warner born, 1829.
13—Battle on the Plains of Abraham; General Wolfe killed, 1759.
13—"Star-Spangled Banner" written during bombardment of Fort McHenry, 1814.
13—General John J. Pershing born, 1860.
14—Charles Dana Gibson born, 1867.
14—Theodore Roosevelt took oath of office on death of President McKinley, 1901.
15—James Fenimore Cooper born, 1789.
15—William Howard Taft born, 1857.
15—Russia proclaimed a republic, 1917.
16—Francis Parkman born, 1823.
16—James J. Hill, railroad builder, born, 1838.
17—Constitution of the United States completed by convention, 1787.
18—Dr. Samuel Johnson born, 1709.
18—Quebec surrendered to the British, 1759.
19—William B. Astor born, 1792.
19—Washington's Farewell Address issued, 1796.
19—Louis Kossuth born, 1802.
19—President Garfield died, 1881.
20—Charles Carroll, signer of the Declaration of Independence, born, 1737.
21—Louis Joliet born, 1645.
21—"Old Ironsides" launched at Boston, 1797.
21—Clarke Howell born, 1863.
22—Nathan Hale put to death as a spy, 1776.
22—Emancipation Proclamation issued by President Lincoln, 1862.
23—German airship raid over London, 1916.
24—John Marshall, famous jurist, born, 1755.
25—Balboa discovered the Pacific Ocean, 1513.
25—Felicia D. Hemans born, 1793.
26—General Howe entered Philadelphia, 1777.

27—Samuel Adams born, 1722.
27—First railway in England opened, 1825.
28—William the Conqueror landed in England, 1066.
28—American flyers complete a world tour at Seattle, Washington, 1924.
29—Robert Clive born, 1725.
29—Admiral Horatio Nelson born, 1758.
30—Pulitzer school of journalism opened, 1912.

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SACRIFICE

You hear folks speak of sacrifice,
And luxuries they can no longer buy,
Complain of taxes and buying bonds
While war clouds fill the sky;
Then think of those intrepid men
Who died for Corregidor and Bataan,
Because of too few tanks and planes,
At last, they yielded to Japan.

Think of bright faced youngsters
Being sent across the sea,
To face untold hardship, even death,
For world peace and liberty.
Think of mothers wives and sweethearts,
Bravely smiling through their tears
As they bid goodby to loved ones,
Facing long, bitter and empty years.

When at last the boys return
Riding the wave of victory's crest,
I hope to shake their hand—and say
Boys I did my very best.
So let's produce more war munitions,
Let's slide more ships down the ways,
Speeding up the time of victory
And the return of happy days.

It isn't sacrifice, but a privilege
To play our part, however small,
Back those youngsters to the limit,
Who have answered duty's call;
An extra tank, a plane or gun
May save the lives of many men,
Let's be sure "too little or too late"
Shall not be charged to us again.

—James O'Malley.

A PIONEER IN EDUCATION

By Geraldine Coburn

David Caldwell, born in 1725 in Lancaster County, Pannsylvania, came to North Carolina in the full prime of life, in the year 1765, to begin a remarkable career as a preacher, teacher, and physician. His parents, Andrew and Martha Caldwell, were steady country folk who worshiped God, tilled the good earth, and had no higher ambition for their oldest son than that he be an honest, capable carpenter. They, therefore, bound him as an apprentice to a house carpenter, and David continued at this trade until his term came to an end. Now twenty-five years of age, he seemed to find his predestined place, professed religon, and received inspiration to seek a classical education and enter the Presbyterian ministry. For the first time he saw a Latin grammar, "his thirst for information became a passion," and with invincible determination he relinquished all claims to his father's estate for enough money to educate himself.

Years passed before Caldwell received his bachelor of arts degree, but in 1761, at the age of 36, he gradated from Princeton College. After graduation, he acted as a tutor and was able to continue studying theology until he was licensed by the Presbytery of New Brunswick and was able to act as a supply minister. Finally, at the age of forty, he was sent to North Carolina as a Presbyterian missionary to the Alamance and Buffalo congregations in Guilford County.

After settling in North Carolina, Caldwell purchased a small farm and started a classical school, teaching the Latin and Greek languages and other subjects commonly taught in a school of its kind in that day. His school, which had an enrollment of about fifty boys, served as an academy, college, and theological seminary, and soon had the reputation of being "the second school of permanence, and perhaps the first in usefulness, in the upper part of Carolina." Caldwell, who was a thorough scholar and celebrated teacher, was skillful in handling boys, and his school proved to be one of the most efficient and most outstanding the State has ever had and continued to function well into the nineteenth century. It served as a preparatory school for Princeton University, the University of North Carolina, and other similar insititutions, and boys from all sections of the State and from all other states south of the Potomac attended. From the hummble walls of this famous "log college" were graduated many famous men such as Archibald D. Murphey and Governor John M. Morehead. Caldwell was said to have been instrumental in bringing more men into the professional world than any other individual of his day in the South, for his pupils became lawyers, judges, physicians, and ministers of the gospel.

Caldwell also was a practicing physician. Since there was no doctor for some twenty miles around, his congregations and students were forever turning to him with their aches and pains and often were in need of

medical attention. Caldwell learned a great deal from a visiting physician who resided with his family for a year practicing medicine in the congregations and upon his death obtained his medical books. By earnestly studying these volumes, Caldwell came to be a celebrated authority on the common diseases of the region and continued practicing medicine until his fourth son became a physician. During the battle of Guilford Courthouse he cared for the sick and wounded of both armies.

Actively interested in governmental affairs, Caldwell kept abreast of the times. When Tryon and the Regulators were having their difficulties, Caldwell attempted to intercede for a peaceful settlement. Later, when the split between England and America continued to grow, he denounced the policies of the English government, and raised his powerful voice from the pulpit "for unity of purpose and co-operation in maintaining American liberty." Since he was a member of the State constitutional convention of 1776, his home became a center of refuge for the Whigs. Cornwallis, recognizing what an ardent patriot he was, offered two hundred pounds for his arrest, and when he was encamped on Caldwell's farm, during the Guilford campaign, he destroyed the property and burned the well cherished library.

After the war Caldwell returned to his school and religious duties, but entered politics again in 1788 as a member of the Hillsboro convention, which declined to ratify the Federal Constitution. He voted against it because it lacked a religious test. When the University of North Carolina went into operation, Caldwell, "beyond doubt the leading educator in the State," was offered the presidency, but declined the honor. The trustees, however, out of respect for his ability and service to the State, conferred upon him the degree of doctor of divinity.

Dr. Caldwell died August 25, 1824, only a few months less than a hundred years of age. He was buried at Buffalo Church, where he had served for more than half a century.

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It is a fearful thing to lead this great peaceful people into war, into the most terrible and disastrous of all wars, civilization itself seeming to be in the balance. But the right is more precious than peace, and we shall fight for the things which we have always carried nearest our hearts—for democracy, for the right of those who submit to authority to have a voice in their own governments, for the rights and liberties of small nations, for a universal dominion of right by such a concert of free peoples as shall bring peace and safety to all nations and make the world itself at last free.—Woodrow Wilson.

DID MUCH IN SHAPING O. HENRY'S LIFE

A. W. McAlister

This is not an O. Henry article. It is a Miss Lina Porter tribute. She taught O. Henry about everything he ever knew except the vast knowledge he acquired in the school of life.

When one undertakes to furnish information on a subject, he is expected to exhibit his credentials in order that its authenticity may be established. We naturally want to know what opportunity he had to acquire his information. Lina Porter's mother, who was O. Henry's grandmother, and my grandfather were sister and brother.

Lina and my mother were first cousins. They went to old Edgeworth college together and were life-long friends. I was a visitor in her home when a small boy, and after I had established my home in Greensboro, she was a frequent visitor in our home.

Inadequate importance has been ascribed to Lina Porter as a moulding factor in the life of O. Henry. To Will Porter, or O. Henry, she was "Aunt Lina." To everybody else she was "Miss Lina." Will Porter lost his mother when he was three years old. His Aunt Lina, born 1st day of April, 1832, died 28th day of May, 1897, maiden sister of his father, Dr. Algernon Sidney Porter, was mother to him and teacher to him for the remaining years of his childhood and youth.

Practically all the schooling O. Henry ever had was that which he received from Lina Porter, in a one-room, one-teacher school house which she built in her side yard on West Market street, Greensboro, for the tutelage of her foster-son and his older brother, Shirley Worth Porter, and other children of the neighborhood.

Lina Porter was a very unsual person. She had the best education that was to be had in her day. She was educated at Edgeworth Female Seminary, considered the best in its time, and from which one of the streets of Greensboro took its name.

She possessed a strong mind, what might be termed a masculine mind. She was masculine in appearance. There was nothing of the clinging vine about her. She stood on her own feet, and was the personification of independence in act, speech and thought. When on one rather formal occasion she was introduced as the niece of Governor Johnathan Worth, she admitted the allegation, but objected that "every tub should be allowed to stand on its own bottom."

She was an old maid from choice, as well as from the exigencies of a situation which made her the responsible head of a family, consisting of a widowed mother and two orphaned nephews, at a time just following the Civil War when living was a matter of extraordinary difficulty. She fought her battle alone and to do it successfully called for unusual courage and competence. She possessed a good sense of humor, as well as a

high sense of duty. She was a stern disciplinarian but always fair and just, as evidenced by this incident:

It was on a Saturday morning bright and beautiful. Two small boys were idling in the sun. One of them was to become known throughout the world as O. Henry. A flock of guineas from the premises next door were parading across the yard in a deafening pat-racking ecstacy. A window was thrown up, a head-ache bandaged head was thrust through, and "Miss Lina" issued one of her stern, clipped commands—"You boys go kill those grineas."

She simply meant "run 'em out of the yard." However, it suited the adventurous mood of the boys on that eventful morning to be literalists. They tore into that flock of guineas, and in less time than it takes to tell it were on their triumphal way to "Miss Lina's" door with a dead guinea apiece.

She almost fainted when she saw what had happened, but she had a good sense of justice and sportsmanship. She realized that in the interest of impressiveness she had overstated her case and that the boys, however over-zealous, had merely obeyed orders. The boys had placed her in a seriously embarrassing position with her neighbors, but there was not a word of censure. There is reason to believe that she was secretly amused if not pleased.

Will Porter was her favorite among all the boys, and this escapade of his as an obedient slayer of guineas was to her a dear memory which she laughingly and tenderly cherished. The writer, who was Will's accomplice in the slaughter of the guineas, saw her many times in long-after years, and she never failed to rag him about "those guineas."

Those were the days when her school teaching was a thing of the past. She had shed the old sternness and grimness and was a delightfully companionable and jolly personality, a change which might well have come from a realizing sense of a hard job well done.

Thoroughness was the crowning glory of "Miss Lina's" teaching. Her philosophy was that there was no knowing anything unless you knew it thoroughly. An old pupil of hers, Mr. John H. Dillard, paid her this high tribute:

"One of the greatest if not indeed the very greatest teacher I have ever known! Her fine sense of right and wrong, her scorn for anything but the clean, white truth and her love for the beautiful and the good she was an inspiration to every one who was fortunate enough to have been her pupil. That little old school house was truly my Alma Mater. Whatever I have accomplished is perhaps more due to her than to any other individual with the possible exception of my parents and my wife."

Her teaching technique was a combination of the mechanical main-strength - and - awkwardness method of the little red school house and its three R's, and the cultural excursions into the realms of the spirit which her old Edgeworth training prompted her to make.

That was the age in which bedevilment of the school teacher was a ritual and a flogging at school was a sort of decoration. A teacher who did not flog was a softy and forfeited respect. "Miss Lina" kept visable

a plentiful supply of switches and used them freely.

But on rainy days, at the recess hour, the children would draw up around her and would be entranced and uplifted by her appreciative reading of beautiful story, poetry and prose, the best in literature. It was there at her knee that O. Henry got his taste for good books and his devotion to the diamond-chiseled word and sentence.

And then on Friday nights, the school children were the guests of this gifted teacher in her home. Here they made merry with games and corn popping and chestnut roasting, winding up the evening with the story hour. This story hour was a highly important influence in the education of O. Henry and in the fashioning of his short-story technique.

It was a sort of game, with the children seated in a circle around the room. The one at the head of the line would begin a story, the next one would take it up and add an episode, then the next, and on around the circle, to the last one, who brought the story to a close. The thing that made it interesting and even exciting was the unexpected excursions which the story took in the telling and the unexpectedeness with which it was apt to end.

O. Henry had his first practice in the art of story telling, and particularly in the art of jerking the reader up in complete surprise at an unlooked-for ending, in the Friday night story hour, conducted by Miss Porter.

When on next Friday, September 11, the friends of O. Henry lovingly remember the 80th anniversary of his birth, and when posterity laughs with him and delights in his phantasies and extols him as the world's most versatile short-story teller, let her be honored who nurtured him in his childhood, who gave his mind its first training and bent with conscientious thoroughness, and taught him to like stories and even how to tell them—let Miss Lina Porter not be forgotten.

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Turning one's brain into a squirrel cage, in which problems run round and round without getting anywhere, affects judgment and efficiency almost as disastrously as it affects health. In the present national and international situation, it is especially necessary that we concentrate on the big job each of us has to do, and leave the wasteful fretting for a less critical time.—Channing Pollock.

FORMER PRINTER'S DEVIL RULES ROCKEFELLER CENTER SHOWS

By Mark Barron

A Kansas City "printer's devel" looked up from the cases where he was setting type and saw a better job waiting across the street.

So he asked his boss to get him the job over where the grass was greener. That is how G. S. Eyssell started on the road that has made him today the managing director of the world's largest theatrical enterprise.

As head of two gigantic theaters, the Music Hall and the Center, which compose the rialto of Rockefeller Center he rules two stages which are a dream city to more than 6,000,000 patrons a year who attend the movie and stage shows at the music hall and to the imposing audiences at the legitimate Center where Sonja Heine's "Stars On Ice" revue is now playing.

The Music Hall is almost twice as large as the Center, the first seating 5,945 persons and the Center 3,000. The Music Hall plays 28 complete performances weekly, against nine performances at the Center.

"I became accustomed to all these big figures and record grosses we have in the Rockefeller Center playhouses because of my experience in that first theatrical job my printer boss got me," Eyssell said. "It was as assistant manager of a suburban Kansas City movie house. Not only was I assistant manager, but I also wrote the newspaper advertising copy, helped keep books, ran the box office part time, put up special art 'fronts' in the lobby, sold advertising space in the programs and relieved the projectionist for his lunch.

"In those days, 1918, a theater manager was not simply a specialist. He did everything. I had good training with Frink Newman who was something of the 'Roxy' type of showman in Kansas City. He put on good stage shows and had impressive music to accompany the pictures."

The statistics about the Music Hall continue to expand to a point where they seem to justify that commonplace Hollywood adjective, "colossal." The motion picture of "Mrs. Miniver" has just finished a record ten weeks run there during which it grossed more than $1,000,000.

Previous to "Mrs. Miniver" the film which held the record was "The Philadelpha Story" which grossed $570,000 at this house, and third was "Rebecca" which grossed $535,000.

Eyssell has always been mixed up with statistics. Sometimes this predilection for figures, both mathematically and anatomical, has been highly successful and sometime it has caused him some temporary distress. But, even the distressful moments seem to work out successfully in the end with a man with the patience of Eyssell.

"In 1937, to illustrate the point, I was assigned to take 46 Rockette dancing girls to Paris. There were 51 in the party.

"The girls were going to Paris because they had a special invitation from the French goverment to dance in a gala fete. When our ship arrived a large committee of French gov-

ernment officials bearing flowers came aboard.

"While they were welcoming the girls in the salon I took the 51 passports of our company and went to get them approved by the French immigration officials. They became quite excited and said they could not approve the passports until they asked permission of the 'chief de bureau.' So I went ashore, where we spent hours telephoning Paris, but the 'chief de bureau' was not in his office.

"Back aboard, I went to tell the girls that we had to stay aboard ship until we could find the 'chief de bureau.' I found the girls in the cocktail lounge and also the 'chief de bureau', who was buying them champagne."

After that Eyssell had no more trouble with the French government. In fact, when he departed from Paris the government dignitaries made him a farewell speech and decorated him with the Diplome de Grand Prix.

Eyssell's road to Rockefeller Center took in practically a "see America First" tour before he arrived.

He went to Los Angeles as manager of the "Million Dollar" theater which sponsored important film premieres.

"And there I learned much more about showmanship. I opened with Mae Murray in 'The Merry Widow' and it was a honey of a premiere, a lucky omen to start me off. I became acquainted with many movie stars and they were always accommodating in coming to make personal appearances in connection with the opening of their new pictures and that taught me a lot about producing stage shows.

"Then I got into the prologue era along with many other movie managers. The prologues are what were expanded and built up into the full stage show that we see in movie houses today.

From Los Angeles, where he had become an executive of Paramount Pictures, Eyssell went to Dallas, Tex., as director of Paramount's theaters in the southwest.

"As I moved about the country directing different theaters, I found that it was necessary to place shows differently for different communities. You soon get to know your various audiences and what each likes particularly. But there is one verity about show business that holds true with audiences in every section, whether it be a metropolitan city or a small town. And that is that a bad show is a bad show no matter where you play it.

"When an actor comes back and tells you that he was a sensation in Akron, but that the audience in Peoria didn't appreciate his act; he is talking through his wishful thinking hat. If they didn't like him in Peoria, then can be certain that they didn't like him in Akron either.

"It is just as true that a good motion piture will be successful anywhere."

The most profitable picture the Music Hall has had, on a day to day basis, was "Top Hat" with Fred Astaire in 1935 which drew $134,000 in seven days as compared with the $100,000 a week the long run "Mrs. Miniver" averaged.

"Top Hat" was able to achieve this high gross because, aside from it being a very good movie, it was a short picture and, therefore, got in a few

extra performances and, per se, a few extra audiences over the week.

As for golf, swimming or other diversion. Eyssell doesn't go in for any of those. His walks from backstage to costume studios to projection rooms, etc., take him on a daily walk of about two miles. And a considerable part of that inspection hike is going up and down stairs.

He greets his hundreds of employees—dancers, musicians, ushers and stage hands—by their first names, and he knows what caliber of show they give every performance. For instance, he chided a member of a glee club act because, just as the cue came to go on stage, the singer forgot his hat and also couldn't find his shoes.

"How can a man lose his shoes?" Eyssell chuckled.

Because it is necessary to recruit so many girls from out of New York for the dancing line of the Rockettes (they come from dozens of communities from Boston to Duluth to San Francisco) Eyssell works them on a special schedule. The stage shows have 36 girls appearing in each chorus number so he employs 46 with the extra ten filling in as "pinch hitters." The dancers work 21 days continuously and then are given an eight-day holiday, the nine "extra" filling in for a different group each week.

"The reason for this 'once a month' long holiday," Eyssell said, "is that once our shows are staged it is much better if we can keep the original cast intact for as long as it runs. Also, as so many of the girls come from out of New York it gives them a chance to visit home now and then."

The same system also applies to the ballet corps which has 28 girls in each performance, but 34 are employed.

Eyssell doesn't have much of an employment problem with his numerous Rockettes and ballet dancers. He has a long waiting list of girls who have been thoroughly trained in the fundamentals of dancing, so well trained that they can quickly be taught the precision numbers in which they are constantly rehearsed. There is seldom a problem about discipline because it is one of the few theaters on Broadway where girls, when once engaged, are assured of a long run job.

The dancers, ushers and other members of the theater staff dine in their own private cafeteria underneath the stage. Of the 800 employees, an average of about 500 dine daily in the cafeteria.

In working out the schedule for his shows, Eyssell works with his staff in a huge, high ceiling room which he inherited from the late "Roxy." They carry on their conferences around a table, also inherited from "Roxy," which is so big that it slightly resembles a football field.

The high ceiling in the room, which has a gigantic mirror on one wall that makes it look twice as big as it really is, happened because when the theater was being built "Roxy" walked into the room and exclaimed: "This ceiling is too low. I can't think in here." The ceiling was raised an additional four feet.

Eyssell says he can also think very well in that gigantic room.

"But, I've traveled so much in my career that I found I had to get equally accustomed to deep thinking, during a quiet moment in a Pullman upper berth," he said.

FRESHMEN OF 1942

By Dr. Hunter B. Blakely

In a few weeks now you will be off to college in a world at war. Days such as these are no tlme to idle. If men are dying as soldiers, sailors, and marines to preserve those things we value most, every citizen must seek to be and to do a little better than his best.

Education has always been a serious business, for the future of individuals depends upon the job being well done—but more, the future of civilization lies in the hands of those who teach and those who learn. Let teachers pervert the high ideals of truth and let students passively and submissively accept prejudice and falsehood for justice and truth, and civilization will go to pieces as we have witnessed it in Germany under Hitler. Thank God, in America we may still seek the truth—and may we be free forever to do so.

In this hour which is fashioning the future, as freshmen of 1942 dedicate your intellectual capacities to the pursuit of the good, the beautiful, and the truth. The future is uncertain. When this war is finished, we do not know what will be left, but one thing is certain—whatever of the good, of the beautiful, and of the true you have built into your own personality, that will abide both for time and for eternity. The attainments of the inner life are beyond the reach of circumstances. It is your opportunity in college to lay up treasures of knowledge and of character which moth and rust cannot deface, which torpedoes cannot sink and bombs cannot shatter.

Europe after 1918 sank deeper and deeper into the depths that led to hell's bottom—our war today. Why? Because Europe lacked men and women of brains and character to create a better world. Europe from 1918 to 1938 could be no better than the Europeans of those decades.

America after 1918 sank to the depths of selfish isolation, reckless spending and gambling, corruption in politics and in business and in labor circles. Every man was for himself, willing to leave his neighbor to the devil. America sowed the wind, so that America today is reaping the whirlwind. The United States from 1918 to 1938 could be no better than the citizens of those decades.

The youth of today are the citizens of tomorrow. You wish a better and safer world, in which liberty and opportunity are preserved. The kind of world you will get will depend upon the kind of men and women you prepare to be. As the college-educated men and women of the future yours will be the larger opportunity; therefore, make the most of your college days.

"All work and no play will make Jack a dull boy" in war as well as in peace. Travel to football games and dances may be far more difficult than formerly. We will have to have our good times on our own campuses. As a student, you will prepare more effectively for tomorrow if you enter into college sports and funs with zest and make the most of the extra-curricular opportunities. At play you can learn to get along with others.

Prepare to be builders. In your lifetime there will be a hungry world to feed, a devastated world to rebuild, a broken civilization to refashion. There will be new inventions and discoveries at hand to enable the new builders to accomplish undreamed of wonders, provided—you college men and women have brains and character to do the job.

Learn to sing that hymn of youth until it grips your soul:

"We would be building; temples still undone
O'er crumbling walls their crosses scarcely lift;
Waiting till love can raise the broken stone,
And hearts creative bridge the human rift;
We would be building, Master, let Thy plan
Reveal the life that God would give to man.

"Teach us to build; upon the solid rock
We set the dream that hardens into deed,
Ribbed with the steel that time and change doth mock,
The unfailing purpose of our noblest creed;
Teach us to build; O Master, lend us sight
To see the towers gleaming in the light.

"O keep us building, Master; may our hands
Ne'er falter when the dream is in our hearts,
When to our ears there comes divine commands
And all the pride of sinful will depart;
We build with Thee, O grant enduring worth
Until the heav'nly Kingdom comes on earth."

———:———

FREEDOM

The only freedom worth possessing is that which gives enlargement to a people's energy, intellect, and virtues. The savage makes his boast of freedom. But what is its worth? He is indeed, free from what he calls the yoke of civil institutions. But other and worse chains bind him. The very privation of civil government is in effect a chain; for, by withholding protection from property it virtually shackles the arm of industry, and forbids exertion for the melioration of his lot. Progress, the growth of intelligence and power, is the end and boon of liberty; and, without this, a people may have the name, but want the substance and spirit of freedom.—Channing.

GRANDMOTHER AS USUAL TAKES UP HER WAR BURDEN

(New York Times)

We are indebted to "A Constant Reader" from a Connecticut town for information on what Grandma is doing to help win the war. She is doing just what she was doing in peacetime, only more so. She is taking care of her grandchidren when their mother has something else to do. Our correspondent tells of a letter she has received from a grandmother, who says: "I have had my house full of grandchidren for a month, and so have all my friends whose children are off for war work of one kind or another." She suggests, with considerable logic that a proper name for this war is "Grandmother's War," and adds patriotically that she is "glad we are worth something in this time of stress."

This grandmother has more reason than some, perhaps, for feeling that she is in the service, for she has two married sons and three married daughters, all doing war work of some kind.

Unless things have changed greatly, Grandma's is an excellent place for children. It was usually an old house, set back among some shade trees, and it was considerably larger than Grandmother needed under normal conditions. But conditions were seldom normal, because people were always dropping in at Grandma's. It was only natural that some of these visitors would stay overnight, and sometimes the visit stretched out into several days, with no explanation asked or needed. The food was good and so was the company. Grandma had a rather salty humor, which Grandfather, sitting around in an easy chair with a cane at his side, seemed to enjoy.

Grandfather had less to say. But he too was good company, in a listening way, and there was a twinkle in his eye. At times he could be tempted into a discussion of his deeds in earlier wars, a theme upon which he played many variations.

There were apple trees at the rear of Grandmother's house, and white chickens pecked their way around, awaiting their turn to be fried on the kitchen range, which burned corncobs, wood or coal, as the whim suited. As a child one always found some cousins to play with at Grandma's. Some of these were from the nearby countryside, and they made excellent companions. They were afraid of nothing, and feats of daring were their special delight.

It was here that a city boy had his first horseback ride and for the first time hitched a goat to a cart. There were some visits to a muddy swimming hole, and catfish were caught near by where the stream meandered under a bridge down on the southeast Forty that Uncle Henry was farming since Grandfather retired to his armchair.

Grandma had a policy on bringing up children that differed somewhat from a parent's, and it was considerably revised from the rule of strict accountability that she had used in

rearing her own numerous offsprings. She pursued a line of Laissez Faire.

Children playing at Grandma's house ran pretty much as they pleased, and if they got hurt or into trouble the problem was dealt with after the fact. There was very little shushing to keep children quiet. She was able to devise some pleasant errands to keep her visitors from becoming bored, and one of these was to go to the store run by Uncle Albert, where one could go behind the counter and choose one's own candy and not pay for it at all. Uncle Albert, being of a philosophic nature, was able to endure these depredations with calm and fortitude.

Toward the end of the week the place took on a somewhat brisker tempo, in preparation for Sunday, because then Grandma was really in the thick of things. Just across the road stood the old white frame church, where Grandfather was, in a manner of speaking, the sexton, although his duties began and ended with the ringing of the bell, drawn by the long, frayed rope that hung down into the vestibule—a task in which he was always sure of help from young hands. Sunday was a wondrous, crowded day, with its constant arrival of buggies and wagons from a distance, its monumental dinner and its long afternoon of visiting and subdued play.

Of course, things are changed a bit at Grandma's nowadays. But it is still a good place for a young one to go.

———:———

HABIT

I trust everything, under God, to habit, upon which, in all ages, the law-giver as well as the schoolmaster has mainly placed his reliance; habit which makes everything easy, and casts all difficulties upon the deviation from the wonted course. Make sobriety a habit, and intemperence will be hateful and hard; make prudence a habit, and reckless profligacy will be as contrary to the nature of the child, grown to be an adult, as the most atrocious crimes are to any of your lordships. Give a child the habit of sacredly regarding the truth, or carefully respecting the property of others, of scrupulously abstaining from all acts of improvidence which can involve him in distress, and he will just as likely think of rushing into an element in which he cannot breathe, as of lying, or cheating, or stealing.—Brougham.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Mrs. Hattie M. Brown, of Boone, has been selected as a new cottage matron at the School, and arrived to assume her duties last Thursday. She will be assigned to a cottage within a few days.

—:—

Judging from the number of loads of fine-looking hay which have been passing the windows of our sanctum-sanctorum daily during the past week, we would say that our farm forces taking part in that activity have been very busy. The weather for haymaking has been ideal, and we have been informed that this year's crop is one of the finest ever raised at the School.

—:—

A recent post card message from Henry Glover, who left the School, June 16, 1942, tells us that he is now a member of the United States Marine Corps, and is stationed at the recruit depot, Parris Island, South Carolina. He writes:

"Am now a private in the U. S. Marines, and am getting along fine. I appreciate very much the training received while at the School, and find it a big help to me. Please send me a copy of The Uplift, and remember me to Mr. Boger and all the boys."

—:—

Superintendent Hawfield, accompanied by Messrs. J. Lee White, farm manager, and J. H. Hobby, dairyman, made a trip to Boone last Thursday. The School officials have arranged with the Appalachian State Teachers College whereby they will let us have probably ten pure-bred Holstein calves on a "growing-out" basis. This marks the beginning of a prue-bred Holstein herd at Jackson Training School. Heretofore we have had a very good herd of grade cattle. Also on a loan basis, we obtained from the institution at Boone a young thoroughbred Holstein bull, registered under the name and number of "King Bessis Intense—819,-939."

—:—

Wilfred Land, eighteen years old, wrote our former superintendent, Charles E. Boger, a few days ago. He was allowed to leave the School, February 26, 1941. This young man, who is now a member of the United States Marine Corps, writes as follows:

"Am now in the Marine Corps, and sure like it very much. Was first stationed at Parris Island, South Carolina; then at Quantico Bay, Virginia; and am now in Portsmouth, New Hampshire. The nickname for the marines is "Leathernecks," and they are real scrappers. Mine is a real outfit, and I know I am going to get along fine in this branch of service. Best regards to all."

—:—

Both the boys and the officials of the School were delighted to learn last week that Captain Charles E. Boger, Jr., oldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Boger, arrived safely at an English port, as a member of the American Expeditionary Force. He recently wrote that he was feeling fine; was located not so far from London; also that the weather there was as he expected to find it at this time of the year—lots of fog, with rain almost every day. The Boger's

have another son in the service, First Lieutenant John D. Boger, who is a member of the Army Air Corps, and is located at a flying field in Texas. Both of these fine young men have a host of friends here at the School, who wish for them successful army carrers, and hope to see them safely home when the war is over.

—:—

Joe Wheeler, formerly of Cottage No. 7, who left the School, June 11, 1940, called at The Uplift office yesterday morning. Upon leaving the institution, Joe returned to his home in Fayetteville, where he entered school and completed the ninth grade work. During vacation season for two years, he went to Jacksonville, Florida, where he lived with an aunt, and worked in the King Edward cigar factory. He then spent four months at a NYA camp, near Tampa, Florida. Joe next became an enrollee in a CCC camp, located near Gilroy, California, where he stayed about four months, leaving when the camp was discontinued. Joe tells us that he is now staying with relatives in Hendersonville, and works on a farm belonging to his uncle. He says they have been quite busy picking apples for some time, and since there seems to be a fine crop, this job will last quite a while.

—:—

James Connell, eighteen years of age, formerly of Cottage No. 9, who left the School, July 1, 1941, wrote us last week, from the United States Naval Training Station, Great Lakes, Illinois. His letter reads as follows:

"Was glad to get your letter. It helped me to get into the Navy. I passed the examinations all the way round, and am glad of it. Am now in Great Lakes, Illinois, which is about 1,200 miles from home. When I get my leave, about September 22nd or 24th, I hope to come back home, and will see you at that time. Tell Mr. Boger that I am getting along fine, and hope all at the School are doing the same.

"I certainly would like to see you all. Am very thankful for what you did for me while at the School, and will appreciate it all my life. Tell all the boys I said 'hello', and to obey all the rules, and not to run away from the School, for if they should ever want to get into the Navy, they will need good recommendation from you."

—:—

We recently learned that Ivan (Tiny) Morrozoff, a former member of our printing calss, is now a member of Uncle Sam's fighting forces. He left the School, September 28, 1940, going to Mooresville as linotype operator for the Tribune, where he got along very well. He is now nineteen years old.

It is interesting to note the roundabout way in which we learned of his present location. Jesse Kelly, another old boy of ours, was on his way back home from Camp Edwards, Massachusetts, and stopped over in Providence, Rhode Island, for a couple of hours. He decided to take a little stroll about the city, and had gone but a couple of blocks when he met Tiny, who informed him that he had been in the Army about five months, and was a member of an anti-tank corps, stationed near Providence. Jesse also informed us that last spring, he saw Paul Lewallan, another former Training School boy, who was located at Fort Devens, Massachusetts, at the time.

Acording to the list of young men accepted for service in the United States Army, through the Charlotte recruiting office, which appeared in last Sunday's Charlotte Observer, Clyde E. Small, has joined his country's fighting forces.

Clyde left the School, January, 4, 1932. While here he was a member of the Cottage No. 10 group, and worked as office boy for some time. Returning to his home in Valdese, he entered high school. In December, 1935, we received a report that he was still attending high school, and was in the senior class. While we have no definite information as to his graduation from high school, we feel safe in stating that he completed his course of studies. He is now twenty-six years old.

For several years, Clyde and a Mr. Olin Wacaster have been operating the Burke Flower Shop, in Morganton, and have been doing well. On two or three occasions he stopped in to see old friends at the school when on his way to or from Charlotte on business trips.

—:—

A group of five musicians from Concord, known as the Barringer String Band, put on a fine program for the boys in Cottage No. 10, last Wednesday night. Pete Barringer and two other Barringer boys, his cousins; and fellows by the names of Propst and Starnes, made up the group, two of them playing violins, and the other three playing guitars. Pete, one of the "fiddlers," comes from quite a musical family. We are told that his father, seventy-five years old, has five sons who play violins, but that the old gentleman is decidedly the best "fiddler" in the bunch. Pete and the Propst boy once toured the West as members of a string band.

They played old-time square dance numbers, cowboy songs, hill-billy selections, and the latest popular numbers in a manner that delighted the boys. As a part of their program, they played several old hymns, and the boys of the cottage sang with them.

While it was not our good fortune to be present on this occasion, we have been informed in no uncertain terms that a fine time was had by all.

—:—

Jesse Kelly, formerly of Cottage No. 10, who was the first helper in our infirmary when it was opened, called at The Uplift office last Thursday. This lad, now nineteen years old, left the School, February 24, 1940, returning to his home in Bladenboro, where he worked in a cotton mill for about six months. On September 1, 1940, Jesse enlisted in the United States Army, and was sent to Fort Bragg, where he spent six months. Since that time he has been stationed at Fort Meade, Maryland; Camp A. P. Hill, Virginia; Pine Camp, New York; and for the past eight months he has been a member of the 228th Field Artillery, which is stationed at Camp Edwards, Massachusetts.

Jesse seemed glad to have an opportunity to spend a couple of days with friends at the School. Upon leaving us on Friday, he said that he would visit relatives in Bladenboro for a couple of days, after which he would return to Camp Edwards. He stated that he liked army life, had been advanced to the grade of first class private, and was going to do his best to merit further promotion.

Rev. R. S. Arrowwood, pastor of McKinnon Presbyterian Church, Concord, who was scheduled to conduct the regular afternoon service at the School last Sunday, was unable to keep his appointment, and Rev. Frank Jordan, pastor of Central Methodist Church, Concord, came out in his place. For the Scripture Lesson, he read John 16:1-15, following which, he brought the boys a most helpful and inspiring message.

Rev. Mr. Jordan began by stating that the worst thing in the world that can happen to any individual is to be lonesome; to be cut off from the sources of life. He then called attention to Admiral Byrd and his two companions who, during their Antarctic explorations, making preparations to go to the South Pole to obtain valuable scientific data for the government. Shortly before making the trip, one man became ill, and the other received a serious injury, and it was necessary for Byrd to make the hazardous journey alone. After several days, he was injured, and was not able to turn the crank of the generator that operated the wireless system. He was then entirely alone. Cut off from all sources of living, he realized that he was absolutely by himself. He relates how the only sounds he heard were those of his own voice; the wind; and the cracking of the ice. The great explorer said that his feeling of lonesomeness was without a doubt the worst he had ever experienced.

Back in the middle ages, continued the speaker all forms of torture were created by men but the worst was to take men prisoners and shut them up in solitary confinement, adding that when a man is left long enough in that state, he will go completely insane.

Rev. Mr. Jordan then told of an experience he had when a small boy. He went out into the country to his grandmother's. He got along very well during the day, but when he went to bed that night, he began to worry about his father at home. The more he thought, the worse he felt, and consequently he became very homesick, which is just about the worst kind of sickness a boy can have. Not even sea-sickness can compare with it.

In the words of the text, said the speaker, we learn of a man who was lonesome. He had no friends—no God. That man was Judas Iscariot. At the Last Supper, he left the Master and the others at the table. He went to the high priests and offered to take them to a place where they might arrest Jesus, for which vile act he was paid thirty pieces of silver.

In due time, Jesus was arrested and taken away for trial. When Judas realized what he had done, he was very remorseful. He had betrayed the best friend he had ever had for a small sum of money. The Son of God was to be put to death because of Judas' craving for money. Judas, seeing what he had done, went back to the high priests and asked them to take back the money and set Jesus free. They scornfully replied, "You have the money for which you asked, and we have the man we want. The bargain has been made, and we shall not change it." Judas begged them to take the money, saying that Jesus was the best man he had ever known. He then told them that the money had blood on it, the blood of an innocent man, and again begged them to take it, but they refused. Judas the threw down the thirty pieces of

silver and went out. Before Jesus Christ was hanging upon the cross, just outside the city, Judas hanged himself. He found that he was without friends. He could not go back and associate with the disciples. He had caused God's Son's life to be taken, therefore he had no God. Judas took his own life because he found that life was too hard for him to endure. He was utterly lonesome, forsaken by his friends, and by the high priests, whose friendship he had tried to buy. The only thing left for him to do was to end his miserable life.

There is something coming that is better for us that Jesus did leave the world, said Rev. Mr. Jordan. So long as Jesus was here in the flesh, he was limited in his work. He could not be everywhere, and multitudes of people had to get along without ever seeing him. Since he now reigns above with our Heavenly Father, it is possible for all people to get in touch with him. There is not a single person in the world today who needs to be alone. Christ is ever ready and willing to stand beside us to help make life worth living.

In conclusion, the speaker stated that God can be had in two ways. We can have Him as a judge, taking notice of all our misdeeds and punishing us for them, or we can have Him as our greatest friend, to make our lives worthwhile. The choice is ours. It depends upon how we want Him.

While we are sorry Rev. Mr. Arrowood was unable to be present on this occasion, we feel extremely fortunate in securing such a good "pinch-hitter" in Rev. Mr. Jordan. Sometimes pinch-hitters strike out or fail to connect safely, but in this case, we feel sure that a decided "hit" must be chalked up alongside the pinch-hitter's name. We were delighted to have Rev. Mr. Jordan with us, and trust he may find many opportunities to visit the School during his stay in Concord.

———:———

A PRAYER

Let me do my work each day; and if the darkened hours of despair overcome me, may I not forget the strength that comforted me in the desolation of other times. May I still remember the bright hours that found me walking over the silent hills of my childhood, or dreaming on the margin of the quiet river, when a light glowed within me, and I promised my early God to have courage amid the tempests of the changing years.

Spare me from bitterness and from the sharp passions of unguarded moments. May I not forget that poverty and riches are of the spirit. Though the world know me not, may my thoughts and actions be such as shall keep me friendly with myself. Lift my eyes from the earth, and let me not forget the uses of the stars. Forbid that I should judge others lest I condemn myself. Let me not follow the clamor of the world, but walk calmly in my path.

Give me a few friends who will love me for what I am; and keep ever burning before my vagrant steps the kindly light of hope. And though age and infirmity overtake me, and I come not within sight of the castle of my dreams, teach me still to be thankful for life, and for time's olden memories that are good and sweet; and may the evening's twilight find me gentle still.

—Max Ehrmann.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending September 6, 1942

RECEIVING COTTAGE
Leonard Melton
Charles Pearson
Weaver Ruff
Paul Smith
Harry Wilson
Charles Young

COTTAGE NO. 1
Albert Allen
James Bridgman
Wade Fisher
Richard Hudson
Leonard Lovelace
Curtis Moore
Durwood Martin
Leonard Robinson

COTTAGE NO. 2
Raymond Brooks
William Butler
Dewell Cooper
Milton Koontz
Virgil Lane
Luther McIntyre
Amos Myers
Thomas Roper
Charles Tate
Newman Tate

COTTAGE NO. 3
Fred Bostian
Hurley Bell
Danald Daniels
Joseph Dew
Dewey Lanning
William Pegram
Rhonda Price
Sam Pritchett
Charles Rhodes
Elbert Russ
John Tolley

COTTAGE NO. 4
Joseph Case
Leroy Childers
Mack Coggins
William Deaton
Roy Patton
Charles Simpson
Ernest Turner
Jesse Williamson

COTTAGE NO. 5
John Lipscomb
John Mazoo
Eugene Stubbs
Wilford Seegers
Eldred Watts

COTTAGE NO. 6
Elgin Atwood
Kenneth Caldwell
Douglas Daniels
Earl Hoyle
Robert Hobbs
Robert Jarvis
Gerald Kermon
Marvin Lipscomb
John Linville
Joseph Lane
Rufus Massingill
Jacob Myers
Reitzel Southern
Wesley Turner
William Ussery
William Wilkerson

COTTAGE NO. 7
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 8
Wilbur Russ
Frank Workman

COTTAGE NO. 9
Cecil Caldwell
Curtis Campbell
David Cunningham
Edward Guffey
James Hale
Wilbur Hardin
Morris Johnson
Albert Newton
James Ruff
Robert Owens

COTTAGE NO. 10
Jack Clifton
Marvin Gautier
Arcemias Hefner
Paul Harris
Charles Phillips
Joseph Paterson
James Spears

Durham Smith
Clifford Spriggs
William Young

COTTAGE NO. 11

Bert Barnhardt
Noah Brown
Eugene Cline
William Guffey
Fred Holland
A. B. Hoyle
T. B. Nowell
Edgar Shell
Everett Stamey
Ervin Wolfe

COTTAGE NO. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 13

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE NO. 14

Robert Bailey
Wilton Barfield
Robert Caudle
Walter Carver
Henry Ennis
William Harding
Vernon Harding
Robert Holbert
Edward Kinion
William Lane
William E. Lanford
Roy Mumford
John Maples
Robert Moose
Joseph McKinney
Charles Pitman
Robert Travis
Theodore Young
Alvis Watkins
Thomas Ware

COTTAGE NO. 15

Hugh Roberts
James Roberson
Donald Sides

INDIAN COTTAGE

Jack Bateman
Raymond Brooks
James E. Hall
Ernest Jacobs
Leroy Lowry
Herbert Lochlear
James Lochlear
Lester Lochlear
Eugene Watts

INFIRMARY

Henry Butler
Robert Padgett

———:———

We ought not to be careless and indifferent about the future. But as there are goods in life possible to be obtained, and evils capable of being avoided, so we should provide ourselves with proper means to obtain the one and escape the other. Watchfulness and industry are natural virtues, and are recommended to us by the conduct even of brute creatures. If we neglect our own interest, we deserve the calamities which come upon us; and have no reason to hope for the compassion of others when we take no care of ourselves.—Bishop Conybeare.

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U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXX CONCORD, N. C., SEPTEMBER 19, 1942 No. 38

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SMILES

A smile is but a simple gift,
Yet none so poor but may
With just a pleasant, kindly smile
Brighten a dreary day.
If you can teach your lips this art
Where'er you chance to go,
You'll soon find that your life will be
Happier for doing so.

—Helen M. Richardson.

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The Uplift

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S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor
LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

THERE WILL BE DAWNS

This I have learned—there always will be dawns
For those who keep their tryst with faith by night;
That certain hope for which the spirit longs
Will yield to finding—there will be light.

So I know—for I have watched through dark—
Have waited for the first faint touch of dawn—
Have known my courage flame from one small spark,
Just when I felt most sure my strength was gone.

Oh, never yet has dawn forsaken dark!
So to the mind of man—some dark, some light—
Just when your shadowed fears may seem most stark,
Be then most certain dawn will follow night.

—Doris Virginia Couts.

CONSTITUTION DAY

The Constitution is the fundamental organic law of the United States. It was framed by the Constitutional Convention which met in Philadelphia, May 25, 1787 and adjourned September 17, 1787, and it went into effect March 4, 1789, having been ratified by eleven of the original thirteen states, the others, North Carolina and Rhode Island, ratifying it November 21, 1789 and May 29, 1790, respectively.

The Mooresville Enterprise gives briefly but appropriately an expression of the far-sightedness of the framers of The Constitution that has up to date stood the test of time, in the following:

> September 17, 1787, thirty-nine liberty-minded men put their now famous signatures to a document that grew in name, fame, force and magnitude, until today its significance is the bulwark

of the U. S. Such a paper was called the Constitution, and it stands as the charter of rights and liberties of the American people, a bill so important that each man and woman respects its principles and would fight to maintain them. We offer fervent thanks that these thirty-nine forsighted individuals made the move to interpret on paper the fibre and core of citizenship in this country. Democracy is assailed today as never before, we are told, and we are warned what would happen if democracy should lose its stand. We are aware of the need to protect this institution in order to hand on the right of a republican government. On the anniversary of the Constitution we offer congratulations and praise to those men of the past who fought to preserve it and succeeded, and we give our pledge to the generations of the future that we will do likewise.

* * * * * * * *

KEEP PHYSICALLY FIT

From every source of information we learn that doctors, dentists, druggists and nurses are being called daily into some department of service so that the health of those in our country's armed forces will receive the very best medical attention. This act upon the part of the government is necesary for the boys who are fighting our battles. They must receive every attention. A shortage on the medical staff, also of druggists and nurses means that people at large are to watch their steps, and use every precaution to build up a strong physical resistance in order to prevent minor ills that lead to maladies that require the skill of a physician. We all know that carelessness is often the forerunner of ill health, therefore, we give the following rules which, if observed, will help to keep one well:

1. EAT RIGHT: Milk, butter, eggs, fish, cheese, beans and peas, fruit, leafy green vegetables and the yellow ones, wholegrain or enriched cereals and bread—these are the key foods. Eat plenty of them. And eat three meals a day.
2. GET YOUR REST: Regularity counts most. You can't catch up on lost sleep or missed relaxation. Try to keep on a regular schedule every day. Take it easy for a little while after lunch and dinner. Go to bed on time, get up on time.
3. SEE YOUR DOCTOR ONCE A YEAR: You have your car checked and serviced every thousand miles. Do as much for your body. Physicians can prevent many diseases and illnesses for both children and grownups nowadays. Give your

doctor a chance now. Before you get sick. Go to see him.

4. KEEP CLEAN: Plenty of baths, lots of soap. Clean hands, clothes, houses, beds. Get fresh air, sunshine. Drink lots of water.

5. "PLAY" SOME EACH DAY: Romp with the family, visit with friends, take walks, play games—or do whatever you like to give your body and mind a change from the daily grind on the job. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy."

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CHILDREN NOT FORGOTTEN

Never before in the history of the nation have women been so universally conspicuous in helping to carry on any war. They are today not only active in work of some kind that helps to make our defense more secure or effective, but are giving in every branch of service, their husbands, sons and sweethearts. It is not possible to visualize a sacrifice to exceed that of our women of today.

Realizing all that women are doing, the government has made ample provision to care for the young children of mothers who are employed in manufacturing plants of every description, and other activities of service. Through these agencies for the care of children of working mothers many fine lessons of child welfare will be taught. Every cloud has a silver lining. There are times when hardships are the doorways to golden opportunities. Every sane thinking person understands that it matters not what the future holds in store for our country, the young people of these trying days—the future citizens—are the hope of the land.

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THE BARBER SHOP

This past week has been a busy one for W. W. Johnson, the general utility man at the Jackson Training School. Mr. Johnson has been an employee in this institution for twenty-six years. His vocation is teaching. As principal of the school department he has served faithfully and is recognized as a fine disciplinarian, a gift that all teachers do not have. By virtue of having unusual tact in managing boys, he is often given duties other than in the scool room, which is a diversion from the monotony of teaching the same subjects daily.

This week was the date set for hair-cutting. It was an interesting

scene to see the boys file into the barber shop and come out with a neat hair-trim, looking as if a real tonsorial artist had done the job. Mr. Johnson was assisted in the shop by three Indian boys who have proved to be efficient in this particular line of work. We learned that it is not unusual to give seventy-five hair-cuts daily, and it takes a week, and at times more than a week to cut the hair of all the boys at the School. There is no set time for barbering. The work is done in a wholesale way when the need is realized.

The job of cutting the hair of from three to four hundred boys is really a job, and to say the least, it looked like a tedious one. An outsider does not realize the duties that come under the supervision of the officers here. Parents who have reared large families can in a way understand the details of work pertinent to child care. The responsibilities here are the same as those of parents in the home, with marked difference of twenty-five youngsters in each cottage to look after, as compared to four or more children in the homes.

* * * * * * * *

FOREST FIRES BAD LUCK

"It's bad luck to start a forest fire."

This is the slogan on buttons now being worn by local residents co-operating with the Department of Agriculture's Forest Service in sections of the south. The hope is to substitute this idea for superstitions responsible for thousands of forest fires each year. Many incendiary fires, says the Forest Service, result from traditional notions that to set the woods on fire helps get rid of insects or "varmints."

Actually, there are plenty of grounds for the idea that forest fires are bad luck, the Forest Service points out. Fires destroy timber essential to the war effort; they throw up palls of smoke that hamper military air operations and blind observers on costal patrol for submarines and enemy planes. Forest fires cause confusion, draw off labor needed in vital war plants, and in some cases may destroy war facilities.

A forest fire may set in motion an entire chain of unfortunate circumstances. Floods often follow in the wake of woods burning that goes on year after year, because burned-over, eroded land will not hold moisture. Destruction of timber may mean shutdown of

industries. In fact, a curse is laid on the land repeatedly burned over.

Foresters say it's bad luck to start a forest fire at any time, but especially now when the Nation is depending on natural resources to help win the war.—U.S.D.A.

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BIRTHDAY OF FAMOUS AMERICAN WRITER

James Fenimore Cooper was born in Burlington, N. J., September 15, 1789. He was often called the "American Scott," and was the author of that stirring series of stories of frontier life, the "Leather Stocking Tales." Cooper was the first American novelist to gain a reputation in Europe. When he was but a year old his Quaker parents moved their family of twelve to Otsego Lake, where they started the town of Cooperstown, N. Y. It was there, surrounded by forests and the daily contact with the red men, that Cooper spent his early life; indelible impressions were here obtained which later furnished much material for his tales of the forest.

Although Cooper studied at Yale, he was not a close student, and in his third year was asked to leave college. He then joined the United States Navy, and the knowledge and experience gained during that service made his later sea tales realistic. He married and retired from the navy just before the War of 1812. Settling at Cooperstown, he engaged in farming. One day, when reading aloud an English novel, he boasted to his wife that he could write a better novel than many of those appearing at the time. So he produced "Precaution," a commonplace story of English high life, of which he knew nothing. Advised to turn to adventure in his own country, he wrote "The Spy" in 1821, and published it at his own expense. On its appearance, he was at once recognized as a novelist of force.

In the twenty years that followed, he brought out many novels, including those stirring sea tales, "The Pilot" and "The Red Rover"; also the "Deerslayer," "The Last of the Mohicans", "The Pathfinder," and many others. Cooper's works have been translated into many languages, and places around Otsego Lake are still pointed out to visitors as spots he invested with literary interest. He died on September 14, 1851.

WITH THE UNITED STATES ARMED FORCES

The following list includes the names, as they have come to this office, of members of the staff, former staff members, and former students of Stonewall Jackson Training School, who are now serving as members of the armed forces of the United States. It will be seen that two employees went into the service directly from the School campus. The others listed have, in some cases, been away from the institution for quite a number of years, joining the fighting forces several years after severing their connection with the School.

In checking over the list of our old boys, we find that practically one hundred per cent voluntarily enlisted in "Uncle Sam's" service, rather than wait to be called by the selective service system. It is also interesting to note that many of these fellows had been in their country's service several years prior to the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, December 7, 1941.

If any of our readers know of former Training School boys who are now in any branch of service, and can furnish definite information as to their present location, please notify the editor of THE UPLIFT, P. O. Box 32, Concord, N. C. We shall appreciate your co-operation.

Staff Members

Patterson, James L. (Army)
Query, James L. (Army)

Former Staff Members

Barrier, Captain George L. (Army)
Hollingsworth, Jesse G. (Navy)
Parker, Major Samuel I. (Army)
Poole, William E. (Army Air Corps)
Wingate, Wm. J. (Army Air Corps)

Former Students

Adams, Clyde (Navy)
Adams, Felix (Army)
Alexander, Robert (Army)
Allen, Julian Herschel (Navy)
Andrews, Julian (Marine Corps)
Ashley, Arthur (Army)
Atkins, Richard (Army)
Atwell, Robert (Navy)
Atwood, Earl (Army)

Baynes, Howard (Army Air Corps)
(Previously served an enlistment period in the Army.)
Beach, Ernest (Army)
Beaver, Albert (Army)
Benson, John (Navy)
Blocker, James C. (Army)
Bordeaux, Junior (Army)
Bowman, Charles (Army)
Britt, Jennings (Navy)

Brogden, Norman (Navy)
Broome, Jack (Army)
Broome, Paul (Army)
Broome, Shannon (Army Air Corps)
Brothers, William (Naval Air Corps)
Brown Aldene (Army)
Brown, Harold (Army)
Burke, Ensign William H. (Navy)
Burkhead, Dermont (Navy)
Butner, Roy (Marine Corps)

Carter, Douglas (Army)
Carter, Fred (Army)
Causey, Floyd (Army)
Chapman, Edward (Army)
Chattin, Ben (Army)
Cherry, Herman (Army)
Cobb, Frank E. (Army)
Coffer, Robert (Army)
Collins, Glenn L. (Army)

Connell, James (Navy)
Cook, George (Army)
Cooper, Walter (Army)
Connell, Harry (Army)
Cox, J. C. (Marine Corps)
Craft, Arthur (Army)
Crawford, Louis (Army)

Dalton, James (Army)
Daubenmyer, Nelson (Army)
Donaldson, Harold (Marine Corps)
Dorsey, W. Wilson (Army)
Driver, Malcom (Army Air Corps)
Dyson, Fred (Navy)

Earnhardt, Donald P. (Navy)
Efird, N. A., Jr. (Army)
Elmore, A. C. (Marine Corps)
Evans, John H. (Army)

Faggart, John (Marine Corps)
(Enlisted 1929. Made Warrant Officer by Act of Congress, 1941.)
Ferris, Russell (Army)
Fisher, Edward (Army)
Freeman, Richard (Army)
French, Ian (Army)
Furches, William (Marine Corps)

Gardner, Horace T. (Army)
Gatlin, Britt C. (Army)
Glasgow, Norwood (Navy)
Glasgow, Ramsey (Army Air Corps)
(Served in Marine Corps, 1929-1933. Member China Expeditionary Force, '29-'32.)
Glover, Henry (Marine Corps)
Godfrey, Warren (Army)
Goodman, Albert (Army)
Greene, Giles E. (Army)
Griffin, James H. (Marine Corps)
Grooms, J. B. (Army Air Corps)

Hall, Joseph (Army)
Harris, Edgar (Army)
Hawkins, William T. (Navy)
Head, Elbert (Army)
Hefner, Charles (Army)
Hendrix, John (Army)
Henry, Charlton (Navy)
Hicks, Garland (Army)
Hill, William (Army)
Hodge, Dallas (Navy)
Holland, Burman (Army)
Holland, Donald (Army)
Holmes, John (Army)
Hulan, Norman (Navy)
(Previously served an enlistment period in the Army.)

Irvin, Raymond (Army)
Jackson, William (Navy)
Johnson, Hugh (Navy)
Jones, Mark Twain (Navy)
Jordan, James E. (Army)

Keen, Clinton (Army)
Keith, Monroe (Army)
Kelly, Jesse (Army)
Keith, Robert (Navy)
King, Cleo (Army Air Corps)
King, Frank L. (Army)
King, Lee (Army)
Kinley, Robert (Marine Corps)
Kivett, Clyde A. (Coast Artillery)
Knight, Thomas (Army Air Corps)
Kye, George (Army)

Lamar, A. C. (Army)
Land, Ruben (Army)
Land, Wilfred (Marine Corps)
Landrum, Luther H. (Army)
Lane, Floyd C. (Marine Air Corps)
Langley, William (Army)
Leagon, Harry (Army)
Ledford, Harvey L. (Army)
Lett, Frank (Army)
Lewallan, Paul R. (Army)
Long, Loyce (Army)

Martin, Willie H. (Army Air Corps)
May, George O. (Army)
Medlin, Ervin J. (Army)
Merritt, Edgar (Army)
(Previously served an enlistment period in the Army.)
Miller, Latha (Navy)
Montgomery, Samuel (Navy)
Murphy, Lemuel (Army)

McBride, Irvin (Army Air Corps)
McCain, Edward G. (Navy)
McCoy, Hubert (Army)
McGee, Norman (Army)
McIver, Jordan T. (Navy)
McKee, Thomas R. (Army)
(Enlisted 1937)
McNeely, Robert (Army)
(Enlisted 1933)
McPherson, Arthur (Navy)

Owen, Fred, Jr. (Marine Corps)

Page, James (Army)
Patterson, James (Navy)
Peak, Harry (Marine Corps)
Pennington, Grady (Army)
Plemmons, Hubert (Army)
Pyatt, Jack (Marine Corps)

Ramsey, Amos (Army)
(Previously served an enlistment period in the Army.)

Rivenbark William W. (Army)
(Served in Marine Corps, 1933-1938.)
Rhodes, Paul (Army)
Roberts, Lonnie (Navy)
Rochester, Nicholas (Navy)
Russ, James P. (Army)

Seibert, Fred (Army)
Shaver, George H. (Navy)
Shropshire, Hassell (Army)
Scott, Archie (Army)
Sloan, Lonnie (Army)
Small, Clyde E. (Army)
Snuggs, Charles L. (Navy)
Springer, Jack (Army)
Stepp, James H. (Navy)
Strickland, Robert W. (Army)

Tessneer, Calvin C. (Navy)
Threatt, Sidi (Army Air Corps)

Waldrop, Ned (Army)
Walker, Glenn (Army)
Walker, Oakley (Army)
Walters, Melvin (Army)
Ward, Eldridge (Army)
Ward, Robert (Army)
(Enlisted 1928)
Watkins, Floyd A. (Army)
Watson, Lieut. Lemuel (Army)
Webb, Charles R. (Army)
Whitaker, William E. (Army)
White, Marshall (Coast Artillery)
Whitlock, Winfred (Army)
Wilhite, James (Army)
Williams, Samuel R. (Navy)
Williams, William R. (Navy)
Wiles, Fred (Army)
(Enlisted 1927. Now a Recruiting Officer)
Wilson, John C. (Army)
Wilson, Robert (Marine Corps)
Wilson, W. J. (Army)
Wood, Leonard (Army)
Wrenn, Lloyd (Army)

Young, Brooks (Army)
Young, R. L. (Marine Corps)

Ziegler, Henry F. (Navy)

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There'll be bluebirds over the white cliffs of Dover—when there are buzzards over Berlin and Tokyo.

———:———

THOMAS PAINE

By Struthers Burt

Thomas Paine was 5 feet 10, lean and well-proportioned—a charming-looking man if one is to judge by Rommey's portrait and the portrait painted, when he was younger, for his friend Henry Laurens, president of the Continental Congress. And then there is that bust in the New York Historical Society carved by John Wesley Jarvis, nephew of John Wesley, the great Methodist, with whom Paine lived for a while after his return to America in 1802.

By that time the old eagle was ill, worn by years of struggle and misfortune and misunderstanding, and a long term in a French prison, but the strong pointed chin is there, and the arched, inquiring eyebrows, now grown shaggy, and the quizzical mouth, the lower lip full and the corners going up, the direct look of the dark and luminous eyes.

There is something similar in that bust of the later Washington and the later Voltaire. Old and gallant men are likely to come to resemble each other.

Paine was a believer in God and a future life, and said so plainly in his

"Age of Reason," the great controversial work which got him into so much trouble, and which he wrote late in life when he was in France. For awhile, speaking little French, not understanding it much, he was a member of the Revolutionary Chamber of Deputies; for awhile, a prisoner of the same Chamber when Robespirre came to power. He—Paine—the perpetual rebel, the fountain head of the American Revolution, had balked at unnessary bloodshed. He had voted against the execution of Louis the XVI. It is nice to think of an American, standing up and doing that. By the merest chance he missed being guillotined.

In an age in which laxity in morals and talk was condoned his private life was singularly without scandal. There were those two unfortunate, drab marriages in his early life before he came to America—the first terminated by death, the second by divorce. He was attractive to women, for women like power in a man, an inner flame, and Paine had both to an extreme degree, but so far as we know, women were his friends and no more. It was as though he were too busy to have much of a personal life, too preoccupied with the great task he had set himself; too dedicated, a monk, a friar of liberty and democracy.

One occasional vice he had, and he admitted it. Sometimes he drank too much. But who in the 18th century didn't?

Yet not so many years ago another great American, Theodore Roosevelt, but not a real rebel, not a profound thinker, called him a filthy little atheist," and for 150 years, indeed until very recently, Thomas Paine, this immensely important American, has been held in misesteem, and in many cases hated, by the vast majority of those who have inherited the country which, in a certain way, more than any other man he helped to make. He was a filthy little atheist, this lean tall firebrand? This prophet. This man of vision. This clairvoyant. This Founding Father. This man who risked his life repeatedly for what he thought was right. And he was to be regarded with deep suspicion. His writings were to be unread. He wasn't even to be given the dignity of his full name, but was to be called "Tom" Paine as though he were a cheap rabble rouser and a corner politician.

But there have been Americans who understood him better; and his writings," Common Sense," " The American Crisis," "The Rights of Man," the "Age of Reason," have always had a large-sale, but almost clandestine popularity, almost as though they were indecent. Occasionally, too, some man of honor has arisen to defend him. Thomas Edison, said of him:

"Important as were some of Paine's mechanical inventions (Paine like his friend Benjamin Franklin, was an inventor as well as a statesman) they seem to me of minor interest when we consider 'Common Sense' and Paine's planning of this great American republic, of which he may justly be considered the founder."

In a way Paine's life was a typical story of American failure. Paine went up like a rocket. For awhile he was the most popular man in America. Nine years later he was despised and hated, and six years after this sudden about-face, in 1802, when he returned to America he received the final insult—he was refused the right to vote as an American citizen.

For the first 37 years of his life Paine was an obscure man. He was born in Thetford, England, in 1737, of Quaker parents. His father was a stay-maker, a corset-maker. Paine had little formal education, his father was too poor to afford much schooling, but he did inculcate in his son the love of reading, and Quakers, in those days, were thoughtful folk. Paine for a few years exhibited the restlessness that later on was to distinguish him; for a little while he was a sailor, an Excise Officer in a time when smuggling made that an exciting profession, and then for a period he became a stay-maker himself, married, and seemed to settle down. It is amusing to think of Paine as a corset-maker he who disliked restraint of any kind.

Before long, however, he managed to get up to London, and there he attended science lectures and gradually met various people who were attracted to him because of his conversation and ideas. Among these was Benjamin Franklin, then the representative of the American Colonies in London. In 1774 Franklin Persuaded Paine to sail for Philadelphia to take charge of Franklin's Pennsylvania Magazine. Immediately Paine found his niche. He loved America; he saw that here was the natural home of democracy, and he more than any other man, more even than Jefferson, understood what democracy meant and foresaw its immense implications: implications that are beginning to be visible today, implications that a great many Americans are still unaware of or still deny.

That is why it is so interesting that, under the stress, and impetus, of present events. Paine is coming once again into his own, after a 150 years of neglect and misunderstanding and insult. That is why it is significant that more and more people are beginning to recognize him as one of the fifty or so truly great Americans.

Benjamin Franklin said "where liberty is, there is my home." Paine said, "where liberty is not, there is my home," a subtle phrase. What Paine meant was that wherever he saw injustice and inequality and tyranny there he would make his temporary home to fight these enemies of man. And as always he put his theories into action. He was an immensely brave man, both spiritually and physically brave.

With the end of the Revolution, honor after honor was thrust upon him; Congress voted him $3,000, a large sum of money in those days; the State of New York granted his 300 acres near New Rochelle; but by 1787, a man of 50, Paine was off for England, the country he had deserted 13 years before. Hunted out of England because of his revolutionary ideas, he eventually fled to France and became a deputy to the new French Congress.

Then he did a tactless and foolish thing, and before that he had done a reckless thing. Had it not been for the latter, he might have escaped with the former. But he was not a tactful man and when he was angry he could write scorching and bitter and unfair sentences. Languishing in a French prison, in danger of imminent death, and feeling that the American government was making no attempt to rescue him, he wrote in 1776 his famous, or rather, infamous letter to Washington accusing Washington of Toryism and unmitigated vanity.

You can't accuse a national idol at the height of his popularity and expect applause. America repudiated Paine as it had once honored him. But by now the "Age of Reason" had been published and Paine was open to the attacks of the reactionary, the overpious, and the lover of the status quo. His "Letter to Washington" alienated his friends. By now the whole world was against him.

The "Age of Reason" is not a defense of atheism. Paine was a deist, an 18th century humanist. He believed firmly in God and a future life but he did not believe in miracles or revealed religion or the church.

Paine has been dead 133 years, and we can begin to forget the unjust obloquy cast upon him in the recent turn of events which now at long last is restoring him to his proper place. All we need to remember is what he did in the dark days of the American Revolution to make this country, and what he perceived democracy to be, both of which have an immediate and overwhelming important meaning for us today.

Paine was the "spark plug" of the American Revolution. In the beginning, by his writings, he made the issue clear when other equally ardent Americans, were still in doubt, still confused, still hopeful that some compromise could be made with the forces of tyranny.

Paine knew better, He knew by intuition and logic that you cannot appease tyranny. Like Patrick Henry, only repeatedly, and with all the forces of reasoning, he said, "Give me liberty, or give me death." And he said this in simple and direct language. His words ran like a great fire through the American Colonies.

It was tremendous. Paine's pamphlets were sold by the thousands. One day there was discussion and hesitation and doubt, the next, decision and revolution. But that was only the beginning. The American Revolution lasted eight years, and during those eight years there was little but defeat and dissapointment. For every Saratoga there were a dozen Valley Forges, a dozen Battles of Long Island. The faint hearted fell away. Ragged, weary, hopelessly outnumbered, held together by the huge indomitable shadow of the patient Washington, the American armies fought on, and it was Paine who supplied the words that took hold of men's hearts, and the arguments that made them strong:

"These are the times that try men's souls." He spoke contemptuously of "summer patriots." Nor, as usual, was he a man not to suit his actions to his theories; for a while he served on the staff of Gen. Nathaniel Greene.

But there is more to Paine's vision even than that. He perceived the outer, furtherest edges of democracy decades before anyone else did. He perceived that democracy, like any great articulated theory of government, is dynamic; that it must grow, expand and improve itself or else die; that it cannot stand still. And instinctively, as shown by his actions, he perceived that democracy cannot live in a world with another system, a system that is destructive.

He knew that tryanny, cruelty, the demeaning of the individual were against the laws of man and God, and he knew that there would come a day when they could no longer exist side by side with freedom.

NORTH CAROLINA NEEDS A STATE BIRD

By John Hutchins

A campaign has recently been launched in North Carolina for the purpose of registering sentiment of the people of the State with respect to their choice of a bird to be named as our State bird. The State Department of Public Instruction is interested in and is giving publicty to this movement. The public schools of the state, it is clear, will have much to do with making our selection. Presumably each of our nine hundred thousand school children will have a vote in this contest. It is also to be expected that our many clubs, including of course the bird clubs, and the public in general will make their influence felt. After the people of the State have given full expression to their views, it is expected that the next General Assembly will be requested to make the official designation.

It is rather surprising that North Carolina has been slow to choose a bird emblem for the State, for we have perhaps as interesting varieties of birds as any other state in the Union. In the mountain section we have nearly all kinds common to the transition zone and other varieties; the species in the Piedmont section are many and varied; and the costal region is remarkable for number and variety.

To facilitate our study a very attractive, comprehensive, well written, beautifully illustrated and authoritive book of birds has just come from the press. The authors are Dr. T. Gilbert Pearson, and internationally noted ornithologist, C. S. and H. H. Brimley of Raleigh, also famous for their knowledge of the birds of the State. This fine publication lists, gives the facts essential for identification, and the most interesting and important facts of life history and habits of 396 separate species or varieties of birds—permanent residents, migatory and transient visitants. Anyone who is interested in the conservation of our wonderful birds will be fortunate to get a copy of this outstanding book, procurable from the State Museum, Raleigh (I have no pecuniary interest in its sale.)

Much study should be devoted to this fascinating and highly important subject. A well-developed and intelligent program should be formulated and carried out in the schools during the remainder of the present calendar year —one that will result in a far greater understanding and appreciation of the immense value of our most remarkable bird life.

It is interesting to note the great diversity of opinion prevailing in the forty-six states that have made their adoptions. Twenty-six separate varieties of birds have won first places. Eight states, Kansas, Nebraska, Montana, North Dakota, Oregon, Texas and Wyoming adopted the western meadowlark; four, Arkansas, Florida, Mississippi and Tennessee, chose the mockingbird; four, Delaware, Illinois, Indiana and Kentucky, selected the cardinal; three, Michigan, Virginia and Wisconsin, gave first place to the

robin; three, Iowa, Minnesota and New Jersey, adopted the eastern goldflinch; two, Idaho and Nevada, chose the mountain bluebird; two, Missouri and New York, selected the eastern bluebird; two, Maine and Massachusetts, chose the chickadee; two, Oklahoma and Rhode Island, adopted the bobwhite; Alabama, chose the flicker; Arizona, the cactus wren; California, the California quail; Colorado, the lark bunting; Georgia, the brown thrasher; Louisiana, the brown pelican; Maryland, the Baltimore oriole; New Hampshire, the purple finch; New Mexico, the roadrunner; Ohio, the house wren; Pennsylvania, the ruffed grouse; South Carolina, the Carolina wren; Utah, the sea gull; Vermont, the hermit thrush; Washington, the willow goldfinch; West Virginia, the tufted titmouse, and the District of Columbia, the wood thrush. Connecticut, and North Carolina, it will be seen, are the only states that have no adoptions.

The question as to what are the basic principles that should govern us in making our choice naturally arises. What shall be our criteria? What are the fundamentals? It appears to me that the following observations are sound:

1—The bird chosen should be one that stays with us throughout the year.

2—The choice should be a bird that exists in every county of the State.

3—It should be reasonably abundant.

4—It should be economically valuable.

5—It should have pleasing esthetic qualities, that is, beauty of form, flight and color; interesting life history; and appealing notes.

It may be true, however, that no bird will be deemed to meet all of the five suggested requirments completely. Another bird may possess four of the five of these characteristics so fully that it will be considered more desirable. In any event, in going about selecting a State bird we should decide first what is important, a standard of measurement. However, the bird that most nearly measures up to what we conceive to be the ideal requirements should be chosen.

As is probably well known, a committee of the North Carolina Bird Club named seven candidates, which they thought were suitable, to be considered in the selection of our State bird emblem—the catbird, the wood duck, the red-winged blackbird, the red-headed woodpecker, the wild turkey, the dove, and the scarlet tanager. The committee of the club was acting, of course, on the assumption that it is desirable that we adopt some bird other than anyone of the twenty-six varieties chosen by other states.

Let us consider briefly each of these seven suggested varieties.

The catbird is migatory except that there are very rare instances of individuals wintering in the State. The chief objection is that it consumes considerable quantities of strawberries, cherries and other small fruits. However, it is an economic asset in that it destroys great quantities of noxious insects. Besides, it is a songbird, uttering 40 or 50 different notes.

The wood duck is widely distributed, is a permanent resident and is regarded as our most beautiful native duck. "A masterpiece of nature is the wood duck's gorgeous coat."

The redwing is a permanent resident in the State except in the mountain section, where it is a summer visitor. It is gregarious, many nests being found in marshes close together. This species does some damage to crops but offsets this by destroying great numbers of harmful insects. It is a rather beautiful and quaint bird.

The red-headed woodpecker is a very handsome and most striking in appearance of the woodpecker family with the exception of the pileated and, like other members of the tribe, is a guardian of our forests. It is found locally throughout North Carolina.

The wild turkey is our largest game bird native to all parts of the State; the quality of its flesh is exceedingly good. It is somewhat abundant in some localities but rare or non-existent in others. It is my guess that there are 20 counties that do not have any. If it should be adopted, would this lead to an increased effort to restore it where it has been exterminated?

The dove is a very pretty and beneficial variety of bird and of wider distribution and more abundant, perhaps, than any other of the list above suggested. It is resident and its notes, while melancholy, are pleasing.

The scarlet tanager is a migratory variety, a summer dweller in the mountians and transient in the rest of the State. It is said that it does not breed east of Durham. It is a very beneficial bird and has no bad qualities. It is of exquisite beauty; its coming in the spring gives us a great thrill.

Since all the people of the State who care to are to have a part in this movement to select a bird symbol, it is but natural that many folks will want to consider many birds other than the seven described above. Many persons think that the fact that another state has chosen a certain species of bird should not keep us from choosing the same one, provided it suits best our situation in North Carolina. In other words, they are of the opinion that we should consider each variety per se.

If other varieties are to be considered, what are the ones that make the strongest appeal to the people of the State?

How about the bobwhite? It is our game bird of undisputedly first importance; it is probably the most valuable from the standpoint of growing crops; it is an all-year resident; it is handsome in appearance; and its voice in the spring and early summer is one of the cheeriest.

Of great worth also is the robin. It may be seen in many parts of the State during any month of the year. In the mountains it is not much in evidence during the winter. Mabel Wright says that it is the first of our birds to have been named, at least it is one of the most useful and familiar birds. It might well be styled a cutworm specialist.

The Carolina wren has a host of admirers; it is distinguished by its name and deserving of it. It is pleasing in appearance, altogether beneficial, resident, and marvelously musical.

The bluebird has a very large group of admirers and richly deserves to have. It is resident, altogether benefical, one of the daintiest of our feathered friends and, by common consent, a symbol of happiness. Its song is a "sweet, plaintive warble." May its numbers increase!

The cardinal is one of our finest birds. It is useful to the gardener, is an all-year resident, and stays close to our habitations and is a source of joy during the somber winter days.

The song sparrow is a very attractive and useful bird. The eastern variety is a permanent resident in all sections of the state except in the mountains where it is only a winter resident. The Mississippi song sparrow is one observed so much in the mountain section. Both species sing all the year, in all kinds of weather, day and night.

The mockingbird is, by general agreement, our inimitable, first-rank songster. It perfers to stay close to human habitations, is a permanent resident, striking in appearance. However, in some sections of the state it is not abundant.

This campaign should be the means of stimulating great interest on the part of the public in the conservation of a valuable and wonderful asset—one that means so much for our material and spiritual welfare.

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Roses are red, violets are blue,
Sugar is sweet and limited, too.

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"GLORIOUS THINGS OF THEE ARE SPOKEN"

By Elmer Schultz Gerhard

It would seem that ordinary experiences do not touch some lives to bring out the best and finest qualities of the individual soul. There is a couplet which runs something like this:

"The good are better made by ill
As odors crushed are sweeter still."

Beethoven was almost totally blind and burdened with sorrow when he produced his greatest works; Schiller wrote his best literary works in great bodily pain, of which he was not free for fifteen years; and Milton his best when he was sick, poor and blind. When Goethe was still a young man, a contemporary of his made this remark: "If I were a woman I would fall in love with that man and then jilt him; then he would sing." Occasionally it takes something of a thunderclap to bring some people to their senses, something similar to what struck Paul while he was on his way to Damascus.

It is noticeable, then, that the world's finest and most enduring musical, literary, and art productions, its masterpieces, have been wrought under the most untoward and adverse circumstances. Such productions have the qualities of endurance, for they are for the most part wrung from the heart of the composer. Consequently

they appeal to the feelings and to the heart of universal mankind.

None of the great hymn writers has had a history as remarkable as that of John Newton, whose life was filled with the most distressing experiences, really excruciating enough to crush the spirit of anyone. Newton was born in London in 1725. His mother was a pious woman who taught him the Catechism and many good precepts and rules of conduct. Unfortunately for the lad, she died when he was only six years old. As his father was a sea captain, the boy missed much of a father's parental advice as well as a mother's tender care.

At the age of eleven years he went to sea with his seafaring father. He followed this sort of life for eighteen years. He became very wild, cursing and blaspheming like some old tar. After the father retired from the sea, the son made several voyages by himself. At one time when war was threatening, he was impressed into the navy and was made a midshipman on board of a man-of-war. He became restless and the irksomeness of the task galled him. So he deserted, but was caught, brought back. stripped and whipped, and reduced to the ranks.

By this time he was an avowed infidel and was steeped in all kinds of crime. His life was stained not only by vice, but by viciousness in all its degrading forms. After suffering the severe humiliation in the navy, he gladly changed over into an African trader. He made many voyages as mate and master on trading ships. His leisure moments he devoted to the improvement of his education, of which he had received very little as a boy. Finally he fell into the hands of a slave trader in Africa. Here he suffered indescribable hardships; he was continually insulted and was almost starved. He wandered among the pine groves of Sierra Leone, and so low had he fallen that he was shunned by the rude an barbarous tribes on the coast and even by the slaves themselves. Of clothing he had but little, and to ease his hunger he often resorted to the eating of roots. His only relief he found in study of an old book of mathematics.

After two years he was providentially rescued from this terible situation. At the end of this period he received a message from his father, and secured passage for home. On this homeward voyage the ship encountered a frightful storm and was almost wrecked. So he began to reflect on his wicked life. "I began to pray," he said, "but I could not utter the prayer of faith. My prayer was like the cry of the ravens, which yet the Lord does not disdain to hear." The storm subsided, but the young man, sick of sin, at least continued to pray. God revealed his salvation to him on the ocean. Out of this deep experience he wrote the sailors hymn:

"I hear the tempest's awful sound."

His prayer was followed by praise and reflection and meditation; he studied the Scripture and at least grew in knowledge. But he went back to the sea again and engaged in the slave trade as captain of a slave ship. One of his cargoes landed later at Charleston, South Carolina. In accordance with much of the thinking of that period, he at first regarded the trade as a respectable business; but his nature shrank from it because of its inhumanity; soon he wrote words of condemnation regarding the iniquitious trade.

The state of his health and a growing dislike for the slave trade made him quit the sea in 1755. The reading of Thomas a Kempis, the frightful experience of a storm at sea, his deliverance from a severe fever in Africa, and other tortuous experiences finally awoke in him the memories of the religion his mother taught him; so he became truly penitent, and so complete was his conversion that he became a minister of the Gospel.

While spending the next nine years as Tide-Surveyor at Liverpool he began to study Greek and Hebrew. Soon he applied to the Archbishop for ordination, but was refused. By 1764 the Curacy of Olney was offered him. He was now thirty-nine years old. In 1767, William Cowper, a kindred spirit, settled in Olney. An intimate and lasting friendship sprang up, and together they wrote the Olney Hymns (1779). This is the largest collection of hymns written by any two men.

Almost crushed beyind recall by the severest trials and tribulations, Newton now began to sing, and what a long and powerful "chorus" he started. Of the three hundred and thirty-nine hymns in this collection, Cowper wrote sixty-six, while Newton wrote the rest. Among them are such favorites as "Safely through another week," "How sweet the name of Jesus sounds," and many others. The hymn, "In evil I long took delight," truly paints his own experience. The Lutheran Hymnal contains nine of his hymns.

But the greatest and most powerful hymn John Newton ever wrote is "Glorious Things of Thee Are Spoken." It is based on the safety and happiness of Zion (Isa. 30: 20-21). It is a noble description of the people of God under the protection of their Supreme Leader, and is remarkable for its vigor, its simplicity, and its directness of devotional utterance. Into it Newton poured all he had in the way of trust in divine guidance and an implicit faith in God. His prayer is no longer the "cry of the ravens"; it is rather the outpouring of a penitent in his devotion to his Master whom he served for forty-three years after abandoning his wayward life.

"Glorious Things of Thee Are Spoken" can be sung to two tunes; but it is the splendid tune composed by Joseph Haydn"—affectionately known as "Papa Haydn"—that has given it a highly favored place in church worship. The hymn has attained great popularity in all English-speaking countries and ranks with the finest and first hymns in the language. Its popularity is further attested by the fact that stanzas one, two, and five have been rendered into Latin. Newton wrote five stanzas in all to his hymn; but the last two are inferior to the first three and are for that reason seldom printed in hymbooks. Ocasionally the first three and the last are printed together, as in the Lutheran Hymnal.

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The diligent farmer plants trees, of which he himself will never see the fruit.—Cicero.

"SO LONG, BILL"

(Sunshine Magazine)

This is an adaptation of a recent graphic farewell from a father to his soldier son, upon his entry into the Army. Bill is in reality William H. Purcell, Jr., son of W. Henderson Purcell, managing editor of The Daily American, West Frankfort, Illinois.

Well, Bill, your number is up. You are going to the Army. There is a job of serious, nasty, uncivilized business to be taken care of, and you have been assigned a part in it. The task is unpleasant, repulsive. The assignment is different from anything you had yet planned. Yet, it is a privilege as well as a responsibility, for only Americans—the pick of the nation's manhood—are eligible to march with Uncle Sam's armed citizenry and participate in this grim game of war. There is now but one thing to do—make the most of it. Be a good soldier!

I told you as a curly-headed boy, when you started to school, that I wanted you to endeavor always to be the best in your classes. You achieved that distinction. Even though you had not, that kind of aiming never has a bad effect on the score.

Then, when you grew up and started thinking of your first job, I told you that, even though you were employed at nothing more than ditch-digging, I wanted you to be the best ditch-digger on the job. You achieved such top-rank standing in your chosen vocation. Ambition and the will to get ahead never kept anybody down.

Now, as you go with millions of other father's sons from millions of other American homes, I want you to put all that you have into this business of soldiering. It matters not whether you ever wear bars or stars, but it is important to be a good soldier. And being a good soldier means more than drilling and marching and fighting—and dying! It means living—in a man's world—as a man should live.

There is an inclination on the part of too many men, once they are in the Army—away from the influence of home and family and reputation—to cut loose, to go the gaits. There is in the Army, as in civilian life, every type of manhood and every social strata. Every man is on his own. The choice is yours. Men, like water ultimately seek their own level. So, while in the Army, don't lower your standards, Bill.

So, I hope, Bill, you will be able to accept your lot in this grim business as just another chapter in life's exacting school of experience, and endeavor to get out of it something worthwhile; something that will help you in the years ahead. You can always find something if you search for it. Never cease searching.

I am saying these things to you, not because you are different from the millions of other young men who have gone and are going out to engage in this world contest in death, but because you are of my own flesh and blood. Because, man though you are, you will ever be that little boy of mine. The uniform that will shortly be put on you stands for the high and

noble principles upon which this nation was founded, and has since existed—principles that, to much of the rest of the world, are unknown. It stands for freedom among men and nations; the right to live and the will to let live. It stands for humanity, civilization, Christianity.

It has never gone to war except in defense of the principles for which it stands. It has never gone on a rampage of conquest or oppression. That uniform, Bill, is the hope of one hundred thirty million Americans. It is the hope of civilization. Wear it with pride.

I remember well that day, almost twenty-four years ago, when, while sitting in a lecture period at Camp Gordon, I was handed a telegram that announced that you had made me a father. I was a soldier, then—you were the war baby. I remember the day four months later, when I gazed for the first time upon your face. I remember every day of your life since that time. I shall pray every anxious day for your safe return.

There are two things I want to give you, Bill, as you go join other father's sons in this busines of killing (and God forgive that which to man seems necessary). Both went with me to the Army twenty-four years ago.

One is a khaki-covered textbook on military methods and soldiery. Read its pages and endeavor to master the art of being a good soldier. It may not bring you promotions and high honors, for there are in the Army more mere men than anything else. But it will bring to you the satisfaction of doing well whatever you do. It will help you to learn more quickly what is expected of a good soldier.

The other, also khaki-covered, is the Bible. Don't feel that to read it is being sissy. There will be times when just to hold it in your hand will bring a mysterious comfort. There will be times when its nearness—the knowledge that it has stood the test of all time and countless other wars—will alleviate the pangs of longing for home; will lull lonesomeness for all the peaceful ways of life that have been disrupted by war. Rely on the Bible, Bill, for it is our hope of eternal security.

Take these, Bill, and use them. Make the most of the Army, and come back a better man, if possible, than when you left. There is, you know, a personal as well as a national victory to be won.

And may the Good God watch over you and keep you, and over those who go with you as the guardians of American freedom, until the day—and may He speed that day—when we shall thank Him for peace and a safe homecoming.

So long, Bill!

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Are you planning for one year, ten years, or a hundred years? The Chinese proverb says: "If you plan for a year plant grain. If you plan for ten years plant trees. If you plan for a hundred years plant men." Why not plan for all these and grow grain, trees and men? Then your plans and life will be complete.

THE SILENT PARTNER

By Zelia M. Walters

Don slammed the door and left for his work. He and Dorena had just engaged in a morning quarrel. He had just bellowed to his wife, "If that's the way you feel about it., we might better call the whole thing off!" And the words were burning in Dorrena's heart. Enraged, she had dropped into a chair, ready to echo Don's threat. But a little later a chill covered her rage.

"It was our marriage Don suggested calling off!" she gasped. "A marriage begun in love and beauty—where have all our ideals gone!" This was not her idea of marriage, this succession of petty quarrels and spiteful accusations. "Don is right," she agreed, almost aloud; "we'd better call off whatever is ruining our life."

Dimly, Dorena was remembering something her mother had said in those halcyon days just before their wedding, when the whole world was rose-colored, that she could never believe anything would ever be wrong between Don and herself. "It's mainly a wife's job," her mother had admonished, "to make marriage a success. A husband helps, of course, but when he provides a living, a wife may often have to 'pinch-hit' for him in keeping happiness alive." Well, thought Dorena, perhaps she had fallen down on the pinch-hitting. But now she resolved she was going to take her place at the bat.

If only Don had not said such mean things; if only he had been decently polite, they would not have quarreled. Perhaps she should not have told him her domestic troubles, such as the grocer's late deliveries, or the laundress spoiling her green dress. He probably had enough small irritations of his own at the office. The night before she had said sarcastic things because he was so silent. Perhaps he was thinking over a problem. She reveiwed many past days and was astonished to see how often she might have acted differently.

Dorena got up from her chair in a glow of reform and energetic determination. She went to the kitchen and made Don's favorite dessert, lemon meringue pie, which she thought was a great deal of trouble. At dinner time she set the table with care, and put on a dress Don liked. Near the time he should be home, she suddenly felt panicky. Suppose he had meant what he said that morning, and didn't come home at all When the door finally opened, her heart gave a bound, and it was an effort to speak naturally. His face was set and grim.

"Company?" he said, looking at the table.

"No, not tonight."

"I'm glad. I'm not up to entertaining."

"You're tired, Don. It's cool on the porch. Sit there while I take things up. You'll feel better after dinner."

It was a good dinner, and ordinarily Dorena would have been out of temper to receive no word of praise for it. But her morning's analysis was still in her mind. Don took a second helping of stuffed potatoes, but he didn't say that they were good. But when Dorena brought the pie, his face relaxed into a smile.

"This is something like a dessert," he said happily.

After dinner Don settled into a chair in silence. Dorena watched him unobtrusively. He was troubled, probably had been for some time, but she had not noticed. She wanted to ask him, but deeper wisdom bade her be silent. She knew very little about Don's business. She knew he was a partner with his father, who had left matters largely in Don's hands. The items they manufactured were well chosen, and they had been prosperous, but conditions had changed. Dorena knew this, too, but until now she ha dnot thought much about it.

One day, as Dorena was turning the pages of a magazine, she got an inspiration. She knew that there were a lot of unsold food shredders in the factory. She jumped up from her chair with that sense of lightness that one feels when touched by a sudden discovery. She could hardly wait for Don to come home. At the table that night she dropped a bombshell.

"Don I've thought of something!" She stopped, and looked worried.

Don scowled. "Well what is it?"

Dorena was fighting for control. She wanted to rise in wrath and fling out of the room. She determined she would not cry. But she could not speak. When the moment of emotion passed, she looked up to see Don staring at her.

"I'm sorry for my rotten manners, Dorena," he said, almost kindly. "But I'm worried these days."

"It's all right, Don; I can see you are worried. That's why—you'll let me know if I can do anything to help —just anything at all!"

"There isn't anything. But thanks just the same."

But the next evening as they sat in the living room, Don suddenly looked up and said, "What were you thinking of last night?"

Dorena's heart gave a joyful bound. "Oh, I've been thinking about the business. I know a dozen quick, easy desserts that can be made with the shredder. If other women knew about them, perhaps they'd buy it. It wouldn't be a luxury any more, but an economy."

"You don't know how things are at the factory," said Don. "I would not be justified spending money telling women about the shredder. We are having to discontinue a lot of good items because of priorities, and we're feeling it!"

Dorena was dismayed to think the business was so near failure. But it was even sadder to see Don so discouraged, accepting defeat. Early the next day Dorena was on her way to the Big Downey store. As she walked briskly, she sent up a prayer; and again, as she waited at the manager's office, she sent up a mental message, more earnestly than she had ever felt.

Dorena had not told Don of her quest, but two days later she was on hand when the Downey store opened with a daintily arranged kitchen table, one of the shredders attached to it, and a store of nutmeats, dried fruits, and other supplies in bright bolws. Dorena stood at the table smiling outwardly, but praying inwardly. Soon her table was surrounded with women. The bits of dessert she distributed seemed convincing. Dorena nearly wept when she counted the order slips that afternoon, for she had sold eighty-seven of the gadgets in one day! The manager gave her an order for one thousand, and praised her work.

Dorena continued her demonstrations daily. At the little factory Don was nonplussed. He did not speak of the sudden pickup to Dorena, but she perceived the change in his countenance and bearing.

Some days later, much before his usual hour, Don came dashing into the door. "Dorena!" he exclaimed, "what have you done?"

Donena smiled.

"How can I ever thank you?" The manager at Downey's has told me all. What a whiner I have been. I was ready to give up—to chuck the business. Why didn't I have sense enough to think of something to pull us out of the hole?"

"You were probably too close to your problem, Don, as I was to mine. You let worry swamp you. It did me. But I didn't think my way out by myself. It was the Silent Partner. He helped me solve my problem,"

Don stared at Dorena. "What problem, Dorena?"

"The problem of removing the cloud from our home."

Don understood. He pulled Dorena close to him. "And the Silent Partner has not only removed the cloud from our home, but also from our business. From now on, you and I are partners in everything, and the Silent Partner shall be our third partner."

"In everything!" echoed Dorena, and she dropped her hand on Don's strong shoulder.

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There is no feeling in this world to be compared to self-reliance—do not sacrifice that to anythig else.—Rockefeller.

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PARENTS OF 1942

By Dr. Hunter B. Blakely

Never is there a time when our children mean so much to us as when we are in danger of losing some of them. As the boys leave home to go off into the army or the navy to the ends of the earth somewhere, over us there comes a new realization of the depths of parental love and a rekindled solicitude for youth. When the soldier boy is gone, there may be some lingering regrets that the parent did not understand the child better and establish with him a more chummy palship. The son has gone to war now: we hope he will come back; but if he does, it will be as a man—a war veteran. As parents of 1942 we can do our best by the boys, who have gone as we do better by the sons and daughters who are left behind. These children who are still in the making will be the fellow-citizens of their brothers who are now in arms; they together will build the world of tomorrow.

Hitler should have taught us at least one lesson; namely, the kind of world you propose to live in will be determined largely by the effectiveness of your education of youth. He has dem-

onstrated that you can educate for ruthlessness, cruelty, fanaticism, hatred, and prejudice. You can brutalize a generation by education and propaganda. Americans do not want the kind of world Hitler sought, but if we are to get the kind of world we want, we will have to educate our young people to be the kind of people who can build that world. America will never rise higher than the ideals and character of her citizens. There is no formula for creating a golden age with leaden citizens. A better America must have better citizens, whose minds are trained to think more clearly, whose consciences are educated to discern between good and evil, whose characters have been formed with stability and conviction, and whose spirits have learned reverence for God and His eternal laws.

Education has never been so important for our land as now. We need and will continue to need, more people trained to think. However, it is not just more education which we need, but education of the right kind. Parents may co-operate with teachers in impressing young people with the serious importance of making the most of their school days. Your sons and daughters in school need from you both encouragement and patience.

They need encouragement to plan for the more permanent values. Youth's temptation is to accept the immediate, which is often also the easy. Today many young people are hurrying through high school and college, taking the short course to get out and begin doing things. They thus are failing to be equipped for more responsible living. Our future citizens, if America takes her rightful place in world affairs, must have broader vision and a clearer understanding of human relations than their fathers and mothers have had. Thoughtful men have discovered that the surest way to read the unopened pages of the future is to understand the records of history and that to know why things happened long ago as they did will enable us to live more intelligently in the present. The intelligent citizen needs to know how men have met their problems, how they have succeeded and how they have failed. We will stand up to life more successfully when we consider how other men have stood up before their situations and made the most of hostile circumstances. All education needs to be related to life, and both parents and teachers can help the student get the life approach to the gathering of knowledge.

We need to have patience with youth. Let them think even though at times their thinking may run ahead of our more well-formulated opinions. There is a new world coming into existence. It can only be founded safely upon eternal principles and truths. But truth has a way of always renewing itself and appearing in new strength. Truth moves from lesser truth to larger truth. As truth grows it will burst the old forms. As the Great Teacher phased it: "Neither do men put new wine into old bottles: else the bottles break, and the wine runneth out, and the bottles perish: but they put new wine into new bottles, and both are preserved."

A group of our most famous citizens, mostly young men, back around 1776 when the eternal truths of freedom and of human values surging with new life were breaking the old wine skins of convention, put these truths into new wine skins which pre-

served liberty and individual worth for coming generations. In their day they were called visionary and revolutionary for they advanced beyond the thinking of many of their contemporaries. Again we need new wine skins to preserve the abiding values of freedom and human worth. Those who provide the containers which will hold the priceless heritage of liberty must again advance beyond the thinking of many of their fellows. Be patient with youth for only as they boldly think is there any hope for them to become the builders of a safer and saner social structure in a broken world.

Let us as parents expect much of our students. As the old Spartan sent his son to war, we send ours to war and school, both important for the future, saying, "My son, come back with your shield or come back on it."

TO WHOM SHALL WE GO?

(Charity and Children)

Every neighborhood has seen most of its young men join the armed forces of this country. Word has come that some of them have already been killed in action or are listed as missing.

There is a vacant chair at most of the firesides. There is an ache in many a mother's heart. There is fear and foreboding. This a dark hour and a questioning hour. To whom will the people go?

There are no atheists in fox holes and the number everywhere is diminishing at a rapid rate. This is a time when people need some power greater than themselves. This is a time when strength is needed and courage and the power to carry on. This is the greatest hour that has faced organized Christianity since the resurrection of our Lord.

The church and the pastor who have Bread for the hungry and Water for the thirsty will have the high privilege of feeding the hungry and of quenching the thrist of those who are ready to faint. There will be crowded church houses. People are going to the church for consolation in their grief and for the hope that will be held out by the man of God.

There will be nowhere else to go. People are not going to wish for amusement or entertainment but for spiritual food. They will want to hear a man who is unafraid. They will want to hear a man who knows whom he believes. They will want to mingle with a people who possess a peace that the world can neither give nor take away. They will want the consolation of a gospel that will meet their need.

Who knows but that pastor and church are come to the kingdom for this very time. It is a great day and a great hour. God grant that pastor and church may not be found wanting.

INSTITUTION NOTES

The School recently purchased an improved spiral hay-rake, and it was immediately put into service in our lespedeza fields. This rake certainly does a beautiful job of raking hay cleanly and piling it up in neat wind-rows.

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"Western Union" was the feature attraction at the regular weekly motion picture shown in our auditorium last Thursday night. A comedy, "Fun On Rollers," was shown at the same time. Both are Twentieth-Century-Fox productions.

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As we strolled down by the dairy barns the other day, we noticed some repairs had been made to the walks and drive-ways, also that several doors and windows had been repaired, greatly improving the appearance of those buildings and grounds.

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One of the School's staff of workers was in Charlotte last week, and chanced to meet Shannon Broome, formerly of Cottage No. 7, who left the institution, September 6, 1934. Shannon has been in the United States Army for some time, and is stationed at Lubbock Army Flying School, Lubbock, Texas. He was enjoying a few days' furlough with relatives in Charlotte. Shannon stated that he liked army life very much and was getting along fine. He is now twenty-four years old.

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Last Tuesday night, we met Arthur Martin in Concord, who told us that he was working in one of the textile plants in that city. Arthur, who is now twenty years old, left the School, November 3, 1937, at which time he returned to his home in Albermarle. He was employed in the Wiscassett Mill in that city until just a few weeks ago, when he secured employment in Concord. Arthur stated that he liked his new position and was getting along very good. He asked many questions about things at the School, and said that he was coming out to see us at his first opportunity.

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Now that the baseball season is drawing to a close, local sports enthusiasts have their minds on football. Candidates for positions on the School's team are practicing daily, and the squad seems to be getting into good condition. Coach Liner recently gave us the following schedule for the 1942 season:

September 28—Albermarle (here)
October 3—Barium Springs (there)
October 16—China Grove (here)
October 19—Albermarle (there)
November 11—China Grove (there)
November 21—Barium Springs (here)
November 25—Eastern Carolina Training School (here)

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The big motor which is used to drive the cylinder press in the printing department, and one used on a small job press, were taken to Charlotte for repairs last Monday. Officials of the company making the repairs stated that we were indeed fortunate they could be made locally, for had it been necessary to order new parts, there was no way of telling when we might get them, since all such articles are now difficult to secure, due to exist-

ing war conditions. Aside from he usual week's lay-off, between Christmas and New Year's Day, this little magazine has not missed appearing on time for more than twenty years. Had it been necessary to do without our large motor for several weeks, this fine record would have been broken.

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For the past two or three months we have been receiving regularly copies of "Jungle Mudder," a 34-page mimeographed magazine, published by the United States Coast Artillery, in the Panama Canal Zone. It gives much information concerning the various recreational programs enjoyed by the boys in that particular branch of service, very ably written by members of each unit. In its pages there are occasional guest editorials by Bob Burns and other radio and screen stars; feature articles by members of the editorial staff; and countless cartoons and jokes. In fact, this little booklet is most interesting from cover to cover.

The line at the top of the last page states that this publication is "the only newspaper spawned on the Pacific and thrown into the Atlantic in less time than you'd think," and on the return address on the cover we read that it is a "slap-happy publication," but for all that, Sergeant Ted (El Toro Ferdiliza II) Stanmore, Editoro-in-chief, and his staff, are to be commended for their worthy efforts. They are performing a noble task—that of keeping men smiling, even when engaged in the task of protecting our beloved democracy, at a risk of life and limb.

We are indebted to Clyde Kivett, a former linotype operator in our printing class, for the copies of "Jungle Mudder." Clyde has been in the coast artillery in Panama for about two years. That he is still interested in the School is evidenced by the fact that he writes friends among the staff members quite frequently.

Say, Clyde, how about sending us the words and music of the "Coast Artillery Marching Song?" The boys here would enjoy singing it.

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Rev. Clyde E. Bauocm, pastor of McGill Street Baptist Church, Concord, conducted the service at the School last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson, he and the boys read responsively Psalms 34:1-10 and 17-22. As the text for his message to the boys, he selected Luke 7:-31-32: "And the Lord said, whereunto then shall I liken the men of this generation? and to what are they like? They are like unto children sitting in the market-place, calling one to another, and saying, We have piped unto you, and ye have not danced; we have mourned to you, and ye have not wept."

Rev. Mr. Baucom began by telling his listeners if they tried to think of his subject, he wanted them to think of a boy who did not know how to play. The summer months are ending, said he, and with the coming of cooler weather, boys will play more. This is quite natural, for children have always played, and even after they grow up into young manhood and young womanhood, they will enjoy a certain amount of play.

The speaker then told how John Wesley, back in 1748, established a school, and one of the rules was that there should be no holidays and no play. Wesley had a theory that if

boys played in early life, they would continue to do so when they became men.

Rev. Mr. Baucom then pointed out that the Pyramids of Egypt revealed that boys and girls played centuries ago, for here were found dolls and parts of children's games, when explorations were being made. The Bible relates a vision of Jeremiah, in which he saw the streets of the New Jerusalem in which children were playing. When Jesus Christ came into the world, especially when he began his ministry, he found children playing in the market-places.

The speaker then stated that in the words of the text, we see grown men acting like children. One group wanted to be cheery and complained because the others were long-faced and would not be happy. Members of the other group complained that they wanted to be sad, and the others would not cry with them. Christ said these men were acting like children playing in the street. They were not co-operative. They did not know how to get along together.

The way a boy plays, said Rev. Mr. Baucom, actually brings out what is inside him. When boys play together, they reveal their true characters. If a fellow is a good sport, he gets along well. This also applies to men and nations. We are in the midst of a ghastly war today simply because rulers of certain countries could not get along well together. They did not know how to play the game. They chose to try to force the rest of the world to accept the rules laid down by them.

We need to get under disciplinary rules, continued the speaker, and in order to do so, we must learn to do some things that are hard to do. There are many things we sometimes want to do, but they are not right; they are not fair to all concerned. There is no place in the great game of life for selfishness. We must co-operate. It is our duty to help others when we can.

Rev. Mr. Baucom then told the youngsters that a boy who doesn't learn how to play is indeed a pitiful chap. Of course, he should always try to win, but in so doing should be fair and square. He should play hard, and never be a quitter. In football, we often see boys ask the coach to take them out of the game, because they are afraid of being injured. It would be far better for such a fellow to never start in a game. The thing to do in the game of life, as well as in football, is to stick right in there and give our best at all times.

In conclusion, the speaker admonished the boys to be considerate of others, and not expect to have their own way always. When the great nations of the world realize how necessary such consideration is, there will be no more wars, and suffering, such as we now read about in the papers every day, will be a thing of the past.

———:———

If you wish for success in life, make perserverance your bosom friend, experience your wise counsellor, caution your elder brother, and hope your guardian genius.—Addison.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending September 13, 1942

RECEIVING COTTAGE
Howard Combs
Charles Pearson
Weaver Ruff
Harry Wilson
Charles Young

COTTAGE NO. 1
Thomas Barnes
N. A. Bennett
Wade Fisher
Richard Hudson
Durwood Martin
Jack Ray
Jack Reeves
Leonard Robinson
Kenneth Tipton
Luther Vaughn
Frank Walker

COTTAGE NO. 2
William Butler
John Crumpler
Virgil Lane
Luther McIntyre
Charles Tate
Newman Tate

COTTAGE NO. 3
Hurley Bell
Charles Beal
Fred Bostian
Donald Daniels
Burlen Edmundson
Albert Hames
Dewey Lanning
Fonzer Pitman
Rhonda Price
Ralph Powell
Samuel Pritchett
Charles Rhodes
Earl Smith
John Tolley

COTTAGE NO. 4
Edward Batten
Jack Bright
Joseph Case
Leroy Childers
Mack Coggins
William Deaton
Raeford Medlin
Roy Patton
Jesse Williamson

COTTAGE NO. 5
Allen Morris
John Mazoo
Eldred Watts

COTTAGE NO. 6
Elgin Atwood
Earl Hoyle
Robert Hobbs
Gerald Kermon
Marvin Lipscomb
Joseph Lane
Rufus Massingill
Jacob Myers
Jesse Peavy
Reitzel Southern
William Ussery
William Wilkerson

COTTAGE NO. 7
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 8
Jesse Cunningham
Wilbur Russ
Frank Workman

COTTAGE NO. 9
David Cunningham
Riley Denny
Edward Guffey
Wilbur Hardin
Isaac Mahaffey
Marvin Matheson
Robert Owens
Leroy Pate
Lewis Sawyer
Glenn Wilcox

COTTAGE NO. 10
C. W. Cline
Forrest Davis
Paul Harris
William Morgan
Charles Phillips
Joseph Patterson
James Spears
Durham Smith

Clifford Spriggs
William Williams
Joseph Willis
William Young

COTTAGE NO. 11

Bert Barnhardt
Noah Brown
Horace Guffey
William Guffey
William Harding
Fred Holland
A. B. Hoyle
Everett Morris
T. B. Nowell
Edgar Shell
Ray Taylor
Ervin Wolfe

COTTAGE NO. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 13

Thurman Daniels
Millard Ellege
William O'Brien

COTTAGE NO. 14

Robert Bailey
Wilton Barfield
Robert Caudle
Walter Carver
Robert Holbert
Lawrence Hord
William Lanford
Roy Mumford
John Maples
Robert Moose
Charles Pitman
Robert Travis
Alvis Watkins
Thomas Ware
Theodore Young

COTTAGE NO. 15

(No Honor Roll)

INDIAN COTTAGE

Jack Bateman
Raymond Brooks
Frank Chavis
James E. Hall
Ernest Jacobs
Leroy Lowry
Herbert Lochlear
James Lochlear
Lester Lochlear
Alphonzo Williamson

INFIRMARY

Henry Butler
James Shell

———:———

The children of Zurich, Switzerland, are going barefoot this summer at the request of the city fathers. This is not for fun, but because of the extreme shortage of leather and the high cost of shoes. . . . Britain has an auxiliary volunteer service, the Royal Observer Corps, made up of 35,000 civilians who watch the skies over the whole land twenty-four hours a day and seven days a week. They report directly to the R. A. F., and are more efficient and prompt than the radio centers. . . . A London surgeon has devised plastic armor, half the weight of a similar aluminum defense, that will turn aside shrapnel. A two-ounce shield of the plastic can be carried in a pocket, and is strong enough to afford partial protection. It might be useful here some day.—Selected.

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SEP 28 1942
CAROLINA RO

THE UPLIFT

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'TIS BETTER

'Tis better to say or give one thing
Or to do some tiny deed,
Than to plan to do great ones some day
For those who are now in need.

'Tis better to do a thing today
Than to wait for future years;
Tomorrow may be a day to late,
And bring but regrets and tears.

—Selected.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

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S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor
LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

GOD SAVE THE FLAG

Washed in the blood of the brave and the blooming,
Snatched from the altars of insolent foes,
Burning from star-fires, but never consuming,
Flash its broad ribbons of lily and rose.
Vainly the prophets of Baal would rend it,
Vainly the worshippers pray for its fall;
Thousands have died for it, millions defend it,
Emblem of justice and mercy to all:
Justice that reddens the sky with her terrors,
Mercy that comes with her white-handed train,
Soothing all passions, redeeming all errors,
Sheathing the sabre and breaking the chain,
Borne on the deluge at old usurpations,
Drifted our Ark o'er the desolate seas,
Bearing the rainbow of hope to the nations,
Torn from the storm-cloud and flung to the breeze!
God bless the flag and its loyal defenders
While its broad folds o'er the battlefield wave,
Till the dim star-wreath rekindle its splendors,
Washed from the stains in the blood of the brave.

—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

GOVERNOR BROUGHTON VISITS SCHOOL

Governor J. Melville Broughton made a special visit to the Jackson Training School on Friday afternoon of last week. The officials of the institution had previously extended to him an invitation and they feel that it was a distinct honor to the institution that he planned this visit at a time when he is so extremely busy with his numerous duties as Governor in the war period.

During his visit Governor Broughton held a conference with the officials, at which time the policies, the problems and the needs of the

institution were disucssed. Since the Training School is a State institution it, of necessity, has a direct relationship to the State Administration. Governor Broughton has a reputation of having been interested for many years in the cause of public education and other institutions which are concerned with the proper development of the youth of the state. In his visit to the Training School there was evidence of a profound interest in the work which the institution is doing for underprivileged boys.

Following the conference, Governor Broughton, in company with the officials of the institution, made an inspection trip which included the farm, the dary, the infirmary, the trades building, the gymnasium, the swimming pool and many other points. He displayed a keen interest in all phases of the work. However, he was probably most profoundly interested in the program of the development of the boys and expressed a hope that special emphasis may be given to the training of the boys in useful trades to the end that they may be worthy and self-supporting citizens in the future. He expressed a further hope that special efforts might be made to arrange for some older boys, with good records, to enter the armed forces where they would receive further training and have an opportunity to acquire for themselves a record of patriotic service to the country.

It has been a good many years since one of the governors of the State found it possible to make a visit of this nature to the Training School and officials hope it will be possible for Governor Broughton and other State officials concerned with the program of the institution to make other visits in the future.

* * * * * * * *

EARLY FALL ACTIVITIES

The many activities that have kept officers and boys at Jackson Training School busy for several weeks are most pleasing and effective. We will begin to enumerate the work accomplished: First, the natural beauty of the campus has been greatly improved by the pruning of the thick undergrowth of shrubs in some sections, and the removal of others. The scenic beauty surrounding the School with its substantial and imposing buildings cannot be surpassed elsewhere in the state. The farm of a thousand acres, belonging

to the institution, is recognized for its fertility, and we are pleased to learn that the crop of hay this year has surpassed that of any previous season. The harvesting season has been superb, so the farm forces are taking advantage of the weather, and with help from every other available source, have turned their attention to saving the hay to feed the stock during the winter months. It was an imposing picture to see large loads of hay being hauled to the barns for storage.

Despite the fact that outdoor activities had to be attended to when the weather was favorable, the basements of cottages were made attractive and sanitary by fresh coats of paint. Each basement has all modern conveniences, including shower baths, where the boys assemble after work hours to "freshen up" previous to meals or before retiring at night.

Doubtless the dairy holds a prominent place in the life of the School on account of the food values of milk, especially for the adolescent. The dairy has been freshly painted and made sanitary in every respect, according to the rules of the State Board of Health. The fine herd of Holsteins supplies a sufficient quantity of milk to serve the needs of the institution, with a surplus of fifty gallons or more that is sold daily. One quart of milk is set aside for each boy, and a sufficient quantity for other purposes before any is sold.

Conservation is not only the watchword of the Jackson Training School, but therein prevails the spirit of patriotism. When the appeal for scrap iron was heard, right away a tour was made of the back lots and barn yard, and it was not long before four truck loads of scrap were delivered to a local junk dealer. For the entire amount of scrap seventy-eight dollars was realized. The entire program of activities related reflect a fine spirit of co-operation upon the part of officials and boys.

* * * * * * * *

TEACHING THE FINER THINGS OF LIFE

Every innovation in the life of any organization usually brings up a discussion "for or against." We recall very clearly some years ago when the Board of Education decided to secure a music teacher for the city schools, there was considerable reaction against the move-

ment, because some few people thought music in the public schools would draw patronage from teachers of piano. The conjecture did not prove true, but instead the teacher of public school music inspired an appreciation of music, and as a natural consequence, every teacher of piano had larger classes than at any previous time.

An interesting picture was presented a few days ago. A crowd of young people, students of the high school, boosters for a local football game, made a most charming sight, the embodiment of hope, while singing the National Hymn and popular airs to the accompaniment of the school band. Their voices were clear, sweet and in perfect unison. We stood at attention, thrilled with the manner in which those young people handled themselves, realizing that this demonstration was made possible by the teaching of music in our school system. Mass education in all branches of study is an expression of true democracy. If the child, regardless of class, high or low, rich or poor, is given a chance, and is started out on the right foot, one is helping to build the future homes of the nation. This duty devolves upon every person, and if neglected, a sin of omission has been committed.

The school officials have made another gesture for the benefit of childhood by adding the study of the Bible to the curriculum. This interest upon the part of the leaders in educational work is far-reaching. It means that every student, who so desires, will be given the opportunity to study the Bible. A specially traned Bible teacher has been secured for this work. We have already heard many favorable comments from both students and parents. However, there are found some who are apprehensive, feeling that creeds, or different forms of worship will be stressed

The best way to do is to accept all innovations with faith and await results. Have you ever thought that five days every week the studies that prepare our young people for the physical and social needs are stressed, while spiritual training is left to the Sunday schools of the many churches? The time spent in teaching the way of life on Sunday morning, is very brief compared with the five week days in school. We commend the members of the local board of education, for we feel they realize that a knowledge of the Bible will be far-reaching, and will leave its impress upon those who know nothing

beyond the materialistic life. The universal goal today is to make a living by amassing fortunes, instead of making a life, sweetened by a knowledge of the teachings of the Scriptures.

* * * * * * * * *

A course in Bible study is to be offered at the Albemarle High School during the coming year, and a satisfactory teacher will be secured by the committee. Since the course is an elective one, the question of whether the high school student shall take it should be a matter for discussion between him and his parents. While we have the feeling that the majority of the students will want it, we still believe that the young folks should have the sympathetic encouragement of their parents in trying to arrange their course of study in order to include the Bible in it.—Stanly News-Press.

* * * * * * * * *

The level of education in today's army is substantially higher than that of the men in the last war. In World War I, four-fifths of our soldiers had never been beyond grade school. In the present army, two-thirds of the men have had at least some high school education.
—Survey Graphic.

WITH THE UNITED STATES ARMED FORCES

The following list includes the names, as they have come to this office, of members of the staff, former staff members, and former students of Stonewall Jackson Training School, who are now serving as members of the armed forces of the United States. It will be seen that two employees went into the service directly from the School campus. The others listed have, in some cases, been away from the institution for quite a number of years, joining the fighting forces several years after severing their connection with the School.

In checking over the list of our old boys, we find that practically one hundred per cent voluntarily enlisted in "Uncle Sam's" service, rather than wait to be called by the selective service system. It is also interesting to note that many of these fellows had been in their country's service several years prior to the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, December 7, 1941.

If any of our readers know of former Training School boys who are now in any branch of service, and can furnish definite information as to their present location, please notify the editor of THE UPLIFT, P. O. Box 32, Concord, N. C. We shall appreciate your co-operation.

Staff Members

Patterson, James L. (Army)
Query, James L. (Army)

Former Staff Members

Barrier, Captain George L. (Army)
Hollingsworth, Jesse G. (Navy)
Parker, Major Samuel I. (Army)
Poole, William E. (Army Air Corps)
Wingate, Wm. J. (Army Air Corps)

Former Students

Adams, Clyde (Navy)
Adams, Felix (Army)
Alexander, Robert (Army)
Allen, Julian Herschel (Navy)
Allen, Grady C. (Navy)
Andrews, Julian (Marine Corps)
Ashley, Arthur (Army)
Atkins, Richard (Army)
Atwell, Robert (Navy)
Atwood, Earl (Army)

Batson, Jack (Navy)
Baynes, Howard (Army Air Corps)
(Previously served an enlistment period in the Army.)
Beach, Ernest (Army)
Beaver, Albert (Army)
Benson, John (Navy)
Blocker, James C. (Army)
Bordeaux, Junior (Army)
Bowman, Charles (Army)
Britt, Jennings (Navy)
Brogden, Norman (Navy)
Broome, Jack (Army)
Broome, Paul (Army)
Broome, Shannon (Army Air Corps)
Brothers, William (Naval Air Corps)
Brown Aldene (Army)
Brown, Harold (Army)
Burke, Ensign William H. (Navy)
Burkhead, Dermont (Navy)
Butner, Roy (Marine Corps)

Carter, Douglas (Army)
Carter, Fred (Army)
Causey, Floyd (Army)
Chapman, Edward (Army)
Chattin, Ben (Army)
Cherry, Herman (Army)
Cobb, Frank E. (Army)

Coffer, Robert (Army)
Collins, Glenn L. (Army)
Connell, James (Navy)
Cook, George (Army)
Cooper, Walter (Army)
Connell, Harry (Army)
Cox, J. C. (Marine Corps)
Craft, Arthur (Army)
Crawford, Louis (Army)

Dalton, James (Army)
Daubenmyer, Nelson (Army)
Donaldson, Harold (Marine Corps)
Dorsey, W. Wilson (Army)
Driver, Malcom (Army Air Corps)
Dyson, Fred (Navy)

Earnhardt, Donald P. (Navy)
Efird, N. A., Jr. (Army)
Elmore, A. C. (Marine Corps)
Evans, John H. (Army)

Faggart, John (Marine Corps)
(Enlisted 1929. Made Warrant Officer by Act of Congress, 1941.)
Ferris, Russell (Army)
Fisher, Edward (Army)
Freeman, Richard (Army)
French, Ian (Army)
Furches, William (Marine Corps)

Gaddy, William (Navy)
Gardner, Horace T. (Army)
Gatlin, Britt C. (Army)
Glasgow, Norwood (Navy)
Glasgow, Ramsey (Army Air Corps)
(Served in Marine Corps, 1929-1933. Member China Expeditionary Force, '29-'32.)
Glover, Henry (Marine Corps)
Godfrey, Warren (Army)
Goodman, Albert (Army)
Greene, Giles E. (Army)
Griffin, James H. (Marine Corps)
Grooms, J. B. (Army Air Corps)

Hall, Joseph (Army)
Harris, Edgar (Army)
Hawkins, William T. (Navy)
Head, Elbert (Army)
Hefner, Charles (Army)
Hendren, Isaac (Navy)
Hendrix, John (Army)
Henry, Charlton (Navy)
Hicks, Garland (Army)
Hill, William (Army)
Hodge, Dallas (Navy)
Holland, Burman (Army)
Holland, Donald (Army)
Holmes, John (Army)

Hulan, Norman (Navy)
(Previously served an enlistment period in the Army.)

Irvin, Raymond (Army)
Jackson, William (Navy)
Johnson, Hugh (Navy)
Jones, Mark Twain (Navy)
Jordan, James E. (Army)

Keen, Clinton (Army)
Keith, Monroe (Army)
Kelly, Jesse (Army)
Keith, Robert (Navy)
King, Cleo (Army Air Corps)
King, Frank L. (Army)
King, Lee (Army)
Kinley, Robert (Marine Corps)
Kivett, Clyde A. (Coast Artillery)
Knight, Thomas (Army Air Corps)
Kye, George (Army)

Lamar, A. C. (Army)
Land, Ruben (Army)
Land, Wilfred (Marine Corps)
Landrum, Luther H. (Army)
Lane, Floyd C. (Marine Air Corps)
Langley, William (Army)
Leagon, Harry (Army)
Ledford, Harvey L. (Army)
Lett, Frank (Army)
Lewallan, Paul R. (Army)
Long, Loyce (Army)

Martin, Willie H. (Army Air Corps)
May, George O. (Army)
Medlin, Ervin J. (Army)
Merritt, Edgar (Army)
(Previously served an enlistment period in the Army.)
Miller, Latha (Navy)
Montgomery, Samuel (Navy)
Murphy, Lemuel (Army)

McBride, Irvin (Army Air Corps)
McCain, Edward G. (Navy)
McCoy, Hubert (Army)
McGee, Norman (Army)
McIver, Jordan T. (Navy)
McKee, Thomas R. (Army)
(Enlisted 1937)
McNeely, Robert (Army)
(Enlisted 1933)
McPherson, Arthur (Navy)

Owen, Fred, Jr. (Marine Corps)

Padrick, William (Navy)
Page, James (Army)
Patterson, James (Navy)

Peak, Harry (Marine Corps)
Pennington, Grady (Army)
Plemmons, Hubert (Army)
Pope, H. C. (Army)
Pyatt, Jack (Marine Corps)

Quick, James (Navy)

Ramsey, Amos (Army)
(Previously served an enlistment period in the Army.)
Rivenbark William W. (Army)
(Served in Marine Corps, 1933-1938.)
Rhodes, Paul (Army)
Roberts, Lonnie (Navy)
Rochester, Nicholas (Navy)
Russ, James P. (Army)

Seibert, Fred (Army)
Scott, Archie (Army)
Shaver, George H. (Navy)
Shropshire, Hassell (Army)
Sloan, Lonnie (Army)
Small, Clyde E. (Army)
Sims, William (Navy)
Snuggs, Charles L. (Navy)
Springer, Jack (Army)
Stepp, James H. (Navy)
Strickland, Robert W. (Army)

Tessneer, Calvin C. (Navy)
Threatt, Sidi (Army Air Corps)

Waldrop, Ned (Army)
Walker, Glenn (Army)
Walker, Oakley (Army)
Walters, Melvin (Army)
Ward, Eldridge (Army)
Ward, Robert (Army)
(Enlisted 1928)
Watkins, Floyd A. (Army)
Watson, Lieut. Lemuel (Army)
Webb, Charles R. (Army)
Whitaker, William E. (Army)
White, Marshall (Coast Artillery)
Whitlock, Winfred (Army)
Wilhite, James (Army)
Williams, Samuel R. (Navy)
Williams, William R. (Navy)
Wiles, Fred (Army)
(Enlisted 1927. Now a Recruiting Officer)
Wilson, John C. (Army)
Wilson, Robert (Marine Corps)
Wilson, W. J. (Army)
Wood, Leonard (Army)
Wrenn, Lloyd (Army)

Young, Brooks (Army)
Young, R. L. (Marine Corps)

Ziegler, Henry F. (Navy)

———:———

THE MASTER PAINTER

An artist paints a picture
And sees each hidden line,
Creating warmth and color
Rare beauty and design.

He notes each blend of color,
Each glow and shade of light
Portraying on his canvass
With colors soft and bright.

He first must have a model
Before he can create;
His mind must see the picture
Before his brush can make.

My words cannot express it
For Nature's light and shade,
Are from a living model
That only God has made.

—Charles S. Marshall.

SILK NO LONGER USED IN MAKING NATIONAL FLAGS

(Selected)

If the sale of American flags is any criterion of patriotism, Americans have become 100 per cent more demonstrative in their national loyalty since Pearl Harbor. Flag wholesalers and retailers report that in many cases sales have doubled since Dec. 7th. Indeed, some companies report difficulty in getting material with which to continue manufacturing Old Glory. The Government has, however, set aside 25,000,000 yards of cotton for the flag industry for the coming year, it has been learned.

Silk flags are not being made any more. This occasions no sorrow in the industry, because silk flags have never been much in demand. Anyway, who would want to fly an American flag made of Japanese silk? Flag companies also report an increasing demand for flags of all the other United Nations by many patriotic groups and organizations.

The flag is a symbol—a representation—that is interpreted differently by every individual. To America's fighting men it is the representation of all they are fighting and sacrificing for; to those at home, a symbol of a proud tradition of history and the privileges of democracy.

But today the American flag means even more than that—it is assuming a larger sense than that of mere nationality in the present war. It is reaching out beyond the wave-washed shores of territorial United States to invigorate a down-trodden and discouraged world with new hope. To day the Stars and Stripes symbolizes to millions in all parts of the world, including great masses of people now ground down by the Axis, not only national independence and the might and glory of the United States but of religious freedom, democracy, and liberation of all free peoples in the world. Its billowing fold floating above every city, town, and hamlet in this country, and with American forces in all parts of the world, enclose the hope of all people for a better postwar world.

The symbolism of the American flag offers a bright contrast with that of the Axis standard. High Nazi officials have exalted their emblem as the symbol of "our struggle for our own race" and "a symbol of our struggle against Jews as race destroyers." Everywhere the Axis flags fly they typify the oppression, hatred, slavery, brutality, selfishness, and race-supremacy motto that the Axis powers have carried with the sword to millions of the world's inhabitants.

Mankind in its efforts to understand the complex has always tried to simplify involved ideas by representation. Among the earliest civilizations, many forms or objects were used as insignia. The Persians, Greeks, and Romans used various devices as standards in time of war, the Roman Eagle being a well-known instance of this usage and having numerous progeny down through history. Not until the Middle Ages did a flag in the modern sense appear.

Then the banner was a personal ensign and also denoted that he who bore it was the leader of a military force. From such usage it was a short step to the use of national flags.

The United States Flag Associatio, 500 Fifth Avenue, New York City, reports that hundreds of manufacturers in the New York area have appealed for permission to reproduce the American flag on articles of apparel. All save one group have been refused, since the flag of the United States must not be used for the sale or promotion of merchandise.

The Association a semi-official national agency to protect the use of the country's flag, ruled that the one group of manufacturers which could use the flag were costume jewelers. The Association held that such pins would not be objectionable, since the flag constitutes the entire article, rather than merely a device to promote the sale of a line of goods.

———:———

"Land of our hearts, upon whose troubled breast
Earth's weary sons from many lands find rest;
Teach us thy love, that we may ever be,
One flag, one nation, everlastingly."

———:———

"VIVIEN"

(The Lookout)

Friends back in Fresno, California, who knew Hollace Shaw as a child, are sometimes a little breathless when they realize to what heights the little parsonage girl has attained. "She was just a normal person all along," they exclaim; "always helpful and happy, showing just the ordinary traits of a child reared in the atmosphere of a church.

"Vivien," the name next to her heart because its meaning was life and fullness, was in every sense just an ordinary girl. But a genius is nothing more than an "ordinary person who puts his heart into things." And Hollace Shaw put all of herself into every undertaking, and in a few short years rose to dizzy heights on stage and microphone.

One day a broadcasting company announced a contest of talent for a position as a sustaining program artist. The setting seemed propitious.

"Vivien's" father was pastor of a small church, but at college his superior musical talent enabled him to earn his way by training choirs. Her mother, herself a concert singer, was renowned on the West Coast. One brother was assistant chaplain in an Army Air Corps; a second brother was a coach of a radio glee club; a third was an important element in a high-school orchestra, and a kid sister was directing the choir that her father

led in his student days. And "Vivien" —leader of a celebrated glee club, and with a voice ranging from low F to F above high C! Such was the background for "Viviens" entry into the nation-wide contest.

Hundreds and hundreds, and yet hundreds of friends and fans clamored to vote for "Vivien." There were noted one among the contemporary, and hard-fought was the battle of the ballots. But "Vivien" overwhelmed all opposition with her personality and her voice.

Once in New York, her ladder of fame was but a single rung. The alert Italian maestro, Arturo Toscanini, discovered "Vivien" promptly. He brought her before his world famous symphony orchestra, and she performed admirably in the difficult Brahams "Liebes Walzer." Then followed solo engagments in leading theaters and musical stages in metropolitan centers.

Phil Spitalny was sorely in need of a soprano soloist with his famed all-girl orchestra. It was to one of the churches in New York that he went to hear the young woman with the "bell-tone" voice, as he described it. Nothing could prevent a fabulous offer for that voice. And thus it befell "Vivien" to become the magic voice of the all-girl orchestra that delights the thousands each Sunday night.

It is an interesting fact, that with all the breathless fame thrust upon Hollace Shaw she remains the came "Vivien" that romped in the exhilaration of the California atmosphere only such a short time ago. And no part of her interesting career, she confesses, gives her more pleasure than to sing the old hymns she learned in her pastoral home. And with the orchestra on its recent tour of Army posts, "Vivien" found particular delight in the polls conducted to ascertain what hymns were favorites with the soldier boys, and in singing those favorites on the "Hour of Charm." It thrilled her that the men in the camps indicated such fine old hymns as "The Old Rugged Cross" (chosen by the men in two camps), "Sweet Hour of Prayer," "When the Roll Is Called Up Yonder," "In the Sweet By and By," "Day Is Dying in the West," "Rock of Ages," "Holy, Holy, Holy," "Abide With Me," and Onward Christian Soldiers."

"Vivien's" parents, too, are a bit breathless at times when they think of what has transpired, and, while they are grateful for their daughter's artistic achievement, they admit it was hard-won through long hours of study and practice. "Her greatest asset," said her mother to a friend, "is her ability to transmit to others that 'something within' through the medium of her voice.

And "Vivien," when asked about her accomplishments, very solemnly said, "My mother and father—they encouraged me when I most needed encouragement, and I owe it all to them!"

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The actions of men are the best interpreters of their thoughts.—Locke.

WAR TO CLAIM THIRD OF MD'S

By Stephen J. M'Donough

Proper health care from now on is a wartime duty for everyone—because there aren't going to be as many doctors on call.

Between now and the end of the year 20,000 physicians are to be added to the present force of 15,000 in uniform and within a year 65,000—or approximately one-third of all those in the country—will be in the army alone. The navy will take at least 10,000 more.

The remainder of the nation's 181,000 doctors, including those now in retirement and the men and women to be graduated next year, will be spread out so thin that some people may have to do a lot of walking to and from a doctor or a hospital—a necessity providing exercise which in many cases will cure minor ailments, physicians say.

Every effort is being made to avoid draining local communities of essential physicians who will be needed to care for serious illnesses and industrial or other health problems, such as epidemics, according to Dr. Frank H. Lahey of Boston, former president of the American Medical Association and head of the government procurement and assignment service which is registering all physicians, dentists and veterinarians for call to active duty when needed.

The service has studied the medical needs of practically every area in the country to determine how many doctors are needed according to the density of civilian population.

This survey indicates that when the army and navy reach their full complement of medical officers, the doctors left at home will number only about one for each 1,500 civilians. In sparsely settled or rural areas this situation is considered certain to cause some hardships.

Public health service officials say that already serious situations are arising in some areas where, due to concentration of industrial workers, the populations have doubled or tripled in the last six months without any increase in the number of doctors available—and often the number has decreased due to army and navy demands.

In at least one community trailers have had to be converted into hospitals, and in another the hospital time limit allowed mothers after childbirth has been cut from 10 days to 24 hours.

The health service is sponsoring a program to build approximately 100 hospitals, each of which would have 50 beds in addition to treatment and examination room. These would be located at strategic points throughout the country and would serve as treatment centers as well as hospitals and would be available for immediate care of the wounded in the event of bombing raids. To profit by British experience, fewer emergency hospital beds would be provided in cities and towns, and major emphasis would be placed on scattered hospitals for recuperating cases.

Under the small hospital program, which has been planned for more than a year, it would be possible for one physician to care for two to three

times as many patients as he now can in making calls over a wide territory, officals estimate.

In addition, better care could be given in many cases because instruments, X-ray machines, an operating room and other facilities would be available immediately to the doctor and nurse.

"With proper co-operation by all the people in taking their ailments to the doctor—except an emergency—instead of calling the doctor to the ailment, we do not anticipate much difficulty in maintaining the health of the nation," one official declared.

"But it is imperative that every person be doubly careful about his health."

U. S. TO OWN WORLD'S FINEST PRIVATE COLLECTION OF ART

(Charlotte Observer)

Congress sends to the President for approval authority for the government to accept the art collection of millionaire Joseph E. Widener of Philadelphia, the United States becomes owner of the world's rarest private collection.

With art treasures of Europe destroyed or carted away by the enemy, this country has become the art treasure house of the world.

The President advised the Congress in his message of August 20, that Joseph E. Widener had made an offer to the National Gallery of Art, and thus to the people of the United States, of the famous Widener art collection. The offer was made pursuant to the terms of the will of the late Peter A. B. Widener, which proves as a condition that the gift of the collection shall not subject the Widener estate to the payment of taxes.

The Widener collection, the greatest private collection in the world today, ranks with the Frick collection in New York and the Wallace collection in London both of which are in public ownership.

In the Widener collection are 101 paintings, including some of the finest examples of the work of Raphael, Titian Giovanni Bellini, El Greco, Vermeer, Manet, Renior, and others. Especially notable is a group of 14 paintings by Rembrandt and seven by Van Dyck. There are 46 pieces of sculpture, including outstanding works of Donatello, Desiderio da Settignano, Benvenuto Cellini, and Houdon. The collection also includes famous drawings, tapestries and furniture, rock crystals and Renaissance jewelry, Limoges enamels and ceramics. All of these form a collection worthy of the greatest museum and their installation at the National Gallery of Art in Washington will make them available to the millions who come each year to see their capital.

The trustees of the National Gallery of Art are authorized to accept gifts. However, the gallery has no

funds available from either private or public sources with which to pay the taxes that may accrue on the transfer to it of the Widener collection. Congress has been advised that no Federal tax will accrue on the transfer to a public charitable institution, such as the National Gallery of Art, but that the transfer may be subject to a Pennsylvania transfer tax of 5 per cent of the present value of the property. Apparently there is no exception in the Pennsylvania law for a gift to a public institution outside of the commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

The President recommended the enactment of legislation which will permit the acceptance of the gift by the National Gallery of Art.

In order to permit the acceptance of this outstanding gift, a congressional joint resolution provides that the faith of the United States is pledged to make available to the National Gallery such funds as may be necessary for the payment of any taxes which may be required to be paid as a result of the gift. The joint resolution specifically authorizes the appropriation of the amount as may be necessary to carry out the pledge.

The legislative pledge is a recognized method of expressing the obligation or commitment of the United States in connection with the gifts of this nature. Thus, the legislation authorizing the site for the National Gallery of Art donated by the late Andrew W. Mellon pledged the faith of the United States to exhibit in the gallery and maintain the famous Mellon art collection.

The joint resolution does not fix any definite amount to be appropriated, as the value at which the collection may be appraised by the State of Pennsylvania is not known. However appraisers of the Treasury department have fixed the present value of the collection at about $3,900,000, and the testimony of experts before the committee has supported this evaluation. A 5 per cent tax on this value would amount to $195,000, which the congressional resolution of acceptance provides.

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Act well at the moment, and you will have performed a good action for all eternity.—Lavater.

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WHAT OF THY LIFE?

Baptist Standard

People are inclined to look at the lives of others and to judge them. This is fair if the judgment is fair and just. The most important thing, however, is for each one to examine his own life and determine its value or lack of value, the probability of success or of failure, the direction it is going and the goal that will be reached if such a direction continues.

Not only should young people continually appraise themselves, but those in middle life, or even beyond middle life, should continue to ask, What of thy life? Many young people start out in life on a basis which will inevitably end in failure. A careful study of the course pursued and the results ahead would convince reasonable young men that they will surely come to failure if they do not change their ways. They should study the principles which bring success, apply those principles to themselves, and make such changes as would avoid failure.

A certain man was speaking of the great problems thrust upon boys and girls in their teens. He declared that the most important and difficult issues of a human life must be met and settled in the teen age, when experience has not produced enough wisdom to meet those problems. It does seem unfortunate that all young people are compelled to decide such great matters when they have such limited experience. However, the principles for right living are so evident, so manifest that even young people should not have much trouble discovering them. The sage was not entirely justified in regretting that young people have great need for the wisdom of experience in meeting the issues and making the decisions they are compelled to make in the teen age. Every young man and every young woman may easily discover what is right; and the history of man proves that to follow what is right is to go in the path of wisdom.

Men and women in middle life, or even after they are 50 or 60 should ask the question very seriously, What of thy life? It is amazing to note the numebr of people who fail after they are 40 or 50 years of age. Again, and again, this writer has known men who in their 20's or 30's lived creditable lives but fell into ruin and disgrace after they were 50. If any man thinks that when he has passed his 50th year he has gotten beyond the temptations of his enemy that man's thinking is dangerous. Some of the great criminals of the world today developed after the age of 50. Every now and then some man or woman advanced in life astounds us by collapse of character. No human being, at any age, having responsibilities to meet, is safe from the temptations of the arch enemy.

"What is thy life?" is a question which should be met by every individual, every day from the coming of conscious responsibility until the closing of life's journey. It is a question for each morning when the program of the day is to be laid out. Every day is valuable, and should be spent to the best advantage. Each day should be better, more useful than the preceding day. Every human being with the responsibilities which must be met should make every day count for the most and should answer the question sincerely by these words: It shall be the very best, most useful and most worthwhile that I can make it.

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All our actions take their hue from the complexion of the heart, as landscapes do their variety from light.—Bacon

HIGH POINT NEGRO WOMAN, NEAR 100, RECALLS LINCOLN

By W. Chase Idol, Jr.

Rich in memories and experiences and with complete trust in "de Lawd," chain - cigarette - smoking Amanda Cade, born into slavery on the Bob Eberhardt plantation in Elbert county, Ga., will observe her 100th birthday on October 18 at her home here at 206 Reed street.

(This writer had asked Amanda if she smoked and she had replied: "I usta smoke cigars, but they make 'em too strong nowadays, so I smokes cigarettes." Whereupon, she smoked his).

Eighteen years old when the Civil War started, Amanda's graphic descriptions of that period emphasize her remarkable mental faculties, and among her more poignant memories she recalls the visits to the Ebeahart plantation of Abraham Lincoln, who was a dinner guest of "Marse Bob's," and General William T. Sherman.

Amanda's family record is quite amazing. Married when she was 18, she has given birth to 27 children, four of whom are living. She has outlived all but four children (two sons, two daughters), the oldest being a son slightly over 50 years of age and living in Georgia. Added to this unusual record are Amanda's 139 grandchildren and 90 great grandchildren.

But Amanda, explaining that her family heredity shows a trend toward being prolific, said that she could not claim "de recud," for her grandmother brought 29 children into the world.

Although she has suffered five strokes of paralysis and is not able to leave her home. Amanda is very proud of her membership in the Mt. Vernon Baptist church, and remarking that she is lucky to be living she explained it by emphasizing "I trusts in de Lawd."

Amanda and the other Negro slaves who lived on the Eberhart plantation lived good under Marse Bob, the old Negress reminisced; but folks have been acting like brutes since slavery times, and the world is getting worse instead of better.

Continuing to puff on a cigarette, Amanda never wavered from a story of faithfulness to the Eberhart family and the protective arm which that family extended over all its Negro slaves. They were fortunate, it seems, in having such a kind master, even though he minced no words that they represented money to him.

During the War Between the States, this Negro woman would carry water to workers in the fields and nurse the white children who lived on the plantation, and, when a wounded Confederate soldier, Sam Booze, was brought to the Eberhart plantation shot in his arms, chest and shoulders, it was Amanda who nursed "that mess of bloody rags" back to health.

The Elberharts, of course, contributed their share toward furtherance of the Confederate cause. Not only did they send to the armies wagon-loads of food, but they contributed a son-in-law. And it was a sad day when

news arrived of his death on the field of battle.

Slaves, in the 1800's were bought and sold like horses, and judging from the manner in which she pictured these auctions Amanda had witnessed many of them.

Terming the great wave of men who enticed slaves away from their owners as "refugees," the Negress said that they were told that not far from the plantation were to be found trees with money growing on them. And as result of this fiction the refugees were able to carry off many of the Eberhart slaves, with the exception of Amanda and her mother and brother. Shortly, thereafter, Amanda's mother decided to leave, so the daughter had to go, too.

Modern modes of transportation are not strange to Amanda, for her first train ride was on the Washington-to Macon line, and she likes to ride in automobiles. But as for airplanes—well, that is an entirely different matter.

"Not for a thousand dollars," she explained, "would I get in one of them things."

"But you would have the money" she was told.

"Yes, but I wouldn't live to enjoy it."

Married four times and outliving all four husbands, the Negress said that she was doing heavy manual labor—plowing and hoeing—during the period of years in which the 27 children were born.

Asked if she were happy in her declining years, Amanda said that a little more comfort and enjoyment could be added to each day, for she is in need of food and clothes and a mattress. Her mother, who died more than 20 years, ago, willed her daughter the bed tick, and it, Amanda said, is "worn out."

But Amanda does not complain, even though in need of these few necessities of life, for she, it would appear, is a very happy individual.

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Ten people hurry to catch up where one hurries to get ahead.

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OLD WEAPONS FOR NEW WARS

By Dr. Hunter B. Blakely

Warfare has been transformed. The airplanes, the tanks, the long range and rapid-firing guns, the motorized troops, the parachutists have made warfare vastly different. The method of using these new weapons sometimes resembles that of the great military leaders of history. Genghis Khan used his troops in the mobile manner of modern warfare, though lacking the speed of the motor driven vehicles. Stonewall Jackson preceeded Rommel in his swift flanking movements, although the attack was made by his "foot cavalry" supported by a few horsemen.

But there are old weapons which never change. These belong to the inner quality of men. These are the forces working from within which control the forces from without. These are they which put strength behind sword and shield, airplane and tank. These are the forces of ultimate victory.

There is the weapon of right. Said Napoleon, "God is on the side of the largest battalion," but the defeated emperor spent his last days in exile at St. Helena.

In the War Between the States, a clergyman meeting Abraham Lincoln expressed the hope that "The Lord is on our side." The President rep'lied, "I don't agree with you." There was a moment of amazement, and then Lincoln continued: "I am not at all concerned about that, for we know that the Lord is always on the side of the right. But it is my constant anxiety and prayer that I and this nation should be on the Lord's side."

There is a great story in Jeremiah of how the prophet brought the revealed will of God, written on a scroll to King Jehoiakim in his winter palace. When the eternal principles of right and wrong, were read to the king, contemptuously he slit them with a penknife and dropped the pieces of papyrus into the fire burning in the brazier at his side. Like later rulers, he attempted to make scraps of paper out of eternal truths. It can never be done; the paper on which eternal truths are written may be torn, but the principles are recorded in the constitution of the universe. The long perspective of history encourages men to keep faith in the moral order of the universe. Wrote that profound historian, James Anthony Froude, "One lesson, and only one, history may be said to repeat with distinctness that the world is built somehow on moral foundations, that in the long run it is well with the good, and in the long run it is not well with the wicked."

As America arms in her physical might, may there also be a moral rearmament of her spirit. Let those who would win return through repentance to righteousness and justice and truth. "He hath showed thee, O Man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" In the final summing up of things, wrong has not a ghost of a chance. All the cards of the universe are stacked against badness. If you wish to talk about chance, then all the dice are loaded against wrong.

There is the wapon of courage. Time and time again it has seemed that a cause was lost, that defeat was certain, but then some courageous heart out of the embers of defeat lifted the torch of courage and led men on to victory. It is morale that determines conflicts—morale both at the front line of battle and back along the home front. There are some people of high morale who can never be defeated for they know not what defeat is. They fight on, even after they are knocked out, and from their knees they rise to claim the victory.

Out of our Navy's tradition there is the story of John Paul Jones, when his ship, the Bon Homme Richard, by the fluke of the anchor was hooked to the Serapis and the enemy cried out to the men on the burning and sinking ship, "Do you surrend-

er?" Jones reply came back, "No, I have just begun to fight."

Washington might have quit at Val'ey Forge, but he didn't. Said that great leader of the Netherlands, William, Prince of Orange, "There is one certain means by which I can be sure never to see my country's ruin—I will die in the last ditch."

It will take courage to win this war—courage that will not quit. The dread words, "Missing in Action," will be coming now more frequently back into our homes. Anguish will rend our souls, but a stout, trustful-in-God, heart will carry on. Let us, therefore, buil'd courage into our own souls, remembering that there is a contagion of heroism and one hero makes another brave.

There is the weapon of faith. God still reigns. It may seem in the words of Lowell:

"Truth forever on the scaffold,
Wrong forever on the throne—
and, behind the dim un known,
Standeth God within the shadow,
keeping watch above his own.

Recently I have been reading Victor Hugo's great discription of the battle of Waterloo in Les Miserables. Napoleon should have won according to all military calculations. He had taken all into consideration—but God. Hear Victor Hugo:

"Had it not rained on the night of the 17th of June, 1815, the future of Europe would have been changed. A few drops of water more or less prostrated Napoleon. That Waterloo should be the end of Austerliz, Providence needed only a little rain, and an unseasonable cloud crossing the sky sufficed for the overthrow of a world.

"The battle of Waterloo—and this gave Blucher time to come up—could not be commenced before half-past eleven. Why? Because the ground was soft. It was necessary to wait for it to acquire some little firmness so that the artillery could manoeuvre.

"Was it possible that Napoleon should win this battle? We answer no. Why? Because of Wellington? Because of God.

"Napoleon had been impeached before the Infinite, and his fall was decreed.

"He vexed God.

"Waterloo is not a battle; it is the change of front of the universe."

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All desp'rate hazards courage to create,
As he plays frankly, who has least estate;
Presence of mind, and courage in distress,
Are more than armies, to procure success.

ALUMINUM IS MORE PRECIOUS TODAY THAN EVER IN HISTORY

(Charlotte Observer)

In 1923 the Illinois Central built twenty-five cars with aluminum applications. Then more and more aluminum was used in their making, until 1941 when the Union Pacific placed in operation the first all-aluminum train. Thousands marveled at the spotlessly shining aluminum locomotive built for greater speed in transportation.

From the humble tea kettle to a streamlined train is many a mile, but it was the tea kettle that was first cast in the economical process of aluminum casting. In the past forty years 350 millions aluminum pots and pans have been made in the United States, and washing machines, vacuum cleaners, electric irons, chairs, waffle molds, aluminum furniture and hundreds of other aluminum products are found in the average home.

But of even greater importance today, aluminum has become so indispensible in the manufacture of airplanes, trucks, tanks, trains, boats, dirigibles, cables, high tension transmission lines and bridges, that in the present emergency defense officials have curtailed its civilian use to free the supply for military production.

Aluminum, most abundant of all the metallic elements found in the earth's crust, comprising one-twelfth of its surface—resisted all efforts at isolation until one hundred years ago, and in 1853 was still so expensive to manufacture that it was more precious than gold or silver, and yet an American boy of twenty-two, Charles Martin Hall, through grit and determination, unlocked the secret that gave the world an indispensible material.

Little did Hall, who died at the beginning of World War 1, dream that he had perfected the cheap production of a metal which would be invaluable in the next great war, and that an important scrap in "Save Scraps to Beat the Japs" would be aluminum.

But he did live long enough to see the metal, which once sold for $545 a pound and seemed stuck at $16, offered for $2, and continue in reduction until Uncle Sam needed it —when it marketed for twenty cents.

When Martin died in 1914 he left to educational institutions a fortune of 30 million for boys and girls of humble circumstances—for he knew the necessity of pinching pennies.

One of these institutions was Berea in Kentucky. Needless to say that another was his own alma mater at Oberlin, Ohio, for it was a remark of his teacher, Professor Frank F. Jewett, that so impressed him that he determined to find a cheap process for the production of this metal.

The time was 1883 and his senior year; the place a chemistry class; and the remark: "The man who discovers a process by which aluminum can be made on a commercial scale, not only will be a benefactor to the world, but also will be able to lay up for himself a great fortune."

Although Martin was only nine-

teen and three famous scientists had already failed to perfect its process, he determined to go after the metal, and go after it he did.

Interested in chemistry since a child, he was familiar with the story of each and the result of his work.

He knew that in 1825 a Danish scientist, Hans C. Oersted, had succeeded in separating a tiny bit of the metal by a chemical process, that twenty years later a German, Fred Wohler, unsuccessfully tried the same experiment, but by further experiments obtained enough aluminum to weigh; that a French scientist, Henri Sainte-Claire Deville, tried his hand, and enough resulted to make a bar for display at the Paris exposition.

This so intrigued Napoleon the Third that he immediately wanted to equip his army with aluminum accessories so that their speed might be increased, and with this end in view he furnished Devile with capital for its manufacture. However, at the end of four years Deville had produced only two tons at $17 per pound, prohibitive in price and insufficient in quantity, so Napoleon contented himself with buttons for his uniform, a set of forks and spoons, and an aluminum watch charm for the King of Siam. The spoons and forks marked the places of his most favored guests, while less fortunate contented themselves with gold and silver. Not to be outdone, Napoleon's minister of state ordered an aluminum rattle for the Prince Imperial.

Knowing all this, this son of a poor Congregationalist minister went to work to succeed—not wiith adequate tools and in a modern lab, but in his father's shed and with makeshift imp'ements. For nearly three years he worked at the same method used by his predecessors, then he decided on electrolysis, and with an old assortment of battery jars and plates from the college lab, a home-made furnace and bellows, and a small crucible, he saw his dream come true —he succeeded in separating aluminum from its natural state.

The story might happily have ended here, but the next step was to find some one to produce the metal. It was the same old story— old to the Wright Brothers, Fulton, Lake, Edison, Kaiser and thousands of others —a product worth millions and a world fu'l of skeptics. For two years disappointment followed disappointment—prospective backers were either unimpressed, lacking vision, or allowed Hall too little for his share.

To the Pittsburgh Reduction company (Alcoa today) goes the credit for realizing its possibilities, and beginning the age of cheap aluminum.

Even then its manufacture was limited, for, ironically enough, although aluminum is the most abundant of all metallic elements found in the earth's surface—comprising 8 per cent, less than by 5 per cent of per cent, followed by 5 per cent of copper, lead, and zinc—unlike the others, it is never found in its native state—and while every clay bank and most common rock contains it, the cost of separation from the low grade ore has been prohibitive, and only one mineral, bauxite, has been successfully used for commercial production.

This magic metal, bauxite, was first discovered on the estate of Beaux, an ancient family of France, whose native village bore the same

name, and for whome the ore later derived its name. Containing many impurites, it occurs in a variety of colors and combinations, whites, yellows, and reds prevailing, and it may be hard as rock or soft as mud.

There are tremendous deposits of bauxite throughout the tropical world, and large tonnages have been consumed, the capacity of the United States alone increased from nothing to 250 million pounds a year.

Then came the war and the inexhaustible foreign reserves were cut off, for Adolf has the aluminum, the principal bauxite producing countries being: Italy, Surinam, United States, Yugoslavia, British Guiana, France, Hungary, U. S. S. R., Netherland's India, and Greece.

For the United States, the chief sources of supply have been Dutch Guiana and, in our own country, Arkansas.

We have a treaty with Brazil for the Dutch supply, but submarine activity renders that rather ineffective, so our supply is confined mainly to Arkansas and little-developed deposits in Alabama, Georgia, Mississippi, Tennesseee, .and Virginia.

Recently Congressman Bulwinkle, of North Carolina, had called to the attention of the War board the existence of bauxite and clay deposits in North Carolina. If these deposits fail to supply the increasing demands for war supplies, it may become necessary to produce alumina from a low grade bauxite and clay, the recommendation for which has already come from the advisory committee on metals and minerals of the National Academy of Scientists, after a year's experimentation with a new refining process.

Since 1910 the South has been an important cog in the aluminum wheel, two of the four reduction plants being located within her borders, one at Badin, North Carolina, and another at Alcoa, Tennessee. Water power has literally been the power behind this, and water power in the South is of a permanent quantity, and cheapness unequalled anywhere in the East. Climate and wise co-operative state governments have also been plus in the selection of Southern plants.

At Badin three dams in the Yadkin River generate the electricity for the production of ingots; at Alcoa, Tenn., on the Little Tennessee river, a huge manufacturing plant turns out carbons, aluminum sheet, and rolled plate's while at Bauxite, Arkansas, scene of the first important aluminum activity in the South, the mines operate at full capacity.

Until aluminum was frozen, 14 per cent went into the production of pots, pans, and percolators, and about 38 per cent into automobiles, planes, dirigibles, boats and trucks, but with all military and transport planes calling for aluminum, new cables to be laid, spars, masts, and railings needed for the marines; 430,000 miles of power lines and 750,000 miles of cables to be kept in repair, bridges to be built, it's safe to say that if the war lasts very long those 350 million pots and pans, old and new, may find their way into Uncle Sam's salvage bins.

Car tracks are not the only buried treasures: aluminum may be found in many hidden corners, yielding millions of pounds, and although these may not be available, they are

good examples of its prevalent use in every walk of life.

The Empire State building alone would furnish 150,000 pounds inclosing the building and decorating the mooring mast, not counting the 5,700 aluminum spandrels, while the beautifully modernistic Marshall Field's in Chicago would be a wreck minus its aluminum trimmings, fixtures, and supports.

Or we might deprive the Washington Monument of the hundred-ounce casting on top of its capstone. Cast in 1884, it was the largest casting ever made, and rated an exhibit at Tiffany's. As for durability, when it was cleaned fifty years later the Bureau of Standards found it unaffected by time and weather.

A further contribution might be the Navy and Marine Memorial in Washington, cast in aluminum and erected to honor all who serve their country on the sea. A sportsman's gift would be the successful defender of America's cup, the Rainbow, equipped with a light weight aluminum alloy mast.

For months the general public has been aware of restrictions on this commodity, getting used to substitutes. Aluminum foil on candy, chewing gum, cheese, tea, coffee, photographic film, cigarettes, and numerous other items just isn't; milady's cold cream and cosmetics, tooth paste, shaving products, and medicinal supplies have lost their shiny containers. Aluminum radiators will soon change their color, but on the altar of democracy these denials will be but a pittance in the fight for freedom.

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THE FOOT-PATH TO PEACE

To be glad of life because it gives you the chance to love and to work and to play and to look up at the stars; to be satisfied with your possessions, but not contented with yourself until you have made the best of them; to despise nothing in the world except falsehood and meanness, and to fear nothing but cowardice; to be governed by your admirations rather than by your disgusts; to covet nothing that is your neighbor's except his kindness of heart and gentleness of manners; to think seldom of your enemies, often of your friends, and every day of Christ; and to spend as much time as you can, with body and with spirit in God's out-of-doors—these are the little guide-posts on the foot-path to peace.—Henry Van Dyke.

INSTITUTION NOTES

"Three Sons of Guns" was the feature shown at the School last Thursday night. A Merrie Melodies comedy, "Whacky Wild Life," was shown at the same time. These pictures are Warner Brothers productions.

—:—

It seems that we are mentioning hay in every issue of this little magazine, but hay-making is still going on at the School in a big way. All available storage space is rapidly being filled with fine lespedeza hay, and the end is not yet in sight.

—:—

Mr. Walker and his boys have been busy during the past few days preparoing pansy beds in various parts of the campus. Great quantities of fine pansy plants are now growing in the plant beds, and they will be large enough for transplanting within the next two weeks.

—:—

The School's football team is scheduled to play the Albemarle High School eleven at Albemarle next Monday afternoon. This will be the local lads' first game of the season. The Albemarle team has been going good recently, and we are looking for some tough competition in this contest.

—:—

Messrs. Connell and White, of the State Auditor's office, Raleigh, spent three days at the School this week, making their annual audit of the books. They completed their task Thursday morning, and left for Raleigh. Mr. Connell has been coming here for several years and has made a host of friends at the School. While this was Mr. White's first trip, we feel sure that he will soon be as popular with the Training School folks as his partner. We were delighted to have these gentlemen with us, and regret very much that we only have an opportunity to enjoy their visits once a year.

—:—

Quite a quantity of hickory shirting and bed-ticking, woven in our own textile plant, was recently taken to Brown Mill, Concord, where it will be finished and sanforized. This material will be used in making shirts for our boys, and for matress covers, the work to be done in the School's sewing room.

—:—

Charles Tate, of Cottage No 2, has been in the infirmary for the past week, where he received treatment for a slight attack of rheumatism. We are glad to report that he is improving and will soon return to his cottage. Charles is the other half of the only pair of twins at the School. His twin brother, Newman, is also a member of the Cottage No. 2 group.

—:—

Grady Allen, formerly of Cottage No. 5, who left the School, July 1, 1939, wrote his former cottage officer, Mr. Alf Carriker, a few days ago, stating that he had enlisted in the United States Navy, and was taking basic training course. While at the institution, Grady was a member of the carpenter shop force, where he made a very good record. Shortly after returning to his home in Morganton, he became an enrollee in a CCC camp. He later secured employment in an airplane factory in Baltimore, where

he worked until the time of his enlistment. Grady is now twenty years old.

—:—

Our former superintendent, Charles E. Boger, recently handed us a letter which he received from Elbert Head, one of our old boys, who is now somewhere overseas as a member of the United States Army. While at the School, this lad was a member of the Cottage No. 10 group, and worked in the bakery. Elbert, who is now twenty years old, left the institution, October, 5, 1939, at which time he became an enrollee in a CCC camp. We do not know the exact date of his enlistment in the army, but have been informed that he has been in the service quite some time. Elbert's letter reads as follows:

"Dear Mr. Boger: I know it will be a great surprise when this letter is forwared to you. It has been three years since I left your school, but I shall never forget how much the training received there has helped me. It is a fine school and I know from experience that it does one good. Please remember me to all the officers, especially Mr. Liske, who is in charge of Cottage No. 10.

"I am now overseas, but cannot say it is a pleasure to be here, but I am glad to do my share for my country, and I am sure if the boys at your school had the opportunity, there would not be one who would not enlist in the army or some other branch of service, and do his level best for our great country.

"I would like very much if you would send me The Uplift, if you have any spare copies, and shall be more than glad to pay whatever the price may be. Will close now, hoping to hear from you in the near future. Sincerely, Elbert L. Head."

—:—

It having been fifteen years last Sunday since Mrs. Betty Lee first assumed her duties as matron at Cottage No. 2, she had a number of friends in for dinner to celebrate this anniversary. The dining room and sitting rooms were attractively decorated with dahlias and lilies, presenting a beautiful sight. A fine baked chicken dinner, with all the trimmin's was served to the boys of that cottage, as well as to the invited guests. The rapid-fire manner in which the delicious viands disappeared from view gave proof to the fact that Mrs. Lee's culinary abilities had not deteriorated the least bit over the long span of fifteen years. We have often read descriptions of feasts, stating that tables were so laden with declicacies that they fairly groaned, but such was not the case last Sunday. All the groans we heard at the end of the dinner hour came from both the boys and grown-ups who had somewhat over-indulged in the good things to eat.

While lingering over the dessert, our former superintendent Mr. Charles E. Boger, in a few well-chosen remarks, paid tribute to Mrs. Lee's long and faithful service to the Training School, and the guests all heartily agreed, at the same time extending best wishes for many more years of such service.

In addition to the regular group of Cottage No. 2 boys, those enjoying Mrs. Lee's hospitality on this occasion were: Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Boger; Superintendent and Mrs. S. G. Hawfield; Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Fisher and son, Jesse, Jr.; Miss Lucy Mae

Lee; Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Barber; H. H. Wyatt and Leon Godown.

—:—

Rev. L. C. Baumgarner, pastor of St. Andrew's Lutheran Church, Concord, conducted the afternoon service at the School last Sunday. For the Scripture Lesson he read part of the ninth chapter of Romans.

Rev. Mr. Baumgarner then told the boys that he had been coming to the School for a number of years and preaching sermons, but on this occasion he was going to talk to them on a hobby of his—a collection of pictures of Christ, and had brought a number of them with him, which he would show them, and give a brief history of the pictures as shown. Religious art, said he, is very interesting, and it is important that great care be used in collecting same. When we enter into services of worship with prayer and thanksgiving, our minds are turned to things spiritual. So it is when we look upon religious pictures, especially pictures of Jesus Christ. He then showed the boys a simple way of collecting pictures clipped from magazines and arranging them into attractive folders.

The speaker first showed a picture copied from the famous painting, "The Boy Christ in the Temple," and "Christ and the Rich Young Ruler", the latter having been secured from a friend who was traveling in Europe. This work of art hangs in a famous gallery in Dresden, Germany, and the copy was made while this friend waited. This picture of Christ brings out many traits in Christ's character not seen in other paintings.

A copy of the famous painting, "The Presence" was next shown by Rev. Mr. Baumgarner. It shows a woman kneeling in prayer, with Christ standing nearby. We can always feel when we pray that Jesus is standing near and will listen to our petition.

"The Thorn-Crowned King" was then shown. At the time of the death of our Saviour, we are told that a woman wiped the blood from the face of Christ with an handkerchief. This painting was made on cloth closely resembling the material used in those days. At first glance at this picture, the eyes of Jesus seem to be closed, but if one continues to look at it, he will suddenly realize they are open, apparently looking straight at the person gazing at the picture.

After becoming used to seeing the eyes open, it is difficult to look at this picture and see them closed. We are told that this apparent optical illusion is caused by the manner in which the artist used fourteen different colors to get the desired effect.

"The Light of the World" shows Jesus outside a closed door, knocking. In explaining this scene, the speaker asked this question: "Do we think of ourselves as the doors on which Christ is knocking, asking us to let him in?" Many of us keep the doors closed, and thus lose the finer things of life.

Rev. Mr Baumgarner then told the story of the statue of Christ which stands in the foyer of John Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore: A little boy was standing near the huge statue, waiting for his mother, who was visiting a sick friend. While standing there he noticed a man come in and walk around the statue, looking at it from every angle. The little boy said, "Mister, if you would really see Christ, you must get down on your knees." This is quite true, for as the statue stands,

Jesus' head is bowed, and one must get down and look up into his face. That little boy's philosophy applies to all of us. If we would see Jesus, we must get down on our knees in prayer.

Rev. Mr. Baumgarner showed many other pictures of Christ, portraying well-known incidents of his life upon earth. Beautiful stories come out of pictures, said he, which, if studied closely, will give us strength to meet the challenge of the days that are ahead. He urged the boys to collect pictures, but to use great care in choosing the proper kind.

FOOD AND PEACE

(Mecklenburg Times)

Two items of news, the establishment of communal kitchens for workers in Germany and the prospective rationing of meat in the United States, serve again to remind us of mankind's extraordinary aptitude for turning his good things into the sharpest sort of weapon. There are abundances of food the world over, and potentialities for even greater supplies, yet the hateful claims of aggression, greed, and cruelty deny an equitable distribution. This is a problem that will loom large in the postwar settlement.

Americans will not protest against meat rationing. Merely noting that their prospective allotment of 50 ounces a week contrasts with Britain's 16 ounces, Germany's 12½ ounces, and Belgium's 5, will quell complaints. Although the machinery of rationing is expensive and a nuisance, it appears to be the only fair way to apportion the abundances that still are not enough.

The reports suggest that Germany's decision to compel workers to eat in communal kitchens, where quantities and waste might be placed under stricter control, was made with great reluctance. Few steps could bring the war so close to the home front. It bespeaks the true food situation even inside the Reich more eloquently than the published ration figures. The situation in the occupied countries is not pleasant to contemplate.

Even in normal times, the agricultural balance had so shifted that the Old World was dependent on the New for about 20 per cent of its food. With three successive harvests hampered by the war, there is now an agonizing demand in the Old World for the good things of the New.

And the New World is well supplied. The Sunday supplements have shown pictures for weeks now of farmers in the United States filling even their houses with the overflow of crops. The same is true in Canada. The economic problems of South America are largely problems of agricultural surpluses.

When the time comes, as it will, that the hand which feeds is not bitten, how great will be the opportunity for the peacemarkers!

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending September 20, 1942

RECEIVING COTTAGE
Howard Combs
Roy Jones
Leonard Melton
Weaver Ruff
Paul Smith
Harry Wilson
Charles Young

COTTAGE NO. 1
N. A. Bennett
Oscar Carter
Paul Childers
Wade Fisher
Richard Hudson
Leonard Lovelace
Durwood Martin
Curtis Moore
Jack Ray
Leonard Robinson
Kenneth Tipton
Frank Walker

COTTAGE NO. 2
William Butler
Bernice Hoke
Milton Koontz
Virgil Lane
Luther McIntyre
Amos Myers
John Pritchard
Charles Tate
Newman Tate

COTTAGE NO. 3
Hurley Bell
Charles Beal
Fred Bostian
James Blake
Robert Coleman
Donald Daniels
Joseph Dew
Albert Hames
Fonzer Pitman
Ralph Powell
William Pegram
Samuel Pritchett
John Tolley

COTTAGE NO. 4
Edward Batten
Arthur Beale
Jack Bright
Joseph Case
Leroy Childers
Mack Coggins
William Deaton
Roy Patton
Charles Simpson
Jesse Williamson

COTTAGE NO. 5
Sidney Knighting
John Mazoo
Eldred Watts

COTTAGE NO. 6
Kenneth Caldwell
Earl Hoyle
Robert Hobbs
Gerald Kerman
Marvin Lipscomb
Chester Lee
Buddy Marshall
Rufus Massingill
Jacob Myers
Reitzel Southern
William Ussery
William Wilkerson

COTTAGE NO. 7
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 8
Wilbur Russ

COTTAGE NO. 9
Gerald Amos
Cecil Caldwell
Curtis Campbell
Leonard Church
David Cunningham
Riley Denny
Edward Guffey
James Hale
Wilbur Hardin
William Hart
Isaac Mahaffey
Albert Newton
Robert Owens
Leroy Pate
Lewis Sawyer
Glenn Wilcox

COTTAGE NO. 10

C. W. Cline
Forrest Davis
Charles Phillips
Clifford Spriggs
Joseph Willis
William Young

COTTAGE NO. 11

Marvin Bradley
Noah Brown
Eugene Cline
A. B. Hoyle
William Guffey
T. B. Nowell
Edgar Shell
Everett Stamey
Ray Taylor
Ervin Wolfe

COTTAGE NO. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 13

Thurman Daniels
Millard Ellege
Donald Hobbs
Burley Mayberry
William O'Brien
Ray Smith
Charles Sloan
Alphonso Williamson

COTTAGE NO. 14

Robert Bailey
Robert Caudle
Henry Ennis
Aubrey Fargis
William Harding
Robert Holbert
Lawrence Hord
Edward Kinion
William E. Lanford
Roy Mumford
John Maples
Robert Moose
Joseph McKinney
Robert Travis
Alvis Watkins
Theodore Young

COTTAGE NO. 15

(No Honor Roll)

INDIAN COTTAGE

Jack Bateman
Raymond Brooks
Frank Chavis
Ernest Jacobs
Leroy Lowry
James Lochlear
Lester Lochlear
Herbert Lochlear
Eugene Watts

INFIRMARY

Henry Butler
Robert Padgett

"It is indeed a fallacy, based on no logic, for any Americans to suggest that the rule of force can defeat human freedom in all other parts of the world, and allow it to survive in the United States alone. But it has been that childlike fantasy itself—that misdirected faith—which has led nation after nation to go about their peaceful tasks relying on the thought, even the promise, that they and their lives and their government would be allowed to live when the Juggernaut of force came their way."—Franklin D. Roosevelt.

CAROLINA ROO
DEC 11 1942
(c) Dean R. B. House
University of North Carolina

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXX CONCORD, N. C., OCTOBER 3, 1942 No. 40

HON. J. MELVILLE BROUGHTON
Governor of North Carolina

This photograph was taken when the Governor visited the Jackson Training School, September 18, 1942.

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The Uplift

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S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor
LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

FRIENDSHIP

Like the blend of an Autumn sunset
On the breath of desert skies,
So the hues of a brilliant memory
Take their place just before my eyes.

I can see in the fading twilight,
As the filtering sun drops low,
All the warmth of a summer's friendships
Reaching out in the afterglow.

And they touch me with heart softening silence
Like the hush of an Holy Love,
While they whisper a parting blessing
And a guidance for me from above.

Yea, this memory of friends that I left there
Is a treasure forever mine;
And the light that it sheds around me
Will be guidance from God Divine.

—Oscar S. Lutz.

THE STORY OF OCTOBER

October is the tenth month of the pear, and in temperate climates it is one of the most beautiful of all the months. Its name is derived from the Latin word for eight, for it was the eighth month in the early Roman calendar. In the revision of the calendar by Julius Caesar, it was made the tenth month. Frequently the senate tried to rename it, in honor of the emperors, as July and August had been re-named after Julius and Augustus, respectively. For a time it was called Antonius, then Tacitus, and even Faustinius, after the wife of an emperor; but none of these names became popular,

and the month continued to be miscalled October. It has had thirty-one days from the time of Julius Caesar. October's special gem is the opal or tourmaline; and the graceful, decorative hop blossom is its flower.

In the United States and Canada, October is usually a most delightful month. In the northern part of the region, the first frosts are likely to occur during October, but cold weather does not come to stay, and days of hazy sun, followed by crisp, bracy nights, are the rule. There is a peculiar tang to the air that seems to belong to this month alone, and those who are compelled or privileged to spend much time out-of-doors are very fortunate.

The chief beauty of this month may be seen in the country or woodland regions, as the foliage changes color. The woods are gorgeously arrayed in crimson, russet and gold, and even the somber pine forests are lighted here and there by the yellow torches of birch trees. The roadsides are gaily adorned by goldenrod and wild asters, and the fringed gentian rivals the spring flowers in beauty.

Many of the birds are deprived of shelter when the leaves fall, and killing frost rob insect-eating birds of their food, therefore, October is a busy time for the birds. By the end of the month, few of the insect-eaters are left in northern latitudes This might be called the sparrow's month, as they are so numerous and are very busy everywhere, as they are seed-eaters, and the dry fields and meadows furnish them great feasts. These birds, because of the millions of weed seeds they devour, are the farmer's friends, as they eat seeds which might do untold harm to the next year's crops, if allowed to fall to the ground.

One very special day of interest to both Americas is October 12th, for on that day, through the discoveries of Columbus, began a new life for the western hemisphere. In many schools, Columbus Day is celebrated with appropriate exercises. The day of days for children in this month is Hallowe'en, which falls on the last day of the month. Although it has no historical significance, the wise teacher will know how to connect it with the work of the children so that it shall have a real value.

On another page in this issue will be found a list of important dates in the month of October..

SAFETY FOR CHILDREN

"With the opening of the new school year motorists must be more cautious at school approaches and on meeting school busses" declared Ronald Hocutt, Director of the North Carolina Highway Safety Division.

"The records of the division show that already this school year, three children have been injured by passing motorists after they had alighted from school busses. While during last school year three children were killed in this manner," stated the director.

"It is seldom that school busses require more than two minutes to unload children at any stop, and motorists lose little mileage by waiting until the bus has moved before driving on. Certainly it is saner to wait than to endanger your neighbor's child.

Definite observance of the following simple rules by all the following motorists will save injury and possible death to our children during this school year", so continued Hocutt.

1. On approaching a school bus reduce speed and if bus is stopped for loading or unloading stop and wait until the bus moves.

Children are instructed to cross in front of the bus when it is necessary to cross the road to reach home, and are also required to cross before the bus moves. If drivers will keep this in mind, there will be no chance-taking by passing at any speed.

2. Reduce speed to the point of certain control at all school approaches.

While every effort is put forth by teachers to keep children from running into the roadway—motorists should remember that there is always this probable hazard.

"Special effort is being put forth to provide safe drivers for all school busses, and I want to urge full co-operation of all motorists toward making our school children safe from the folly of careless driving", concluded Mr. Hocutt.

* * * * * * * *

LOWLY MILKWEED

In northern Michigan they are cashing in on a harvest that would have been frowned upon years ago as a farmer's dream. So they tell us that anything can happen and it would seem to be true when

it reaches the point of harvesting the milkweed! They process the floss and use the pod's contents as a substitute for kapok. There is a factory which will handle about ten million pounds of the pods, working a crew of eighty men and paid $200,000 for the initial harvest yield. This fuzz or floss will be used then in the lining of flying suits and in life jackets for the navy. We again find a simple piece of plant life utilized, recognized and included in our economic system for practical needs. A new crop for America.

The idea was worked on and expanded by a Chicago doctor and through his efforts we will replace the imported kapok right in our own land. Milkweed is hollow and contains air cells like kapok and is just as light and downy. Research finds milkweed is five times as light as cork, and cork we can't get at the present time. Chemists predict that after the war the lowly milkweed alone will yield probably six other products, including cellulose, plastics, chlorophyll and oils. So we live to see milkweed come into its own, from a weed to a plant and considered a crop to the farmer.

—Mooresville Enterprise.

* * * * * * * *

A BIT OF HUMOR HELPS

Such age-worn expressions as "Time and tide wait for no man," "Procrastination is the thief of time" and "Do it now," have been passed down from one generation to another. If they are absorbed with an understanding heart they will serve as a safe guide throughout life. However, if these expressions are taken at face value to suit the quirks of a perverted mind, there is nothing more than consternation in the camp, or words to that effect.

For instance, "once upon a time," a superintendent of a large corporation became obsessed with the idea of having his employees do things by the tick of the clock. He had posters made, and had painted thereon, "Do It Now," in large black letters. He stuck these signs in every office and in every department of the plant. In a short time things began to happen. First, the treasurer accepted the poster literally and left that day with a large sum of money; the accountant eloped with the manager's secretary; and before the noon hour, the employees went on a strike and walked out.

Whether this story is true or not, it is a good one to tell at a social gathering when there seems to be nothing to talk about. Everyone knows that it requires a bit of humor sometimes to revive the spirits of the social-minded class.

* * * * * * * * *

LOWER SCHOOL AGE

It might be a good plan for the school boards of Charlotte and Mecklenburg county to follow the action of the Morganton School Board and lower the age for admitting children in the schools.

In the past and at present in this county only those children who have reached their sixth birthday before October 1 are allowed to enter the schools. Not, in Morganton, those children who have reached their sixth birthday before November 1 may enter the first grade in the schools.

Attendance in the schools is a little less than it would be under normal conditions and this would give a fine opportunity to make this change Then it would allow the child to get one year start in the schools. The child who is born in October has, in most cases had the home training and is able to enter the school and make the grade with comparitive ease with the child who is two or three months older.—Mecklenburg Times.

* * * * * * * * *

The American Legion delegates at their national convention last week voted to admit veterans of the armed forces in the present war to the Legion ranks. This is a wise move, and one that will be deeply appreciated by the men who are fighting this war.

—Stanly News-Press.

WITH THE UNITED STATES ARMED FORCES

The following list includes the names, as they have come to this office, of members of the staff, former staff members, and former students of Stonewall Jackson Training School, who are now serving as members of the armed forces of the United States. It will be seen that two employees went into the service directly from the School campus. The others listed have, in some cases, been away from the institution for quite a number of years, joining the fighting forces several years after severing their connection with the School.

In checking over the list of our old boys, we find that practically one hundred per cent voluntarily enlisted in "Uncle Sam's" service, rather than wait to be called by the selective service system. It is also interesting to note that many of these fellows had been in their country's service several years prior to the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, December 7, 1941.

If any of our readers know of former Training School boys who are now in any branch of service, and can furnish definite information as to their present location, please notify the editor of THE UPLIFT, P. O. Box 32, Concord, N. C. We shall appreciate your co-operation.

Staff Members

Patterson, James L. (Army)
Query, James L. (Army)

Former Staff Members

Barrier, Captain George L. (Army)
Hollingsworth, Jesse G. (Navy)
Parker, Major Samuel I. (Army)
Poole, William E. (Army Air Corps)
Wingate, Wm. J. (Army Air Corps)

Former Students

Adams, Clyde (Navy)
Adams, Felix (Army)
Alexander, Robert (Army)
Allen, Julian Herschel (Navy)
Allen, Grady C. (Navy)
Andrews, Julian (Marine Corps)
Ashley, Arthur (Army)
Atkins, Richard (Army)
Atwell, Robert (Navy)
Atwood, Earl (Army)

Batson, Jack (Navy)
Baynes, Howard (Army Air Corps)
(Previously served an enlistment period in the Army.)
Beach, Ernest (Army)
Beaver, Albert (Army)
Benson, John (Navy)
Blocker, James C. (Army)
Bordeaux, Junior (Army)

Bowman, Charles (Army)
Britt, Jennings (Navy)
Brogden, Norman (Navy)
Broome, Jack (Army)
Broome, Paul (Army)
Broome, Shannon (Army Air Corps)
Brothers, William (Naval Air Corps)
Brown Aldene (Army)
Brown, Harold (Army)
Burke, Ensign William H. (Navy)
Burkhead, Dermont (Navy)
Butner, Roy (Marine Corps)

Carter, Douglas (Army)
Carter, Fred (Army)
Causey, Floyd (Army)
Chapman, Edward (Army)
Chattin, Ben (Army)
Cherry, Herman (Army)
Cobb, Frank E. (Army)

Coffer, Robert (Army)
Collins, Glenn L. (Army)
Connell, James (Navy)
Cook, George (Army)
Cooper, Walter (Army)
Connell, Harry (Army)
Cox, J. C. (Marine Corps)
Craft, Arthur (Army)
Crawford, Louis (Army)

Dalton, James (Army)
Daubenmyer, Nelson (Army)
Donaldson, Harold (Marine Corps)
Dorsey, W. Wilson (Army)
Driver, Malcom (Army Air Corps)
Dyson, Fred (Navy)

Earnhardt, Donald P. (Navy)
Efird, N. A., Jr. (Army)
Elmore, A. C. (Marine Corps)
Evans, John H. (Army)

Faggart, John (Marine Corps)
(Enlisted 1929. Made Warrant Officer by Act of Congress, 1941.)
Ferris, Russell (Army)
Fisher, Edward (Army)
Freeman, Richard (Army)
French, Ian (Army)
Furches, William (Marine Corps)

Gaddy, William (Navy)
Gardner, Horace T. (Army)
Gatlin, Britt C. (Army)
Glasgow, Norwood (Navy)
Glasgow, Ramsey (Army Air Corps)
(Served in Marine Corps, 1929-1933. Member China Expeditionary Force, '29-'32.)
Glover, Henry (Marine Corps)
Godfrey, Warren (Army)
Goodman, Albert (Army)
Greene, Giles E. (Army)
Griffin, James H. (Marine Corps)
Grooms, J. B. (Army Air Corps)

Hall, Joseph (Army)
Harris, Edgar (Army)
Hawkins, William T. (Navy)
Head, Elbert (Army)
Hefner, Charles (Army)
Hendren, Isaac (Navy)
Hendrix, John (Army)
Henry, Charlton (Navy)
Hicks, Garland (Army)
Hill, William (Army)
Hodge, Dallas (Army Air Corps)
Holland, Burman (Army)
Holland, Donald (Army)
Holmes, John (Army)

Hulan, Norman (Navy)
(Previously served an enlistment period in the Army.)

Irvin, Raymond (Army)
Jackson, William (Navy)
Johnson, Hugh (Navy)
Jones, Mark Twain (Navy)
Jordan, James E. (Army)

Keen, Clinton (Army)
Keith, Monroe (Army)
Kelly, Jesse (Army)
Keith, Robert (Navy)
King, Cleo (Army Air Corps)
King, Frank L. (Army)
King, Lee (Army)
Kinley, Robert (Marine Corps)
Kivett, Clyde A. (Coast Artillery)
Knight, Thomas (Army Air Corps)
Kye, George (Army)

Lamar, A. C. (Army)
Land, Ruben (Army)
Land, Wilfred (Marine Corps)
Landrum, Luther H. (Army)
Lane, Floyd C. (Marine Air Corps)
Langley, William (Army)
Leagon, Harry (Army)
Ledford, Harvey L. (Army)
Lett, Frank (Army)
Lewallan, Paul R. (Army)
Long, Loyce (Army)

Martin, Willie H. (Army Air Corps)
May, George O. (Army)
Medlin, Ervin J. (Army)
Merritt, Edgar (Army)
(Previously served an enlistment period in the Army.)
Miller, Latha (Navy)
Montgomery, Samuel (Navy)
Moose, Claude L. (Marine Corps)
Murphy, Lemuel (Army)

McBride, Irvin (Army Air Corps)
McCain, Edward G. (Navy)
McCoy, Hubert (Army)
McGee, Norman (Army)
McIver, Jordan T. (Navy)
McKee, Thomas R. (Army)
(Enlisted 1937)
McNeely, Robert (Army)
(Enlisted 1933)
McPherson, Arthur (Navy)

Owen, Fred, Jr. (Marine Corps)

Padrick, William (Navy)
Page, James (Army)

Patterson, James (Navy)
Peak, Harry (Marine Corps)
Pennington, Grady (Army)
Plemmons, Hubert (Army)
Pope, H. C. (Army)
Pyatt, Jack (Marine Corps)

Quick, James (Navy)

Ramsey, Amos (Army)
(Previously served an enlistment period in the Army.)
Reinhardt, James C. (Marine Corps)
Rivenbark William W. (Army)
(Served in Marine Corps, 1933-1938.)
Rhodes, Paul (Army)
Roberts, Lonnie (Navy)
Rochester, Nicholas (Navy)
Russ, James P. (Army)

Seibert, Fred (Army)
Scott, Archie (Army)
Shaver, George H. (Navy)
Shropshire, Hassell (Army)
Sloan, Lonnie (Army)
Small, Clyde E. (Army)
Sims, William (Navy)
Snuggs, Charles L. (Navy)
Springer, Jack (Army)
Stanley, Brown (Coast Artillery)
Stepp, James H. (Navy)
Strickland, Robert W. (Army)

Tessneer, Calvin C. (Navy)
Threatt, Sidi (Army Air Corps)

Waldrop, Ned (Army)
Walker, Glenn (Army)
Walker, Oakley (Army)
Walters, Melvin (Army)
Ward, Eldridge (Army)
Ward, Robert (Army)
(Enlisted 1928)
Watkins, Floyd A. (Army)
Watson, Lieut. Lemuel (Army)
Webb, Charles R. (Army)
Whitaker, William E. (Army)
White, Marshall (Coast Artillery)
Whitlock, Winfred (Army)
Wilhite, James (Army)
Williams, Samuel R. (Navy)
Williams, William R. (Navy)
Wiles, Fred (Army)
(Enlisted 1927. Now a Recruiting Officer)
Wilson, John C. (Army)
Wilson, Robert (Marine Corps)
Wilson, W. J. (Army)
Wood, Leonard (Army)
Wrenn, Lloyd (Army)

Young, Brooks (Army)
Young, R. L. (Marine Corps)

Ziegler, Henry F. (Navy)

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THE SEEING EYE

A curve in the road and a hillside,
Clear-cut against the sky;
A tall tree tossed by the autumn wind,
And a white cloud riding high—
Ten men went along the road,
And all but one passed by.

One saw the hill and the tree and the cloud
With an artist's mind and eye,
And heput thmem on canvass
And he put them down on canvass,
For the other nine to buy.

—Margaret L. Farrand.

CHURCH OF THE PENITENT THIEF

By William F. McDermott

(As condensed from the Baltimore Sunday Sun by The Reader's Digest, and used by special permission of the latter publication.)

Everything about the Church of St. Dismas sounds improbable. It is a church which stands inside the walls of a prison—Clinton Prison at Dannemora, New York. It is a house of worship dedicated to a thief. It is a monument to righteousness built by "public enemies." Its congregation is made up of felons. Its rich sculpture, paintings and stained glass were done by men who had seldom before lifted an honest tool. The bishop calls it the largest and handsomest church in his diocese—its spire rises 100 feet and it seats 1200—yet it is built of haphazard materials—hardware from a junk yard, stones from old cells. But the most inspiring thing about it is the fact that it exists at all.

In 1937 the new Catholic chaplain, Father Amborse R. Hyland, was being shown through the prison.

"—and this is where you'll say Mass, Father," said a guard, throwing open a door.

The new chaplain winced. It was not a chapel at all; it was just a noisy, prison-gray room. Father Hyland believed passionately that a place of worship should be a place apart, a place of peace and beauty. Particularly should this be so in a prison, where life at best was ugly. He resolved that his "lads" as he soon began to call them, were to have a church of their own.

The obstacles seemed insurmountable. The state did not erect religious buildings; getting permission to build with private funds—supposing funds could be raised—was doubtful. A contractor would be prohibitively expensive. If the prisoners were willing to do the work, who would provide their tools, train them in the thousand needed skills?

The priest tackled these obstacles one at a time. He induced the state to allow any prison chaplain—Protestant, Hebrew or Catholic—to build a church on prison property with private funds.

The six-foot young-looking priest then launched a drive for cash, building materials, technical help, church furnishings, castoffs—anything that could go into a church. "I bummed and chiseled and begged," he relates happily.

The late Cardinal Hayes gave the first and largest gift. An outstanding architect donated a set of plans; a Washington woman promised an altar, somebody else two carloads of lumber.

When newspapers picked up the story, help arrived from unexpected places. Two Jews promised a $25,000 organ that had been removed from a Brooklyn movie house. Congregational and Episcopal churches invited Father Hyland to come and tell his story, and then gave money. Baptists, Lutherans and Masonic lodges helped. An invalid girl subscribed her life savsing; one of the stained-glass windows is to be her memorial, for she died a few months ago. Four women in an Australian home for the aged pooled their mites and donated an altar candlestick. The mother of a convict

who died in the prison gave the lighted cross at the top of the spire.

Father Hyland took stock. He had a little cash and some stone from a demolished prison wall. He had a set of plans and the promise of other building materials. But the big question remained—labor.

Clinton Prison is called 'Siberia" by the underworld. The saying is that when a convict is too tough for any place else, he goes to Clinton. Would such men volunteer to build a church?

Father Hyland soon got his answer. Ground was broken less than a year after he conceived the idea. In all corners of the prison, Father Hyland unearthed buried talents and revived forgotten skills. One convict bossed the job of stonecutting. Another cast the concrete trim so skillfully that it looks like cut limestone. One man who had been a glazier got busy on the stained-glass windows. Another knew something of drafting, and supplied countless detail sketches. Furniture and wrought-iron work were undertaken in the prison shops. A convict painted pictures for the walls. Another created the cast-stone evangelists and gargoyles, and the figures of Christ and Dismas.

As the work progressed, carpenters and plasterers bloomed where formerly yeegs and heist guys sprouted. Men who had not been to church in years prided themselves on building one.

An agile chap was needed to climb a high scaffolding and tie ropes about flying beams to guide them into place. A second-story burglar did the job.

One inveterate stick-up man who had been in every big prison in New York worked long hours on hs knees laying tile. Infection set in. The pain was intense, but he concealed his condition until he had completed the job. Then he had to go to the hospital for many weeks. Later he was received into the Church.

An unusual camaraderie sprang up between priest and prisoners. The priest, sensitive and cultured, could hold his own with the toughest and quickest-thinking of them. He was compassionate and merciful, yet he was as "stir-wise" as the oldest convict, and they knew it.

Father Hyland had worked with his father, a contractor. As the church went up, he was everywhere, advising, supervising, running errands. Bells for the tower? There's one in a nearby abandoned factory, and a Methodist Church has offered us another it has discarded. Hinges, fitings? I think I know of a junk yard. "Rubies" for the rose window? Why not use ten-cent automobile tailight lenses?

He hoarded his prescious supply of cash against emergencies when prison-improvised methods wouldn't do. You're stumped on those designs for the main windows? Well, I guess we'd better hire an expert. Installing the organ? Too tricky; we'll get a professional.

Time and again the priest had to make new stories into the world outside when material ran short. He based his appeals on two arguments. The church was a religious undertaking that was setting wayward footsteps back on the road of God; and it was a unique venture in prison welfare engaging idle hands in constructive work and teaching them useful, honest trades.

The facts bear out his contentions.

Two hundred church-building convicts labored four years without breaking a prison rule; that takes 100 years off their sentences, for good behavior. And the men whose terms have been completed, one now has a fine job with a statuary firm; another is employed as a master plumber; another a glazier; another makes blueprints for architects and engineers. All these men learned their skills while building the church.

In August 1941, in the presence of scores of dignitaries from "outside," the completed church was formally dedicated to St. Dismas, the Penitent Thief who was crucified at the side of Christ. It would have cost a quarter of a million to build outside. Every Sunday the prison yard is filled with music by the Black Sheep Choir of 40 voices, directed by a convict who once forged a check but is a fine musician. And long lines of men in gray file in to worship at the shrine of the patron saint of imprisoned men.

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STICK TO IT

The harder the thing is to do
The greater the joy when it's done,
The farther the goal is from you
The sweeter the thrill when it's won.

The deeper the problem, the more
Is the joy when you've puzzled it out;
The seas that run farthest from shore
Are only for ships that are stout.

Men weary of lessons they've learned
And tire of the tasks they can do,
Life it seems is forever concerned
With blazing a path to the new.

So stand to the worry and care,
Everlastingly keep going on,
The greater the burden you bear,
The greater the joy when it's done.

—Selected.

IMPORTANT DATES IN OCTOBER

(Selected)

1—James Lawrence born, 1781.
2—Major John Andre' executed as a spy, 1780.
2—General Ferdinand Foch born, 1851.
3—George Bancroft born, 1800.
4—Battle of Germantown, Pa., 1777.
4—Rutherford B. Hayes born, 1822.
5—Costa Rica discovered by Columbus, 1502.
5—Jonathan Edwards born, 1703.
5—Defeat of British at Thames River, Canada, 1813.
5—Chester A. Arthur born, 1830.
6—First German immigrants arrived in Philadelphia, 1683.
6—Sir Isaac Brock born, 1769.
6—Jenny Lind born, 1820.
7—James Whitcomb Riley born, 1856.
7—John White Alexander born, 1856.
7—Oliver Wendell Holmes died, 1894.
8—Edmund Clarence Stedman born, 1833.
8—John Hay born, 1838.
8—Chicago fire broke out, 1871.
9—Fire Prevention Day.
9—Winfield Scott Schley born, 1839.
10—Benjamin West born, 1738.
10—United States Naval Academy opened, 1845.
11—First clearing house in the United States started, 1853.
11—Invasion of Rumania by Germans begun, 1916.
12—Columbus discovered first land in the New World, 1492.
12—Jonathan Trumbull born, 1710.
12—George Cable born, 1844.
12—Nurse Edith Cavell executed at Brussels, 1915.
13—Mary Hayes McCauley (Molly Pitcher) born, 1744.
13—Edward Blake born, 1833.
14—William Penn born, 1644.
14—Czar of Russia and Emperor of Japan signed peace treaty, 1905.
15—Gregorian calendar introduced, 1583.
15—Helen Hunt Jackson born, 1830.
16—Noah Webster born, 1758.
16—United States Mint established at Philadelphia, 1786.
16—Marie Antoinette executed, 1793.
16—John Brown made his raid on Harper's Ferry, 1859.
17—Battle of Saratoga, 1777.
18—Alaska purchased from Russia, 1867.
18—Peace treaty with Germany ratified by United States, Senate, 1921.
18—Thomas A. Edison died, 1931.
19—John Adams born, 1735.
19—Cornwallis surrendered at Yorktown, 1781.
19—James Henry Leigh Hunt born, 1784.
20—Christopher Wren born, 1632.
20—Florida ceded to the United States, by Spain, 1820.
21—First joint Parliament of England and Scotland met, 1707.
21—Samuel Taylor Coleridge born, 1772.
21—Battle of Trafalgar, 1805.
21—Samuel F. Smith born, 1808.
21—Will Carleton born, 1845.
22—Franz Liszt born, 1811.
22—General Sam Houston inaugurated President of Texas, 1836.
23—Adlai E. Stevenson, born, 1835.
23—Sarah Bernhardt, celebrated actress, born, 1845.
24—Treaty of Westphalia signed, 1648.
24—Daniel Webster died, 1842.
25—Battle of Balaklava—"The Charge of the Light Brigade," 1854.
26—Erie Canal opened, 1825.
27—Theodore Roosevelt born, 1858.
28—Cuba discovered by Columbus, 1492.
28—Statue of Liberty dedicated, 1886.
29—James Boswell born, 1740.
29—Thomas F. Bayard born, 1828.
30—Gertrude Atherton born, 1857.
30—World's Columbian Exposition closed, 1893.
30—Benito Mussolini made Premier in Italy, 1922.
31—Martin Luther's theses nailed to church door at Wittenberg, 1517.
31—John Keats born, 1795.
31—Nevada admitted to the Union, 1864

'DIXIE' HAS STIRRED HEARTS OF SOUTH DURING 83 YEARS

By Ashton Chapman in Charlotte Observer

Saturday, September 19th, marked the eighty-third anniversary of the first public song "Dixie," or "Dixie's Land" as it was originally called.

Aside from the popular, but mistaken, belief that the region composing the Southern states is called "Dixis" because it lies south of the famous Mason and Dixon line, another, less wisely held belief, exists that Dixie is applied to the South because, long ago, paper money from New Orleans bearing the French word "dix" for ten was widely circulated there. The English pronunciation "dicks" was used and the paper bills were called "dixies."

But Dixie, or Dixie's Land, originally applied to a plantation located —of all places—on the Island of Manhattan! It was owned by a Mr. Dixie, the record of whose first name is lost to history. He treated his slaves so kindly that whenever they had to leave his plantation for any reason they had nostalgic yearnings for their old home, which seemed a sort of earthly paradise to them, and they were often heard to exclaim, "I wish I was in Massa Dixie's land!"

Eventually it became necessary—largely because of the activities of abolitionists—for Mr. Dixie to leave New York, acquire land in the South and move his darkies there. Although they were as well treated there as they had been on Manhattan Island, "Massa Dixie's land" up north still seemed like an earthly paradise because they had been so happy there, and everything in their new home was so strange to them.

Slaves and their masters on neighboring plantations heard these darkies talking and singing about Dixie's land, and eventually it spread over the entire South. So well, indeed, did it fit into the antebellum Southern tradition that in the course of time "Dixie's Land" became to mean only that portion of the country composing the southern states. Meanwhile New York City gradually spread over the whole of Manhattan Island, and the original locale of "Dixie's Land" was finally forgotten.

But what of the famous song "Dixie"? When, where and under what circumstances was it written? Strangely enough, it was composed by a songwriter of Northern birth while he was living in New York City, but the most popular songs about the South written during our time have originated in the same place and have been the work of Northern composers. However, "Dixie" is so closely associated with the South that instinctively one thinks it the work of a composer "Southern born and bred." One of the most stirring tunes ever written, it has been referred to as "the American Marseillaise."

At the inauguration of Jefferson Davis as President of the Confederacy in Montgomery, February 18 1861, it was sung, and it became the war ballad of the Confederacy. Soldiers of the South marched away to its

strains, they fought to its music, and many of them died with its strains ringing in their ears.

Daniel Decatur Emmett was the composer. He was born at Mt. Vernon, Ohio, in 1815. After serving for a while in the U. S. Army he joined a circus company in 1835. He helped organize the "Virginia Ministrels" which made their first appearance at the old Chatham Square theater in New York on February 17, 1842. Later they showed in Boston, and also went to England, where Emmett remained until 1844.

After his return to America he was with the famous Dan Bryant ministrels from 1854 to 1865, and it was during this period that he composed "Dixie." One Saturday afternoon he promised Bryant to write a "walk-around" song of the plantation type and have it ready for Monday night's performance. He began work at once, but said later his first efforts were dismal failures.

The next day, Sunday, proved to be cold and rainy. His wife left Emmett alone in their room, still searching for inspiration. The condition of the weather seemed to depress him. However, he finally thought of the darkies' traditional homesickness for "Dixie's Land" and their oft repeated yearning, "I wish I was in Dixie's Land." Picking up his fiddle, he struck a few experimental chords. The tune seemed to compose itself. Because Dixie was regarded by the negroes as an earthly heaven this is the first stanza that came to him:

Dis worl' was made up in juss
six days,
An' finished up in various ways;
Look away! Look away! Look
away! Dixie Land!
Dey den make Dixie trim an' nice,
But Adam called it "Paradise,"
Look away! Look away! Look
away! Dixie Land!

Other verses followed in quick succession until, when Mrs. Emmett returned, he was ready to submit the completed composition for her criticism. The tune thrilled her, but she was opposed to using the first stanza. She stated that some persons might consider it sacrilegious. Accordingly Emmett omitted this verse and the now familiar second stanza, beginning "I wish I was in de land ob cotton," was used as the opening verse.

Then came the question of a title. "There is but one title possible!" excialmed Mrs. Emmett. "You must call it Dixie's Land!" Under that title it appeared the following night, September 19, 1856, on the program of Bryant's ministrels at Mechanics' hall. This was the first public hearing of the now famous song. It grew rapidly in popularity.

Emmett's publishers in 1860, without first consulting hihm, brought it out under the title, "I Wish I Was in Dixie's Land," but when this new edition was published, some time later, Emmett insisted that the name "Dixie's Land," as originally suggested by his wife, be used. Today it is generally known merely as "Dixie."

Various stanzas were added from time to time, numbering approximately twenty; but the chorus has never been changed. Inasmuch as the present form of "Dixie" is somewhat different from Emmett's original version it is interesting to note the stanzas as they were sung at its original performance:

DIXIE'S LAND

I wish I was in de land ob cotton,
Old time dar am not forgotten,
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land!
In Dixie's Land whar I was born in,
Early on one frosty mornin,
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land!

Chorus:
Den I wish I was in Dixie!
Hooray! Hooray!
In Dixie's Land we'll take our stand, to lib and die for Dixie;
Away! Away! Away down South in Dixie!
Away! Away! Away down South in Dixie!

In Dixie's Land de darkies grow
If white folks only plant dier toe,
Look away! etc.
Dey wet de groun' wid bakker smoke,
Den up de darkies heads will poke,
Look away! etc.

Missus married Will de Weaber,
Will, he was a gay deceaber,
Look away! etc.
When he put his arms around 'er
He looked as fierce as a forty-pounder,
Look away! etc.

Ole Missus die—she took a decline,
Her face was de color of bacon rind,
Look away! etc.
How could she act de foolish part,
An' marry a man to break her heart?
Look away! etc.

Den here's health to de next ole missus,
An' all de gals what want to kiss us,
Look away! etc.
Den hoe it down and scratch yo' grabble,
To Dixie's land I'm bound to trabble,
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.

The tune and the words about "de land ob cotton" have ever endeared themselves to the hearts of all Southerners. Whenever a band strikes up "Dixie" you immediately hear their hurrahs and handclaps. Still popular eighty-three years after it was composed, "Dixie" seems destined for immortality.

Dan Emmett died on June 28, 1904, having composed during his lifetime something like 50 songs of the popular "walk-around" type used by the minstrel shows. Among his compositions are "Boatman's Dance," "The Road to Richmond," "Walk Along John" and "Early in The Mornin'." His first song, "Old Dan Tucker," which he composed when he was 17, still enjoys a centain popularity, and his "Turkey in de Straw" is a great favorite with country fiddlers.

His undying fame, however, will rest upon "Dixie," though a surprisingly large number of people who play and sing it do not konw just who composed this song so dear to the South, or that the original Dixie's Land meant a part of what is now New York City rather than, as it does today.

"Alabama, Tennessee, or Caroline,
Or any place below the Mason Dixon line."

SPICES RATIONED BUT FOODS IN CAROLINA STILL EXCELLENT

By Elizabeth Tipton Derieux in Charlotte Observer

When the thrifty housewife learned in the early spring that it had become necessary to ration sugar and certain spices, she was disturbed by visions of empty fruit jars and unseasoned food for the winter. Despite these misgivings and restrictions, early autumn finds the pantries of the State better stocked than in several years and the food as well seasoned as in the past.

This conservation of the summer's surplus food supply for winter's wartime consumption and the daily maintenance of well seasoned food has been accomplished largely through the art of substitution.

Canning instead of preserving has enabled the housewife to save larger amounts of fruit with less sugar. The substitution of spices which are still plentiful for those which are rationed is enabling the careful homemaker to produce delicious, well seasoned foods and to complete this season's pickling and preserving of late summer fruits and vegetables with slight inconvenience.

The imported spices which are used in America come mostly from India, China, the Malay peninsula, Madagascar, Pemba, and Zanzibar; also from the Netherlands East Indies, particularly the Molucca or Spice islands, and from Java, Borneo, Celebes, Sumatra, and Bali.

Since these famous spice centers lie within the present war zones, shipping from there has been seriously curtailed. Fortunately, a fairly good supply of all spices was on hand at the beginning of the war. Used with care, these condiments can be made to last for quite a while.

When the War Production Board issued its conservation order No. M-127, which restricted the sale of cinnamon, nutmeg, mace, cloves, allspice, ginger, and black and white pepper, it did not mean that these spices were unavailable then or that they would be in the near future. It meant rather that, with restricted use, there would be a sufficient supply on hand for at lleast some time to come.

As the American housewife is solving the problem of the sugar shortage by substituting natural sugars, such as molasses, honey, maple and corn syrups, wherever possible, thus conserving her supply of rationed sugar, she is also helping to avoid the threatened shortage of certain imported spices by combining them with those which are unrestricted or even substituting new domestic flavorings which may, in time, become as popular as those with which we are now familiar.

The use of spices dates back to the time that Jehova instructed Moses to prepare a perfume or incense from spices and frankincense and to use it in his ceremonial services in the holy tabernacle.

This use of spices in religious observances was practiced also by the Babylonians. Later, this early civilization incorporated spices in its food. This practice was followed by the Greeks, Romans, and Egyptians.

Throughout the centuries, mankind has continued to use spices in com-

pounding perfume, incense, in the preparation of certain medicines and as a seasoning for food. The bulk of spice consumption today is in the latter field. Carefully blended with food, spices serve not only an an aromatic flavoring but also as an appetizer and as a mild digestant.

This love of fragrance and flavor led the people of the Near and Middle East to open trails to the spice centers of the Far East. As early, perhaps, as 3000 B. C., adventurous traders carefully made their way over land to China and India with valuable packs of amber, lapis lazuli, gold, and tin, which they exchanged for spices, rare perfume, and ointments of the East. As trade developed, trails were widened and smoothed and caravans of camels replaced the traders with their packs. Later, ships were used wherever possible to relieve these merchants in their long overland travels. One of the old spice routes which crossed the desert from Alexandria, Egypt, to the Red Sea, hence through the Indian Ocean and Persian Gulf to China and India, is being used today by the Allied forces.

As the population of Europe increased and the demand for spices and silk grew, it became necessary to find an all-sea route to the Indies. In 1487 Diaz of Spain discovered the route around Africa.

Christopher Columbus, believing that he could find a shorter spice and silk route to India than this 12,000 miles journey, sailed west and, at length, discovered Hayti and, later, Central America and South America.

When John and Sebastian Cabot learned of the discovery of Columbus and his men they were fired with a strong enthusiasm to set out on a trip of exploration for England. Expressing a desire to be able to make London a greater place for spices than Alexandria, they sailed West in 1497 and discovered, not a still shorter spice and silk route to the Indies, but the continent of North America.

With this discovery of the new world came colonization by the peoples of Europe. These new settlers brought with them the habits and customs of their old homes. It was not long before spices and other delicacies which they had enjoyed in the past were finding their way across the Atlantic and appearing on the dinner tables of the colonists.

The rapid increase in population in the new world stimulated foreign trade and before many years had passed American merchants were importing their own spices. This appreciation on the part of the people of this country for the flavorful, aromatic spices of the Far East has continued throughout the years. Miss Amy Vanderbilt of the American Spice association reports the interesting fact that the people of America were consuming, prior to the beginning of the present war, $12,000,000 worth of imported spices each year. Added to this volume of foreign spices a large amount of domestic spices and herbs were used also in the preparation of American food.

Spices impart a mellow, aromatic flavor to food which is as delightful to the palate as a breath of perfumed air is to the nostrils. For centuries spices have played an important part in helping to make American food appetizing, delicious and more attractive.

The careful use of restricted spices, their combination with those which are not rationed or the substitution of na-

tive flavorings will enable the housewife to keep in reserve a supply of the restricted spices for use with certain fruits and vegetables which, from long use together, seem to have a certain delightful affinity.

Cinnamon has been one of the most popular spices since it was first used in the early centuries as an important ingredient in the perfumed oil which was made for the purpose of anointing the tabernacle and the holy vessels.

While the pure oil of cinnamon is prepared only on the island of Ceylon, cassia cinnamon has become a general substitute for the choicer and stronger true cinnamon. Grown on Malabar and the other parts of the East Indies, cassia cinnamon is the bark which is peeled from the young shoots which spring up about the roots of the older trees from which cinnamon is made. As the bark dries it curls into rolls of quills. These rolls are either pulverized or sold as stick cinnamon.

There are many delightful uses for cinnamon but at the present time the caremul housewife is combining it with other spices in order to conserve her supply. This blend of spices is delicious as a flavoring for late summer and autumn pickling and preserving, for apple butter, spiced apple jelly, grape conserve and mince meat. It is also an acceptable substitute for cinnamon as a spice flavoring for sweet potatoes, baked apples and pies.

Frequently used and always enjoyed are nutmeg and mace. Nutmeg is the pit of seed of the fruit of the nutmeg tree, while mace is the membrane or outer covering which surrounds the nutmeg and is between it and the outer shell. These rich, aromatic spices are the product of the Dutch Indies. While the trees which produce these popular spices have been introduced into the British West Indies, Sumatra, India and Brazil, the war has made shipping from these places also difficult, thus restricting the generous use of nutmeg, America's favorite apple pie spice, and mace, a delightful cake flavoring.

Cloves, the dried flower buds of a species of the myrtle trees, was found originally in the Netherlands East Indies but has been introduced into Madagascar and nearby Zanzibar. Warm, aromatic and fragrant, the clever housewife uses cloves in many ways. As the final spicy touch to a cup of afternoon tea, for generous insertion in a ham which is being prepared for the oven, as a flavor for glazed apples and pears, the whole spice is excellent.

While ground cloves have many uses in all year around cooking, they are particularly useful in the autumn pickling, preserving and fall and winter cooking. For generations ground cloves have been a favorite flavoring for pumpkin pies, spiced cakes, puddings, mincemeat and custards. Since this useful spice is imported from the war areas of today, the present supply should be safeguarded by reserving it for use in certain foods where clove flavor is especially desired.

The restricted use of these well known spices will stimulate, perhaps, a greater appreciation for them. There is not only discovery, and history but even romance connected with them. Cinnamon, highly prized by the peoples of the ancient world for its delightful aroma, was thought to inspire love and was often used in the preparation of love charms long before its flavor was utilized in cooking.

Nutmeg and mace, so an old folk

story relates, first grew on the island of Banda. When Europeans conquered the island they were anxious to restrict the growth of nutmeg trees to that spot in order to receive high prices for the spice. Large birds, however, attracted to the red mace which protruded from the ripened husk, seized the whole fruit and flew away to nearby islands. Here they ate the mace and dropped the seed. These soon took root and it was not long before nutmeg trees were flourishing on the surrounding islands.

Cloves were prized so highly in ancient days that battles were fought by Europeans and the natives for possession of the islands where clove trees grew. These trees held an important place in the tribal life of the natives as a clove tree was planted at the birth of each child. These trees not only made a continual contribution to the wealth of the tribe since they produced cloves from the age of seven to beyond 100 years, but they also served as a tribal record for several generations.

Allspice is, perhaps the easiest of the restricted spices to secure at this time as it grows on the island of Jamaica, West Indies. The spice is the dried berry of the pimento tree which is thought by many to be the most beautiful of all the spice trees.

Allspice, as its name implies, resembles the combined flavors of cinnamon, nutmeg and cloves. Since the generous use of these spices are now restricted, allspice can be substituted for them in pickling and in mincemeat, and in many other foods as well.

As the cooler days approach they bring thoughts of the season's final pickling and preserving and of gingerbread, ginger snaps, pumpkin pie and the spice cake. For the flavoring of these delicacies of autumn, ginger plays an important part. This wholesome, peppery spice has grown in favor with the American people during the past decade.

Ginger is one of the very few spices which grow beneath the ground. The roots of the sturdy perennial ginger plant can be dug after the shrub is one year old, and, washed and dried, are ready to be exported. Thriving in moist, tropical locations it is to be found growing in China, Japan, Africa, India, South America and Jamaica. Ginger is used not only as a flavoring for foods and for its medicinal properties, but also as a confection.

More pepper is consumed in America each year than any other spice. As early as 300 B. C. mankind enjoyed a dash of pepper with many foods. Throughout the centuries this hot, biting, stimulating spice has maintained its popularity. Pepper was the most important article imported from the East until sugar, cotton and coffee became known, and, until the 14th century, it remained the most costly of all spices.

Pepper is the fruit of a climbing plant similiar in appearance to that of the grape vine. Supported on a trellis or pole, pepper vines begin bearing at the age of 2 or 3 years, reach maturity around the 8th year but continue to bear for many years.

Pepper vines are attractive in appearance as the small flowers along the drooping flower stem mature into bright red berries. Picked by hand these lush, red berries are spread vinegar to form an appetizing dressing for cold meats, particularly America's favorite hot dog sandwich.

out to dry until they become hard, wrinkled and black. They are then ready for export.

White pepper is made also from the same pepper vine. Left on the flower stem until fully mature, the outer hull of the berry separates from the white inner center. These partly open shells are soaked in water to hasten their removal. The white inner portion of the berry is then spread out to dry, which process further tends to bleach it. White pepper, while not as strong as black, has a rich, aromatic flavor which is most agreeable and is useful to season foods where black pepper would detract from the appearance.

Red pepper is the fruit of the capsicum plant. Hot and sharp to the taste, the fruit or pod is used extensively in pickling, for sauces and in the preparation of medicines.

The black pepper which is produced on the Malucca or Spice Islands, Java and particularly Sumatra, is of the finest quality. India also exports large amounts of black pepper. Red pepper is a native of the East and West Indies, China, Brazil and Egypt, but has spread also to other tropical and subtropical areas.

While pepper is one of the rationed spices because of restricted shipping, the people of this State as well as those of several other Southern States grow an excellent grade of Cayenne and red pepper. A few experiments with these stronger peppers will enable the home chef to use them satisfactorily in many foods.

Spices which fall within the restricted list are, by no means, all the condiments which the versatile housewife uses in her day after day preparation of meals. Added to this rationed list of imported spices are a number of imported herbs many of which can be grown in this country.

When the early settlers arrived from Europe they brought with them herb seed. The plants were carefully cultivated and prized highly for their usefulness in cooking, medicine and perfumery. But herb growing did not keep pace with the population. With the exception of mustard very few herbs are grown in this country now in commercial quantities.

This condition is beng changed rapidly, however. During the past decade renewed interest in herb growing has been displayed by both professional and home gardeners. Today parsley, thyme, savory, mint, basil, marjoram, terragon and sage are to be found growing in fields in commercial quantities as well as in the modern backyard gardens.

Mustard, long imported from England, Europe and China, is now being grown in the Northwestern States and in California in sufficient quantities to supply the American markets. This cultivation of mustard on a scale large enough to satisfy the domsetic markets has required almost a decade of development. A greater appreciation for this achievement is gained when it is recalled that the people of America consumed more than 12,000,000 pounds of seed and ground mustard each year.

This popular spice is used as a condiment and for medicinal purposes. The whole mustard seed is preferred for pickling and as a garnish for salads. Dry mustard is used to some extent as a seasoning for meats, gravies and sauces, but the most extensive use of this pungent spice is, perhaps, in combination with other spices and

NOAH WEBSTER'S OLDEST SPELLING BOOK

By Julia W. Wolfe

A collector of old books in Connecticut believes he has one of the three existing copies of Noah Webster's first spelling book. It is a collection of pages pasted together and bound in brown pasteboard, with one of those old-time mottled covers. It is not illustrated as were his later spelling books. It was printed in 1783 and surely is a treasure.

When Webster was teaching school in Sharon, Connecticut, in 1783, he undoubtedly did not imagine to what his little makeshift of school-teaching would, in time, lead. One of his perplexities, as he told Governor Smith (the executive of Connecticut at that time), was the difficulty he had in teaching his pupils to spell. The Governor suggested that he take a trip to Philadelphia (then the "seat of learning") and consult with "eminent teachers" there and get suggestions. This Webster did and received ideas from such people as James Madison, who was much concerned with schools in the new country. Upon reaching home Webster set to work upon his *First Part of the Grammatical Institute of the English Language*, adding to it in the course of two years a second and third part. The first part was "the basis of the spelling book" which he had printed.

Among the books which the Webster spelling book displaced in the schools was Dilworth's *Guide to the English Tongue*. This was imitated in part by Webster. It was the model on which he first put his improvement. Webster imitated Dilworth in using selections from the Psalms and in the employment of fables. The first sentence in Webster's original says: "No man may put off the law of God;" this also may be seen in Dilworth's.

Webster thought it useful to print such a word as "abracadabra," but did not retain Dilworth's more astounding "abelbethmaacah," and it is said that Webster's new book was "alarming" to the old-timers in this young state. He chastised them for their pronunciations; he told them they must say "wainscot," not "winshott"; "resin," not "rozin"; "chimney," not "chimbley," and so forth. His plan was to make a natural division of the syllables, with a direction for placing the accent, instead of addressing to "young minds a minute and endless repetition of characters." He also arranged his spelling tables so as to show the manner of making derivatives of words. He transformed the spelling of Indian geographic names from the French to the English method, as, for instance, "Wisconsin" for "Ouisconsin;" "Wabash" for Oubasch."

It is to his everlasting credit that he used simple and pure English in all his explanations, and he felt, along with the author of the *English Reader*, that his selections to be read aloud must do something more than accomplish their direct purpose—they must also impart ideas of religion, morals and political economy. This idea was

prevalent with all authors of early-American textbooks. And there is no doubt that all the author aimed at in this respect was well done. Webster's skill, learning and industry made his spelling book one of the most noted schoolbooks in American life. It is doubtful if any other book designed for schools ever had one-fourth of its circulation. The first bound and illustrated edition was published in 1819, the second in 1828, and the third in 1834; and this book was used in our schools long after the Civil War.

The 1828 edition begins to look "modern;" it contains many poems at the end; here is "The Rose," "The Lamb," "On a Goldfinch Starved in His Cage." By the way, "The Lamb" is not "Mary's," but one less funny and more pathetic. There are also many fables in the book. The old one of the "The Boy Who Stole the Apples" is here; also "The Maid and Her Milk Pail." The latter is a sad story. The maid was a little too elated and imaginative, but building castles in the air is perhaps a pardonable luxury. The moral is, of course, "Better carry a pail of milk in your hands than try to balance it on your head." However, the boy in the apple tree richly deserves his fate.

The third edition was illustrated by Alexander Anderson, a name now almost forgotten. He was the first craftsman who undertook wood engraving in America. He was born in 1775 in New York City and died in Jersey City in 1870. He began his art work when only twelve years old; he had read of the method used by the celebrated English engraver, Berwick, and taught himself. He made his own tools and boxwood blocks. His pictures in the 1828 edition of Webster's were his earliest productions. They look crude today, but very interesting.

In the third edition of Webster are many "sermons" for boys and girls who do not "mind their books," and "love not the church," and play and tell lies. "They will come to no good end and must be wipt till they mend their ways." On the first page are sentences like, "Anne can mend her cap;" "Bertha can sew a fine seam."

Such little books taught our ancestors and there is a fascination about them that modern spelling books do not have.

———:———

Some persons are always ready to level those above them down to themselves, while they are never willing to level those below them up to their own position. But he that is under the influence of true humility will avoid both these extremes. On the one hand, he will be willing that all should rise just so far as their diligence and worth of character entitle them to; and on the other hand, he will be willing that his superiors should be known and acknowledged in their place, and have rendered to them all the honors that are their due.—Jonathan Edwards.

CRISIS—DANGER AND OPPORTUNITY

By Dr. Hunter B. Blakely

The Chinese word for crisis is explained in a recent book by James R. Reston as composed of two characters meaning "Danger and opportunity."

Danger now is the more apparent, although Americans are not yet awakened to what our real dangers are. Our enemies mean business. If they could, they would destroy this land as thoroughly as they have devastated Poland and Greece. We must remember that Hitler and Hirohito probably could have their way in this world, except that the might of this country is flung across their paths. If they can crush the United States now, they will try to do the job so thoroughly that we will be out of their way for a long time to come.

If they can destroy us, why should New York not suffer at their hands the fate of Warsaw, and Detroit that of Stalingrad? Until the United States is out of the way, neither Germany nor Japan, nor both together, can attain world conquest.

This totalitarian war endangers not our luxuries and our wealth, but our lives—our very existence. It is not a question whether we can maintain the same degree of comfort as formerly, but whether we will become the slaves of those who are deluded into thinking that they are master races for whom all others should become servants and tools. Too many Americans have not realized the desperate reality of this conflict.

The danger is that many of our citizens will not rise to new levels of patriotism and sacrifice. It is easy for a man to think how heroic he would be fighting in an airplane or driving a tank against enemy emplacements and then to waste vital rubber driving unnecessarily at fifty or sixty miles an hour, or perchance even to "bootleg" some gasoline for a frolic ride. Most Americans are too patriotic to confederate with enemy saboteurs, but they do not see that waste is working for Hitler as realistically as German spies. We are awake to do the big things of which we can only dream, but frequently still asleep to do the little things which have got to be done for victory.

There is danger that we do not prepare now to carry on to victory when peace comes. After the last war, we settled back into a fool's paradise of contentment, while we permitted demoniacal forces to gather which now are blowing our civilization to smithereens. There will be no going back. The pre-war status cannot be restored for it has gone with the wind. We must plan and pose now lest we later slip back into indifference. When the shooting stops, Americans can't afford to stop thinking, working, planning, sacrificing, and praying for a stable world order founded on justice, truth, and righteousness. Our poor earth, humanly speaking, cannot stand another cataclysm of blood and devastation in this generation.

The Chinese word for crisis is formed also with the word, "op-

portunity." Seldom before has humanity's danger been greater, but never before has humanity's opportunity been so great. We must prepare now for the best civilization the world has ever seen. We can have it, but the cost will be greater than even Winston Churchill's "Blood, Sweet, and Tears."

Never before could technology so adequately feed, house, clothe, and satisfy the meterial needs of men —as now. Never before could medical science do so much to heal and to prevent the diseases of men— as now. Never before could art and music so satisfy the longings of men —as now. Never before could men know and aid each other so efficiently with distance conquered and all human beings made neighborly—as now. Never before could the Christian religion bring consolation and inspiration and salvation so easily to all the people of the earth—as now. What prevents humanity's best age—now? Only the cruelty, the lack of intelligence, and the lack of character of men. If we had better and wiser men, the age of new miracles would be just beginning.

We must prepare now for the greater miracles of benevolence to happen when the guns stop shooting. Our greatest preparation must take place in the hearts of men. Unless we place the emphasis upon character, upon right thinking, upon spiritual growth, we will never have the better men and women who will have the right motives which are necessary for those who will create a better world.

We must also prepare to think— to think straightly and accurately. Muddling thinking, confusing the issues, will not be sufficient either now or in the post-war world. Upon educators and parents there rests the tremendous responsibility of preparing a more intelligent and conscientious citizenship.

The opportunities of this time of crisis challenge every American citizen to think much and to be a bigger and better person.

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JUSTICE

Justice is the great interest of man on earth. It is the ligament which holds civilized beings and civilized nations together. Wherever her temple stands, and so long as it is duly honored, there is a foundation for social security, general happiness, and the improvement and progress of our race. And whoever labors on this edifice with usefulness and distinction, whoever clears its foundations, strengthens its pillars, adorns its entabetures, or contributes to raise its august dome still higher in the skies, connects himself, in name, and fame, and character, with that which is and must be as durable as the frame of human society.—Daniel Webster.

INSTITUTION NOTES

"Pot O' Gold," a United Artists production, was the attraction at the regular weekly motion picture show in the auditorium last Thursday night.

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Charles Tate, of Cottage No. 2, has returned to the School, after a three day's stay at the Cabarrus County Hospital, Concord, where he underwent a tonsil operation. Charlie has had some rheumatic trouble, but with the removal of his tonsils it is expected that he will soon fully recover.

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Our former superintendent, Charles E. Boger, called at The Uplift office the other day, and we were glad to see him looking so well. He seems to have recovered from his recent illness to the extent that he gets about with as sprightly a step as he did years ago. It certainly looked like old times to see him walking about the grounds.

—:—

Mrs. Geneva Dillard, our sewing-room matron, is back on the job again, after having been on duty elsewhere at the School, and the sewing machines are once more humming. She and her boys are quite busy replenishing our stock of boys' shirts, which had become very low. The cloth used in making these shirts was woven at our own textile plant.

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Superintendent Hawfield and Mr. J. Lee white, our farm manager attended a sale of Hereford cattle at Statesville the other day, purchasing a thoroughbred bull for the School. The Herefords, or "white-faced cattle," are well-known beef cattle. It is hoped that the School can eventually produce enough beef for its own use. This is a fine gesture on the part of the School officials, for with no shortage of meat because of the war, it would be much cheaper to raise our own beef than to purchase it, as has been the custom for many years.

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We received a letter this week from Henry (Red) Glover, formerly of Cottage No. 14, who is now a member of the United States Marine Corps, and is taking basic training at Parris Island, South Carolina. Red writes that he is getting along well, and is proud to be a member of the marines. He sent best wishes to all the boys and officers, especially to Mr. Sappenfield, his former cottage officer. In order that he might keep in touch with activities at the School, he asked that copies of The Uplift be sent to him occasionally.

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The Training School football team opened the 1942 season last Monday afternoon, playing the Albemarle High School "B" team, on the local field. After a hard fight, the visitors emerged victorious by the score of 18 to 12. It was a thrilling contest throughout, with long runs being reeled off by both teams. The game was featured by zig-zag running by Thompson, of Albemarle, and Holt, of the Training School eleven. Penalties were imposed rather freely on both sides, indicating that both teams were really playing "for keeps.' The local lads were well on the way toward tying the score, when the whistle blew, ending the game.

The Training Schol boys will next meet Barium Springs Orphanage team, playing on the Orphanage gridiron, Saturday, October 3rd. Despite the loss of the first game, the boys are quite confident that the next game will be marked up on the winning side of the ledger.

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In the Charlotte Observer of September 25th, we noticed quite a lengthy list of young men who had been accepted for service in the United States Marine Corps through the Charlotte recruiting office. Among those names were two of our old boys, Claude L. Moose and James C. Reinhardt, of Newton. Both lads are seventen years old.

Claude Moose came to the School, June 1, 1938 and left us on July 11, 1941. He was a member of the Cottage No. 15 group, and was employed at the dairy during his stay at the institution. Upon being admitted here he entered the fifth grade and at the time of his departure, had been in the seventh grade about ten months.

James C. Reinhardt was a house boy in Cottage No. 5 practically all of the time he spent at the Schol. He came to us August 15, 1939 and was permitted to return to his home, February 25, 1941. At the time of his admission to this institution, James entered the fourth grade, and had advanced to the fifth, where he had been for several months at the time he left.

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Mr. James L. Query, a former member of the School's staff of workers, who has been in the United States Army since March 17th, called on friends here last week. He had been granted a furlough and was visiting his parents and other relatives in Cabarrus county.

Upon first entering his country's service he went to Fort Bragg, but was later transferred to camp Claiborne, Louisiana. Judging from appearances, we would say that army life has certainly agreed with Mr. Query. He had a good coat of tan, and looked every inch a soldier, in his neat-fitting uniform, and when we say every inch, that means a lot of inches, for he stands well over six feet. His many friends at the School, among both boys and officers, were delighted to see him. He stated that The Uplift, which goes to him each week, was just like a letter from home, and that he hoped we would continue to keep his name on the mailing list. Mr. Query, like all the boys in the armed forces, would like to hear from the folks back home, and for the benefit of those who would care to write him, we will give his address as follows: PFC James L. Query, A. U. S. 34256-160, 326th Airborne Medical Co., 101st Airborne Division, Camp Claiborne, Louisiana.

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As has been his custom for more than twenty years, Mr. A. C. Sheldon, of Charlotte, was present at the afternoon service at the School last Sunday. Instead of taking charge of the service, as is his usual custom, he turned the program over to Gene Davis, who has been a favorite with our boys for several years. Gene led the boys in singing a number of their favorite songs, after which he rendered a solo, singing "The Old Rugged Cross" in a most pleasing manner, the boys joining in on the last chorus. He then introduced the speaker of the afternoon, Rev. Guy Helms, pastor of Cen-

tral Baptist Church, Charlotte.

Rev. Mr. Helms spoke to the boys on faith and prayer. If we have faith in God, said he, He will answer prayer if, in His judgment, it is best for us. We must have faith or our prayer becomes nothing more than a wasted effort.

The speaker further stated that the most joyous thing in the world is to fully realize that we belong to Jesus Christ, and can go to him for the solution of all our problems. Christ is the great maker of life, and can help us, no matter what our needs may be.

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A recent letter to Mr. Barber, our bookkepper, coming from Wilfred Land, one of our old boys, informed us that he was in the Naval Hospital, Portsmouth, New Hampshire, recovering from an appendicitis operation. He writes as follows:

"Dear Mr. Barber: Thought I would write you a few lines, as I don't have anything else to do but lie in bed for the next ten or twelve days. The letter I received from you made me feel real good. How are things going at the School?

"I met a boy in May, whose name is Sam Williams. He was in Cottage No. 4, and was Mr. Wood's house boy for a long time. I met him at my girl friend's house. Sam has been in the Navy for some time, stationed here at a submarine base. He said that he was going across in a short time in one of those subs.

"Am sorry that I could not answer your nice letter right away, but we have been busy all the time and have not had much time for letter writing. I was operated on for appendicitis, and it sure is a pain. But I'm getting along well now, except that I feel pretty weak.

"Mr. Barber, if you would not mind, I would like you to send me a couple of those Uplifts with the cottage pictures in them.

"Tell all the boys that know me that I said 'hello,' and when their time comes to leave the School, they should join the Army, Navy or Marine Corps. Also tell them to write me once in a while. Best regards to all."

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INDUSTRY

Industry need not wish, and he that lives upon hopes will die fasting. There are no gains without pains. He that hath a trade hath an estate, and he that hath a calling hath an office of profit and honor; but then the trade must be worked at, and the calling followed, or neither the estate nor the office will enable us to pay our taxes. If we are industrious, we shall never starve; for, at the working man's house hunger looks in, but dares not enter. Nor will the bailiff or the constable enter, for industry pays debts, while idleness and neglect increase them.—Benjamin Franklin.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending September 27, 1942

RECEIVING COTTAGE
Howard Combs
John Hogsed
Leonard Melton
Charles Pearson
Weaver Ruff
Paul Smith
James Watts
L. P. Whitley
Harry Wilson
Charles Young

COTTAGE NO. 1
Albert Allen
Ralph Bailey
James Brigman
Oscar Carter
Paul Childers
Richard Hudson
Leonard Lovelace
Durwood Martin
James Pitman
Leonard Robinson

COTTAGE NO. 2
William Butler
Banks McKnight
Charles Tate
Newman Tate

COTTAGE NO. 3
Burlen Edmundson
Rhonda Price
Ralph Powell
Samuel Pritchett

COTTAGE NO. 4
Leroy Childers
William Deaton
Marvin Howard
Douglas Holt
Robert Muse
Roy Patton
Charles Simpson
Carl Tyndall
Jesse Williamson

COTTAGE NO. 5
Sidney Knighting
Jesse King
John Lipscomb
Allen Morris
John Mazoo
Eldred Watts

COTTAGE NO. 6
Elgin Atwood
Kenneth Caldwell
Melvin Fowler
Earl Hoyle
Robert Hobbs
Gerald Kermon
Marvin Lipscomb
John Linville
Rufus Massingill
Jocab Myers
William Ussery
William Wilkerson

COTTAGE NO. 7
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 8
Cecil Bennett

COTTAGE NO. 9
Gerald Amos
David Cunningham
Riley Denny
Edward Guffey
James Hale
Wilbur Hardin
Isaac Mahaffey
Albert Newton
Robert Owens
Leroy Pate
Glenn Wilcox

COTTAGE NO. 10
(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE NO. 11
Bert Barnhardt
Noah Brown
Eugene Cline
William Guffey
A. B. Hoyle
T. B. Nowell
Jerry Ray
Edgar Shell
Everett Stamey
Ray Taylor

COTTAGE NO. 12
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 13

Thurman Daniels
Millard Ellege
Donald Hobbs
Richard Kye
William O'Brien
Ray Smith
Russell Stike

COTTAGE NO. 14

Robert Bailey
William Barfield
Robert Caudle
Walter Carver
Henry Ennis
Aubrey Fargis
William Harding
Vernon Harding
Robert Holbert
William Lanford
John Maples
Robert Moose
Joseph McKinney
Charles Pitman
Alvis Watkins
Theodore Young

COTTAGE NO. 15

Lawton McDowell
Hugh Roberts

INDIAN COTTAGE

Jack Bateman
James E. Hall
Ernest Jacobs
Herbert Lochlear
Lester Lochlear

INFIRMARY

Henry Butler
Robert Padgett

———:———

GOLDENROD

In this our native land, we have names for every sort of special week, observances for every sort of special occasion, holidays to the right and left of us, anniversaries for all the alphabet, state songs, state flowers, slogans for all causes, school colors and mottoes for every instance, but we have no national flower. Of course this is not necessary, but the way we do things in our country, it is rather surprising that somebody hasn't made some kind of a campaign or national drive popular in order to put this across a long time ago! Something tells us that if we were to put to a vote as to the flower most decidedly American, the choice would be the goldenrod, a typically American bloom, having 125 species of flower and known in every state in the union.

The goldenrod is generally supposed to be classed as a flower of autumn but there are many localities where it comes in early May. But the bloom is found to be most numerous in a large number of the states during the fall season. It grows in neglected fields, in gardens mixed with glorious blossoms of cultivation and care. It spreads through lowlands and brings its golden yellow into the highlands. It lasts for a long time and adds to the beauty of fall with the bright maples and rusty oaks. When other spots show the mark of cold weather ahead, there still stands the goldenrod midst asters and petunias. Yes, it is truly the American flower—it too can 'take it.'—Selected.

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXX CONCORD, N. C., OCTOBER 10, 1942 No. 41

(c) Dean R. B. House
University of North Carolina

PROCRASTINATION

Tomorrow you will live, you always cry;
In what far country does this morrow lie,
That 'tis so mighty long ere it arrive?
Beyond the Indies does this morrow live?
'Tis so far fetched, this morrow, that I fear
'Twill be both very old and very dear.
Tomorrow I will live, the fool does say;
Today is too late; the wise lived yesterday.

—Abraham Cowley.

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S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor
LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

TAKE TIME

Take time to live, to see the glorious daybreak,
The gleaming grass; breathe deep the scented air
And hold communion with the morning's freshness
Take time to waft a silent prayer.

Take time to live, to pause amid demandings
To speak a cheery word, a glad "Hello."
Take time to read a thought that lifts your spirits,
Or to recall some poem you used to know.

Take time to live in this, the present moment,
Not striving always for some goal afar.
Take time for God, for friends of kindred spirit,
And realize that heaven is where you are.

Life gives to you the measure that you give,
Time will be yours if you take time to live.

—Della Adams Leitner.

AN APPRECIATIVE BOY

Hardly a week passes that one or more members of the School's staff of workers fail to receive letters of appreciation from the boys who once received training here. Many of these fellows have been writing regularly over a period of several years. They still maintain a keen interest in the affairs of the institution, and quite frequently request copies of The Uplift, in order to keep in closer touch with its many activities.

Just a few days ago, our former superintendent, Mr. Charles E. Boger, received a letter from Clyde E. Small, now twenty-six years old, who left the School, January 4, 1932. For several yeas past,

this young man has been operating the Burke Flower Shop, Morganton. He writes as follows:

Dear Mr. Boger:

In a world that is war-torn and grief-stricken, it is very hard to find time to write a letter, even to friends who represent ideals that you repect and have profited by. Since we do not know today what tomorrow holds in store for us, we hardly know what we can, or should do. For some reason or other, I have been thinking quite a lot recently about the school's boys and officers, what they are doing, and just what place their teachings and ideals are taking in this world in which we are living today. I have always been a staunch supporter of the Training School, and have never been hesitant in upholding its teachings and ideals. Never before have I been able to see as clearly as now the training the boys receive there is fitting them for life in a modern world. I am speaking from experience and facts.

Fifteen years ago, the latter part of this month, I entered the school. After three years and some months, I came home to take my place in civilian life, and, due to the lessons learned while there, I had no trouble in finding an honest position, and later to enter into business for myself that has been highly successful for seven years, and still enjoys that same success, all of which was made possible by the extreme confidence of the populace of my community. This confidence could never have been earned had it not been for the training I received while a student at the School, for which I am truly grateful.

Several weeks ago, I realized that the time had come for me to try to repay my state and country for what they have done for me. All my friends are in khaki or blue, and I just didn't care for civilian clothes any more, so I presented myself to the Recruiting Office and offered my services. I asked if I might try for the air corps as a pilot. I was given a mental test in which they threw everything in the books at me, then came one of the toughest physical examinations in the world, all of which were passed, which made me very happy, indeed. However, all of the credit could not be given me for this. It all went back to the first day I entered Jackson Training School, as from that day I was taught how to think, and how to live. I recall that once while there, we had a mental test while I was a pupil under the tutelage of my good friend, Mr. W. M. Crooks. As I remember it, all the boys at the school took it, and I just couldn't bear the thought of being lowest on the score. Paying very close attention, I did just as I was told, and never was I more surprised than when I found that I had finished first. The mental test I was given for the air corps was similar, only much harder, but

I did just as I had done that day in "Uncle Bill" Crooks' school room, and when it was over, I found myself in a group of five who had passesd, out of a class of sixty-nine. Then the five of us had to take the physical examination, and when it was over there were but two of us left, being pronounced perfectly sound in every physical respect. For this, I must also give the school credit for our bodies are molded in early years, and during that part of my youth which was spent there, I was given the proper things needed to make a sound body. They weren't fancy, understand, but just what a youngster should have, and always plenty of them, and this, along with a certain routine of work and play, taught us how to keep our bodies in good condition.

I sincerely hope that you will understand what I mean by the praise in this letter, for I mean every word of it, and I hope that not one, but every boy there will find sme time in life that he has profited by the lessons taught at the Jackson Training School.

I shall be leaving any day now for Randolph Field, Texas, for first flight training, and I hope that I shall make my country a good flier, and in the event that I can't qualify as a good flier, I trust that I may make a good something in the next best thing. I am eager to repay a country and a state that took a young boy who was headed for ruin, and helped him to see the light, and give him a place in this wonderful nation of ours.

Please give my best regards to my old friend, Mr. Leon Godown. He is a good scout, even if he is a "Yankee." Also remember me to Mr. ad Mrs. Frank Liske, whom I shall always regard highly because of the many things they did for me.

In closing this letter, let me say that I would like to tell you in person what I have written, in the event that I never see you again, and do not return. The cause for which you and the school so strongly stand is wonderful, and your efforts will not have been in vain. I know, for I'm one of the guys who were there. With best wishes and kindest regards,

Yours till victory,

Clyde E. Small.

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CANNON MEMORIAL BUILDING IMPROVED

The exterior of the Cannon Memorial Building is now being freshly painted, and it represents a beautiful picture. This building was given by the late Mrs. James W. Cannon, as a memorial to her husband, James W. Cannon, founder and builder of the chain of textile

plants of the Cannon Manufacturing Company, recognized as one of the largest plants of its kind in the entire country.

From an architectural point of view this structure is symmetrical and imposing, with complete plans for administrative purposes, living quarters for the superintendent and matrons who supervise the work in the many cottages, the homes of the boys. We recall quite vividly that the late Editor Wade Harris, of the Charlotte Observer, termed the Margaret Burgwyn Chapel, a classic in stone, and in like manner the Cannon Memorial, used as the administration building, may be called a classic n brick. It is one of the high spots of interest on the campus of the Stonewall Jackson Training School.

It is noticeable that the boys apppreciate all of the improvements being made to buildings and grounds, realizing that the School is their home. Order and system are the watchwords of this institution, and the officials realize that the best and only way to teach the same is by practical demonstrations.

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THE INFLUENCE OF THE PRESS

There are two important dates to be observed this month. The first is "National Newspaper Week," and the other is "Fire Prevention Week." The date set aside for the celebration of National Newspaper Week is from the 1st to the 8th of this month, inclusive. Appropriate programs are planned, the outstanding features of which are the sale of Defense Bonds and Stamps, and sponsoring a nation-wide drive for scrap metal. High pressure is needed to make the sale of bonds and stamps measure up to the demand. The papers of all communities have previously publicized this item of interest—the sale of bonds, if victory is the goal for all people who appreciate freedom. The newspaper is the mouthpiece of every community and can wield an influence for the finer things of life, as well as the essentials needed for the welfare of respective localities. Bonds and stamps, collateral for money invested to help win the war, are small contributions when compared to the gifts of sons who have been and will continue to be killed on the battlefields. Faith, loyalty, courage and sacrifice are the elements required if victory is to be ours.

The press contributes largely to the success of any project, local or nation-wide, by publicizing the same. For instance, the next date, October 8-10, will be emphasized by newspapers far and wide. There are people who are alert. This class keeps their homes in order by checking over furnaces, stoves, flues and cleaning up other places around the premises so that there will not be anything left that may be easily ignited. This warning relative to hazardous fires reminds the absent-minded or the indifferent class of their duties, not alone to themselves, but to their neighbors. The chilly, crispy weather comes suddenly during this season of the year, and the first thought is to build up a big fire. If houses were thoroughly checked prior to the coming of cold weather, many fires that destroy life and property could be averted. The timely warnings through the press in regard to certain vital issues are far-reaching and serve a fine purpose.

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Why will some church people make such an ado about trivial things and neglect the weightier matters? Jesus met them in his day. Some of them strained out the gnat and swallowed a camel. These gnat strainers are with us today. Here is an instance: "The much publicized dispute regarding the display of the American flag and the Christian flag in the First Presbyterian church of West Milford, N. J., was settled last week by a compromise between Dr. Lewis Gaston Leary, the pastor, and Police Chief Somers Stites. Chief Stites had protested against the display of the Christian flag on the right of the pulpit, as the preacher faces the congregation, with the American flag on the left. As a solution the national emblem was removed from the pulpit and placed on a standard at the right of the congregation and the Christian flag was left in its original position."—N. C. Christian Advocate.

TRAINING IN TRADES FOR THE JACKSON TRAINING SCHOOL BOYS

By S. G. Hawfield, Superintendent

One of the chief functions of the program at the Jackson Training School is to provide training, or work experiences, for all of the boys in one or more of the practical trades. The daily schedule is arranged so that the boys go to the academic school during one-half of the day and work the other half of the day.

The school is equipped to offer work experiences in nineteen different activities, which are as follows:

1—Bakery
2—Barber Shop
3—Canning and Gardening
4—Carpenter Shop
5—Dairy
6—Farming
7—Furnace Boy
8—House Boy
9—Ice Plant
10—Laundry
11—Machine Shop
12—Manual Training
13—Poultry and Store
14—Printing Office
15—Sewing Room
16—Shoe Shop
17—Textile Plant
18—Tin Shop and Plumbing
19—Truck Farm

These work experiences have a three-fold purpose. First, they provide opportunities for the boys to engage in useful work that contributes to the maintenance of the institution; second, they offer training opportunities in one or more of the practical trades of everyday living; and third, they tend to develop in the boys a wholesome attitude towards honorable work.

The general public should not assume that the training which the boys receive here at the Training School equips them to be skilled workmen. It is important to remember also that for many boys the work experiences are to be regarded largely as exploratory in their purpose, as well as vocational. Obviously it is not possible for a good percentage of the boys to make the wisest choice of a vocation at the outset, and consequently they often need work experiences in more than one field.

The public, and county superintendents of welfare in particular, should remember that it is unfair both to the Training School and to boys who are sent here to say to them that they can come here and in a short period of a few weeks or at best a few months learn to do many different things. Naturally it requires a considerable length of time for anyone to become proficient in any trade. In this connection one should also be mindful of the fact that the boys sent to the institution in most instances have not advanced very far in the public schools; they are, as a rule, in the lower elementary grades. While they may possess vast poten-

tialities in hand work, it must be remembered that they often learn slowly. Their learning requires continuous and prolonged repetition.

Furthermore it should be remembered that if best results in vocational training are to be obtained, it is an expensive process. It certainly involves the necessary funds for hiring personnel specifically trained in the various trades and equipped to handle the instructional phases of the work; it involves working with comparatively small groups in order to permit provision for individual needs; and it involves expensive tools, equipment and machinery. Certainly it also involves the element of time. In many of the high schools of the state, courses in manual arts are planned to cover from two to four years.

One of the basic elements of the philosophy of the officials of the Training School is that every boy should learn to do some kind of honorable work, and that he should learn to do something with his hands. To teach a boy that he can get along in the world without work is a heresy of rankest and most dangerous nature. Idleness has always been recognized as a curse to individuals and nations.

The boys enter the Training School betwen the ages of 10 and 16 years, and the average age is 14 years. Not many of them remain in the institution after they pass their sixteenth birthday. Thus is is seen that from the standpoint of maturity and development, it is practically impossible to turn out highly skilled workmen, capable of competing immediately with adults.

Here at the Training School we try to understand that the boys who come here, frequently with limited and meager backgrounds in contacts and experiences, find it difficult to make the wisest vocational choices immediately, and while it is recognized as a dangerous policy to permit boys to shift frequently from one work experience to another, it is at the same time foolish to attempt to force the boys to continue to work at some thing in which they have lost interest or which has no appeal to them. Our guiding thought is that the wise counselor helps the boys to find the thing which they can do most successfully and happily, and that the unwise or dogmatic person, taking the course of least resistance, forces the boys to continue where they are regardless of interests or aptitudes. The one thinks of the potentialities of the boys, and the other thinks merely of authority and enforcing a rule, for after all when a boy exercises his own volition in making a choice, within the limits of his opportunities and his best information, he has a much greater obligation and a better incentive for making good. His chances for succeeding are infinitely greater.

When boys first enter the Training School, they remain in quarantine in the Receiving Cottage for a period of two weeks. During this period they obtain from personal observation their own general impressions of the institution and also a bird's eye view of the various work experiences afforded here. Following this they are assigned to different cottages and different departments for training in trades. Recently the policy has been inaugurated of taking the new boys on an inspection tour to let them see at first hand the different working situations. Through this

process it is possible for them to form their own individual preferences. We plan, as far as possible, to give due consideration to their preferences, havng due regard for their interests, aptitudes and mental qualifications. We are convinced of the fact that in all instances work experiences for the boys should have definite relationship to the industries of the communities to which the boys will likely return when they are eventually released. Obviously it would be of little profit to a boy to spend time in learning a trade when there is little or no prospect of his entering that trade back in his home community. In other words the boy from a textile community is encouraged to take his training in the school's textile unit; likewise the boy from a rural community is encouraged to get his training on the School farm.

In each department there are certain items of equipment, certain skills to be learned and certain articles or commodities to be produced. In this brief article it is not possible to describe fully the different departments. However, each one is important and offers many interesting and valuable experiences.

By way of illustration, however. information is given regarding two departments:

I. Textile Plant

A. Equipment

1—One picker
2—Two card machines
3—One draw frame
4—One slubber
5—One intermediate fly frame
6—One small fly frame
7—One spinning frame
8—Six looms
9—Ten electric motors for operating machinery

B. Product

1—Filling for cloth
2—Shirting
3—Sheeting
4—Mattress covers

C. Skills

1—Doffing (6-8 weeks)
2—Weaving (3 weeks)
3—Carding
4—Operating picker

The boys in the textile plant, under the guidance of a practical mill operator, are encouraged to take an interest in doing the work well, to produce high quality material, and to work with speed. They learn to do their work carefully and to get along agreeably with others.

II. The Bakery

A. Equipment

1—One dough mixer
2—One cake machine
3—One oven (200 loaves capacity)
4—One pair of scales
5—One dough trough

B. Products for the school only

1—Light bread
2—Cornbread
3—Rolls
4—Pies
5—Cinnamon buns
6—Oatmeal Cookies
7—Cakes
8—Sweet potatoes

C. Skills

1—Mixing dough
2—Molding
3—Making and keeping fires
4—Making pies
5—Making rolls
6—Making cinnamon buns
7—Making cakes

The boys in the bakery are urged to be accurate, to observe cleanliness in cooking, to determine when bread is baking properly, and to set the sponge and dough.

The true value of training youth for trades is appropriately expressed by Edgar A. Guest in his famous poem, "Crankmire Advises A Boy," which reads as follows:

CRANKMIRE ADVISES A BOY

Old Crankmire said: "If youth were mine
And I still had my years to spend;
If I were at life's starting line
Instead of almost at the end,
Regardless of the wages paid,
I'd go where I could learn a trade.

"I'd friendly be with dirt and grease;
I'd give myself to tug and strain.
I'd know some product, piece by piece,
Work long and late and not complain.
I'd stay with wrench and drill and blade
Till I could say I had a trade.

"I'd wear a denim coverall,
I'd take no pride in collars white.
Upon my hands and knees I'd crawl
In search of either wrong or right.
I'd ask and read how things are made
Nor rest till I had learned a trade.

"Had I my years to live again
With all the future youth commands,
I'd give myself to useful men
Who'd teach me how to use my hands.
There's none of life so unafraid
As men of skill, at any trade."

WOMEN OF NORTH CAROLINA

By Mrs. Alvin M. Fountain in The State

The story of the development and widening of woman's interests and activities is one of the most interesting phenomena of history. Her part in world-changing events is important but quite often overlooked, even by women, because they are prone to take certain things in their stride and not to see the importance of their own actions. Today, they may do anything men may do and are subject to many of the same regulations and duties. In England, women up to 30 are subject to draft just as are men and, when drafted, live in barracks under discipline. The Russian army is developing a battalion of women parachutists which is admittedly becoming very efficient. And even in our own country, the recently authorized Woman's Army Auxiliary Corps attests to the same broadness of ability here.

This paper confines itself to North Carolina women only, and cannot help but be amazed at women's activities in this quiet rural state. For instance, of the one hundred counties in North Carolina, all sources agree that three were named for women and one source adds a fourth. Being a Halifaxian myself, I put no faith in this fourth (Jones County), for all other authorities agree that it was named for Willie Jones of Halifax. But Swain in his book says it was named for the wife of Governor Nash, who was governor in 1780. I have tried to find the name of his wife, but have been unsuccessful. So, desiring that Willie have the honor, anyway, I abandoned the search.

Mecklenburg County was named for the Princess Charlotte of Mecklenburg, wife of George III. When she first came to the throne, this Prussian lady was very popular both in England and the colonies for both her beauty and her diplomacy and tact.

In 1771, Wake County was set up and named for Esther Wake, sister of Governor Tryon's wife. Many sources disagree on this, pointing out that it was his wife, Margaret, for whom it was named. The historian Swain doubted that Tryon would permit his wife to be passed over for Esther, but Connor, in a very interesting article in the N. C. Booklet (vol. 14, p. 220), says that the historians of the 1830's quote from letters and other documents which are either no longer in existence or have been lost to sight in some attic. And they almost all say that it was Esther for whom it was named.

And, in 1870, the first English-born child in the to-be-United States, was honored by giving the name of Dare to a new county. So much for names of women preserved in place-names. Many cities and localities were named for women but we will pass over them for personal accomplishments rather than titles.

Many authors are descendants of North Carolina by ancestry or by storysettings. Back in the 1770's, Jane Schaw gave us a description of our state at that time. In the 1830's, came Harriet Martineau. Both these women were foreigners who visited for several months in North Carolina. Excerpts from their records may be

found in Lefler's Book, North Carolina History Told by Contemporaries. Other prominent women writers in North Carolina have been Mrs. Cornelia Phillips Spencer, Mrs. Hope Summerill Chamberlain, Mrs. Julia Cherry Spruill (from whom comes much of the material for this paper), Mrs. Sallie Southall Cotten, and our own Mary Hillard Hinton. Most of their work is so well known that I shall just mention them and pass on to women in other activities.

Women have always taken the lead in work with the underprivileged and this has been true in North Carolina, too. Dorothea Linde Dix, of Massachusetts, came to Raleigh at the invitation of the Legislature (early 1850's) and aided in the making of our first laws and regulations for the insane. She chose the most beautiful hill near Raleigh for the location of the institution—Dix Hill it was fittingly named.

Mrs. Laura Annie Ballinger Winston, a Quaker from Guilford County, spent her life, after the loss of her husband and daughter, working for the deaf. She met her husband in Raleigh where she was teaching in the Blind Institute. He lived just a year, after which she went to Mexico to work at Hussey Institute with her sister, Julia. Shortly after her return to North Carolina, she lost her daughter. She then went to Morganton where she spent the rest of her life, teaching in the School for the Deaf.

Mrs. Lucy H. Owen Robertson was another who spent her life working for education. She was born in Warrenton, spent part of her married life in Hillsboro, then went to Greensboro. Upon her husband's death in 1883, she continued teaching at Greensboro Female College; left for a short period to go to the Department of History at the Normal College (WCUNC now), then went back to the Greensboro College as lady principal, later as president.

But these were not all. Swain mentions several in the city of Raleigh, among them Fanny Devereux, founder of a Benevolent Society; Mrs. Sarah Polk, who first suggested the Experimental Railroad (which later was established with Captian D. H. Bingham as engineer; it brought the stone for the present capitol); Mrs. Winifred Gale, who led in a movement to buy globes for the University; and many others. We do not lack names —just space to list them. And while here we must not forget Ann Jessop, our botanist, who, in 1782, brought grafts of fruit trees and other specimens to the Guilford College section of the state.

To me, one of the most interesting stories of our women is that of the Edenton Tea party. This affair took place October 25, 1774, when a group of 51 women gatheerd at the home of Mrs. Elizabeth King, and, under the presidency of Mrs. Penelope Barker, signed resolutions to use no more tea on their tables.

A steel engraving of this affair was discovered by accident on the island of Minorca, was eventually returned to North Carolina, and now hangs in the Hall of History.

During the Revolution, a group of very active, loyal, and indignant girls in Mecklenburg and Rowan counties resolved to have no "dates" with young men who were not serving their country against the tryant, England. They asked the Committee of Safety

for approbation. Archibald Henderson discussing this among other things (Vol. 12, pp. 69ff, N. C. Booklet) quotes thus: (we resolve) not to receive the addresses of any young gentlemen—except the brave volunteers who served in the expedition to South Carolina, and assisted in subduing the Scovilite insurgents, the ladies being of the opinion that such persons as stay loitering at home, when the important calls of their country demand their military services abroad, must certainly be destitute of that nobleness of sentiment, that brave, manly spirit, which would qualify them to be the defenders and guardians of the fair sex."

Salisbury was the scene of another group movement of women—this time during the Civil War, March 15, 1863 being the exact date. Two hundred women, armed with hatchets, defied soldiers and purchased "frozen" flour from the Salisbury merchants.

This bit of humor might interest you: Mr. Byrd tells of a creek(1728) on the North Carolina-Virginia line called Matrimony Creek—because it was so noisy, impetuous, and fussy. . . . Humor about married life seems to have used the same themes throughout the years.

I could mention many women who were in business in colonial and early republic days. Sarah Allen of New Bern was a real estate dealer. Frances Kitching answered a suit against her husband—women lawyers are still not to be found on every bush. These give you an idea.

Then there was Dr. Susan Dimock, our first woman doctor. She was a native of Washington, Zurich graduate, first woman member of the North Carolina Medical Society, in 1872. Her girlhood home was in Washington. She never actually practiced in North Carolina but carried on her work principally in Massachusetts.

Women's first national vote was November, 9, 1920. Miss Exum Clement was the first woman member of the legislature—elected November 8, 1921. Mrs. James Cowan was mayor of Wilmington in 1924, the first in the state. But women have taken an increasing interest in politics and you know many of them; since they all have been in the last twenty-two years.

North Carolina has her share of war stories for each of the American wars. In colonial days, there was Flora MacDonald, that lady who was destined always to choose the wrong horse. After loosing bonnie Prince Charlie, she came to North Carolina about 1774—and threw her lot with the Tories. Her husband was lodged in the Halifax jail for several months or weeks—sources disagree on the time. Flora (and her family) went back to Scotland about 1779 and died almost in poverty. But her story will always uphold the flag of romanticism.

Betsy Dowdy's ride was the most famous of the Revolutionary stories. The people in the northeastern section of the state feared that if General William Skinner did not go to Col. Robert Howe's aid at Great Bridge, Va., the British would defeat the small American force there, invade North Carolina and pillage their homes. On her wiry banker pony, Betsy rode all night from the dunes of Currituck to General Skinner's headquarters in Perquimans, 50 miles distant. Meanwhile the Battle of Great Bridge was won, Dunmore

evacuated, Norfolk and eastern Carolina was saved from British invasion.

Mary Slocumb was another Revolutionary rider. At her home, with a baby of a few months, Mary dreamed one night that her husband was lying under a certain tree, wounded. Worried, Mary arose, saddled her horse and rode 65 miles to Moore's Creek, where she did find her husband slightly wounded and many others more seriously. She ministered to them all.

There are so many: the Widow Jackson (Andrew's mother) of Waxhaw, who died on a visit to Charleston while carrying necessities to friends in prison there (her grave is unknown); the Widow Brevard, whose house was plundered and burned by Cornwallis (she had seven sons in the American army); the Halifax ladies, Mrs. Willie Jones, Mrs. Ashe, Mrs. Allan Jones, Mrs. Nicholas Long; all of whom were so pert to Tarleton (it is generally considered to have been Mrs. Ashe who told him that he would have seen a certain person had he looked behind him at Cowpens); and many others.

But the Revolutionary heroine was Mrs. Elizabeth Maxwell Gillespie Steele. Mrs. Steele kept the best tavern in Salisbury, started by her first husband and kept by her even during her brief marriage to Mr. Steele. It was to this tavern that General Greene came one night, tired, discouraged, unattended. A doctor there on business with some wounded prisoners recognized him even before he got in, met him at the door and talked. Mrs. Steele, hurrying into the room, heard Green say he had no money or food and that the situation looked bad. Cornwallis was almost up with him. She drew him into the room, fed him, and as he finished supper and was alone, brought to him a bag full of specie (metal money, not paper) and urged him to take it. It was doubtless all her savings of several years, but one cannot turn down a gift made in such a spirit. Henderson has told her story well (see Vol. 12, pp. 91ff, N. C. Booklet), quoting from several letters written by Mrs. Steele to her brother-in-law in Pennsylvania. Green accepted her gift, leaving the house so encouraged that he was able to make Guilford Courthouse and thus choose his own battleground with Cornwallis.

However, he left a memento of his visit to the tavern. On the wall hung engravings of George III and Charlotte, his queen, brought to Mrs. Steele by her brother after a visit to London. He turned George's picture to the wall, wrote on the back "George, hide thy face and mourn." The story of those pictures is an epic in itself. It ends with a Raleigh schoolboy, who bought the pictures at an auction. Mr. W. J. Andrews still has the pictures at his home (105 East North Street) and gladly shows them upon request.

Mrs. Rachel Pearsall of Kenansville tells stories of saving valuables from Sherman's men. She buried some in the ground, then planted a garden over them. When the Yankees came, the vegetables were several inches high and were not disturbed. Maybe this was the first camouflage. Matthew Page Andrews in his Women of the South in War Times mentions several other women but mostly in the same kind of activities.

To me, one of the most interesting discoveries has been that of North Carolina's connection with women

famous in our whole nation. These begin with Dolly Payne Madison, whose parents settled at New Garden (Guilford County) in November, 1765, returning to Cedar Creek, Hanover County, Virginia, in 1769. But in the interm, Dolly was born. An interesting little item, though outside our present paper, is that she was introduced to Mr. Madison by Aaron Burr, for it is of his daughter we speak next. Theodosia Burr was considered one of the loveliest women of any time. What became of her is another of history's mysteries. In 1869, Dr. W. G. Poole ministered to a poor woman at Nag's Head. She did not have money to pay him but offered him an oil painting which had hung on her wall for 57 years. She told this story: A boat had drifted ashore in 1812. It was found to be empty, but in the cabin was a table set, an uneaten meal, several women's silk and satin dresses, and this portrait. It fell to this woman's father as his share of the booty. The men conjectured that the ship had been captured by pirates, who later set it adrift without looting it because of the sudden appearance of coast patrol bats. But they had made all aboard walk the plank. Later, in Norfolk, a dying sailor (pirate?) told of making a woman walk the plank, and of how all were impressed by her courage. The doctor took the portrait and later saw a picture of Aaron Burr. Struck by the likeness, he investigated—and came to the conclusion that this was a painting of Theodosia and that she probably suffered the fate above conjectured.

Miss Lucy Cobb had an article in the News and Observer a few weeks ago giving the North Carolina connections of Eleanor Roosevelt. Two other articles recently told of visits of General McArthur's mother to Burnside, near Henderson, and of the sojourn of Charles J. Soong in this state. He was baptized in Wilmington and enabled to get an education at Trinity College and later at Vanderbilt by General Julian S. Carr. Mr. Soong is the father of Mehling Soong Kai-Shek, wife of China's generallisimo. There are others.

Anne Jones was to marry Governor Dobbs, aged 78 (she was 15). The wedding feast was prepared when the parents discovered that he had made his property over to his sons. They sent for her young lover and they were married instead. Yet the planned marriage would seem to indicate many winter-spring marriages, even then.

One often hears this question discussed (though more often argued): what is woman's work? It is this widespread subject which led me, from my 'teens, to take as one of my hobbies a study of woman and her activities. This brief resume of woman's part in North Carolina history serves to show you why I have reached this conclusion on that mooted question just quoted: woman's work, like man's is any that needs to be done. And she herself may do it or she may do it through her husband or children. This old saying is truer as ages mellow: The hand that rocks the cradle (and runs the home) rules the world.

———:———

That load becomes light which is cheerfully borne.

HE STARTED WITH A BANG

(Esso Oilways)

Dinner time had come and gone in Hartford, and seven-year-old Samuel Colt was missing. As the long summer shadows lengthened into twilight, a worried father and two sisters scoured the neighborhood.

Blissfully ignorant of the passage of time, young Colt sat under a tree with the parts of a pistol scattered on the grass around him. He had borrowed it from an older friend just to see what made it work.

All through his life that interest in guns never left him. Instead it grew and was responsible for the "six-shooter," the Colt revolver which won world-wide fame, and the Colt Armory, the largest privately owned armory in the world.

Colonel Samuel Colt was born in Hartford, Conn., on July 17, 1814. His father was a factory owner and fairly wealthy, but young Colt's carefree boyhood lasted only about six years. Then, shortly before his mother died, his father suffered financial setbacks. Colt and his two sisters were cared for by an aunt until the father remarried in 1823.

When only ten, young Colt went to work in his father's factory at Ware, Mass. Both his sisters died within a few years, and his father had more children by his second wife, so Colt spent most of his time in Ware, working in the factory or on a nearby farm while he was not going to school.

When ready for college, he was sent to Amherst, but did not stay very long. His father was making plans to send him to sea when, after taking part in a July 4 students' demonstration which the college frowned upon, young Colt unexpectedly arrived home. When barely 16 years old, he sailed from Boston in August, 1830, bound for Calcutta.

During this trip Colt began to whittle a wooden model of a pistol with several revolving barrels, each designed to hold a cartridge. Then he made a gun which had one barrel and a revolving cylinder with six cartridge chambers. While many attempts had previously been made to build a repeating hand gun (see Feb., 1942, Esso Oilways), Colt was the first to make a successful one.

When Colt returned, he went to work in the dyeing and bleaching department of his father's factory, but he still worked, as a hobby, to develop his gun. From the superintendent he learned enough chemistry to start a tour of the United States and Canada in 1832 on which he administered nitrous oxide, or laughing gas, and lectured on chemistry. The lectures paid for the manufacture of a few revolvers. By 1835 he had lectured himself all the way to England, where he patented his revolver. The following year he obtained United States patents and started the Patent Arms Manufacturing Co., Paterson, N. J., with a $300 capitalization. Although Colt is known chiefly for his revolvers, he also made repeating rifles and carbines on the revolver principle.

The Seminole War took Colt to Florida on a gun-selling trip during the winter of 1837-38. United States

Army commanders requested the purchase of his guns, but the War Department did not order them. Colt was then forced to sell his patents to meet obligations. Not until several years later did Colt recover possession of his patent rights.

Meanwhile, he devised and patented one of the first successful underwater mines. Although he failed to sell it to the government, he gave several demonstrations of its destructive powers in 1842.

That same year he perfected an underwater telegraph cable. By 1843 he completed, in New York and vicinity, the first successfully operated underwater telegraph lines.

At the start of the Mexican War, Colt received an order for 1,000 revolvers. He began to manufacture his arms again in 1847 at Whitneyville, Conn. This was the start of Colt's financial success. The following year he moved the factory to Hartford. After a selling tour abroad, he moved into a large Hartford factory.

Trips abroad were taken at almost regular intervals for the rest of his life. Each trip seemed to result in more sales and plant expansion. In 1852 he bought the land for the Colt Armory. That same year he went to England and started an armory there.

While his business career grew steadily more successful, his private life brought him much sadness. After a trip to Cuba to recuperate from the shock caused by the deaths of two of his children, he returned at the outbreak of the War Between the States. Although not well, Colt immediately offered his facilities to supply the Northern armies and plunged into plans to double the size of his armory. The strain was too great, however, and he died early in January, 1862.

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SILENT WORKERS

Why fret in your work because
The deaf world does not hear and praise?
Were it so bad, O workman true,
To work in silence all your days?

I hear the traffic in the street,
But not the white worlds o'er the town;
I hear the gun at sunset roar—
I did not hear the sun go down.

Are work and workmen greater when
The trumpet blows their fame abroad?
Nowhere on earth is found the man
Who works as silently as God.

—Samuel V. Cole.

WOMAN'S COLLEGE CELEBRATES 50TH ANNIVERSARY

(Charlotte Observer)

Established by legislative enactment on February 19, 1891, as a "State Normal and Industrial School" for education of white girls of North Carolina, the Woman's College of the University of North Carolina, a name arrived at by progressive changes in terminology which have been significantly related to growth and development of the institution, in celebrating its 50th anniversary, contemplates a half century of gratifying achievement. The celebration takes place Sunday and Monday.

This action was the direct, if delayed response of the people of North Carolina to the fiery and persistent eloquence of the youthful Charles Duncan McIver, who at teachers' institutes, county gatherings or wherever he could find an audience had pled the cause of women's education. He had passionately pointed out the injustice of a great comonwealth to its womanhood. Others of the state's notable pioneers in public education—chiefly Charles B. Aycock, Edwin A. Alderman and James Y. Joyner—had given support to the crusade on behalf of women, but the burden was largely McIver's.

Two-fold objectives of the new school, defined by the legislature, were, "To give young women such education as shall fit them to teach; and to give young women such instruction in drawing, telegraphy, type-setting stenography and such other industrial arts as may be suitable to their sex and conducive to their usefulness."

Greensboro's offer of $30,000 for erection of buildings was accepted and the location at the outskirts of the villiage was determined by gifts from two Raleigh citizens, R. T. Gray and R. S. Pullen of 10 acres of ground.

Opening of the school on October 5, 1892, found on the raw, red slopes of those 10 acres two stark buildings, administration, still in use in an enlarged and renovated state, and brick dormitory, long since destroyed by fire and yielding its site to the present McIver classroom building. One hundred and seventy-six eager students, many of them illy prepared, had responded to the opportunity, and a faculty of 15, headed by Dr. McIver, whom the board had named president, awaited them.

Although the curriculum was at first restricted to three not clearly defined courses of normal, business and domestic science, development of the school into a wider sphere, was not beyond the vision of the founder. In the first catalogue, he had declared the purpose to be, "To give such education as will add to the efficiency of the average woman's work in whatever walk of life her lot may be cast." Not even the prophetic McIver could have foreseen that the work of thousands of women who were to train in the school he founded was to carry them into walks then undreamed of for feminine feet, as they cast their lots in areas circumscribed only by the limits of geography.

First change in name was a slight one, the word "college" being substituted for "school" in 1896 when Dr. J. L. M. Curry, prompted by McIver, appeared before the legislature and declared that the caliber of work being done warranted the change.

Following the death of Dr. McIver in 1906, Dr. Julius Foust succeeded to the presidency. Dr. Foust has rightly been called "The Builder," for under his skillful and tireless leadership the college physically and academically expanded.

He took a campus which boasted of the original Administration building and McIver residence, a wooden dormitory called Guilford and the main part of a brick dormitory called Spencer, the old infirmary, Students' building, the first Curry school, and the first Carnegie library and the laundry.

He surrendered in 1934 when he retired as president emertius a campus bearing scant resemblance to that earlier one. Only Administration, Students', Spencer, the old infirmary in use as an office building, the laundry and the McIver residence were reminders of 1906. Structures which "The Builder" had added were "residence halls—Woman's, Kirkland, Anne Howard Shaw, Gray, Hinshaw, Bailey, Cotton, Jamison, Coit, Mary Foust and New Guilford—and the south wing of Spencer, two dining rooms and a kitchen, Anna M. Gove infirmary, new Curry, an enlarged library, McIver, Music and Home Economics buildings as classroom structures, Aycock auditorium, Rosenthal gymnasium, home management house and faculty residences.

But building of the curriculum had been a Foust achievement, too, and the long since archaic name was abandoned in 1919 when the name of North Carolina College for Women was adopted in recognition of the transition of the institution into a liberal arts college.

After rapid physical growth in the early '20's, the college in 1931 became a part of the University of North Carolina when the General Assembly passed an act consolidating it with the State College of Agriculture and Engineering at Raleigh and the university of Chapel Hill. The act of consolidation bestowed the fourth, and final, name, "The Woman's College of the University of North Carolina," which became effective July 1, 1932.

Dr. Foust continued for a time as administrator with the title of vice president. In 1934, Dr. Walter Clinton Jackson, who, except for a two-year period, had been with the college since 1909, the greater part of the time as head of the history department became dean of administration, title prescribed by the act of consolidation to designate heads of the three units of the new university. Power of appointment of the deans of administration was vested in President Frank P. Graham, and his selection for the Woman's College executive came following a unanimous verdict of the college faculty, and with expressed approval of countless alumnae.

Under Dr. Jackson's guidance, there has been physical growth, too—two new residence halls, a new dining room, science building—represent this side of the picture, and a continued development of curriculum which makes the Woman's College a liberal arts college respected in highest academic circles. To this fact, membership in ranking scholastic organizations, the awarding of a section of

Phi Beta Kappa and chapters of five other honorary scholastic societies, bear testimony. The crowning gift, however, of the third administrator of the spirit of freedom which is essential to an academic institution in enabling every member of the faculty and every student to operate at top capacity and without friction, in full understanding of each other, in full respect for each other's differences, and with full opportunity to work things out in the best way for themselves.

Although the college offers liberal courses in the arts and sciences and music, it has not forgotten the emphasis of its heritage, and continues to give teacher training and instruction in comercial branches, home economics and a world of subjects undreamed of by the legislature of 1891 to enable women to become self-sustaining.

Courses of study in 25 major fields lead to five degrees, bachelor of arts, bachelor of science in music, bachelor of science in physical education, bachelor of science in secretarial administration, and bachelor of science in home economics. Graduate work is also offered in the fields of home economics, secretarial science and elementary education.

As the college takes stock of its contribution to living and learning during 50 years it can claim without unjustified boasting to have measured up to the criteria which the founder named for a great institution at the decennial of the college.

"The worth of a strong college to a student in not, as some suppose, the mere fact that it gives the opportunity to a tsudent to perform systematic literary tasks assigned by teachers, or that it gives opportunity to work in laboratories and libraries," declared McIver, "These are necessary and important, but the students' great advantage at college is the spiritual and mental atmosphere of the place. It is intangible, but you can feel it. It cannot be measured, but its effect is everywhere manifest.

"The love of truth for truth's sake; the belief in equality before the law; the belief in fair play and the willingness to aplaud an honest victor on the atheletic field, or in the classroom, or in social life; the feeling of common responsibility; the habit of tolerance toward those with whom one does not entirely agree; the giving up of small rights for the sake of greater rights that are essential; the recognition of authority and the dignified; voluntary submission to it even when the reason for the policy adopted by the authority is not apparent; the spirit of overlooking the blunders of others and of helping those who are weak; the contempt for idlers and shirkers; the love of one's fellow workers even though they be one's rivals; patience in toil; self-reliance; faith in human progress; confidence in right; belief in God—these are characteristics of the atmosphere of a great and useful college.

The young man or young woman who by association with faculty and fellow-students becomes imbued with these principles gains what never can be secured in the same degree in the best homes or small schools or anywhere else except in a college.

It is these things that the Woman's College has given the 22,000 young women who have been its students in the past half century.

It is because the Women's College throughout the changes and growth which the years have brought about,

has epitomized these things that, despite the challenges of the present conflict to the democratic progress for which it was founded, it can, undaunted, undismayed and with eagerness, face its next half century.

"Throughout 50 years of growth," says Dean Jackson, "the Woman's College has been evolutionized in curruculum, in enrollment, in academic standing, in physical greatness to meet the changing needs of American women; for change is the very essence of living. But it has not changed spiritually; for today, as 50 years ago, the Woman's College is distinguished for its democracy." Through its portals have entered those from all walks of life. They have been schooled in knowledge, in personal responsibility in honor. They have been inoculated with respect for others' opinions and respect for their own. Put on their own, they have learned to think as intelligent and mature women.

"Fifty years of existence are a tribute to courage ad to perseverance; to blood, sweat and tears of the pioneers who toiled to make the Woman's College; to the foresight of the administrative and student leaders who carried this college through depressions, potential defeats, and war. Fifty years of existence are a tribute to growth and to progress.

"The fight for victory against totalitarian powers is being carried on by men; who will fight against pettiness and selfishness—small things that corrupt and corrode—for a lasting peace. The Women's College stands firmly and securely in a world torn by the clashing or armies and ideals, and ideas, ready to take its place in the world of tomorrow as the educator of women who will rebuild the world of today."

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SMILING SERVICE

The reason people pass one door
To patronize another store,
Is not because the busier place
Has better silk or gloves or lace
Or cheaper prices, but it lies
In pleasant words and smiling eyes.
The greatest difference, we believe,
Is in the treatment folks receive.

—Author Unknown.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN

(Sunshine Magazine)

Two items in the news not many months ago restore a faltering faith in man's humanity to man. One concerns a transplanted Chinaman, the other a farmer in Missouri.

Jo Sung came to this country as a boy. He saved his money, opened a small general store, and by thrift and enterprise prospered. Through the years he manifested many kind traits. He was a liberal donor to every worthy cause. He was always good for a loan to a deserving friend. His books were loaded with slow accounts, but Jo never pressed the bills. As a result, he was financially pinched and a crisis was presented when creditors prepared to close him out.

His townsmen heard of his plight. There was a meeting at the town hall, and a "Jo Sung Day" was proclaimed. On the date every citizen who could command a small sum of money appeared at Jo's store and bought his limit, many insisting on paying much more than market value for the items bought. Jo's stock was depleted before closing time, and his cash drawer was overflowing. The next day Jo Sung met all his creditors with a smile.

The arrangement may not have been in harmony with orthodox economics, but one couldn't convince Jo Sung, or his friends, to the contrary.

A mortgage on a farm in Missouri was owned by a defunct trust company. The process of liquidation called for the farm to be auctioned to the highest bidder. The disconsolate farmer went to the auction sale, prepared to see the property which represented a life struggle pass to other hands. A few perfunctory bids, and then stepped forth a lawyer friend. He announced that he was prepared to purchase the property, worth now only a fraction of the former value, and called for the owner to come forward. He drew a document from his pocket and handed it to the farmer. "Here," he said, "is the mortgage on your farm. It is yours, and there are no strings to it."

These are not isolated cases. There have been other "Jo Sung Days." and other benefactors, but at this time of stress these cases are evidence anew of the brotherhood of man, one of America's proudest traditions.

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dition, or with our past attainments, and engages us continually in the pursuit of some untried enjoyment, or of some ideal excellence. Destroy this faculty, and the condition of man will become as stationary as that of the brutes.—Dugald Stewart.

MORNING COMES

By Margaret A. J. Irvin

Have you ever watched the morning come to a clearing in the woods? The sky above the tips of the tall hemlocks grows gray, then white, then softly blue. The hemlocks themselves have turned from shapeless black to softly waving gray.

Now the sunlight catches the feathery topmost branches. Gently but relentlessly it moves downward as it takes possession of the forest. The movement is almost imperceptible as it wakens the lazy woodland greens, only to overcast them with bright gold. Brown tree trunks show above the brilliant brown and tan carpet of the clearing. Shadows flicker beyond the golden green screen of trees. The sky is now deep blue in the west. The east is a flaming radiance. Morning is here.

It is easy to see how primitive peoples might worship and fear the sun. There is something almost frightening in the inexorable way the light moves down the trees. It moves with the slow sureness of tremendous power. Man, with all the achievements of which he boasts, cannot stop that steady onward course.

We can do so many things. We can fly through the air with the greatest of ease. We can blow up in a night cathedrals that took centuries to build. We can dig canals to unite oceans. We can level mountains to meet the demands of the "jeep." We can burn a man's face off and put a new one on for him. We can do all this and much, much more.

But we cannot stop the coming of the light or alter the course of this planet a particle. Silently, surely, the earth turns eastward toward the sun. Onward we go, a thousand miles an hour. Turning, turning and completely helpless to direct our course.

We talk of "express trains rushing along" at such-and-such a speed. We are amazed again and again by the speed record of the newest types of heavier-than-air craft. We are amazed, but we can understand speeds of two and three hundred miles an hour. Thinking in terms of three times that rate is bewildering.

Our bewilderment does not matter to the forces of nature. The earth keeps right on turning. It turns so smoothly, so effortlessly that for years men thought it did not turn at all.

Wouldn't it be strange if years from now many of the "laws" we think self-evident turned out to be half truths—or less than half? And the earth would go right on turning, just as it has since it first began. No one can stop it but the Father Who started it on its course.

You think of things like that when morning "takes over" in the woods.

Next to importance of freedom and justice is popular education, without which neither justice nor freedom can be permanently maintained.—James A. Garfield.

INSTITUTION NOTES

The feature attraction at the regular weekly motion picture show in the auditorium last Thursday night was "Little Nellie Kelly." A comedy, "Papa Gets the Bird," was shown at the same time. They are Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer productions.

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Mr. Walker and his boys have just finished taking up peony bulbs, separating them, and re-planting them in larger beds near the Administration Building. These beds have always looked fine, and in taking up still more space, should add much to the appearance of the campus.

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From all sides we hear the call for scrap metal to keep our great steel mills going in order to turn out planes, tanks, ships, guns and many other things needed to win the war that is now raging. People all over the nation are responding to the call, and the Jackson Training School folks are doing their share. Not a day passes that we do not see both boys and officers, from the head of the institution to the smallest youngster, adding his bit of scrap metal to the pile. During the past few days, we have seen in our immediate vicinity, several truck-loads of scrap being hauled away. Yes, sir, we are putting our scrap into the fight!

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Should anyone ask you why Mr. Sam B. Kennett's face is covered with smiles these days, there is a good reason. For several days he has been strutting around, cigar tilted at a 45-degree angle, and with chest expanded until vest buttons are in danger of being "popped" off, all because he is now entitled to be addressed as "Grandpa." Just a few days ago, he received word that a young son had arrived at the home of Ensign and Mrs. Frank S. Doty, of Alexandria, Virginia, on September 29th, and that said youngster had been named Frank Shane Doty. Mrs. Doty is Mr. Kennett's daughter, and will be remembered by many of the "old-timers" among the workers here, as she often visited her father, whose first period of employment at the institution dates back quite a number of years.

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Everett L. Williams, formerly of Cottage No. 13, who left the School, November 2, 1936, was a visitor here last Monday. Upon leaving the institution, he went to his home in Landis, where he was employed in a cotton mill for about two years. He then became an enrollee in a CCC camp, and was stationed at Winnucca, Nevada, for one year, after which he returned to Landis. In September, 1941, Everett enlisted in the United States Army, and is now stationed at Key West Barracks, Florida.

While a lad here, Everett was a member of the baseball team, a southpaw pitcher, and did very well for one so young. It is quite evident that he still loves the game, for he tells us that during the past season he pitched for an Army team, winning six games and losing four, against service teams who had a number of big league players in their line-ups.

Everett told us that during his stay in the Army he had met two former Training School boys who were also in

that branch of service. They were Joel Barker and Porter Stack, who, according to the latest word he had received from them, were getting along fine.

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We have just received a letter from Mr. James L. Query, formerly an officer at the School now serving his country as a member of the United States Army. After spending a short furlough with relatives and friends in in this county, he returned to Camp Cliaborne, Louisana, about two weeks ago. While in this section, he called on friends at the School, and we were all glad to see him. Shortly after his return to Camp Claiborne, Mr. Query was promoted from the rank of first class private to that of corporal. He writes as follows:

"Just a line to let you know that I have been transferred to Fort Bragg, N. C. Am glad to be nearer home, but we left a fine camp in Louisiana. I enjoyed my recent visit to the school, and would like to have spent more time with you. The copies of The Uplift have been received regularly, and I enjoy reading them more than you think. Give my best regards to all. Will be seeing you soon. As ever, James L. Query."

Mr. Query's present address is as follows: Corporal James L. Query, A. U. S. 34256160, 326th Airborne Medical Co., 101st Division, Fort Bragg, N. C.

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Mr. Barber, our bokkeeper, recently received a letter from A. C. Elmore, formerly of Cottage No. 5, who is now in service in the war area as a member of the United States Marine Corps. His letter reads as follows:

"Dear Mr. Barber: Just an answer to your letter which I have just received. I certainly was glad to hear from you, but was very sorry to learn that Mr. Boger was ill and had to give up his work at the School. I'll bet you won't find anyone so fine as Mr. Boger to take his place, and I hope he will soon get well.

"Mr. Barber, I am glad to hear that everything at the School is getting along fine, and I hope it will keep on being that way. I would like to correspond with you, if you don't mind. Tell the other folks at the School to write me, for I enjoy reading letters from old friends. If it will suit you, you may expect a letter from me every week. I mean that I will write you every week, but suppose you will get them all at one time, because after we mail our letters it may be a good while before a ship comes in to take them back to the States.

"There isn't much to say about the place where we are now located except that it is very hot down here. I am well and getting along just fine. Please answer soon. Sincerely yours, A. C. Elmore."

Our boys in the service look upon the Training School as home, and would like to hear from the folks they knew while here. For those who would like to write this young man, we give his address, as follows: Pvt. A. C. Elmore, United States Marine Corps, Unit No. 720, % Postmaster, San Francisco, California.

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If one had wanted to locate most anybody, boy or official, at the Jackson Training School, between the hours of 1:30 p. m. and 4:30 p. m., on Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday, of last week and on Sunday and Mon-

day of this week, all that would have been necessary would have been to find a radio receiving set, of which there are many scattered about the campus. During these hours the World's Series baseball games were being played between the young, hustling St. Louis Cardinals of the National League and the veteran perennial winners, the New York Yankees of the American League. As is the case with practically all normal Americans, the folks at this institution, both young and old, are real dyed-in-the wool baseball enthusiasts, and just had to listen to the play-by-play reports of these games.

It was the pre-series consensus of opinion hereabouts that the mighty Yankees would mow down the opposition and breeze through to another World's Series triumph, although the majority was "pulling" hard for the Cards, as quite a number of the players in Billy Southworth's line-up, are natives of the Carolinas. The manner in which those dazzling youngsters hit that old "hoss-hide," their amazing speed on the bases, the hair-raising catches made in the field, the superb twirling by that rookie, Johnnie Beasley, and others, their fighting spirit as they took the Yanks to the cleaners, was just what the doctor ordered for Carolina fans, and believe you me, great whoops of delight were heard coming from those gathered around the local radio sets. Our hats are off to those rip-roarin' youngsters from St. Louis as they now occupy the sports spotlight as champions of the world.

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Rev. C. C. Herbert, pastor of Forest Hill Methodist Church, Concord, conducted the service at the School last Sunday afternoon. He was accompanied by about twelve members of one of his young people's groups, who rendered a short but most delightful program. Raymond Robbins made the opening prayer in an impressive manner, after which Miss Sibyl Miller recited the First Psalm. This was followed by a vocal duet by Misses Edna Stratford and Geneva Blackwelder. They sang a beautiful number entitled "Others."

At the beginning of his remarks to the boys, Rev. Mr. Herbert took a nickel from his pocket and pointed out that there were two sides to the coin, showing a buffalo on one side and an Indian head on the other. Christian religion, said he, is something like the small coin. There are two sides to it—two very imortant things. One half of being a Christian is to cease to do evil, and the other is to learn to do good.

The speaker then asked the boys to name some of the things which they thought were evil, and they called out such things as lying, cursing, stealing, selfishness and failure to help others. If we are going to be Christians, said Rev. Mr. Herbert, we must make up our minds that it is wrong to do these and many other things which often ruin men's lives.

He then told the story of Leonardo Da Vinci's famous painting, "The Last Supper." We are told that the artist searched among hundreds of young men before he discovered one with a face such as he wanted for a model of the beloved young disciple, John, shown in the picture. Years later, he searched for an older man with a face that would represent the character of Judas, the traitor. His search took him through many prisons, and

underworld quarters of that day. Finally he found a prisoner with the most wicked face imaginable, and used him as a model. When the painting was finished, the man told him that that was the second time he had posed for the great artist. Da Vinci could not remember his face, and the man told him that as a young man, he had posed for the painting of John. At that time he was a young man of good habits and was living an honest Christian life. Evil days overtook him, and he became a very wicked, loathsome creature. This story is often used to point out how a person's true character will show in his facial expressions.

The words of the Bible are not to be disputed when they state that we should cease to do wrong. Not only by our actions are we judged, but to become steeped in sin, our very appearance will make men shun us, said the speaker.

Rev. Mr Herbert then told the boys something of the other side of the true Christian life, that of learning to do good. He asked them to name some of the things we must do to prove that we are good. Some of the replies were: to be kind; to be honest; to love our enemies; go to church; and to always be friendly. These are fine achievements, which can only lead to the betterment of mankind.

The speaker then called attention to Jesus' words concerning the last day. At that time, people will be divided into two classes—the sheep and the goats. To the goats he will say, "I was hungry and ye fed me not; I was naked and ye clothed me not." To the sheep will come the words: "I was hungry and ye fed me; naked and ye clothed me." On that day, people will be divided into two classes according to what they did in life. Just as the nickel would not be a nickel if it had but one side, there would be nothing to life if there was but one way to go. The choice is ours. We may travel either the right or the wrong way. It is true that the right way is the hardest, but the reward is greater. Anything worthwhile does not come easily—we must work for it. The great thing about being a Christian is that when we take Jesus into our lives, we automatically stop being bad, and learn to do good.

Rev. Mr. Herbert then told this story of Robert the Bruce: He was a fine fighter for Scotland, but his greatest ambition was to go to the Holy Land and do what he could to keep the Moslems from destroying the tomb in which Christ was buried. Robert told Douglas that when he died, he wanted him to cut out his heart, put it into a golden box, take is to the Holy Land, and put it in Christ's tomb. Robert died and Douglas set out to carry out his wishes. He cut out the heart of that great Scotsman, placed it into a little gold box, hung it around his neck, gathered together some of his followers, and started on the hazardous journey. Douglas became separted from those who went with him, and was lost in a strange country. In a short time, he found himself surrounded by the enemy. He kept fighting his way toward the tomb of Christ. Severely wounded, he became very weak, and realized that he would not be able to reach his goal. He took the golden casket from around his neck and threw it toward the tomb, just as far as his ebbing strength would permit, and

shouted, "Heart of the Bruce, lead on, and whither thou leadest, Douglas will follow."

In conclusion, the speaker told the boys that we have a great leader in Jesus Christ, one whom we can follow, just as Douglas followed Robert the Bruce. When we have opportunities to do good, we should not hesitate, for we are following in the footsteps of The Master.

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EXPLAINING MEAT RATIONING

In 1943, the people of the United States will have to accommodate themselves to the rationing of meat. Meanwhile, they are requested to substitute cheese, poultry, fish and beans for part of their meat requirements.

It is well to understand the facts about the meat situation. Livestock production is the greatest in history. Packers are handling more meat than ever before. For this year, the meat output of the nation will be over 24,000,000,000 pounds.

Along with record production, however there is a record demand. Our fighting forces require large quantities of meat. Our allies also need large supplies. Together, six million pounds of meat are required and, if ships become available, the demand will be increased. The civilian population, with improved incomes and working harder than ever, wants more meat than ever before. It is estimated that they would consume 21 billion pounds of meat if the supply was unlimited.

As Secretary of Agriculture Wickard points out, the total demand adds up to more than the total supply. The demand is 27 billion pounds and the supply 24 billion pounds. The nation must choose between rationing meat for civilian consumption or taking meat away from our fighting men and our fighting allies. Faced with this problem, there is only one answer.

The Departtment of Agriculture points out that late in 1940, forseeing increased demands for meat in the future, it urged farmers to increase production of pork. In the spring of 1941 price supports were announced for pork production. Farmers responded and increased production is now showing up on the markets.

The rationing of meat will not work hardships upon the American consumers. Due to inceased supply, there will be left for civilians about the same amount of meat that they have consumed, on the average, during the ten years from 1931 to 1940. The rationing program is designed to give each person a fair share of the meat available for civilian consumption.

—Monroe Enquirer.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending October 4, 1942

RECEIVING COTTAGE
Roland Brooks
Leonard Melton
Charles Pearson
Weaver Ruff
Lee St. Clair
James Watts
Paul Whitley
Harry Wilson

COTTAGE NO. 1
Albert Allen
N. A. Bennett
James Brigman
Oscar Carter
Paul Childers
Sterald Cline
Richard Hudson
Leonard Lovelace
Durwood Martin
James Parker
Jack Reeves
Leonard Robinson
Kenneth Tipton
Frank Walker

COTTAGE NO. 2
William Butler
John Crumpler
John Pritchard
Charles Tate
Newman Tate
Milford Ward

COTTAGE NO. 3
James Blake
Fred Bostian
Hurley Bell
Charles Beal
Albert Hames
Fonzer Pitman
William Painter
Ralph Powell
William Pegram
Rhonda Price
Charles Rhodes
Earl Smith
John Tolley

COTTAGE NO. 4
William Broadwell
Leroy Childers
William Deaton
Robert Muse
Roy Patton
Charles Simpson
Robert Sprinkle
Jesse Williamson

COTTAGE NO. 5
Allen Morris
John Mazoo
Eldred Watts

COTTAGE NO. 6
Elgin Atwood
Kenneth Caldwell
Melvin Fowler
Robert Hobbs
Robert Jarvis
Gerald Kerman
Chester Lee
Rufus Massingill
William Wilkerson

COTTAGE NO. 7
(Cottage Closed

COTTAGE NO. 8
(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE NO. 9
Gerald Amos
Leonard Church
David Cunningham
Riley Denny
Edward Guffey
James Hale
Wilbur Hardin
William Hart
Isaac Mahaffey
Marvin Matheson
Albert Newton
Troy Parris
Leroy Pate
Lewis B. Sawyer
George Strayhorne

COTTAGE NO. 10
(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE NO. 11
Bert Barnhardt
Noah Brown
Edgar Shell

Everett Stamey
A. B. Hoyle

COTTAGE NO. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 13

Millard Ellege
Paul Green
Donald Hobbs
William O'Brien
Russell Stikes

COTTAGE NO. 14

Robert Bailey
Wilton Barfield
Robert Caudle
Walter Carver
William Harding
Vernon Harding
Robert Holbert
William E. Lanford
Roy Mumford
Robert Moose
Charles Pitman
Theodore Young
Alvis Watkins

COTTAGE NO. 15

(No Honor Roll)

INDIAN COTTAGE

Raymond Brooks
Ernest Jacobs
Leroy Lowry
Herbert Lochlear
James Lochlear
Lester Lochlear

INFIRMARY

Roy Jones
Robert Padgett

THE FIRST PAPERMAKERS

Long before man knew how to make paper from wood pulp, colonies of paper wasps were doing just that. They bit off tiny pieces of decaying wood, chewed them in their mouths until all that remained was a gray pulp. This they used to build the cells of their nests, adding new cells continually to the sides of the first cells, very much like a honeycomb, but starting in the center.

An egg was laid in each cell from which a grub hatched that had to be fed from the mouths of the wasps.

Other wasps, closely related to these wasps and commonly known as hornets or yellow jackets, go quite a bit further with the use of paper building material. They build a roundish case somewhat pointed at the bottom of many layers of the gray paper and build several tiers of cells inside of it.

Hornets are the tigers and lions of the insect world for they devour a great many insects of various kinds. They are quite ferocious, too, in protecting their home from anything that seems to them to be endangering it. At any suspicion of danger, the whole swarm comes pouring out of the hole at the bottom of the nest to drive the invader away with their powerful stings.—Hazel F. Showalter.

DEC 15 1942

(c) Dean R. B. House
University of North Carolina

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXX CONCORD, N. C., OCTOBER 17, 1942 No. 42

A SUPPLICATION

Oh, may I never grow too stern
To revel in a quiet hour;
May I never get too tired to learn
A lesson from a budding flower;
May I always feel the urge to aid
A friend—or e'en a foe,
And leave no cheerful word unsaid
As down life's path I go.

—Selected.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor
LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

ALL THINGS WORK OUT

Because it rains when we wish it wouldn't,
Because men do what they often shouldn't,
Because crops fail, and plans go wrong—
Some of us grumble, the whole day long,
But somehow in spite of the care and doubt,
It seems at last that things work out.

Because we lose where we hoped to gain,
Because we suffer a little pain,
Because we must work when we'd like to play,
Some of us whimper along life's way,
But somehow, as day will follow night,
Most of our troubles work out all right.

Because we cannot forever smile,
Because we must trudge in the dust awhile,
Because we think the way is long—
Some complain that life's all wrong:
But somehow we live and our sky is bright,
Everything seems to work out all right.

So bend to your trouble and meet your care,
For clouds must break and the sky grow fair.
Let rain come down as it must and will,
But keep on working and hoping still,
For in spite of grumblers who stand about
Somehow, it seems, all things work out.

—Anonymous

BISHOP PENICK HONORED

Wednesday, October 14th, marked the beginning of the program in observance of the twentieth anniversary of the consecration of Rt. Rev. Edwin A. Penick, D. D., as Bishop of North Carolina, with a reception in the Parish House of St. Peter's Episcopal Church, Char-

lotte. Many members of the church and friends from various sections of the state assembled to pay homage to this outstanding churchman. On Thursday morning the service of commemoration began at 11 o'clock, exactly twenty years to the hour after Bishop Penick was consecrated in the same church. At that time he was the youngest Bishop of the Episcopal Church in the United States.

In addition to being regarded an outstanding leader in the Episcopal Church, Bishop Penick has held many responsible positions in various other religious fields, wherein he showed himself worthy of the trust imposed, and today he stands as the peer of any churchman, regardless of creed or faith. He is not only beloved in his own church circles, but due to his fine character, excellent scholarship, genial good humor, and splendid leadership, he has won the respect of all who know him.

* * * * * * * * *

FOUR HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS AGO

The four hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the discovery of America was observed on the 12th of October. The small fleet of three vessels, the Santa Maria, the flagship, the Pinta and the Nina sailed "the ocean blue," and after a most hazardous voyage, in the hope of finding a shorter route to the tropical Indies, rich in resources coveted by the people of Europe, reached San Salvador, one of the Bahama Islands. The very first thing Columbus did upon embarking in this new land, was to kneel with crucifix in hand and give an expression of prayer to God for a safe trip. Since that date, October 12, 1492, America, the richest of all countries in natural resources, has realized changes that are marvelous in every way. All of which is indicative of a citizenship worthy of the fine heritage of noble frontiersmen.

Four and one-half centuries means a long service. The progress over that period means a growth from the jungles in which the red man roamed up to the present status of development. The American people never see the impossible, but meet emergencies with the same determination to win, as their forefathers did in blazing the trail for the progressive civilization we enjoy today.

Comparisons are odious, but we cannot refrain from looking back

and comparing the achievements of the countries of the Old World with those of the New World, and feel that we have a right to be proud or "complacent," as some of the critics term us. We who are red-blooded Americans are proud of our nation, and whenever "Old Glory" is unfurled to the breeze, we stand at attention and salute the symbol of the greatest nation on earth.

* * * * * * * *

THE BOOKMOBLIE

The library on wheels, termed the "bookmobile," that served the rural districts so admirably, had to be discontinued because of federal funds being no longer available. From many sources, the information was to the effect that the people in the country proved to be good patrons and looked forward to the day when books might be exchanged. These libraries on wheels were financed by national, state and local funds, therefore, since the curtailment of federal money, the state and county find it out of the question to measure up to the demands of the book-loving rural people. All of us know that just anything can happen at this time, and the only way to take disapointments is with chin up, with a hope that in the offing good news of peace may soon break through the dark clouds that hover around us. As hard as it may seem to give up the nice things we have had in the past, no sacrifice is too great for the person who truly loves his country and life as taught by the Beloved Saviour—the privilege of using the God-given power to work out our own way of life. There is nothing to do but to bow to the inevitable and accept conditions with an understanding heart, if ultimate victory is to be realized. Good books mean much in every community, but the denial of uplifting and inspiring literature is a very small matter when compared to the loyalty and courage of our boys on the battlefields for the freedom of a great democracy.

* * * * * * * *

"DIXIE"

From the editorial page of the Mooresville Enterprise we clip a brief, but timely editorial that tells something of the life of the

composer of "Dixie," and the picture of the Southland that inspired the writing of that soul-stirring melody. Despite the fact that Daniel Decatur Emmett was born north of the Mason and Dixon line, he did the job well, and it could not be possible to improve upon the melody and the words. Our young people of school age should not only know the words of the song, "Dixie," but should also be familiar with the story of the composer, and the background that gave the inspiration of this universally popular song. Here's what Editor Deaton has to say about this grand old song:

> It was 83 years ago in September in the midst of the 1860 cotton picking that "Dixie," to become the treasured theme song of the South, was born in a New York setting.
>
> It is no detraction from "Dixie" that it isn't native, that it was struck off while time pressed for the finale of a ministral show. Daniel Decatur Emmett, its composer, was not a Southerner, but the song he produced was destined to stir a new nation, and by doing that was forbidden in the place of its birth. But following the War Between the States it regained northern popularity and has since retained that in its own ageless fashion.
>
> Dixie land took to the song, and just as it stirred men to fight in the sixties it has done in wars since. "Dixie" no longer belongs to the South, for it bespeaks eloquently things we as a nation cherish and for which we fight. Its universal popularity symbolizes healing of the breach of that war which demonstrated ours a nation indivisible, with liberty and justice for all.
>
> "There's ever a song in the heart of the South—because it's "Dixie."

* * * * * * * *

STILL TOO MANY HIGHWAY DEATHS

During the month of July, according to a report issued by Commissioner of Motor Vehicles, T. Boddie Ward, 72 persons in North Carolina died in 61 traffic accidents and Commissioner Ward added that a great percentage of the accidents were caused by driving at an excessive rate of speed.

The state's record of deaths in motor vehicle accidents has never been good, and this year has been growing steadily worse. Last year 95 persons died in highway accidents in the state during July, so this year's figure is better than last year's but it nevertheless shows an increase in deaths over the record for June of this year.

The vigilance of the state's highway patrolmen cannot be blamed, for there has been an increase of around 25 per cent in the number of persons arrested and convicted for traffic law violations in the state this year over that of last year. With the tire shortage continually getting worse there will be more and more possibility for accidents to occur where they might have been prevented if new tires had been available. The public has been warned of the necessity to conserve rubber by driving more slowly, but the accident record does not seem to show that they have heeded the warnings. Life and rubber continue to be squandered because of reckless driving, and something must be done about it.

There has been a rumor that a plan is on foot to require all drivers of cars in the state to be re-examined for driving licenses under a system with much more rigid requirments than the present one embodies, and if it will replace accidents we are all for it.

—Morganton News Herald.

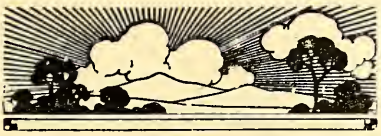
* * * * * * * * *

BE A TREE OF THE LORD

What you are is infinitely more important than where you are. In other words, character is more than circumstance. The circumstances of a man are like the hoops of a barrel, they hold the staves in place, while character like the sap in a tree gives life and form and the fruit that is in the sap.

The sacred writer must have had something like this in mind when he admonished men to be a tree of the Lord. That is, a living fruit-bearing tree and not a dead tree without bough, leaf or fruit.

—N. C. Advocate.



REPORT TO BOARD OF TRUSTEES

On October 13th, the Board of Trustees of the Stonewall Jackson Training School held its regular quarterly meeting at the Institution. The following members were present: L. T. Hartsell, chairman; Mrs. R. O. Everett, vice-chairman; Mrs. George E. Marshall, Mrs. D. B. Smith, J. W. Wallace, B. V. Hedrick, and O. J. Sikes.

Following the usual custom, the board members were served a delicious luncheon at the School. This was followed by a business session, at which time Superintendent Hawfield made the following report.

This is my first opportunity to present to the Board of Trustees of the Training School a quarterly report as Superintendent of this institution. I have now served in this capacity for almost two and one-half months.

At the outset I wish to say that these few weeks have been to me most pleasant and interesting, and I hope that they have been of some profit to the School. While many constructive things have been accomplished during this time, I claim credit for only a small portion of what has been done. Rather I give credit and praise to the beautiful spirit of co-operation and diligence that has prevailed here so far. Without exception, so far as I have been able to determine, the various members of the personnel have done an excellent job. I can say that much work has been done.

The physical plant of the School has seemed entirely adequate for the needs in all respects. There appears to be no reason whatever at this time to contemplate any extensions to the physical plant, even if there were no limitations by the priorities of the war. However, there was an obvious need for some repairs and alterations in order to preserve the plant effectively and to keep operation at the proper point of efficiency. It seemed wise to remove considerable rubbish from around some buildings, to trim the shrubbery and hedges, to clean the premises in general. I am glad to report that this has been well done.

In this folder, which you have in your hands, you have the outline of the major part of the report which I desire to present.

I. Public Relations Activities.

1—Article in The Uplift on "Safeguarding the Health of the Jackson Training School Boys", September 5, 1942.

2.—Article in The Uplift on "Training in Trades for the Jackson Training School Boys", October 10, 1942.

3—Article and pictures in special edition of the Concord Daily Tribune to be dedicated to the soldiers and sailors of the armed forces.

4—Mailing list of The Uplift revised and increased some.

5—Special letters to friends and benefactors of the Training School.

6—Copies of The Uplift now being mailed to all County Superintendents of Welfare.

7—Report cards to be sent to parents of boys.

8—Systematic visits to all cottages.

9—Two friendly communications to various members of Training School personnel.

II. Dairy

1—Training School dairy is now being inspected regularly by Mr. Ed Bivens of the Cabarrus Health Department. Rating at the time of last inspection, "Fine."

2—Repairs and improvements at the dairy barn—doors, screens, fences, concrete work, painting, ventilators.

3—White unionalls purchased for dairy boys.

4—Schedule for distribution of milk in order to regulate and avoid waste.

5—Sale of surplus milk.

6—Greater cleanliness emphasized.

III. Improvements to buildings and grounds

1—Administration Building and School Building repainted outside.

2—Cottages—minor repairs to doors, screens, lockers, stairs and some repainting.

3—Large scales at horse barn being repaired.

4—Shrubbery pruned and reset, and grounds cleaned at rear and left of Administration Building, the Trades Building, the barns, and the lake; hedges cut, some flowers replanted, and lawn grass cut.

5—Floor in hall of Administration Building to be recovered with special floor composition blocks.

IV. Farm

1—Hay crop harvested—approximately 500 loads or 375 tons—lespedeza, alfalfa and soy beans, and some Johnson grass.

2—Cotton in process of being picked—8 bales to date. Cotton to be used in School's textile unit.

3—Corn harvested and put in silos—3 silos of 100 tons each. Approximately 1,000 bushels of hard corn.

4—Abundance of watermelons, cantaloupes and grapes gathered.

5—Fall sewing now being done—wheat, oats, barley.

6—Soy beans for oil (25 or 30 acres).

7—Sweet potatoes—1500 bushels.

8—Canning—4,000 quarts of beans and 8,000 quarts of tomatoes.

9—Peas picked—50 bushels.

V. Introduction of Registered Cattle.

1—Holsteins for milk production.

2—Hereford (White Faced) bull purchased to start beef herd.

3—Plan to buy 2 registered and 2 grade Hereford heifers immediately.

4—Governor J. Melville Broughton visited Training School, September 18, 1942.

5—Salaries for personnel increased some as of August 1st, with approval of Mr. R. G. Deyton.

6—Shirts and overalls for boys now being changed twice each week.

7—Bed linen now being changed each week.

8—Scrap iron collected and sold, 15 tons.

9—Full report of Osborne Foundation survey made by Mr. Austin MacCormick, presented by Mr. Wade Cashion, August 20, 1942, to the Training School officials.

10—Sewing room has been reopened for daily operation to make shirts and sheets for boys.

11—New books added to the library.

12—Financial Report.

Report on Operations for Quarter ending September 30, 1942:

Maintenance for First Quarter	$29,248.00
Own Receipts during Quarter	2,017.90
	$31,265.90
Disbursements during quarter	29,774.03
Unexpended balance at end of quarter	$ 1,491.87

13—Budget for next biennium presented and approved.

	Actual 1941-42	Estimated 1942-43	Est. Biennium 1943-44	1943-45 1944-45
Total Requirements	$132,914	$142,669	$149,133	$148,516
Less Estimated Receipts	7,890	7,000	4,775	4,775
State Appropriations	$125,024	$135,669	$144,358	$143,741
Average Population		373	373 375	375
Average Number Employees		56	59 64	* 64
Number of Boys to 1 Employee		6½	7½ 6	6

(*) Five additional workers have been requested in our budget. They are:

	Annual Salary Estimated
1 Teacher for Problem or Retarded Boys	$1,200
1 Vocational Instructor	1,500
1 Dietitian	900
1 Physical Director	1,200
1 Case Worker	1,200
Additional requirements for new workers	$6,000

———:———

REMEMBRANCE

Bring from the past the happy things
That make our souls rejoice,
For many a joyful memory brings
The sound of a dear, dear voice;
And many a happy thought returns
To gladden a weary soul
Until hope again within it burns
And carries it on to its goal.

'Tis folly to grieve o'er the errors we've made,
Perhaps they were lessons, too,
So put them away and let them fade
Out of mind, out of heart, that you
May only recall the happy things
That once made you joyful and gay;
They're blossoms you pressed, their purfume brings
The memories you've laid away.

—Lilly A. Jensen.

A. E. F. MAILMAN HAS BUSY JOB

By Russell Landstrom

Even the less indulgent of his fellow-officers express a measure of sympathy when Second Lieutenant Ervin Boettcher speaks nostalgically of the good old years—17 of them—in the Chicago post office.

Lieutenant Boettcher is second in command at the American headquarters post office, and has lost 32 pounds in four months.

"I do feel better, though," he adds sleekly.

The chief, Captain L. S. Fogarty of Guthrie, Okla., hasn't lost weight appreciably, but he concedes "There's never a dull moment around this place."

The tremendous job of getting the mail service going for the benefit of the United States soldiers and airmen is, for the most part, in the hands of experienced postal employes now on active duty.

Lieut. Boettcher, whose home is at 5911 South Union avenue, Chicago, is the veteran of the headquarters unit. Capt. Fogarty has been with the postal department six years. Old-timer among the 28 enlisted men in this post office is private Wesley Green, 813 West 52nd street, Chicago, who was employed by the American Express company for 14 years.

Since this branch of the American army post office in Britain opened early in May more than 300,000 V-mail, or airgraph, letters have been dispatched, and the average daily volume is now running between 7,500 and 9,000.

Ordinary mail averages about 1,200 pounds—some 45 letters to the pound—each day.

Money order business is voluminous and increasing. Captain Fogarty said that the average daily total was between 5,000 and 6,000 dollars.

"These huge sums," he explained, "represent mainly payments to relatives by soldiers who either have not made allotments, or by those who wish to make added contributions to their dependents.

"There is always a terrific rush for the money order windows after pay-day. The men send back home an extraordinary amount of their money."

The parcel post end of the work is relatively slight, because of the British restrictions on shipping merchandise out of the country. Incoming packages are numerous, however, and provide some of the most cheerful moments in the soldiers' lives.

"The boys really look for those packages," Lieutenant Boettcher said. "They get their extra candy, cigarettes, small parcels of food, even a few items of clothing this way, and I think a lot of the fellows are happier when packages arrive for them than they are when pay-day rolls around."

Mail service for the United States has been almost consistently good, letters from most sections being delivered usually a week to ten days after posting.

GEORGE COBLE HAD A DREAM

(The State Magazine)

The story of the growth of Coble Dairy Products is a story which should be an inspiration to those who believe the dairy industry has great potential possibilities for developing the South. Pessimists would have us believe that dairying will always be a minor industry in the Southeast with an uncertain and unfavorable future.

George S. Coble of Lexington, N. C., is a confirmed optimist and a great believer in the future of the dairy industry in the Southeast. His faith, energy, enthusiasm and industry have borne fruit and after eight years of development, one is amazed at the accomplishments of his organization. "Just a country boy trying to make good," is all George Coble has to say about his success but that statement covers a multitude of facts.

George Coble was born on a farm in Randolph County, N. C., a son of Sam Coble who was Agricultural County Agent of Randolph County for many years.

At the age of five George moved with his family to Guilford County, where he grew up on a 100-cow retail dairy farm. His early life was surrounded by an atmosphere of good farming which taught him basic dairy facts the hard way because he became well acquainted with all the many jobs around a dairy farm. Afterward attending North Carolina State College, Raleight, N. C., and receiving special training in dairy manufactures under Professor W. L. Clevenger. After several years of varied dairy experiences with four or five different concerns, an opportunity arose to buy the Piedmont Dairy at Lexington, N. C. This plant was the bankrupt Davidson County Creamery. Many doubted the wisdom of buying this unsuccessful business with insufficient and inferior equipment but George Coble had vision and faith in the section of North Carolina he knew so well.

Coble Dairy Products became a reality on November 18, 1934. The new-born infant business experienced many difficulties in its early years but grew steadily and became a sturdy youngster among North Carolina dairy enterprises. The original 11 gallons of milk per day has grown to over 25,000 gallons per day. The youngster is now a young giant, still experiencing growing pains. The little plant of 1934 of such doubtful future is now a big plant of very definite future with a large new sister plant at Wilkesboro, N. C., and four milk receiving plants.

The Lexington plant is still the headquarters of Coble Dairy Products but would not be recognized as the site of the old Piedmont Creamery.

Each year additions have been made and new equipment installed and each year the business outgrows the facilities available. This plant houses the most modern in stainless steel equipment to process Grade-A milk, milk for manufcturing purposes, condensed milks and ice cream. About 2,000 gallons of Grade A milk is processed daily at the Lexington plant. The Lexington plant operates two retail and two wholesale routes

for bottled products. Besides bottled pasteurized milk and cream, the Lexington routes handle whole lactic and plain buttermilk, "Green Spot" orangeade, cottage cheese and sweet cream butter. The retail routes are covered by horse-drawn wagons. A retail store is operated immediately adjacent to the Grade-A department.

The ice cream department will produce about 600,000 gallons if ice cream this year. The mix department will process over 1,000,000 gallons of ice cream mixes in 1942. Over 15,000,000 Eskimo Pies will be produced this year to partially satisfy the demands of customers. Coble has the Eskimo Pie franchise for North and South Carolina.

Coble owns and operates fifty-two cars and trucks. These include a fleet of milk tank trucks which facilitate the speedy handling of milk from producer to ultimate consumer.

The officers of Coble Dairy Products at Lexington are housed in a building separate from the main plant. Fourteen girls and three men comprise the office staff.

George Coble long ago realized the value of an educational program among his 4,400 milk producers scattered in 34 counties. He selected John F. Brown, dairy graduate of North Carolina State College as his Field Manager. Brown attracted Coble's attention by his excellent work with a dairy program in Stokes County, North Carolina, which had been primarily a tobacco section for many years. The Coble milk receiving plant at Walnut Cove was made possible by John Brown through his efforts as Agricultural County Agent. Other stations are located at Yanceyville, Sugar Cove in Watauga County and Lansing, in Ashe County.

The first Coble milk receiving plant established outside of Lexington was at North Wilkesboro in 1940. In May 1942 Coble moved across the Yadkin River to Wilkesboro where a new $250,000 dairy plant was opened. This new plant is one of the most modern and well quipped plants in the South. George Coble installed the first milk condensing vacuum pan in North Carolina for commerical purposes. Now Coble has the first spray process milk drying equipment ever used in North Carolina.

The Wilkesboro plant processes skim condensed milk, sweet cream, sweet cream butter and cottage cheese, and spray-process powdered milk. Since May 1, 1942, no sour cream has been purchased at any Coble plant, a policy in keeping with the best in modern dairy practices. A hardening room is used at the Wilkesboro plant to store surplus butter. Seventy-five thousand pounds of strawberries were locally purchased, frozen and stored here also.

The Coble Wilkesboro plant is perhaps most noted for its production of spray-process powdered skim milk, especially since so much interest is directed toward dehydrated food products in our own war effort. Milk is condensed to 35 per cent solids in a stainless steel vacuum pan. The condensed milk is forewarmed to 140 degrees F. and pumped under 2,500 pounds pressure per square inch to the second floor where the condensed milk enters twelve spray nozzles surrounded by hot air ducts. Since the milk enters the drying room as a fine mist surrounded by a blast of 330 degrees F. filtered hot air, the

result is a dust storm of milk powder which settles to the floor. Details of this equipment and process would make a story in itself. The United States government wants a large share of this output of the Wilkesboro plant.

The Federal Government in developing concentrated foods has encouraged and urged Coble Dairy Products to process powdered eggs. Special equipment is now being assembled and with the aid of federal and state poultry specialists, plans are being perfected to begin powdering eggs sometime next winter.

Eighty-seven routes collect milk in 34 counties daily. The list of producers is growing rapidly and it is possible that the 5,000 mark will be passed this summer.

George Coble believes that dairy farming is a profitable enterprise. He practices what he preaches by living on a dairy farm himself. Coble is developing a modern dairy farm near the Country Club, two miles from Lexington. His beautiful new home overlooks the rolling hills which he is developing as a practical model to show his milk producers. Besides a Holstein herd of fifty cows, the Coble farm will also raise hogs and poultry, utilizing the by-products of the Lexington plant. Eggs and dressed poultry will be sold at the Coble retail store at Lexington.

The story of George S. Coble and Coble Dairy Products should inspire and encourage young men who believe in the dairy industry for the South. George Coble. now in his middle thirties, has proved in eight years what tireless energy and enthusiasm for everything in dairying can do when properly applied.

———:———

Be charitable in your thoughts, in your speech, and in your actions. Be charitable in your judgments, in your attitudes, and in your prayers. Think charitably of your friends, your neighbors, your relatives, and even your enemies. And if there be those who you can help in a material way, do so in a friendly, neighborly way, as if it were the most common and everyday experience for you. Tongues of men and angels, gifts of prophecy, and all mysteries and all knowledge are as nothing without charity.—Cardinal Hayes.

CARL SCHURZ

By Wendell Willikie

As a boy I learned to revere the name of Carl Schruz, for my father regarded him as a very great man. Later when I read the full record of his life, I found qualities in him perhaps not wholly admirable; an excess of zeal that could wear out his friends' patience, an egotism that offered fine material for the cartoonists. But I also found ample confirmation of my father's faith. For the record shows that throughout Carl Schurz's long and useful career, his tongue and pen were constantly and vigorously active on behalf of human liberty and honest government.

Although he held public office only 10 years out of his 77—six years as a United States senator from Missouri and four years as secretary of the interior in the cabinet of President Hayes, with a brief early period as Lincoln's minister to Spain—he left an enduring mark on American history. For he contributed mightily to four major achievements: the abolition of slavery, the preservation of the Union, civil service reform, and the battle against inflation after the Civil War. He was also a pioneer in the pragram for conservation of our natural resources, our "first conservationist."

He protested the exclusion of the Chinese from naturalization and worked hard for just legislation toward others who, like himself, might seek opportunity in the United States. And with social and econimic vision he argued that the happiness and well-being of the world be enlarged by freely flowing trade.

Like so many other German liberals in the middle of the nineteenth century, Carl Schurz, then a mere boy, took an active part in the unsuccessful German revolution of 1848 and later turned to the New World as the hope of human freedom when the cause of liberalism and democracy seemed lost in Europe. His fellow-citizens of German birth or extraction revered him always as their outstanding champion and mentor. He never let them down and he never let them forget that they owed their primary allegiance to the United States. His political enemies often tried to make capital of his German origin, but it never did them much good because his unreserved loyalty to the best interests of America was too apparent to all the world.

A born crusader for what he believed to be right, the young Carl Schurz soon after he came to the United States was an ardent participant in American politics and in the slavery dispute which was then approaching a climax. Unable to speak a single English sentence when he arrived in 1852, he became in eight years one of the most brilliant orators in the country with a use of the language that was fluent and lucid.

By 1860 he was a national figure, anl he played an important, even a decisive, role in Lincoln's election. He worked for that election with devotion and untiring exertion, speaking and debating throughout the country. For he regarded that Republican campaign as a cause, a 'revolt of the pop-

ular conscience against what was felt to be wrong.'

Lincoln appreciated the judgment and moral force of this new citizen and discussed with him the draft of his inaugural address.

From this time on Carl Schurz played an active part in the political life of the United States almost to the day of his death. His political career was marked by unusual integrity and devotion to principle rather than to party. He was the first great American political independent. His early Republican affiliations did not tie him down when he felt that the party organization was in the wrong. For he regarded a party as a means "of promoting the execution of certain measures of public good." When it failed to perform this function, he looked elsewhere for the instrument through which he might work.

In every election he exerted his poweful influence for whichever candidate was on the right side of the issues that seemed to him most important at the time. He was the close friend and adviser of three presidents—Lincoln and Hayes, who were Republicans, and Cleveland, a democrat.

The high point of Carl Schurz's political career was reached in 1884. Up to that time he was still regarded as a Republican, perhaps even by himself, despite a brief defection for Greeley on the Liberal Republican reform ticket. But the G. P. O. finally nominated its "plumed knight," James G. Blaine, whom Schurz frankly regarded as a particularly low form of political life. That was too much for him to swallow.

The democrats chose Grover Cleveland, who, as Governor of New York, had lived up to his slogan that public office is a public trust. Schurz led the "Mugwumps" (independent Republicans) in his support. The regulars—including young Teddy Roosevelt—called Schurz every name they could think of, but his sharp and clever tongue gave back two for one. Though they tried to ridicule his group by describing it as "a strange political animal, that sits on the fence with its mug on one side and its wump on the other," that "strange animal" swung the election for Cleveland.

Schurz never even professed loyalty to any party after that. He called his political shots strictly as he saw them. Sometimes he felt it was a choice between two evils. He backed McKinley in 1896, despite his distaste for the reactionary Republican high tariff policy, because he distrusted Bryan and his free silver hersey. However, he was on Bryan's side in 1900, much as he disliked him, because he could not tolerate the McKinley-Roosevelt brand of jingoistic "imperialism."

Anti-imperialism was a cardinal point in Schurz's political creed. He lost that battle in hs lifetime, but recent developments in India, Burma, and Malaya suggest that perhaps he was only a little ahead of his time. The last fight he made was for the Philippine autonomy. He would have been glad that we finally set a date for Philippine Independence and would have pointed to the Filipino's valiant fight for freedom on Bataan as proof that he was right.

To the end of his life, Schurz fought fiercely for social and political reform. Sometimes to be sure, his single-minded devotion to causes was a trifle irksome to his friends. As

Lincoln and Cleveland learned to know, Schurz was never the man to be sparing with his counsel. Cleveland in particular became annoyed with his self-appointed adviser's incessant harping on the civil service theme. And even Lincoln once lost his patience with his persistent critcism, from the field, of the government's conduct of the war and wrote him, "Be assured, my dear Sir, there are men . . . that think you are performing your part as poorly as you think I am performing mine."

Schurz's opponents called him dogmatic, which was probably true, but his dogma was intolerant only of dishonesty and oppression.

At one time when party regularity was considered the primary political virtue, he demonstrated that there was a place in public life for men who sincerely felt that the national welfare was more important than partisan advantage or expediency. He understood the need for party organizations, but he never subscribed to the idea that party interests should transcend public interests.

The long, gaunt figure and defiant red beard of Carl Schurz were familiar to three generations of Americans. Many idolized him and some hated him, but every honest man respected him. After he died, in 1906, a memorial service was held for him in Carnegie Hall, New York. The three principal speakers were Grover Cleveland, former President of the United States, President Charles W. Elliot of Harvard, and the great colored leader, Booker T. Washington.

Carl Schruz found America a land of freedom and opportunity and he gave all of his talents and energies to increasing that freedom and that opportunity for the less fortunate. Negroes and Indians and the foreign-born knew that he had always raised his powerful voice to save them from injustice when too many others were callously indifferent. He stands in the vanguard of American leaders as a champion of human rights. His life proved that true Americanism is a matter of spirit, not of birth.

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There is a broad distinction between character and reputation, for one may be destroyed by slander, while the other can never be harmed save by its possessor. Reputation is in no man's keeping. You and I cannot determine what other men shall think and say about us. We can only determine what they ought to think of us and say about us.—J. G. Holland.

THE HOME FRONT

(The Laurinburg Exchange)

No less important than the fighting front is the home front in this war. For nine months every thought and energy has been bent toward war production and the bulding of a mighty fighting force which in time will carry the war to the enemy. To this end all other considerations and requirements have been subordinated. The Army and Navy have had first call on manpower and raw materials of every kind have been ear-marked for war production.

In the very critical nature of the emergency following Pearl Harbor that had to be the case, but soon the Government must be giving some attention to the home front. Not all materials can be pre-empted, not all labor can be conscripted for the Army or diverted to war industries. The Home Front is a mighty fortress in the war and it cannot be neglected too long nor can too violent dislocations be permitted.

No one should make money out of the war but business will have to make a profit to keep going, and the needs of civilians will have to be supplied. The economic structure cannot be destroyed. The war will be over some time and America can't return successfully to the ways of peace with its economic life totally blacked out.

There is another consideration which makes it absolutely necessary for business to carry on during war, and that is the matter of taxes and war financing. The American people are going to be charged with the biggest tax bill in history. If they can't carry on business they cannot pay the taxes. Besides the taxes, they are being constantly reminded that it is their patriotic duty to buy War Bonds and Stamps. Workers in war industries, in agriculture and other basic industries cannot pay all the taxes or buy all the bonds.

Then there is a question of morale. It can best be sustained by the proper functioning of business.

In view of these facts there are some serious questions that the Government will have to consider soon. Perhaps most serious of all is that of transportation. The rubber and gas oline crisis warrants prompt and serious study. Another question that the Government must deal with is that of drafting men for military service. Communities cannot be raked with a fine toothed comb and all manpower drained off into the Army and Navy. In some cases men will have to be exempted from military service for service on the home front. The greatest care should be exercised, but the facts demand attention and will get it.

The home front will have to be maintained at any cost. It is the only way we can carry the war to the enemy on all fronts.

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Discipline yourself, or the world will do it for you.

HYMNS AS ANTIDOTES

By Margaret A. J. Irvin

There are many sorts of poison that can upset the human being. For many of them religion is definitely the proper antidote. To be more specific, religious songs, or what we call hymns, are an antidote for many sorts of poison.

Have you ever noticed how often people's "favorite hymns" express their need? "Peace, Perfect Peace" and "Dear Lord and Father of Mankind," for instance, are seldom favorites of the calm and placid person, unless that calm has been achieved after a sharp struggle. Such hymns are much more likely to appeal to the troubled and the turbulent of spirit. Something that has gone wrong in their lives keeps pricking them. They need the soothing power of God. In their hymns they are reaching toward it.

The same thing is true of "Spirit of God, Descend Upon My Heart." It is most likely to appeal to us when we are feeling most earth-bound and dim of soul.

"How Firm a Foundation" brings strength to those who feel the ground trembling under them. "In the Hour of Trial" is likely to be a favorite of individuals who know very well how easy it is to slip from the straight and narrow path.

Such contradictions do not always appear? Of course, they don't. But very often these hymns are favorites of the stalwart Christian because they have proved an antidote to the poison that at one time attacked the soul. They are treasured and beloved as a knight of old treasured a tried and trusted sword. They bring back memories of past victories and the promise of victories still to come.

That is one of the interesting things about the Christian way of life. There are always fresh victories, or defeats, just around the corner. There is no stage along the road at which one can say, "I am through with temptations of all sorts. I can coast along on my past achievements for the rest of my life."

Life is full of crises. Each one may be different from the last and must be met in a different fashion. Or it may be that same one crops up over and over. A hymn that has helped before may give us a feeling of confidence in meeting the current evil.

The world can be pretty poisonous at times —whether you take the word literally or in its slang meaning. It is a lucky person who is well supplied with the antidote.

America is another name for opportunity. Our whole history appears like a last effort of divine Providence in behalf of the human race.—Emerson.

INSTITUTION NOTES

"Country Fair," a Republic production, was the attraction at the regular weekly picture show in the auditorium last Thursday night.

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The second "shot" of typhoid vaccine was administered to 157 Training School boys last Tuesday afternoon. This was done by Dr. Bethel and his assistants from the Cabarrus County Health Department.

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Last Wednesday, the wet weather made it necessary to keep the boys on the outside work forces indoors. During this time Messrs. Walker and Kennet supervised a group of boys in cleaning up the basement of the school building.

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Mr. Alf Carriker and his carpenter shop boys are making minor repairs and painting the interior of Cottage No. 2. The boys of this cottage home were sent out to other cottages last Monday night, where they will remain until the work is completed.

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We were glad to see James Brewer last Sunday. He is our printing department's latest contribution to the newspaper world. This lad studied linotype composition here, and was allowed to return to his home in High Point, July 14, 1942. For a short time, he was employed in a small job printing office, but for several weeks he has been operating a linotype on the Thomasville Tribune, and is getting along fine.

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When the cottage lines assembled last Wednesday it was noted that there were very few visitors present. The number of relatives and friends to visit boys at the School on that day was considerably smaller than on any visiting day during the past six months. Steady employment during this busy season due to war production, and the shortage of gasoline and tires is probably largely responsible for such a few boys having an opportunity to see the home folks.

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Last week we mentioned the fact that both boys and officers at the School were searching every nook and corner in search of scrap metal, now needed so badly in order to keep the steel industry running at top speed. The latest report coming to this office was to the effect that 15 tons of scrap were collected and sold. Everybody worked hard on this project, and we are quite proud of the amount turned in. When it comes to doing their part to help scrap the Japs, our boys are right on the job.

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In a list, published last week, containing names of boys and young men who had been recruited for service in the United States Army, there appeared that of Richard M. Whitener, of Hickory, one of our former students. Richard was admitted to this institution, January 1, 1932, and was placed in Cottage No. 11; he was permitted to return to his home, August 1, 1933. On September 30, 1933, a progress report on this lad, coming from the superintendent of public welfare, stating that he was "behaving beautifully." We received no further reports, as to how he was adjusting himself

to conditions in his home community, but since "no news is good news," we felt that it was safe to assume that he was getting along nicely.

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It is a well-known fact that photography is becoming more popular all over the country each year. Here at the School, it would seem that the boys are keeping abreast of the times, for hardly a Sunday afternoon passes that we do not see a group of youngsters armed with cameras, snapping pictures in various sections of the campus. It has been suggested that a camera club be formed here, and a dark room equippped, so that the lads may have a chance to develop their talents along this line.

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We recently received a post card from Robert Lawrence, a former linotype operator in our printing class, stating that he was on his way to start training for the United States Marine Corps. Bobbie came to the School, October 15, 1936 and left July 15, 1941, going to Miami, Florida, to live with his mother. While in Florida he was employed in one of Miami's newspaper plants, working part time as operator and doing general work at other times. Last spring, he and his mother moved to Chicago, and since that time he has been working as linotype operator and attending school when not thus employed. His card was written on a train en route from Chicago to San Diego, California, on which he stated, "I'm on my way. Am going to the San Diego Marine Training Base. Will write more later."

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The Charlotte Observer, issue of October 8, 1942, carried a picture of Jennings Britt, Raeford, N. C., a fireman, third class, in the United States Navy, stationed at Norfolk, Virginia. He was spending a brief furlough with his mother, who lives at McColl, South Carolina.

Jennings entered the School, October 19, 1939, and remained here until July 11, 1941. While here he was a member of the Cottage No. 15 group, where he was employed as a house boy, with the exception of working on the dairy force for about three months. He made a very good record while at the School, and from reports received on him since leaving, he has made good, despite the fact that he did not have the opportunity most of our boys have upon returning to their home communities.

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The Charlotte Observer of last Wednesday carried a list of a few boys who had offered their services to "Uncle Sam" through the Charlotte Marine Recruiting Office, and among the names listed was that of John C. McKay, of Hamlet, one of our old boys. John entered the School, December 5, 1934, and remained here eight months, when he was allowed to go home, August 3, 1935, to attend his father's funeral. Upon recommendation of the county welfare department, John was granted permission to stay at home, as it appeared that he was needed there. He is now twenty-one years old. While at the School he was a member of the Cottage No. 6 group, and was employed as house boy part of the time. Progress reports on this lad coming to the School from welfare officials until June 20, 1938, were to the effect that he was getting along all right, and on July 27, 1938, he was discharged from further parole supervision.

In last Sunday's Charlotte Observer we noted a picture of Perry Robinson, formerly of Cottage No. 8, who is now serving his country as a member of the United States Army Air Corps, at the glider pilot pre-flight school at Crookston, Minnesota. Prior to going to that base, he was in training for several weeks at Randolph Field, Texas. He is a graduate of Thomasboro High School.

Perry came to the school from Charlotte, November 16, 1936, and was permitted to go home, March 8, 1937, when more or less unusual circumstances developed in his case, due to conditions at home, as well as the status of his case when sent there. Upon returning to his home, he reentered the Thomasboro High School. A report dated February 21, 1940, stated that he was in the ninth grade and was doing fine in all studies. The report further stated, "he is taking a course of training now being given to the ground school by the Federal Aeronautics Authority." It is interesting to note that Perry was really in the aviation end of the situation long before it seemed that our country was going to be a participant in this great war. Perry is now nineteen years of age.

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Rev. H. C. Kellermeyer, former pastor of Trinity Reformed Church, Concord, who moved to Upper Sandusky, Ohio, last year, recently wrote us. While in Concord for quite a number of years, he came to the School many times to conduct Sunday afternoon services, and was a favorite with both boys and officials of the institution. His letter, dated October 11th, reads in part, as follows:

"I assure you that it did my heart good to receive a copy of The Uplift, issue of October 3rd. I have not been receiving it since coming out here, and have missed reading it. It was just like hearing from old friends, and such is the case, for I have a very warm spot in my heart for the workers and boys of Jackson Training School. Through habit, I turned first to the page, "Institution Notes." There I read that former Superintendent Boger called at The Uplift office. Apparently he has been ill, but I am glad that he is better again. Then, too, I had not known that Glenn Hawfield had become superintendent. Please tender my best wishes to him in his new field of opportunity.

"I was also interested in reading that the football team had opened the 1942 season, playing Albemarle. Tell the boys to hit that line hard—I am rooting for them. Will you please convey my best regards to all of the boys, and to the teachers and workers at the school? With kindest personal regards and thanks, I remain, Sincerely yours, H. C. Kellermeyer."

We were very glad to hear from Rev. Mr. Kellermeyer, and have a little explaining to do as to why he had not received copies of The Uplift regularly. For many years he has been a constant reader of our little magazine, and had kept them on file for a long time. Just before he left Concord, we assured him that his name would be placed on our complimentary list, but due to some reason, purely unintentional, this was not done. The name is now on there, Mr. Kellermeyer, and copies should reach you each week.

The following letter to Superintendent Hawfield should be of interest to The Uplift readers, since it concerns a boy who left the School fifteen years ago, and is still making good. The letter was from Harold L. Bradley, who came to the institution from Bessemer City, August 17, 1925. He was assigned to Cottage No. 4, and after staying there two years, was permitted to return to his parents, who were then living in Belmont. Harold is now thirty-two years old. His letter reads as follows:

801 North Appleton St.
Baltimore, Maryland
October 8, 1942

Dear Mr. Hawfield:

I wish to thank you for sending me the information about my birth date. Am sure I shall now be able to get my birth certificate. I have been using a form signed by my father, but this alone was not accepted as proof enough to issue a birth certificate.

I was very sorry to learn that Mr. Boger was in poor health, and hope that he will continue to get better.

From your letter, I see that quite a few things have been added for the recreation of the boys, that we did not have when I was at the school. It is nice to know that there aren't as many bad boys now as there were when I was young. Tell the boys that I hope they win the annual football game from the Training School at Rocky Mount.

I have been in Baltimore for the past seven years. Have been married almost four years, and have a little boy, twenty-two months old. For about two years I have been employed in defense work at the ship yard, operating a crane. After the war is over, I hope to buy a house in Baltimore. I have just returned from Bessemer City, where I spent a week with my mother, who was quite ill. My father died last March.

Give my best regards to Messrs. Talbert, Fisher, Barber, and the rest of the officers. It has been a pleasure to receive news about the School and all the men and boys there.

Yours very truly,

Harold L. Bradley.

Oscar Roland, formerly of Cottage No. 2 and a member of our printing class, was a visitor at the School last Monday morning. Oscar was admitted to the institution, July 17, 1934 and left November 3, 1940. He finished our seventh grade work while here, and worked in the printing department as a linotype operator for several months during the latter part of his stay. After leaving the School, he became an enrollee in a CCC camp, where he spent ten months. He showed us his honorable discharge from the CCC. Recently he has been working in Black Mountain as a mechanic's helper.

Oscar has passed the physical examination for service in the United States Army, having been sent to Camp Croft, South Carolina, for his final physical test. He is on a fourteen days' furlough, and is to report to Fort Bragg for assignment in a few days. He had a mimeographed copy

of the notice from Camp Croft as to the number examined at the same time. This was quite a long list, on which were Oscar's name and serial number.

The case of Oscar Roland is quite interesting due to the fact that he came into the world as a club-footed boy, and is now able to pass the physical tests and become a member of our country's fighting forces. At the age of four years, he was admitted to the North Carolina Orthopedic Hospital, Gastonia, where he underwent two operations, which greatly improved his condition. Some time after this lad was admitted to the School, we found a copy of an old biennial report of the Gastonia institution, in which were photographs of Oscar, showing the condition of his feet before and after treatment. Then two years ago, at the age of eighteen and one-half years, during his stay at the School, he was sent back to the Orthopedic Hospital for another operation, from which it appears that he has made wonderful improvement, having been declared in good enough condition to be admitted to the Army.

While here the other day, Oscar greeted old friends among the employees, and subscribed to The Uplift, as he said that he would like to keep informed of the School's activities while in the Army.

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Johnnie Holmes, one of our old boys, who left the School in 1929, continues to write us at regular intervals. He has been in the United States Army more than a year, and for the past three months has been taking part in maneuvers in Louisiana. His address is: PFC John Holmes, Co. E, 27th Ord. (Q) Regt., H. M., A. P. O. 304, % Postmaster, Leesville, Louisiana.

The old-timers on the School's staff of workers will very pleasantly recall this young man as having been very popular with both boys and officers when a lad at the institution. He has been one of the most faithful correspondents among our old boys, keeping in constant touch with us during the thirteen years he has been away from the School. For several months his correspondence has been limited to post cards, but our latest word from him came in the form of a letter a few days ago, which reads as follows:

"Dear Friend: How are you all there at the school these days? This leaves me O. K. and still going strong here on maneuvers. We expect to finish up about the first of November, and maybe I won't be glad of that. It will be swell to get back to civilization again. It has been quite an experience living in the swamps for the past three months, but I suppose it's the nearest one can get to the real thing. There's a lot I'd like to tell you, but it's off the record—military secrets, you know.

"I read in the paper about Joe Cannon, Jr. being killed in an air crash last week. Guess it was quite a shock to the people around Concord. Well, that's all a part of the battle, and those things are bound to happen.

"The snapshots you sent me were very good, especially the one of Mr. White's baby. I sent them to my wife, and I'm sure she will like them all. About the snapshots of myself you wanted. I don't think I have any with me. We had to send our cameras and everything else home that we did not need while on maneuvers, before leaving camp. However, I'll look through my barracks bag and see

if I can find a few pictures. You see, we live out of barracks bags here, and one is apt to find most anything.

"You spoke of sending me a copy of The Uplift each week. That certainly would be fine, and I would appreciate it very much, if it would not be too much trouble. I've always enjoyed reading it as it keeps me well informed as to what's going on at the school.

"Well, my friend, I see where our Yankees finally lost a World's Series. Those Cards must have been plenty hot. I guess they had the Cards "stacked," don't you?

"Don't be surprised if you hear from me 'over there' soon, for I think our days are numbered and our time just about up, as far as the States are concerned. No matter where we go, I shall keep in touch with you as we move along.

"Please give my best regards to all the folks at the school, and I'll say so long for this time. Hoping to hear from you soon, I remain, Sincerely, John Holmes."

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Clyde A. Bristow, a linotype operator in our printing class about fifteen years ago, recently wrote us a very nice letter. During the fifteen years he has been away from the institution, Clyde has worked about two years in a newspaper plant; served one term of enlistment in the United States Marine Corps; worked as a filling station manager; and has driven a large truck for several years. Of all the boys who have left us, he has been the most consistent correspondent. It mattered not whether he was in a printing office, in foreign lands, or rolling along the highway, he always seemed to find time to write some of his friends at the School. He is now living in Wiston-Salem, during the spare moments when he is not piloting a truck along the road. His most recent letter, dated October 12th, reads as follows:

"Dear Mr. Godown: With all the mail duly recorded in The Uplift received from former boys of the School, officers and matrons have reason a-plenty to point with pride to the records the boys are making for themselves during this national crisis. True, the armed forces are direct outlets to action and many of our friends and others with whom we are acquainted are right on the spot, and are really "dishing it out." This tends sometimes to make us, who are back home and have what we think are unimportant jobs, sigh and wistfully want a chance to get in where the action is going on, doesn't it?

"I just about had this idea, Mr. Godown, until the other day when I received from the American Trucking Association, a gold-plated pin, a safety award for having driven 261,935 miles without an accident, over a period of five years, and the usual copy of "The International Teamster," in which was a fine article entitled "Truck Drivers Are Swell Guys." After reading the article, I am of the opinion that we are doing something vital to the war effort after all—in a big way. Am very proud to have received the award, and though there are many others who have had them twice as long, and have driven thousands and thousands more miles, I can harbor the feeling that I am one of the guys who can help this country's war effort, by getting the freight through safely and on time. In other words, we "Keep 'Em Rolling."

"George is now employed in a ship-

yard at Wilmington. He writes that he is doing fine and plans to move his family there for the duration. As you know, he has a boy and two girls. They are all in the best of health. I have another brother, whom you have never met, who recently was made a sergeant in the Army Air Corps. He is stationed in Mississippi.

"Mr. Godown, I realize that you must be very busy these days, but just the same, at the first opportunity, a letter from you would be welcome. Am mailing the Teamster's magazine under seperate cover, and I'm sure you will find it interesting. Give my regards to all. As ever, Clyde A. Bristow."

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During the Fall of 1941, when about 400,000 men of the United States Army were engaged in maneuvers in the two Carolinas, it was our privilege to meet hundreds of the "boys" of "Uncle Sam's" fighting forces, operating in this vicinity, many of whom visited the Jackson Training School. Various army musical organizations rendered concerts, played for dances, and otherwise entertained the citizens of Concord and vicinity for several months. It is one of these bands about which we now feel like saying a few words.

At the moment we are thinking of the famous 180th Field Artillery Band, of Boston, Mass., which on two occasions, rendered splendid concerts at the School. On October 31, 1941, this band was present at the boys' Hallowe'en party, in the late afternoon, and on Thanksgiving Day, these fine lads from Massachusetts spent the entire day with us. Warrant Officer Chester E. Whiting, nationally known arranger and composer, directed the band on both occasions. He and his "boys" forever endeared themselves in the hearts of the entire personnel of the School, both young and old, not only by the highly efficient manner in which they rendered their concerts, but by their genuinely friendly attitude toward everyone they met.

This band is now in the battle area in the "Land Down Under," either in Australia, New Caledonia, New Guinea, or some other Southern Pacific locality—military regulations forbid revealing definite location. In fact, they have been down there several months. Just a few days ago we receved such a fine letter from Warrant Officer Whiting, that we are passing it on to our readers, as follows:

September 8, 1942.

Dear Mr. Godown:

Your letter of July 20th reached me yesterday and I was very happy to hear from you. As you can appreciate, we are a long way from Camp Edwards, and it will probably be about six weeks before you receive this letter. Strangely enough, however, we have received a couple of letters here that took but seven days from Boston. This is definitely an exception, for the bulk of our mail takes from six weeks to two months.

My apologies for not acknowledging the receipt of The Uplift containing the Thanksgiving story about the band on its visit to the Training School. It so happened they came in as we were in the midst of preparations to leave, and there just wasn't time to do anything but take care of an enormous amount of military bus-

iness. I'm sure all the boys would appreciate a few pictures, if you have them, for we all love anything that will remind us of those pleasant days in North Carolina.

I have posted your letter on a tree and all of the boys enjoyed reading it. We have all been speaking about the visits we made to your school. Our mouths water at the very mention of the word "Thanksgiving." That day will long live with us, because you did so much for us when we were so far from home. There is a bit of irony now to that expression, "so far from home," for by comparison with where we are now, North Carolina would be merely a place just outside Boston. I am reminded right now that it will not be so long before Thanksgiving will be here. There will be no chill in the air that day, for it will be almost the middle of summer here, and, believe it or not, Christmas is usually the hottest day of the year. I should like to tell you where we are, but Army regulations forbid it.

I hope that you will give my kindest personal regards to all of the people whom I had the good fortune to meet in Concord. I am positive we shall all see them again, for we are planning to make a little tour when we get back—a tour that will start in Boston and undoubtedly stop in Concord. This will be done if we remain in the Army for a few weeks after the war is over.

Once again many thanks for the pictures, the booklets, and the letter. I should like to have one or two of those booklets here if you can spare them, and also any pictures you may have. The entire band joins me in sending affectionate greetings to all our friends in Concord, and to you, sir, my personal best wishes for good health and continued success at the school.

Cordially yours,

Chester E. Whiting
C. W. O. Division Artillery.
Commanding Band

For the benefit of those who might want to write some of the members of the band, we give the address, as follows: Band, Americal Division Artillery, A. P. O. 502, % Postmaster, San Francisco, California. Those fine fellows are doing their bit for their country, thousands of miles from home, and any word from their friends in this section will be greatly appreciated.

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Rev. E. S. Summers, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Concord, conducted the service at the School last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson he read Hebrews 12:1-2, and his very timely message to the boys was based upon those parts of the two verses read that have to do with the handicaps of life. "Let us lay aside every weight," and "let us lay aside everything that hinders," were the two phrases he pointed out to his youthful listeners.

A handicap in the great race of life, said the speaker, is anything that has to be overcome before the race can be won. For instance, he continued, let us think about a lad about to enter a foot-race, wearing very heavy shoes, burdened with a suit of heavy

clothing, his pockets full of rocks, and carrying a bag of shot under each arm. A fellow carrying such a load certainly would not have much chance against runners wearing spiked shoes and light running suits. His handicap would be too great.

Rev. Mr. Summers then stated that back in the Bible days, Paul considered life like a race, one which a person runs from the cradle to the grave. The Word of God tells how to win that race by looking to Jesus as a great star to guide us, and if we follow his lead, we need have no fear about the outcome of the race.

The speaker then listed a number of reasons why people fail to win the race of life, as follows: (1) One reason why they do not win is that they do not try. They are willing to let things go and come, just drifting along without making any effort to win. As an illustration, he pointed out that the St. Louis Cardinals won the recent World's Series because they had trained themselves. They had not grown tired of practicing, nor were they too lazy to do their best. They took care of themselves so as to be awake to every opportunity that presented itself. To be lazy or to have a don't-care attitude will never make winners in life's great game. (2) Some people run a losing race because they think they are handicapped. Some of the world's greatest people have been orphans, while others have found it necessary to overcome great physical handicaps. Among these are: Milton, a great poet, but blind; Beethoven, one of the greatest musical composers in history, was deaf; Sidney Lanier, famous Southern poet, suffered from tuberculosis, as did Robert Louis Stevenson, author of "Treasure Island" and many other stories; Keats, famous English poet, was an invalid; Franklin D. Roosevelt, our great President was afflicted with infantile paralysis, and, had the disease stricken many other folks, they would not now be doing anything but sitting around in a wheel-chair, yet he is one of the most active men in the world today. These things in physical life constitute a challenge for people to do their best. If a fellow's heart and mind are right, he may become a most worthwhile citizen despite other handicaps.

Rev. Mr. Summers then listed some of the handicaps that will hurt as we run the race of life. They are: (1) Being easily led into doing wrong. There is no trace of real manhood in such men. (2) Sense of grievance. A certain class of people feel that somebody has done them wrong, and to constantly have that thought in mind will prove a great hindrance. (3) Wear our feelings on our sleeves. Some folks are very touchy; they get their feelings hurt all the time. We naturally expect babies to cry, but for grown people to be wailing because someone hurt their feelings is foolish. If we are right on the inside, what people say will cause us no harm. (4) To be always having a complaining attitude. A senseless habit is to be forever critisizing people and things or blaming others instead of assuming our own share of blame. (5) Being prejudiced against the better things of life. Take our educational system as an example. Years ago, there were very poor schools as compared with the up-to-date school system of today. In those days people were prejudiced, they did not want any better schools than what they had.

To be prejudiced against progress is a great handicap.

To have in his make-up the idea of getting something for nothing, is just about the worst handicap a person can have, continued the speaker. Anything worth having must be earned. That is the law of God and man. We get out of life just what we put into it. He then told the boys that while they are here at the School, they must try to improve themselves. Here are opportunities that thousands of boys have no chance of getting. Not to try to get something out of their stay at the institution is simply a waste of time, but he told them that if each one would try his level best to make the best of the opportunities offered, there was no limit as to how far he might advance in life.

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Summers stated that we must always guard against the handicaps of life, for they will hinder us in the race. We must run with patience the race that lies before us, putting our trust in Jesus Christ, for by strict adherence to his teachings, we shall be able to overcome all obstacles that confront us through life.

———:———

THE PURPOSE OF LIFE

If you've never made another
Have a happier time in life;
If you've never helped a brother
Through his struggle and his strife;
If you've never been a comfort
To the weary and the worn—
Will you tell us what you're here for
In this lovely land of morn?

If you've never made the pathway
Of some neighbor glow with sun;
If you've never brought a bubble
To some fellow's heart for fun;
If you've never cheered a toiler
That you tried to help along—
Will you tell us what you're here for
In this lovely land of song?

If you've never made a comrade
Feel the world a sweeter place
Because you lived within it,
And had served it with your grace;
If you've never heard a woman
Or a little child proclaim
A blessing on your bounty—
You're a poor hand at the game.

—Anonymous.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending October 11, 1942

RECEIVING COTTAGE
Leonard Melton
Charles Pearson
Weaver Ruff
Lee St. Clair
Paul Smith
James Watts

COTTAGE NO. 1
James Brigman
Oscar Carter
Paul Childers
Wade Fisher
David Howard
Richard Hudson
Durwood Martin
James Parker
James Pitman
Jack Reeves
Leonard Robinson
Frank Walker

COTTAGE NO. 2
William Butler
Charles Tate
Newman Tate

COTTAGE NO. 3
James Blake
Fred Bostian
Hurley Bell
Charles Beal
Robert Coleman
Donald Daniels
Joseph Dew
Albert Hames
Fonzer Pitman
Ralph Powell
William Painter
William Pegram
Charles Rhodes
Earl Smith
John Tolley

COTTAGE NO. 4
Jack Bright
Joseph Case
Leroy Childers
Roy Patton
Robert Sprinkle
Jesse Williamson

COTTAGE NO. 5
Charles Brookshire
William Gentry
John Mazoo
Eldred Watts

COTTAGE NO. 6
Elgin Atwood
Kenneth Caldwell
Melvin Fowler
Robert Hobbs
Gerald Kerman
Marvin Lipscomb
Chester Lee
John Linville
Rufus Massingill
Jacob Myers
Jesse Peavy
Reitzel Southern
Wesley Turner
William Ussery
William Wilkerson

COTTAGE NO. 7
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 8
Frank Workman

COTTAGE NO. 9
Leonard Church
David Cunningham
Edward Guffey
James Hale
Wilbur Hardin
Morris Johnson
Isaac Mahaffey
Marvin Matheson
Albert Newton
Leroy Pate
Glenn Wilcox

COTTAGE NO. 10
James Bell
C. W. Cline
Forrest Davis
Edward Loftin
William Morgan
Joseph Patterson
Charles Phillips
James Spear

Durham Smith
Clifford Spriggs
William Young

COTTAGE NO. 11

Bert Barnhardt
Noah Brown
William Guffey
T. B. Nowell
Edgar Shell
Everett Stamey
Ray Taylor

COTTAGE NO. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 13

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE NO. 14

Robert Bailey
Wilton Barfield
Walter Carver
Aubrey Fargis
William Harding
Robert Holbert
Edward Kinion
William Lane
William E. Lanford
Roy Mumford
John Maples
Robert Moose
Charles Pitman
Thomas Ware
Alvis Watkins

COTTAGE NO. 15

Hiram Atkinson
Harold Blankenship
William Griffin
Fred Jenkins
Charles Lanford
Clarence McLemore
Lawton McDowell
Hugh Roberts
Donald Sides
Julius D. Smith

INDIAN COTTAGE

(No Honor Roll)

INFIRMARY

Roy Jones
Robert Padgett

———:———

THE ENLIGHTENED WAY

Gone are the doubts and fears that sway
The destiny of man on life's highway;
He shudders and thrills over each little thing
That seems a burden or favor, to bring
Knowledge and wisdom to understand why
These tests are applied, as each day goes by.
That many a "blow" was a favor instead
To be realized maybe when years have sped
Into the past now forgotten and gone,
But considered as something unjust and wrong.

But the mills are grinding exceedingly fine
So be sure naught escapes neither your way nor mine,
But enlightenment gives us a power to do
Each wondrous task with such ease as to
Make us each strive to help others see
That God's plan is perfect, no matter what be,
So step out of the dark and into the light
And you'll find understanding will make all things right.

—Lilly A. Jensen.

OCT 24 1942

CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXX CONCORD, N. C., OCTOBER 24 1942 No. 43

(Orange County)
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U. N. C. Library

COURTESY

How sweet and gracious, even in common speech,
Is that fine sense which men call courtesy!
Wholesome as air and genial as the light,
Welcome in every clime as the breath of flowers,
It transmutes aliens into trusting friends,
And gives its owner passport round the globe.

—James T. Fields.

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The Uplift

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S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor
LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

THEY WILL SURVIVE

When Thoreau, the nature lover, saw the woodman's axe destroying the forest, he exclaimed, "Thank God, they cannot cut down the clouds!"

There are some eternal things that the destructive powers of men in all their fury cannot destroy. To think of these things is to achieve an inward quiet and peace, even in a war-torn world. The stars still shine. The sun still rises and sets. The mountains are not moved. Birds sing. Little streams dance merrily on their way. Flowers bloom and give off their perfume. The world goes right on being an everlasting, beautiful place.

There are the indestructible qualities of the human spirit, too. Mother-love is immortal, and though crushed to earth, will rise again. Courage and sacrifice glow with a new light in the midst of the black-outs of hope. Faith gallantly rides the whirlwind.

You cannot cut down the clouds! The spirit of man cannot be destroyed. The finest things of life are immortal—they will survive.—The Wright Way.

JAMES LEE CROWELL

The passing of Mr. James Lee Crowell, dean of the Cabarrus County Bar Association, takes from our midst a fine citizen who will be missed by his many friends in his home town and adjacent communities. He was a familiar figure and was recognized for his cordiality, greeting those who passed his way with that sincerity that always marks the gentleman of the old South. Mr. Crowell showed interest in all activities that contributed to the cultural, spiritual and civic causes for the uplift of humanity.

Due to ill health, prior to being confined to his home, Mr. Crowell frequently sat in a comfortable seat at the entrance to his office, where he greeted his old acquaintances with keen interest. We feel that Concord can ill afford to lose her fine old citizenship, but there is joy in realizing they have left a noble heritage that will remain a comfort to the bereaved members of his family, and a worthy

example to the younger generation. He lived far more years than the allotted three score and ten, and in the span of his long life there were many contributions made toward progressive civilization that he highly appreciated. This little paper extends sympathy to those who will keenly miss the tender care and love of husband and father.

* * * * * * * * *

WOMAN'S CONTRIBUTION

We feel at times that there are many who do not fully realize the seriousness of this cruel war that is encircling the globe, having been properly termed the "Global War." It will take nothing short of shocks like the one recently received by Mrs. Annie Young Corzine, of Concord, who was preparing a Christmas box to send to her son, when she received this message: "Deeply regret to inform you that your son, PFC Jimmie W. Corzine, USMC, was killed in action in the performance of his duty and in the service of his country. To prevent possible aid to our enemy, please do not divulge the name of his ship or station. Present sitaution necessitates interment temporarily in the locality where the death occurred, and you will be notified accordingly. Please accept my heartfelt sympathy. Letter will follow. (Signed) T. Holcomb, Lt.-Gen. USMC, Commanding."

It takes just such casualities as revealed in this message to make the masses realize we are facing a long war against the cruelest enemies ever known. If the mothers give their sons to fight the battles, we should gird our belts tighter and meet every economic condition so as to contribute to all emergencies, in order to win the fight, and make forever the word, dictatorship, obsolete. We are truly in this war, and the price of the same will be far greater than we are experiencing at this time. It takes a mother, the proverbial "first and last" in all kinds of misfortunes, to stand the test and accept conditions with an understanding heart. Mrs. Corzine has shown herself to be as equally a brave soldier as the son who was killed in battle. She only said, "My boy never gave me any trouble, and was always true to a charge, and I'm sure he fell doing his duty." This same mother has given to the service another fine son, who, at present is stationed at a camp in Tennessee. Yes, the mothers are the ones

making the supreme sacrifice during these cloudy days of unrest, and they are standing the test most nobly.

* * * * * * * *

THE MORALE OF OUR SOLDIERS

The radio reports of activities of soldiers and nurses always prove most interesting, and in fact we hate to be interrupted while listening to such programs. The experiences of men and nurses in all departments of service of the United States fighting forces reveal blood-curdling facts as well as sweet, self-sacrificing incidents. This is the story of a Red Cross nurse who rendered valuable service to soldiers during the battle of Corregidor. This nurse was asked by the sponsor of the broadcast, "What one thing in your experience made the most lasting impression upon you?" Her reply was as follows: "I always stood near the surgeon as the wounded from the battlefield were brought in and placed upon the operating table. One soldier was fatally wounded, and he knew too well there was little hope for him." The wounded man said, "Doctor, is there a chance for me?" There was no reply, but the soldier read his fate in the face of the surgeon, and understood that the truth was being kept from him. He then said, "Tell me, doctor. I can take it just as I have taken the shot and shell of the enemy." The surgeon shook his head and said, "I can do nothing to save you. What is your wish?" The soldier replied, "Place me aside to die, and give my place to another wherein there is hope. Save him so that he can take my place and serve his country." This story reveals the inner spirit of the sons of America who are fighting for their country and for the freedom of all.

* * * * * * * *

LOOK FOR THE GOOD

Articles have been written wherein different viewpoints have been expressed as to the most impressive and beautiful living pictures ever seen. One was the smile of an innocent baby while sleeping. The smile of the innocent one doubtless reflects a sweet dream of a loving mother, or of the One who said, "Suffer the little chil-

dren to come unto me." Other living pictures were named, but the smile of the infant was most impressive, because of the mystery that brought forth the soft, sweet expression. Try, as hard as strength permits, there are some things beyond a man's power to solve.

There are two classes when it comes to an appreciation of art, or the finer things of life. One sees the high spots of beauty in a picture, in nature or upon canvass, and there are others who see only the scars or blemishes. Some look deep down into the heart of mankind and find the finer elements of humanity, while others find only dirt and slime. We usually find the things that fit into our lives. Let us keep in mind that there is some bad in the best of us, and some good in the worst of us, and it hardly behooves any of us to say any ill of the rest of us. At least, all of us can practice toleration.

* * * * * * * *

ORIGIN OF EXPRESSIONS

Many expressions are used daily without giving a thought as to their origin. Just lately, an eighteen-year-old young lady was reading aloud, and came to the word, "omnibus." She looked up in surprise, and remarked, "I have never seen that word before, and what does it mean?" "Well," replied the one listening to the article being read, "you know what a bus is?" The reply was in the affirmative. Since there was an understanding of the second syllable of omnibus, it was easy to explain that "omni" was a Latin word meaning all, therefore, the two words combined meant "room for all," so to speak. During a traffic conjestion in one of our big cities, a voice called out, "come this way and take the omnibus, for in it there is room for all." This was the first time omnibus was used, and since that day the word has been accepted, and is indeed expressive. The following, taken from Sunshine Magazine, tells briefly the origin of the word "boycott," with all of its coloring:

> About sixty years ago there lived in Ireland a man named Captain Boycott. He was a land agent for a wealthy English nobleman. Because of the harsh methods used by Boycott in collecting the rent, and his eviction of those unwilling or unable to pay, he became the object of intense hatred.
>
> His tenants left their little farms; servants and laborers re-

fused to work; shopkeepers refused to deal with him; blacksmiths would not shoe his horses; tailors would not make his clothes; the very passersby would not speak or nod to him, and people for miles around would have nothing to do with him or his family. Shunned by everyone, his life became unbearable, and he was forced to leave the country, a ruined and embittered man. And thus the word "boycott" originally came into use, and became an ugly word.

* * * * * * * *

WHAT THE BRITISH HAVE DONE

We are unable to understand the attitude of Americans who consistently criticize everything British and everything Russian. Even if these Americans are unable to appreciate any qualities in the people of our allied countries, they should realize that we are in the same boat and must sink or swim together.

One of the distant themes of Axis propaganda is the poor fighting qualities of the British soldiers. This is untrue. The same can be said for the statement that Dominion troops suffer the brunt of battle. So far, Empire casualities have been more than seventy per cent British, less than thirty per cent Dominion, Indian and Colonial.

There are a few other facts that Americans should know about the British. In the last twelve months, they have convoyed to the battle fronts of the Middle East alone more than 30,000 vehicles of war. They have sent out five bomber and fighter planes to Russia and other fronts for every plane they received from us in 1941. They have shipped eighty per cent of the output of their factories to fronts outside of England.—Monroe Enquirer.

* * * * * * * *

Amid the heartaches and sorrows of a national crisis through which we are passing, the people of the United States have been asked to observe this week as National Bible Week. This calls to mind the old saying: "When the devil is ill, the devil a saint would be, but when the devil is well, the devil a saint is he." There should be no need for such an observance. Whether the lives of men are filled with gloom or be bright and cheery, every day, every week should mark our appreciation of the Bible.

STONES IN THE WAY

By Dr. Hunter B. Blakely

Albedt Schweitzer, one of the great souls of this generation, writes: "Anyone who proposes to do good must not expect people to roll stones out of his way, but must accept his lot calmly, even if they roll a few more upon it."

What do obstacles do for you? When you find stones in your path, do you quit? Do obstacles break your spirit or make you stronger? If your way is already difficult and some enemies roll a few more rocks on the road to make it harder, can you take it?

The strength which becomes clearer and stronger through the meeting and overcoming of obstacles is the only kind of strength that will conquer difficulties and become victorious. No finer example of how to handle stones on the way can be found than that of Albert Schweitzer himself. Sixty-seven years ago he was born in Alsace, that borderland between France and Germany. By the time he was 30 he had earned two doctor's degrees from European universities and had won for himself renown in two fields of knowledge. At that youthful age he was already, in music, a world famous organist, the biographer of Sebastian Bach, and a final authority on Bach's music. Such prominence in music at the age of 30 is not easily attained, but by that time he also was a master of philosophy and theology and had written a book, "The Quest of the Historical Jesus," which carried his name as a theologian around the world. The brightest future amid the culture of Europe lay before him in 1905. Almost any university of Europe would gladly have offered him a professorship, and for an alternative he could use his talents giving organ recitals before vast audiences.

But this man was not satisfied with such attainments. He found around him too much misery and suffering to be content to live in ease in a troubled world. The life of a student and a musician appeared too soft and easy, entirely too happy and too carefree. He reasoned that it was not right for any man to accept happiness as a matter of course, for every man ought to give something in return for it. As he tells us, on one brilliant summer morning at the age of 21, he came to this decision: "Proceeding to think the matter out at once with calm deliberation, while the birds were singing outside, I settled with myself befor I got up, that I would consider myself justified in living 'till I was 30 for science and art, in order to devote myself from that time forward to the direct service of humanity." On that day he says he settled for himself the challenge which he found in the words of Jesus: "Whosoever would save his life shall lose it, and whosoever shall lose his life for My sake and the Gospel's sake shall save it."

From that day forward he sought to discover where he might invest his life most usefully for the welfare of humanity. Nine years later, now famous as a young man of thirty, he determined his future. He resolved to study medicine and go to French Equatorial Africa as a jungle doctor. For eight years this musician-scholar

mastered medicine so that the highest skill of the modern world might go, in the name of Jesus Christ, to one of the more primitive tribes of darkest Africa to bring healing and health to those who had known only sickness and squalor.

Next year, in 1943, Albert Schweitzer will complete 30 years as a jungle doctor. During this time much of his medical work has been financed by his own genius. His books, translated now into many languages, have furnished him a tidy sum for his missionary enterprise. When the till began to run low, the jungle doctor would come back from the African primeval forest to Europe to give concerts on the great pipe organs in Britain and on the Continent and to lecture on philosphy and theology before university audiences. During these European visits he would hoard his earnings to purchase medicine and equipment for the jungle hospital.

Others have rolled all kinds of stones in his way. During the First World war Schweitzer was put into a concentration camp where there was no musical instrument available. He felt that it would be fatal to his art if his fingers should grow stiff through inactivity; so, taking an old table, he placed it in the corner of a room; and seated before it, he ran those skillful fingers over the imaginary keyboard and in his soul made music amid the silence of the concentration camp. As a prisoner, he fell ill without medicine and came out of the First World war with most of his teeth gone and having passed through much suffering. But when the war was over, he was back in Europe, still the master of the keyboards on the cathedral organs and again a lecturer on philosophical subjects.

Duty has to him been very simple: "Only a person who feels his preference to be a matter of course, not something out of the ordinary, and who has no thought of heroism, but just recognizes a duty undertaken with sober enthusiasm, is capable of becoming a spiritual adventurer such as the world needs. There are no heroes of action: only heroes of renunciation and suffering. Of such there are plenty. But few of them are known, and even these not to the crowd, but to the few."

Again Albert Schwetzer is facing the obstacles of a Second World war down in the heart of Africa. His mission lies in the territory now under the command of the Free French General De Gaulle. There are stones in his way, but he keeps on at the age of 67. His hair, he tells us, is turning gray. His physical body is slowing down with the burden of the years, but his spirit is unbroken. In a world such as ours, it is encouraging to know that this man of genius still carries on, in order that humanity's burden may be lifted and men made happier and children given a larger chance. This world can never be much better until the spirit of Albert Schweitzer is multiplied in a multitude of hearts who resolve not to quit before obstacles but to meet the difficulties of the way with growing strength and unfaltering resolution.

QUAINT FACTS FROM WHEELER

By R. C. Lawrence in The State

Major John H. Wheeler, treasurer of North Carolina, and Superintendent of the Charlotte Mint, is best known for his Carolina history of 1851, and it may be of interest to recount some of the queer things recorded by him therein, listed under the county to which they severally pertain:

ANSON: James Long was denied a seat in the House of Commons in 1785 because he had borne arms against the state.

BERTIE: Captain Jacob Turner was killed, along with six soldiers, in the battle of Germantown, and all were interred in one grave, over which a monument was erected with the inscription: "One cause, one grave."....David Stone, United States Senator in 1812, was censured by the legislature for not supporting the War of 1812 and resigned his seat.

BLADEN: William Pridgen lived to be one hundred and twenty-two. "Its climate is mild and salubrious."

BRUNSWICK: Major General Robert Howe fought a duel with Christopher Gadsden, afterward Governor of South Carolina. Howe's bullet grazed the ear of his opponent who thereupon fired in another direction.....Governor Benjamin Smith fought several duels, in which he behaved with "firmness and magnanimity."

BUNCOMBE: James M. Smith of Asheville was the first child born west of the Blue Ridge.....Its climate is "lovely beyond description," and its scenery excels even its climate.

BURKE: Waightstill Avery, first Attorney General, married a widow of Jones County, but as the climate did not agree with him, he resigned his office and moved to Burke.

CABARRUS: First gold mine in the United States was discovered in 1799 by a boy who had gone fishing on Sunday, with a bow and arrow. He saw something yellow in the creek, the size of a small smoothing iron, but did not know what it was. Had to take it to Fayetteville to find out. They knew! Found piece of gold in the branch which weighed twenty-eight pounds. Wheeler should know, as he was Superintendent of the Mint!

CAMDEN: In 1840 produced 2,664 gallons of brandy.

CARTERET: Amidas and Barlowe, sent out by Sir Walter Raleigh, arrived July 4, 1584. July 4th will crop up occasionally.

CASWELL: When Bartlett Yancey ran for Congress he received every vote in Caswell save one. Probably his own.

CHATHAM: "Nature had done much for him; education but little; he himself much less."

CHOWAN: All acounts kept in tobacco until 1680. Climate unhealthful in the fall.

CUMBERLAND: "He was the child of misfortune."

DUPLIN: Felix Kenan, High Sheriff, brought before the bar of Congress for his Tory principles. Not so Felix!

EDGECOMBE: Daughter of General Jethro Sumner changed her name from Jacky to Mary.

FRANKLIN: Formerly Bute, where there were no Tories.

GASTON: "Lacking a Bible they

forced him to take the oath of allegiance on an old almanac.....Rev. Humphrey Hunter began his classical education at "Clio's Nursery," and later resumed his studies at "Queen's Museum" in Charlotte.....The whole family had the reputation of being very stout.

GATES: Joseph Reddick was in the legislature thirty terms! Walter Murphy, please take notice!

GRANVILLE: John Penn, signer of the Declaration of Independence, was to fight a duel with Henry Laurens, President of the Congress. In going to the dueling grounds they had to pass a slough and Penn courteously helped the aged Laurens across it. They effected a reconciliation.....John Williams, one of the first three Judges under the Constitution had little education and was a house carpenter..... He was again elected to Congress without opposition of an open character.

GREENE: General Jesse Speight, Congressman and United States Senator from Mississippi: "Without any extraordinary powers of mind, superior education or brilliant parts of character, his unexampled success in political life can be attributed to native energy of character."

GUILFORD: Presents on the map a "beautiful compact square." Settled on the South and West by Quakers; on the North and East by Presbyterians and Baptists.....There was a sect called Nicholites who wore no dyed clothing.....The British Colonel Tarleton had "large, muscular legs."".....Amos Weaver lost his seat in the legislature because he was a preacher.

HALIFAX: "Under the act Alexander Martin, John Penn and Oroondates (this is certainly new) Davis were elected. Penn who was fit only to amuse children and Davis who knew nothing but the game of whist, were placed on the board."".....Two brothers of Oliver Cromwell fled to America, changed their names by cutting out the "M" and dropping it in the sea, becoming Crowells..... "He was a consistent, uniform and decided politician."".....He was a firm believer in spirits and ghosts." .....His character was one of innocent eccentricity.....Fought a duel in which after several ineffectual fires the parties were reconciled. (Nerves must have been unsteady.)

IREDELL: Hugh L. White, United States Senator from Tennessee, received 26 votes for President in the electorial college. He and his wife died on the same day.

MADISON: Its county seat is to be called Marshall but is not to be located within two miles of the French Broad River.

MONTGOMERY: Rev. John Culpepper elected to legislature but not allowed to take his seat because he was a minister. (Changed by the Convention of 1835.) He was "useful rather than showy."

NEWHANOVER: Planters of New Hanover are "content to raise from naval stores a sufficiency to pay the interest on continually increasing debts, and indulged themselves in habits of ease and dissipation."

ONSLOW: In 1752 hurricane swept away its courthouse and the county seat was abandoned.

PASQUOTANK: Willis Reddick in legislature for twenty-three terms. See Gates for the record of another Reddick.

RANDOLPH: Congress at Halifax

resolved that the lands of Herman Husbands (leader of Regulators) on which there is a coal-pit, hearthstone, etc., be purchased for the use of the state.

ROCKINGHAM: David S. Reid in 1848 was nominated for Governor without his knowledge, but was defeated. In 1850 when he publicly again declined to run, he was nominated and elected—the first Democratic Governor of the state. The office sought the man!

ROWAN: "Clerk was allowed to charge $15.00 for a marriage license, which was signed by the Governor, with the Great Seal of the State, and countersigned by the Clerk. The effect of this was that some citizens 'took a short cut'." (Whatever that was.).....Committee of safety met at 6:30 a. m....."Inasmuch as the judgments of God are at this present in an extraordinary manner pending over this providence, thereore be it resolved, etc."....Gold Hill had seven steam engines and four doctors.

STOKES: Named for Col. John Stokes, whose right hand was cut off in the revolution by a sabre cut. He was first United State Judge and held first federal court in the state..... He was "not remarkable either for acquirments or intellect." Son of Benjamin Forsythe (for whom that county was named) was adopted by the state.....For thirty years Col. John Martin presided over the county court, that "eternal comedy of errors."

WAKE: Jacob Mordecai moved to Warrenton where he kept a large and respectable female academy.

WARREN: Nathaniel Macon (our foremost stateman) having a rival in love, proposed to his opponent to play a game of cards for the lady's hand. This being agreed to, the game was played and Macon lost. But he said: "Hannah, I cannot give you up; for love is superior to fortune. I love you yet." The lady was so impressed that she became Mrs. Macon.....Daniel Turner married daughter of Francis Scott Key, author of Star Spangled Banner.

WATAUGA: Daniel Boone, famous pioneer woodsman, was found dead, watching for deer, with his rifle sprung and raised ready to fire. (What a man!)

WILKES: "The law is a jealous mistress. She has never allowed him to marry and has made him quit politics."

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IMAGINATION

The faculty of imagination is the great spring of human activity, and the principal source of human improvement. As it delights in presenting to the mind scenes and characters more perfect than those which we are acquainted with, it prevents us from ever being completely satisfied with our present con-

SHALL CIVILIZATION BE CHRISTIAN OR PAGAN?

(Baptist Courier)

Jesus calls attention to a recognized characteristic of the Gentile world when he says: "Ye know that they which are accounted to rule over the Gentiles exercise lordship over them; and their great ones exercise authority upon them." That sentence accurately states the regulative characteristic of the ancient Gentile world. The strong exercised over the weak. That determined the kind of governments they had, and the whole social order from which the whole world suffered. Jesus declares that the spirit of Christianity is in complete contrast with all that. "It shall not be so among you." The contrast and opposition is total between two fundamental regulative principles and the social orders which grow out of them.

It is that opposition between two understandings of the meaning of human life and their consequent social orders that has met in head-on life-and-death world-wide struggle in our day. This opposition is more clearly and decisively drawn today than it was in the ancient world. Then the motives for the rule of the strong were frankly what they were, selfish greed and the satisfaction of ambition. Today Nazi Germany supports aggrandizement with a philosophy and a religion. They talk about the right of the strong, of the manifest destiny of the superior race, of a national social order and world government and of loyalty to the State as supreme. And further, Nazi Germany has implemented this philosophy of might with the mightiest army the world has ever seen.

On the other hand the leaven of the teaching of Jesus has been working affecting the thinking and attitudes of great numbers of people resulting in insistent demands for a better world order in which the rights and human values of all men shall be fully protected and given the fullest expression.

It is in these two opposing conceptions of the dignity of the huuman being and one of the characters of organized society—the heathen and the Christian—which are engaged in this present world-wide struggle.

This war is determining far more than the national freedom or independence of any nation or group of nations. It is determining more than who shall dominate the world or any part of it. This is a struggle to determine whether the whole social order of the world is to be Gentile or Christian.

The freedom of the Gospel is at stake—the freedom of worship—freedom of expression—freedom to witness to the Savior of men. All that Christians count worth living for and dying for—for themselves, and more, for the world—is at stake.

It is this fact that makes this war a very different thing from the first World War and far more serious to Christian people the world over. No Christian conscience can avoid facing the question of loyalty to Christ and the Kingdom of God.

In this war the Christian's problem is not that of reconciling his conscience with participation in war, but the problem of reconciling his Christian conscience with abstaining from war.

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Thost who are formed to win general admiration are seldom calculated to bestow individual happiness.—Lady Blessington.

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GENERAL IS GRANDSON OF ONE SIAMESE TWIN

(Mecklenburg Times)

The story of the Siamese twins who settled in North Carolina many years ago, is familiar to the people of this state. The history books often state that some of the descendants of the famous twins and their North Carolina wives have been among the best citizens of the State.

One of these descendants is a fighting man, and no less a person than Col. Caleb B. Haynes, commander of the American Air Force in China, who has just become a brigadier general, and about whom the papers have often spoken with the highest praise. This fact is brought out by a newspaper story from Washington.

The Siamese twins were brought to this country in 1830 by P. T. Barnum. When they retired from the show business they took the name of their manager, Bunker, and married two North Carolina girls—the Yeates sisters of Wilkes county.

Chang Bunker and Eng Bunker bought two fine farms in nearby Surry county, North Carolina, and settled down to enjoy their earnings. The two farms were on opposite sides of Stuart's creek, and the twins solved the living problem by alternating between the two farms, week and week about.

Both couples had children. Chang and his wife Adelaide had three children, one of whom was a daughter named Lizzie. The twin familes lived and prospered on the fine creek-bottom land, and in due time Lizzie married Caleb H. Haynes of Mount Airy, N. C.

Son of this marriage is the present bombing expert, Col. Caleb Vance Haynes, who has returned with a vengeance to the land of his forefathers. Last week the President recommended him for promotion as brigadier general in the Army Air Force.

Note: According to Congressman John H. Folger, who lives three doors from the Colonel's father in Mount Airy, the Haynes and Bunker families are among the finest in North Carolina.

THE FOUR FREEDOMS

(Morganton News-Herald)

Marking the anniversary week of the signing of the Atlantic Charter by President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill, Elmer Davis of the Office of War Information released a pamphlet entitled, "The United Nations Fight for the Four Freedoms, the Rights of All Men—Everywhere." Said Mr. Davis:

"Our job is to win the war swiftly as possible, but the tremendous effort that will be needed to win it will be made the more readily if the American people fully understand the objectives for which we fight. We are fighting not merely against something, but for something—for a free world."

The "Four Freedoms" were summarized in the booklet as follows:

Freedom Of Speech

"To live free a man must speak openly. Gag him and he becomes either servile or full of cankers. Free government is then the most realistic kind of government, for it not only assumes that a man has something on his mind, but concedes his right to say it. It permits him to talk—not without fear of contradictions, but without fear of punishment.

Freedom Of Religion

"We of the nations united in war, among whom all the great religions are represented, see a triumphant peace by which all races will continue the belief in man, the belief in his elusive and untouchable spirit, and in the solid worth of human life."

Freedom From Want

"Prosperous times have been enjoyed in certain periods in history, but local prosperity was usually achieved at the expense of some other region, which was being impoverished, and the spectre of impending war hung over all. Now, the industrial changes of the last 150 years and the new prospect implicit in the words 'United Nations' have given meaning to the phase 'freedom from want' and rendered it not only possible but necessary."

Freedom From Fear

"Aggressive war, sudden armed attack, secret police, these must be forever circumvented—the first move to free people from fear, is to achieve a peaceable world which has been deprived of its power to destroy itself. This can only be accomplished by disarming the aggressors and keeping them disarmed. Last time they were disarmed, but they were not prevented from rearming. This time they will be disarmed in truth."

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If you should eat the following dinner, you would be eating native food, unknown to Europe before the discovery of the Americas: Tomato cocktail, lima-bean soup, roast turkey, baked squash, corn fritters with maple syrup, baked potato, alligator-pear salad, pineapple, salted pecans, peanuts, and Brazil nuts. And you could wash it all down with cocoa.—Selected.

STATE'S NOTED POET DIED 35 YEARS AGO

By C. R. Austin

It was on October 17, 1907, that John Charles McNeill, poet laureate of North Carolina and for three or more years a free-lance writer on the editorial staff of The Charlotte Observer, went away. For several weeks he had been desperately ill with a disease that in a measure baffled medical skill. Then the Silent Boatman dipped his oars into the dark waters of the River and bore his spirit from the starlit dawn to the golden day.

Of course, he was taken back to his native heath that he might find final rest in the soil he loved so well. I was a member of the mechanical force at the time and recall that a large delegation from the editorial and mechanical departments went down to Scotland county to attend the funeral, and the party was met on the front porch of the ancestral home by Duncan McNeill, father of John Charles, who welcomed the delegation with tears in his eyes and a tremor in his voice. "I am glad you have come," he said, and then after a pause, he added, "and my boy would have been glad also."

And they buried him in historic old Spring Hill cemetery hard by the fields and woods over which he had roamed as a barefoot boy . . . and on the shaft which marks the spot of his last earthly sleep we find inscribed his own words taken from one of his poems entitled "Sundown":

Hills, wrapped in gray, standing
along the west;
Clouds, dimly lighted, gathering
slowly;
The star of peace at watch above
the crest—
Oh, holy, holy, holy!
We know, O Lord, so little what is
best;
Wingless, we move so slowly;
But In thy calm all-knowledge let
us rest—
Oh, holy, holy, holy!

John Charles McNeill was the second son of Mr. and Mrs. Duncan McNeill, and was born in Richmond county, now Scotland. His boyhood days were spent in the country. He was truly a product of the soil and he lived close to nature. He came from a long line of sturdy Scotch ancestors who came to America to live because they loved freedom and because they cherished the opportunity to live their own lives and to work out their own destiny. John Charles was a graduate of Wake Forest College and later studied law, but law did not make a hit with him. He could not get sufficiently away from the old home ties and the writing of verse to make a success of it.

The old saying that "You can get the boy out of the country, but you cannot get the country out of the boy," was never more true than in the life of John Charles McNeill. He came to The Observer in 1904 from a not too lucrative law practice in Laurinburg. He was his own boss so far as his work on The Observer was con-

cerned, and he was happy in his work because it gave him an opportunity to do the kind of work he always liked—writing poetry. To him Charlotte was a great big city, and when he grew tired of it he would catch a street car and go out and spend an afternoon in the woods. Being a child of nature there would come to him periods of homesickness when he would long for his old home down on the Lumber river, and so he would be missed around the office for several days—he was "down home," they would say. So in one of his back-home moods he wrote one of his famous poems, "When I Go Home":

When I go home, green green will grow the grass,
Whereon the flight of sun and cloud will pass;
Long lines of wood-ducks through the deepening gloam
Will hold above the west, as wrought on brass,
And fragrant furrows will have delved the loam,
When I go home.

When I go home, the dogwood stars will dash
The solemn woods above the bearded ash,
The yellow jassmine, whence its vine hath clome,
Will blaze the valleys with its golden flash,
And every orchard flaunt its Polychrome,
When I go home.

When I go home and stroll about the farm,
The thicket and the barnyard will be warm.
Jess will be there, and Nigger Bill, and Tom—
On whom time's chisel works no hint of harm—
And, oh, 'twill be a day to rest and roam,
When I go home.

It was just before Christmas 1905 that The Observer was getting out a special Christmas section that the question of an appropriate title page came up. Ben Sronce, now editorial writer on The Statesville Daily, was foreman of The Observer composing room at that time, and he suggested to the managing editor that the matter for the title page be left in the hands of John Charles. It was done, and after an hour's deliberation behind closed doors, he emerged with this classic which adorned the title page of the Christmas section. It was titled "A Christmas Hymn":

Near where the shepherds watched by night
And heard the angels o'er them,
The wise men saw the starry light
Stand still at last before them.

No armored castle there to ward
His precious life from danger,
But, wrapped in common cloth, our Lord,
Lay in a lowly manger.

No booming bells proclaimed His birth,
No armies marshalled by
No iron thunders shook the earth
No rockets climbed the sky.

The temples builded in His name
Were shapless granite then,

And all the choirs that sang His name
Were later breeds of men.

But while the world about Him. slept
Nor cared that He was born,
One gentle face above Him kept
Its mother watch till morn.

And if His baby eyes could tell
What grace and glories were,
No roar of gun, no boom of bell
Were worth the look of her.

Now praise to God that ere His grace
Was scorned and he reviled,
He looked into his mother's face,
A little helpless child.

And praise to God that ere men strove
About His tomb in war,
One loved Him with a mother's love
Nor knew a creed therefor.

John Charles McNeill had the poet's heart, but as a reporter he was a dismal failure. H. E. C. Bryant, now of Washington, D. C., was city editor of The Observer at the time of which I write. In his forthcoming book, Mr. Bryant devotes a whole chapter to Mr. McNeill and relates an interesting experience he had with him as a reporter. I am taking the liberty of quoting Mr. Bryant:

"John Charles was a most democratic fellow. Soon after he arrived in Charlotte everybody in The Observer office from the printer's devil to the big boss knew him, and liked him. He was eager for all sorts of people. As a regular reporter he was a failure, for he might start to a fire and wind up at an old bookstall, and forget to tell the city editor he forgot his assignment.

Once he asked me to let him cover a fire in an alley district where many poor families lived, and I told him to go ahead. He rushed away like an old-time fire horse, but, when he came back, he wrote a beautiful piece about a woman several blocks away who in her excitement carried out her baby in a bed tick and did not know it, threw him down, and ran for another load. In her eagerness to save her household goods she overlooked the baby until he set up a yell. Her home was never in any danger.

" 'There's your story, Buck,' said Mack proudly.

" 'But, Mack, what about the fire?" I asked when I noticed that he had not mentioned it.

" 'The devil, man, that's the real story; some four or five houses burned but I paid no attention to them.'

"After that, if the Scotchman was given a reporter's task, he was accompanied by a cub to get important facts."

Few sections of North Carolina have produced a like number of outstanding personalities as have that section which produced John Charles McNeill. The people of that goodly land were predominantly Scotch and produced such characters as Archibald Johnson, who for years was editor of Charity and Children, of Thomasville. Upon Mr. Johnson's death he was succeeded as editor by John Arch-McMillan, who also came from the Spring Hill community. Also from the same environment came Livingston Johnson, outstanding Baptist minister of his day and until his death editor

of The Bibical Recorder, of Raleigh; J. L. Memory, leading citizen; Hudson McMillian, now a missionary in China, and many others.

It used to be customary for these boys and others to return to the old home for the summer vacation period, and thus a resort sprang up at Riverton on the Lumber river. In time these boys became known as the "Sunburnt Boys," and John Charles was one of them. He wrote:

Down on the Lumber river
Where the eddies ripple cool
Your boat, I know, glides steathily
About some shady pool.
The summer's heat have lulled asleep
The fish-hawk's chattering noise.
And all the swamp lies hushed about
You sunburnt boys.

You see the minnow's wave that rocks
The cradled lily leaves.
From a far field some farmer's song,
Singing among his sheaves,
Comes mellow to you where you sit,
Each man with boatman's poise,
There, in the shimmering water lights,
You sunburnt boys.

I know your haunts; each gnarled bole
That guards the waterside,
Each tuft of flags and rushes where
The river reptiles hide,
Each dimpling nook wherein the bass
His eager life employs
Until he dies—the captive of
You sunburnt boys.

You will not—will you—soon forget?
When I was one of you,
Nor love me less that time has borne
My craft to currents new;
Nor shall I ever cease to share
Your hardships and your joys,
Robust, rough-spoken, gentle-hearted
Sunburnt boys!

Little Jack Horner stood on the corner,
Waiting to cross the street;
He used his head when the light was red,
When green, he used his feet.

U. S. FLAG FIRST FLOWN OVER ALASKA 75 YEARS AGO

(Charlotte Observer)

Seventy-five years ago—on October 19, 1897—accompanied by the booming of cannon, the flag of the United States was hoisted to the top of the flagpole of the governor's palace at Sitka, to replace the Russian flag that had just been lowered. This marked the transfer to Uncle Sam from Czar Alexander II of the vast territory of Alaska.

Just how vast a territory the American government had purchased for $7,200,000 in gold no one at the time knew, for it had not been adequately surveyed. Subsequently it developed that this acquisition of land was more than 10 times larger in size than the state of North Carolina, for it covers an area of 586,400 square miles.

Had the general public at that time, had any inkling of how valuable the Alaskan territory would prove to be in natural resources, or what military importance it would have during the present war, there would not have been such widespread indignation at the expenditure of public funds for what was then considered a barren, frozen wasteland. Hitherto it had been known as Russian America. William H. Seward, Secretary of State in the cabinet of Andrew Johnson, one of the two presidents who were natives of North Carolina, was largely responsible for the acquisition of this territory, and it was he who gave it the name Alaska, from the Aleut word "al-ayek-sa," meaning a great country or continent. The public however, promptly dubbed it "Seward's Folly," and it was also widely known as "The Ice Box of the North."

Shortly after its purchase by the United States work of erecting extensive barracks in the southeastern part of the territory on Kodiak island was begun, and they were soon occupied by troops, with an army officer representing the federal government. Today it is amazing to realize that 10 years later all troops were withdrawn. For a number of years the country was governed by a naval officer stationed at Sitka. Then even this control was allowed to lapse, and until 1884 Alaska was left without either military or civil government!

What if that condition had existed this year? Instead of merely gaining a toehold on a few of the small westernmost islands in the Aleutian chain the Japs could easily have taken possession of the entire territory, and there might have been fighting this very minute all up and down the Pacific coast of Canada and the United States, with Seattle, San Francisco and Los Angeles in the hands of the enemy, for Seattle is only 700 air miles from southeastern Alaska.

It was not until after the outbreak of World II that Uncle Sam awoke to the military importance of Alaska. Up to that time it had been guarded for many years only by a single garrison of about 300 men at Chilkoot barracks and a few Coast Guard boats—and these boats sailed south every winter! About two years ago, however, Congress appropriated $50,000,-

000 for Alaskan defense. While it is, of course a military secret just what has been accomplished in the meantime toward the completion of Navy air and submarine bases on the coast and Army bases in the interior, it is known that both the Army and the Navy began working 24 hours a day, seven days a week, "to make up for lost time," and that today the conquest of Alaska by an enemy force would be practically impossible.

It is also well known that, with Canadian co-operation, work has been progressing with amazing rapidity on a military highway—long advocated as an automobile road for tourists—to connect Seattle with Sitka, and while it is not yet completed, it is claimed that in emergencies tanks and trucks can already travel practically its entire length. Eventually it is planned to extend this highway all the way through Alaska and across the 56 miles of Bering strait, either by means of a tunnel or a series of bridges like the highway to Key West.

In Asia it will connect with a road across Siberia on which the Russians were workng before the outbreak of the war. Were the highway a reality of the present instead of a vision of the future it would be an easy matter to transport war materials and supplies to Russia by means of this overland route instead of having to overcome the hazards of shipping them acoss the Atlantic and through the Arctic ocean and delivering them at the ports of Murmansk and Archangel.

The Japanese evisioned the military importance of Alaska years in advance of us. Long before the present war Jap fishing boats had been frequently encountered in its offshore waters, but is was reported that, secretly, they were employing a queer kind of fish tackle, for it consisted of a long line and a sounding lead. You remember that much-publicized "good-will flight from Tokyo to Washington several years ago, but do you remember that Japan requested, and received from the American government, permission to establish observation parties along the Alutian chain? According to the natives, the members of these so-called observation parties spent their time, while waiting for the planes to go over, to make extensive explorations of the islands and the surrounding waters. Evidently they were planning that far ahead, what happened at Attu, Agattu and Kiska this year.

Stories have now come out, also of Japanese and German walking parties that toured the interior of Alaska during the summers before the war. There are also stories of a workman on the new naval base at Kodiak who tried to organize a German-American bund, and of a humble Japanese laundryman at Sitka who died and was, to the amazement of the authorities, buried in the official uniform of a commander of the Japanese navy. All these may be mere rumors, but they have a strong tone of probability.

Not only is Alaska of great importance from a standpoint of military defense, it is a vast treasure land of minerals, including copper and tin which are now so badly needed in the manufacture of implements of war. There are also great quantities of coal and oil, as well as important marble deposits. In the popular mind, however, Alaska is chiefly associated with gold, through the famous Klondike stampede of 1897, although the Klon-

dike in reality lies across the Alaskan border in Canada.

Gold had been known to exist in Alaska before Russia sold it to the United States, but little effort had been made to develop it. In 1898 the gold placers of Nome were discovered, and important deposits were subsequently located in other parts of the territory. As late as 1912 Alaska was producing more than $17,000,000 in gold (old value) annually—more than twice the entire purchase price of the territory. Considerable quantities of silver have also been produced, chiefly in connection with mining for gold.

It was the fur trade which attracted the Russians to Alaska, and since its transfer to the United States the value of fur shipments in a single year from that territory has amounted to nearly a million dollars. Pelts are obtained from seals, otter, beaver, mink, musk rat, ermine, lynx and various kinds of foxes.

Another important source of wealth from Alaska has been the fisheries. The total value of the finished products in all branches of fishing, including salmon, cod, halibut, herring and whales, has exceeded $18,000,000 in a single year. Canned salmon is of especial importance now in providng food for our armed forces.

Alaska has a practically inexhaustible supply of timber, suitable for building, for making wood pulp and other products. It is estimated that within five miles of tidewater enough timber can be cut every year to supply one-fourth of the entire newsprint needs of the United States, without making any appreciable inroads on the forests.

Another of Alaska's great potentialities is farming, and the raising of cattle and sheep. The territory is said to have something like 65,000 square miles suitable for agriculture, but only a small percentage of this is under cultivation at the present time. Hay, grain, and many varieties of fruits and vegetables can be grown, for although the growing season in some sections is short, there are at that latitude long hours of sunlight during the summer months, which induces rapid growth and early maturity.

The Rocky Mountain range has its northern terminus in Alaska, you will remember, and Mt. Mckinley, with an elevation of 20,300 feet, is the highest peak on the North American continent. Alaska also has several active volcanoes, chief among them being Mt. Katmai, which had a violent eruption in 1912. While some of the mountain peaks are perpetually snow-clad, only the northern third of Alaska can be said to have a distinctly Arctic climate. You will note by glancing at a world map that Alaska is in about the same latitude as Sweden and Denmark, but the warm waters and winds of the Pacific give the whole southern seaboard such a comparatively mild climate that some towns in Alaska are, on an average, cooler in summer and warmer in winter than New York, Chicago or St. Louis. What is known as the Alaska peninsula and the Aleutian islands which extend in a westernly direction from it, have a mean annual temperature of about 40 degrees. Fogs are frequent, however, as we have learned from the news dealing with the efforts of our armed forces to oust the Japs from their toehold in the Aleutians.

It is not a military secret that among the air pilots engaged against

the Japanese in Alaska are a number of boys from North Carolina and other southern states, although of course their names and the names of the bases where they are stationed may not be disclosed. Some of the Tar Heel flyers, however, have participated in the air-raids that caused the the Japs to withdraw their forces from the islands of Attu and Agattu, and are still engaged in raining destructive bombs upon Kiska, the only place in the Aleutians still known to be occupied by the Nipponese.

It would be quite fitting on the seventy-fifth anniversary of the purchase of Alaska by the United States, if it would be possible for the American flyers, including those from North Carolina, to make such an effective attack upon the Jap installations at Kiska as to destroy the last evidences of their having occupied any portion of the Alaskan territory.

GROWING LIBRARIES

Reports from the North Carolina library commission show a good increase in library service In the state in the past six years. In 1936 North Carolina had 37 counties without any libraries; now it has only eight. In 1936 the state had 44 counties without country-wide library service. Thirty-three of them have bookmobiles.

Much has been accomplished by state aid to county library systems in the two years of its existence. All the counties of the state except 23 are receiving such aid, which amounts to nearly $900 a year for each county participating.

During the decade 1930-1940 libraries in North Carolina had a considerable growth; the number of volumes, circulation and other indexes of service practically doubled.

President Roosevelt in his message to the American Library Association meeting in Milwaukee in June said:

"You (librarians) are on guard not only against the threat of violence and destruction that may come to our libraries from beyond our borders but also against the slower death by neglect and disparagement that may imperil them from within. In your charge is the living record of all that man has accomplished in the long labor of liberty. By keeping that record always before the eyes of the American people you give them renewed strength in their struggle against the dark backwash of tyranny."

The decade 1940-1950 shold see an even greater increase in library service than the last one saw. North Carolina has good people in a good land; what it needs most to grow and prosper is exactly what the libraries have to give—knowledge and wisdom.—Greensboro Daily News.

THE ART OF CATCHING STEP

(Home Missions)

The first thing raw recruits are taught is to walk together—they have to learn the art of catching step. This is a great attainment. The world is a big corporation in which all of us hold stock, but dividends are paid in proportion to the co-operative spirit. The man who learns the art of catching step with the onward going spirit of God; who knows how to walk with his fellows in a progressive, optimistic, onward-looking, soul-absorbing, world-redeeming program is the man who receives life's largest dividends.

Men do not like a croaker. Pessimism is pernicious. The pimple-picker is a nuisance. The chronic fault-finder is a hinderer. The man who can always see some defect, and find some fault, and make some criticism, if he sees nothing else, is an obstructer in a world where helpers are needed.

Catching step is idealistic. There is the true pace, and he who catches step with it has caught the ideal and sets a model for men in his walk.

Moses caught step with the Infinite and led a nation into the promised land. Paul caught step with the program of God and rooted Christianity in the life of the world. Luther caught step with the Holy Spirit and broke the papal power and gave religious freedom to men.

The art of catching step is constructive. Do not tell us our faults simply, but by setting a better pace teach us how to walk correctly. Nagging criticisms annoy the soul, but constructive suggestions are light to the heart. He who catches step with the truth can lead his fellows out of error, while he who breaks rank with one error only to take on another simply confuses.

Remember that opinions should not be made matters of conscience and that a man may die for a notion and think he is dying for a principle. The world needs builders or ideals rather than breakers of shams.

The art of catching step finds its technique in selecting the right step to catch. With whom shall we walk? There are the builders and the destroyers; the boosters and the breakers, the originators and the annihilators. God is a builder. Shall we not catch step with Him? If we do we shall walk in the forward-going paths of progress, speak the uplifting words of optimism, and do the constructive deeds of love and charity.

God is going on, and the man who stops not only breaks step but falls out of rank and is left behind.

———:———

No man is so foolish but he may sometimes give another good counsel, and no man so wise that he may not easily err if he takes no other counsel than his own. He that is taught only by himself has a fool for a master.—Ben Johnson.

THE CONTINUNITY OF LIFE AND OF LABOR

(N. C. Christian Advocate)

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths; In feelings, not in figures on a dial. We should count time by heart throbs. He most lives who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

To cut life into segments seems essential in the modern order of man's life and labors. We reckon time by days, months and years, and our labors follow such division in the rounds of cycles. Too often the continuity of life is forgotten, then we fail to view human life as a whole. Even our early carrer is cut into brief segments, to say nothing of man's continuity here and hereafter. How few of us look on life's plan as a whole embracing both sides of the grave. The old preachers made much of our pilgrim stage here in these earthly days of preparation for the more settled and abundant life in the home of high. This tended to make great preachers who could sweep the vast eternities. Now a youngster burdened with academic degrees works out a religious homily to guide and encourage men here below with little inspiration of God's larger place for the soul of man.

Worse than that, many college men count their graduation day the completion of life's preparation rather than a fairly good beginning in the labors of the years in attaining the high and holy experiences of the eternities. Such men are close akin to the Methodist preachers who consider the work of a conference year as a distinct segment of life instead of regarding it as a few days of high and holy daring in the whole of life's entire process.

These are the men who are apt to move every year instead of their making each year to count for so much that soon they will be wanted everywhere.

Wise is the man who believes the whole of life is the gift of God and is divine.

"Be still, sad heart! and cease repining,
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all;
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary."

———:———

We are fighting this war for the preservation of righteousness, law and order, but above all for the preservation of the freedoms which have been conferred upon us by the glorious heritage of our American citizenship, and for these same freedoms in other countries of the United Nations.

—Ambassador Joseph C. Grew.

INSTITUTION NOTES

"In The Navy" was the chief attraction at the motion picture show last Thursday night, at which time a comedy, "Fair Today," was shown. Both are Universal productions.

—:—

Our farm forces are still busy harvesting crops. The past week has been spent in threshing lespedeza seed, and digging, sorting and storing sweet potatoes. The potatoes were placed in our curing house, where they will be thoroughly cured by electricity

—:—

We recently learned that Edgar (Red) Jackson, formerly of Cottage No. 8, is now a member of the United States Marine Corps. We don't know his present location, our information coming from another lad in this branch of service simply stated that Red was taking basic training at Parris Island, South Carolina, at the time he was there.

—:—

Superintendent Hawfield, accompanied by Messrs. C. B. Barber, John D. Corliss and Frank Liske, spent last Monday and Tuesday in Asheville. They attended the sessions of the Juvenile Division of the American Press Association, at the annual convention held in the Western North Carolina city. They reported that all the meetings they attended were both interesting and instructive.

—:—

A committee from the Cabarrus County Grand Jury, now is session in Concord, visited the School last Tuesday morning. After making an inspection of the various departments at the institution, they expressed themselves as being delighted with the condition of the School's plant and the work being carried in here. The members of this committee were: Messrs. B. L. Hammill, H. B. Smith, J. R. Randolph and Everett Cook, all of Concord.

—:—

Winley Jones, of Cottage No. 9 and James Shell, of Cottage No. 8, were taken to Gastonia and Charlotte, respectively, last Tuesday afternoon, for medical treatment and observation. Winley, who has been undergoing treatment at the North Carolina Orthopedic Hospital, Gastonia, for some time, went to that institution for observation. James has been treated by Dr. Gaul, of Charlotte, for several weeks, and went to him for a check-up. We are glad to report that both lads are getting along fine.

—:—

Cotton picking is being carried on at top speed at the School these days. During the greater part of the week, the boys in most of the School rooms were pressed into service in order to speed up this work. Weather conditions were ideal for picking cotton, and, while we dislike the idea of keeping boys from their studies, it was decided that in such an emergency, such a course of procedure would be proper, for in these war times, everything possible should be done to gather all crops in the best possible condition.

—:—

James Finley, formerly of Cottage No. 7, who left the School, July 1, 1937, visited us last Thursday morning. He returned to his home in Marion upon leaving the institution and

for a little more than six months was an enrollee in a CCC camp. This young man is now about twenty-three years old, has been married three years, and has a boy, aged two years and a girl, one year old. For the past three years he has been employed as truck-driver for the Allied Van Lines, of Chicago, working out of the district headquarters at Asheville. He was hauling a load of freight through this section, and said that he just had to stop in and say "hello" to old friends at the School.

—:—

Our school principal reports the winners of the Barnhardt Prize for the quarter ending September 30, 1942, as follows:

First Grade—Howard Combs, greatest general improvement; Second Grade—Robert Allen, most improvement in reading; Third Grade—Clifford Spriggs and Hurley Bell, greatest general improvement; Fourth Grade—Harry Wilson and Frank Workman, greatest general improvement; Fifth Grade—Charles Simpson, greatest improvement in arithmetic; Sixth Grade—Donald Hobbs and Thomas Barnes, best all-round students; Seventh Grade—Charles Phillips and Wilbur Hardin, greatest general improvement. ,

—:—

Richard Bailey formerly of Cottage No. 5 and a member of the carpenter shop force, called at The Uplift office last Monday. This young fellow, now twenty-eight and one-half years old, left the School, Mardh 23, 1931. For the past twelve years he has been employed by the Dr. Pepper Bottling Company, of Charlotte, working as sign-painter, advertising man, salesman and truck driver. The fact that Richard has stayed with the firm for such a long time would indicate that his services have been satisfactory and that he has been getting along well. He proudly informed us that he has been married more than eight years, and had a girl, aged seven years and a three-year-old son.

—:— ,

Jack Batson, one of our old boys, who left the School, May 9, 1940, was a visitor here last Wednesday. Shortly after returning to his home in Wilmington, he decided to join the United States Navy, and enlisted May 24, 1940. While at the institution, Jack was a member of the Cottage No. 12 group, was employed in the laundry part of the time, and for a few months before leaving he was a house boy at the infirmary.

Jack told us that he was aboard the U. S. S. "Lexington," one of Uncle Sam's airplane carriers, when it was sunk, May 8, 1942 during the Battle of Coral Sea. Being rated as second-class cook, he stated that he was at work in the ship's galley when the first enemy torpedo struck her amidship at 6:30 in the morning. When the torpedo wrecked the galley, a gas stove on which he was cooking exploded, and he received a bad cut on the leg and a slight head injury. Donning life-belts, he and other members of the crew in that part of the ship dived overboard, and were picked up by a hospital ship. Since returning to the United States, he has been in San Deigo, California, but in a few days will report for duty at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. He expressed the desire to be assigned to the new "Lexington" when she is put into service. Accompanying Jack on this visit to the School were Pvt. J. N. Crowson

and Pvt. W. C. Garrow, of the United States Marine Corps, and PFC Clarence E. Tucker, of the Second Armored Division, U. S. A.

—:—

Rev. L. C. Baumgarner, pastor of St. Andrew's Lutheran Church, Concord, conducted the service at the School last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson he read Matthew 13:24-35, and the subject of his message to the boys was the parable of the sower.

The speaker began by saying there are certain things in this familiar parable which remind us of life itself. No farmer would think of sowing weeds, he uses only the best seed he can find. Of course, in all sowings, many weeds may be found, and they must be destroyed in order that a good crop may be harvested. When compared with everyday life, we realize this parble was a way in which Jesus taught his listeners. He illustrated His great lessons with something familiar to them. All sorts of sins and wickedness are mixed in with the good in all walks of life, and must be overcome, if our lives are to be worthwhile.

Rev. Mr. Baumgarner then called attention to the question asked by the servants, concerning where the weeds came from. His reply was they were the work of an enemy. So it is in modern life. The enemy is planting viscious seeds into the hearts and minds of mankind, causing untold sorrow and suffering. It does not make much difference what we call the evil seed which is being sown, the seeds are still there. To simply say that we do not believe in the devil, and the work he is doing, will not free us from the evils that surround us. That would not make the world safe. We know there are evil forces at work in this and all other lands, which must be overpowered before mankind is safe.

It is necessary to fight these evils, said the speaker, and no man can teach those things that are upright unless he has the enemy right at his heels. Vice is ever present, striving with all its strength to get some hold on life. Many are being tempted today, and the purpose of the tempter is to create doubt in people's minds concerning the things they have learned from the teachings of the Master. We are never free from these temptations, and need to fortify ourselves against all attacks. The enemy is constantly trying to keep us away from the path the leads to the right. We find it far more difficult to follow Jesus that to follow the devil, and must be on our guard at all times.

Rev. Mr Baumgarner then asked the question—why are there weeds in life's garden? There is so much good in men's lives that it is hard to understand why there should be any evil in them. Some ask this question in good faith, while others ask with a sneer, pointing a finger of scorn at the church and its work. This is the enemy at work, trying to find fault with Christ's followers.

There is nothing for Christians to do but acknowledge this existance, and keep on trying to live according to God's will as best they can. We know that God understands our circumstances in life; that He is willing to accept our prayers when we are in a penitent mood; and will forgive our many shortcomings. There is nothing more we could desire than to have the assurance that we have an understand-

ing God, and that He will help if we do our part.

A field into which good seed has been planted is always the point of attack, said the speaker. The forces of evil always strike at those who are trying to live right. The tempter seeks to lead Christians away from God—on to certain destruction. If we pay heed to the enemy, we are sowing the seed that is able to destroy Christian life. We must be on guard against such an occurrence. That is the true way of life.

In conclusion. Rev. Mr. Baumgarner stated that youth is the springtime or seed time of life. It is only by sowing good seeds into the hearts and lives of the youth of the land, that they will become real followers of Christ.

———:———

A LASTING PEACE

Behold the monutain of the Lord
In latter days shall rise.
On mountain tops above the hills,
And draw the wondering eyes.
To joyful nations round
All tribes and tongues shall flow;
Up to the hill of God, they'll say,
And to His house we'll go.

The beam that shines from Sion's hill
Shall lighten every land;
The King who reigns in Salem's towers
Shall all the world command.
Among the nations He shall judge;
His judgments truth shall guide;
His sceptre shall protect the just,
And quell the sinner's pride.

No strife shall rage, nor hostile feuds
Disturb those peaceful years;
To plowshares men shall beat their swords,
To pruning hooks their spears.
No longer hosts encountering hosts
Shall crowds of slain deplore:
They'll hang the trumpet in the hall,
And study war no more.

—Selected.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending Cotober 18, 1942

RECEIVING COTTAGE
Leonard Melton
Ira Montgomery
Charles Pearson
Weaver Ruff
Paul Smith
Lee St. Clair
James Watts
L. P. Whitley
Harry Wilson
Charles Young

COTTAGE NO. 1
Albert Allen
James Brigman
Oscar Carter
Paul Childers
Wade Fisher
David Howard
Leonard Lovelace
Jack Reeves
Leonard Robinson
Kenneth Tipton
Frank Walker

COTTAGE NO. 2
William Butler
Dewell Cooper
John Crumpler
Bernice Hoke
Milton Koontz
William Lewis
Luther McIntyre
Banks McKnight
John Pritchard
Thomas Roper
Charles Tate
Newman Tate
Peter Tuttle

COTTAGE NO. 3
Hurley Bell
Fred Bostian
Charles Beal
James Blake
Donald Daniels
Albert Hames
Arthur Ingle
Ralph Powell
William Painter
William Pegram
Earl Smith
John Tolley

COTTAGE NO. 4
Jack Bright
William Broadwell
Joseph Case
Leroy Childers
Charles Simpson
Robert Sprinkle
Jesse Williamson

COTTAGE NO. 5
Eugene Kermon
Allen Morris
John Mazoo

COTTAGE NO. 6
Elgin Atwood
Kenneth Caldwell
Robert Hobbs
Gerald Kermon
Marvin Lipscomb
Chester Lee
Rufus Massingill
Jacob Myers
Jesse Peavy
Hayes Powell
Reitzel Southern
John Rhodes
Wesley Turner
William Ussery
William Wilkerson

COTTAGE NO. 7
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 8
Cecil Bennett
Jesse Cunningham
Frank Workman

COTTAGE NO. 9
(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE NO. 10
James Bell
C. W. Cline
Jerome Harris
Edward Loftin
William Morgan
Charles Phillips

Joseph Patterson
James Spear
Durham Smith
Clifford Spriggs
William Young

COTTAGE NO. 11
Bert Barnhardt
Noah Brown
William Guffey
Horace Guffey
A. B. Hoyle
T. B. Nowell
Everett Stamey
Ray Taylor

COTTAGE NO. 12
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 13
Thurman Daniels
Paul Green
Vernon Green
Donald Hobbs
William O'Brien
Russell Stikes

COTTAGE NO. 14
Robert Bailey
Wilton Barfield
Robert Caudle
Aubrey Fargis
Vernon Harding
Robert Holbert
Lawrence Hord
William Lane
William E. Lanford
Roy Mumford
Robert Moose
Charles Pitman
Robert Travis
Alvis Watkins
Thomas Ware
Theodore Young

COTTAGE NO. 15
Hiram Atkinson
James Cantrell
Fred Jenkins
Frank Jones

INDIAN COTTAGE
Raymond Brooks
Roland Brooks
Frank Chavis
James E. Hall
Ernest Jacobs
Leroy Lowry
James Lochlear
Lester Lochlear
Alphonso Williamson

INFIRMARY
Roy Jones
Robert Padgett
James Shell

HOME

It is more than brick and mortar with a roof to shed the storm; is is more than walls and windows, with a hearth to keep us warm.

It is more than just a tavern where hungry mouths are fed; or, when the journey's ended, where we rest our weary head.

It isn't just a hang-out when there's nothing else to do; or to which we wander slowly when the nightly "dates" are through.

It's a haven when we're battered by the tempest of the day; where there's peace and understanding that will chase our cares away.

It's the place our hearts return to, though our errant feet may roam; it's our earthly bit of Heaven; its that paradise called Home.

(c) Dean R. B. House
University of North Carolina

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXX CONCORD, N. C., OCTOBER 31, 1942 No. 44

GIVING OUR BEST

Every feat of heroism makes us forever indebted to the man who performed it. All of us are poorer for every base or ignoble deed done by an American, for every instance of selfishness or weakness or folly on the part of the people as a whole. If we ever had to meet defeat at the hands of a foreign foe, every man among us worthy of the name American would feel dishonored and abased. On the other hand, the memory of every triumph won by Americans, by just so much helps to make each American nobler and better. Every man among us is more fit to meet the duties and responsibilities of citizenship, because of the blood, and sweat, and tears, the labor and anguish which, in the days that have gone, our fathers moved on to triumph.

—Theodore Roosevelt.

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S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor
LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

A GOOD THING FOR ALL AMERICANS

It is a good thing for all Americans, and it is an especially good thing for young Americans, to remember the men who have given their lives in war and peace to the service of their fellow countrymen, and to keep in mind the feats of daring and personal prowess done in the past by some of the many champions of the nation in the various crises of her history. Thrift, industry, obedience to law, and intellectual cultivation are essential qualities in the make-up of any successful people; but no people can be really great unless they possess the heroic virtues which are as needful in time of peace as in time of war, and as important in civil as in military life. As a civilized people we desire peace, but the only peace worth having is attained by instant readiness to fight when wronged—not by unwillingness or inability to fight at all. Intelligent foresight in preparation and known capacity to stand well in battle are the surest safeguards against war. America will cease to be a great nation when her young men cease to possess energy, daring and endurance, as well as the wish and power to fight the nation's foes. No citizen of a state should wrong any man; but it is not enough merely to refrain from infringing on the rights of others; he must be able and willing to stand up for his own rights and those of his country against all comers, and he must be ready at any time to do his full share in resisting either malice, domestic or foreign levy.—Theodore Roosevelt.

———:———

NAVY DAY

In practically all sections of the United States, last Tuesday, October 27th, was celebrated as Navy Day. Because the late President Theodore Roosevelt was a consistent advocate of a strong navy, the anniversary of his birthday, October 27, 1858, was selected for Navy Day, as a tribute to his memory.

The first observance of Navy Day was on October 27, 1922, and at the same time a conference was on in Washington among the powers who seemed to be striving to put an end to competitive naval construction. It re-kindled the hope in the hearts of millions that this would eventually lead to virtual disarmament by all nations.

What happened to it is history, but the United States was the last to abandon the idea. This country sacrificed most and, of course, was the heaviest loser. Just to show our faith, we scrapped about $350,000,000 in ships of war, many of them in the process of construction. The thought is not very comforting when we realize how Uncle Sam was taken for such a nice little ride—and how badly we need those ships now!

One hundred and sixty-seven years ago, a committee of three men, John Adams, Silas Dean and John Langdon, purchased the merchant ship "Black Prince," of Philadelphia. Re-named the "Alfred," this vessel had the distinction of being the first ship in the United States Navy. These men were appointed by Congress, through the efforts of George Washington, as a Naval Committee responsible for the purchase of two vessels. An original appropriation of $100,000 was increased several days later, making possible the purchase of four ships—the latter three being named the "Columbus," "Cabot" and "Andrew Doria."

All true Americans are proud of the United States Navy, past and present. It has shed glory on our country's flag in war and in peace. In other days when might was the rule of the sea, its colors were never lowered to a foe. From the time of John Paul Jones up to the familiar names of naval men in the current news, the fame of the American Navy has spread to the four corners of the universe, and by the time the present World War comes to a close, the United States Navy will share in the plaudits accorded the victors.

* * * * * * * * *

HALLOWE'EN

More than thirteen centuries ago, November 1st was celebrated by pagans as "All Spirits' Day," at which time spirits, both good and evil, were believed to be roaming the earth. At about the same time of the year, the ancient Druids also celebrated their harvest festival, and many strange ceremonies were performed. After the pagans adopted Christianity, many of their strange customs were still observed, including those with which we are familiar as the Hallowe'en diversions of today. Hallowe'en, the evening of October 31st, is so called because it is the eve of the Christian festival of

All Saints. The name means "holy eve," a time originally set apart to honor the memory of all saints.

In modern times, the evening of the thirty-first of October is one very popular with the young people. It is a time for gayety and pranks; a night to play at being ghosts, fairies and witches. The building of huge bonfires, cracking of nuts, bobbing for apples floating in tubs of water, the telling of fortunes and blood-curdling ghost stories, are all relics of paganism. In this country the young folks make merry by playing various tricks, dressing in odd costumes, and making "whoopee" in general. There is nothing to be said against these practices so long as those thus engaged keep their actions within the bounds of clean fun and common decency, and do not let their pranks develop into such lawless practices as the destruction of property or causing painful injuries to those with whom they come in contact during the celebration of Hallowe'en. There is no fun in such doings, and those participating in such deeds are defeating the true purpose of the occasion.

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BELLS INTO BOMBS

A visitor to the office one day last week told of seeing three church bells in the heap of scrap in a nearby city. The bells had been donated by three churches. The bells were to be turned into bombs. That is so wrong. Bombs should be turned into church bells and not church bells into bombs. The sad fact is however that it is the wrong way and the bells will be turned into bombs. No longer will the sound be sweet on a quiet Sabbath morning, but the whine of the falling bomb will strike terror to the heart that the exploding bomb will cause to be still for ever more. And yet there is something fine in the sight of the three church bells in a great pile of scrap iron. Those church bells will never ring again but they will stay the hand of the dictator who would also destroy the chimes. The church bells are going into silence in order that the chimes may continue to pray, "Long may our land be bright with freedom's holy light. Protect us by thy might, great God our King." These church bells becoming bombs is not so wrong as our young men becoming soldiers. The bells were not made to become bombs nor did we raise our sons

to become soldiers, but we are faced with that fact right now. And both for the same purpose, the bells, that the chimes may proclaim freedom, and our young men who declare that the children shall grow up in a land of the free. If it is right to make bombs out of bells, and soldiers, sailors and aviators out of our young men—and we think it is—then there is no sacrifice the rest of us can make that should not be made willingly, gladly, and with fiery enthusiasm to the end that we too shall have a part in making the world a place where free men may worship God according to the dictates of their consciences.—Charity & Children.

* * * * * * * *

Neutral Switzerland is as much at war as any Axis or Allied nation, with the sole exception of battling armies. Conditions growing out of a virtual double blockade—by the Axis and the Allies—has forced the Swiss government to assume control over all phases of the national economy. Today Switzerland, a thoroughly democratic nation at heart, is a completely socialistic state against its own will. The struggle for sheer existence has compelled strict regulations for everything, from timber cutting and running a chemical plant to the opening of a poultry farm. This carries also the most rigid price control, neither farmers, laborers nor business groups are allowed to use pressure to obtain special privileges. To alleviate food shortages, in its small territory of 15,737 square miles, of which 23 per cent is waste land, 22 per cent thickly forested, and with a dense population to be cared for, the Swiss authorities are striving to reach the remarkable goal of 1,235,000 acres of productive land. Early in 1939, when the danger of shortage began to threaten the government encouraged the people to lay in a few months' supply of food and gave instructions concerning the types of food to be conserved and the best way to preserve them. Necessity has spurred Swiss ingenuity to discover that tobacco seeds contain 40 per cent of good quality cooking oil which can be used without refining. Farming for food, however, is spelling the doom of Switzerland's dairy herds, and therefore of her delicious Sweitzer cheese.

—The Lutheran.

GREATER EMPHASIS NEEDED

From all sources, the information that has come to us is to the effect that many changes in the general trend of affairs will take place. Each day, things vital to physical, spiritual and mental progress have, for some reason, been forgotten. In the following article taken from the Morganton-News-Herald, we learn there are educators who see the weak links in the educational program of our country:

> It might be surprising to some readers to learn that in a nation-wide survey made by the New York Times, it is found that 82 per cent of the colleges and universities do not require any study of American history for an undergraduate degree, and 72 per cent do not require it for admission. Less than 10 per cent of the total undergraduate body was enrolled in American history classes last spring semester. It would seem that today, if ever, we should have a deeper understanding of the democratic way of life as built through the years by men and women risking their lives, honor and private fortunes to obtain this democracy. In order to be fully prepared for citizenship, to appreciate the heritage which they are handed, it should be necessary for our young people to become familiar with the political life of our nation in its early days, its religious and cultural struggle, building in character and with force a republic of importance. So the college student is permitted to graduate without American history but he has taken swimming to round out his course. American history may yet find its rightful place on the roster of college required subjects, developing in each student an awareness of our historical growth.

PLANS FOR OUR LIBRARY

By S. G. Hawfield

A good library is generally recognized as an essential adjunct to any type of school. The books, if properly selected, will enrich and supplement the lessons of the classroom in numerous ways, and while it is not possible to measure the worth a library in terms of tangible units, there is probably little danger of over-emphasizing the importance of a real library.

But the library is not only a valuable aid to school work—it represents a vast reservoir of recreational reading material for the profitable use of one's leisure time. This is especially true of the boys in the Training School, most of whom are faced with long hours of undirected time. The use of books and the development of pleasure reading, we believe, will aid greatly in the rehabilitation of the maladjusted boy. Given the opportunity to choose and read the books he likes and books in keeping with his ability, he will find new avenues opening to him. Through them appeal may be made to his imaginative life and through their pages he may escape from unpleasant memories.

It is a fact that many of the boys come from homes that offered little or no encouragement for reading, and many of them have rebelled against formal education. Obviously many have various handicaps that have retarded their reading ability so that they are seriously deficient in the reading skills. A few have had experiences which have prematurely developed their emotions or cast heavy shadows over their hopes and aspirations. Hence there is every reason why wide reading opportunities are so important for delinquent boys.

In attempting to revamp and reorganize the library here at the Training School, a real effort will be made to select for future purchases good, wide-awake, rousing stories that will appeal to the boys. It is hoped that at least a thousand new books can be added during the year. In other years the King's Daughters organizations have been keenly interested in the library for the boys here, and they have done a magnificent job in this field. However, as would be true in any similar situation, a large percentage of the books has become obsolete and outmoded, and some are found to be beyond the reading level of the boys.

In making additions to the library in the future, the plans are to select books which have been designated and approved by the State Department of Public Instruction, books which will fit into a program of a standard school. A variety of subjects will be included such as appeal to the boy with mechanical interest; the one who loves sports; the youth who longs for adventure; the one who loves animal stories, or the one who wishes to lose himself in a flight of imagination. More than any other type of boy, these delinquents must be appealed to through their interests, their hobbies and their work experiences. Studies have proved that most boys will read what they are interested in once they have discovered that such books are available.

A very large proportion will be

books of fiction, and the others will include simple science and trades books, and those on sports and outdoor activities. Books of adventure, good sea stories, animal stories, books on hobbies and the like are typical of the kind of reading to be made available to the boys. Some of the books will have large type, numerous pictures and illustrations for those who do not read well.

The plans are to have a central library which will be under the direction of a full-time librarian, administered according to the best library procedure. This central library will be both a reading room and a depository from which books may be withdrawn for classroom or cottage use. All records will be kept in the central library, and all loans will orginate there.

It is also being planned to have in each cottage a collection of from 25 to 50 books placed in the boys' sitting room. These collections will be loaned from the central library, and changed frequently in order to offer at all times new reading material. By this interchange of books their interest value will be prolonged and the needs of the institution met more economically.

Some of the objectives of the library may be briefly stated as follows:

1—To stimulate the boys to enjoy and appreciate good books.
2—To teach the boys how to use books and libraries effectively.
3—To train the boys in the care of books.
4—To encourage the boys to supplement their classroom studies with printed materials other than textbooks.
5—To encourage the boys to develop effective attitudes and habits of reading for recreation and for information.
6—To encourage reading and thinking by providing proper reading materials.

The value of good books is expressed by quotations from prominent writers as follows:

Books are lighthouses erected in the great sea of time.—E. P. Whipple.

Books are those faithful mirrors that reflect to our mind the minds of sages and heroes.—Cardinal Gibbon.

I love to lose myself in other men's minds. When I am not walking, I am reading. I cannot sit and think; books think for me.—Charles Lamb.

God be thanked for books; they are the voices of the distant and the dead, and make us heirs of the spiritual life of the past ages.—Channing.

To use books rightly, is to go to them for help; to appeal to them when our own knowledge and power fail; to be led by them into wider sight and purer conception than our own, and to receive from them united sentence of the judges and councils of all time, against our solitary and unstable opinions.—Ruskin.

Books are masters who instruct us without rods or ferules, without words or anger, without bread or money. If you approach them, they are not asleep; if you seek them, they do not hide; if you blunder, they do not scold; if you are ignorant, they do not laugh at you.—Richard de Bury.

THE SCHOOL LIBRARY AND NATIONAL DEFENSE

By Mrs. Mary Peacock Douglas

Mrs. Mary Peacock Douglas, of Raleigh, who serves in the capacity of School Library Adviser, State Department of Public Instruction, made a special visit to Stonewall Jackson Training School, Thursday, October 22nd. The purpose of her visit was to counsel and plan with the School officials regarding the local library. She made suggestions as to the improvement of the appearance of the library; the proper selection of books; and the most appropriate uses of the library in its relationship to the work being carried on here.

Mrs. Douglas is a very capable person, and is widely known throughout the state. She is generally recognized among the state's leading educators as an authority in the field of library science. The following splendid article, written by Mrs. Douglas, appeared in a recent issue of "North Carolina Education":

American education today is faced with the problem of leading our youth to a greater appreciation of the struggles and achievements of the early American leaders who established civil and religious liberty, universal education, and the right to participate directly or through representatives, in all the affairs of government. It is faced also with the problem of leading youth to an appreciation of all types of occupations as means for preserving these liberties and of developing abilities for participating in all types of worthwhile work. In order to learn the real meaning of Americanism and of democracy, boys and girls must be supplied with books and other printed materials which give stirring pictures of those activities which have gone into the making of the American way of life. In order to achieve the ability to earn a livelihood, they must have materials for studying how to adjust themselves to economic and social situations.

The place which the library has in such a program has been most aptly expressed by William S. Gray in "The Importance of Intelligent Reading" Where he says: "There are two legs upon which a democracy stands; namely, the public schools which lay the foundation of an education, and libraries with books and periodicals which are means of continuing education throughout life. The service which the library renders begins in its work with children. 'For them it is the chief gateway to the world of books.' The school library expands and enriches classroom instruction and together with the public library, serves as a continuation school all through life. Through intelligent work with children the library has the power ultimately to lift the thinking of a whole community to higher levels."

The school library can be used first of all for supplying background information regarding our country and its ideals. Knowledge of its history, its great men, its economic life, its government, its literature—all contribute to a better understanding of our national life. Every school library should see that is is supplied with books on American life and its ideals. There should be books of fact and books of fiction. Poetry should not be

overlooked for it expresses thoughts and emotions in language which is so easy to recall. Who could forget Van Dyke's "America for Me" in which he tells of other lands and of his longing for home?

"So its home again, and home again, America for me!
My heart is turning home again, and there I long to be,
In the land of youth and freedom beyond the ocean bars,
Where the air is full of sunlight and the flag is full of stars."

The library must do more, however, than just supply background informational and inspirational material. It must be definitely aware of national and individual occupational needs and must be in position to supply books and materials of a vocational nature. There must be printed material on how to use a lathe as well as information of a general nature on woodworking and building trades. Other occupations which are promoted in the locality must be considered similarly. Where training can be secured in various fields and what possibilities there are for employment in these fields are questions which should find answers in the school or public library. The importance of work in a defense program cannot be over-emphasized.

Books and other printed materials have been used for more than five hundred years in disseminating information as a basis for critical judgment. Today as never before there is need for ability to search out facts and for ability to interpret facts in relation to life situations. The abundance of propaganda must be sifted to the end that truth may be made apparent. School libraries—all libraries—have a responsibility for providing materials which can be used for studying local, national, and international issues. Libraries should provide information on both sides of controversial questions and every effort should be made to interest students in acquiring sufficient information that they may be able to arrive at unbiased conclusions. There is need "to discover the principles of good government and to sift out those changes which are likely to lead in the direction of greater justice and truer freedom"; for justice and freedom are the bulwarks of our nation. In 1876, one hundred years after its founding, Sidney Lanier wrote of our country

Long as thine Art shall love true love,
Long as thy Science truth shall know,
Long as thine Eagle harms no Dove,
Long as thy Law by law shall grow,
Long as thy God is God above,
Thy brother every man below,
So long, dear Land of all my love,
Thy name shall shine, thy fame shall glow!

That is the way of Americanism, the democratic way of life. Printed materials that induce a critical study of the status quo, develop a spirit of co-operation for the common good, and permit full participation in evaluating policies will no doubt help to implant a spirit of liberty, a desire for achievement, an urge to serve humanity which in later years cannot be destroyed by enemies of Americanism who could bore from within and without.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

By Julian Street

In the early years of the last war, when German aggressions against the United States were piling up, and we were trying to talk our way out of trouble instead of meeting strength with strength, I was one of a little group of men who used to go for stimulus and comfort to Theodore Roosevelt.

"Let's go to Oyster Bay and take a treatment," we would say when we felt sunk, and always when we have been with the old tawny lion of Sagamore Hill for a little while, his courage and vitality would flow into us and we would light up with the holy fire.

The man who had been the youngest and most versatile of American Presidents, the greatest Republican President since Lincoln, was then a private citizen without party backing, but as always he was the leader of a spirited element in the nation. Up and down the land he went, preaching straight Americanism and the old heroic virtues without which no nation can be great. But the nation was slow to hear.

He spoke to me of that.

"The average man," he said. "does not want to be disturbed. He doesn't want to be called upon to leave his business and his family and do a distinctly unpleasant duty. That is natural enough. Nevertheless you can appeal to the two soul sides of that man. If you appeal to his deepest sense of duty, to all that he has of strength and courage and high-mindedness, you can make him shake off his sloth, his self-indulgence, his shortsightedness, or his timidity, and stand up and do and dare and die at need, just as the men of Bunker Hill and Trenton and Yorktown and Gettysburg and Shiloh did and dared and died."

Love of country was the predominant passion of Theodore Roosevelt's life. It was he who first perceived this nation's larger destiny and led us toward it. We must be strong. He advocated universal military training for young men for national safety, discipline and health. He founded the modern American navy, and having done so was not content to see it rust.

When Europe was slow to recognize our increased stature Roosevelt compelled attention to it. With territorial aspirations Germany sent a squadron to Venezuela, but Roosevelt reasserted the Monroe Doctrine and backed it with the fleet. So that the navy could be switched quickly from ocean to ocean he built the Panama Canal. To advertise American power he sent a fleet of 16 battleships around the world. The first "courtesy call' made by this fleet was on truculent Japan, and the effect upon Japan was salutary. "Perdicaris alive, or Raisouli dead," was his formula when an American citizen was held for ransom by a Moroccan brigand, and Mr. Perdicaris was quickly set free.

In 1905 he wrote his English friend Cecil Spring-Rice: "My object is to keep America in trim so that fighting her shall be too expensive and dangerous a task lightly to be undertaken by anybody."

Stupid people used to call him bloodthirsty and say he wanted war when what he wanted was strength to avoid

war. Long before the last war he was considering an organization of nations for peace.

"We must strive for peace always," he said, "but we must never hesitate to put righteousness above peace . . . National righteousness without force back of it speedily becomes a matter of derision."

During his terms in office this supposed swashbuckler not only kept the nation out of wars but stopped a great war, and for doing so was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize.

To this day his statesmanship and foresight continue to be revealed. Innumerable instances might be cited, but I select as an example the fact that in the Fall of 1914 he said that if Germany subjugated England she would probably ally herself with Japan and within a few years make a joint attack on the United States.

Once I asked him if he thought he had genius.

"Most emphatically not," he answered, and spoke of occupations at which he wished to excel but according to his statement did not excel. He said he was not a first-rate horseman ("My hands aren't good") or boxer (" My arms are too short"), or shot ("I'm blind in one eye"), or orator ("I haven't a good voice"), or writer ("Except perhaps that I have a good instinct and a liking for simplicity and directness"). Yet he was the former colonel of Roosevelt's Rough Riders, and had supplied the Museum of National History with its famous collection of African big game, was one of the most formidable political campaigners this country ever saw, and an author who if he achieved nothing else in life would have earned solid fame through his books.

"If I have anything at all resembling genius," he said, "it is the gift for leadership. Men will follow me." And he added: "To tell the truth, I like to believe that by what I have accomplished without great gifts I may be source of encouragement to American boys."

His thought for American boys was characteristic, for he had a special tenderness for children. As a child he had struggled with ill-health and his rugged body had been built up only by sheer determination. And that was what he wanted all of us to have—the kind of determination that makes a people strong and rugged and virle and united. Throughout his mature life he urged those qualities upon us and sometimes he was abused for doing it.

Thinking of this I once said to him that I did not see how he had kept from becoming cynical about mankind.

"I am not cynical," he replied, "because I have observed that just when our people seem to be altogether beyond hope, they have a way of turning round and doing something perfectly magnificent."

As our little group used to go in the old days to Theodore Roosevelt for stimulus and comfort, those of us who remain turn to him in memory. Often it seems to me I know as if I had just been talking with him what he would think and feel today.

His first thought would be for the men of Wake and Midway and the Philippines, those all too few heroic men whose deeds belong to history and the poets.

His next thought would be for us, and it would be colored with uneasiness lest our traditional feeling of safety from attack make us incredu-

lous and complacent, so that we take too long to reach the point of "doing something perfectly magnificent."

And perhaps he would repeat to us the message delivered in a speech he made in 1899:

"I preach to you, then, my countrymen that our country calls not for the life of ease, but for the life of strenuous endeavor. The Twentieth Century looms before us big with the fate of many nations. If we stand idly by, if we seek merely swollen, slothful ease and ignoble peace, if we shrink from the hard contests where men must win at hazard of their lives and at the risk of all they hold dear, then the bolder and stronger people will pass by us and will win for themselves the domination of the world.

"Let us therefore boldly face the life of strife, resolute to do our duty well and manfully; resolute to uphold righteousness by deed and by word; resolute to be both honest and brave, to serve high ideals, yet to use practical methods. Above all, let us not shrink from strife, moral or physical, within or without the nation, provided we are certain the strife is justified; for it is only through strife, through hard and dangerous endeavor, that we shall ultimately win the goal of true national greatness."

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JUMP RIGHT IN AND DO IT

When on you a job is laid,
Do it.
Jump right in, don't be afraid,
Do it.
Bosses never walk about
Giving work to men they doubt;
But when they pick you out,
Do it.
Stick right there and play the man
Do it.
They who ordered, think you can,
Do it.
Never doubt yourself, but say,
"They have faith in me or they
Would not throw this chance my way,
So, I'll do it."

—Selected.

THE BOOM IN MICA

(The State)

A man who owns a mica mine in North Carolina these booming days is a fortunate man indeed.

The curious shiny stuff is being turned up at a record rate—under government stimulus—and prices have doubled since the war began, ranging from 22 cents to $16 a pound. More than 175 new mines have been opened in the last 90 days, and diggings which had not been worked since the aborigines hacked out mica for ornamentation are once more in production.

Spruce Pine, in Mitchell County, is the capital of the mica country—where for 40 years 61 per cent of all U. S. mica has been mined. The town today is seeing more feverish trading, leasing, and prospecting than it has seen since World War I.

Mica is a mineral used exlusively in its original form of compound. It occurs in blocks, and is peeled by hand into thin, usually transparent, sheets. Seven grades run from clear to black, and three-quarters of the production is scrap.

Sheet and "punch" mica (pieces large enough to punch into small sheets) is essential in the eletrical industry. Formerly most of it came from Madagascar. Now Uncle Sam's new mechanized forces need the sheet badly—not only in the ignition systems of his machines, but as shield to protect machine parts against desert sand and jungle dirt. One of its properties is a resilience which glass does not possess, and another is its ability to withstand extreme heat. Once it was used for "windows" of old-fashioned bellying base burners, and as windows in folding rain curtains of automobiles and buggies. Scrap mica is ground into a dust and used in the manufacture of rubber, paint, wall paper and insulation.

In 1940, North Carolina produced a million pounds of sheet and punch mica and the War Production Board has ordered production increased to 3,000,000 pounds for the current (1942) year. Dr. J. L. Stuckey, N. C. State Geologist, isn't sure yet that the goal will be reached, but he says a lot of mica is coming out.

The military interest in mica has revolutionized methods in the industry. Mica occurs in erratic veins, with the vein suddenly jumping out of line, or petering out without warning. Consequently, with a few exceptions, most mining has been done on a modest and cautious scale, and mine-owners were reluctant to invest money in machinery sufficient for large-scale production. A lot of "shirt-tail" mining has been carried on for generations, and it was not infrequent for a farmer to mine a bit of mica in his backyard during the winter season. When his shaft reached the water line, he often would abandon the enterprise entirely.

Faced with this harum-scarum technique, the government organized the Colonial Mica Company, a non-profit subsidiary of the Metals Reserve Corporation, itself a federal agency. A special priorities office under Sam Silver was set up in Raleigh to provide quick assistance to miners seeking machinery. The Colo-

nial Company brought compressors, drills, pumps and hoists to the field and rented the equipment to miners at the rate of 2 per cent per month of the value of the equipment.

The company also has brought in its own buyers and graders and ships from its own warehouse at Asheville.

As a consequence of this urging, many a shaft which never knew anything beyond pick and shovel is feeling the bite of modern drills, as Uncle Sam assumes the risk of frivolous veins. Several mines declared sterile for decades are open and old veins have been picked up once more. And mica in unheard of quantities is rolling toward plane, truck and tank factories, and many other arsenals.

The little boom has produced a crop of success stories, too. W. T. Foster, for instance, a veteran miner, recalled that once there was a freak mica mine in Lincoln County, far from the usual outcroppings. He searched through ancient geological records in Raleigh and found a report which located the mine, near Longdale, N. C. He bought the property, and today is mining a ton and a half of mica a day, using simple tools and three laborers. The vein, of high-grade rum mica, is one of the richest inthe state.

The search for strategic materials and for substitutes of critical materials has brought widespread activity to this section. North Carolina is called "Nature's Sample Case" because over 300 minerals occur in the state. Some of these, long classed as useless, are being investigated as substitutes.

Spodumene, a lithium bearing ore, is being exploited, and so is copper, olivine (magnesium), kaonite, talc, feldspar and vermiculite. Vermiculite is used as a filler in concrete to lighten it without robbing it of strength, and is also processed for use as an insulator.

Deposits of coal, manganese, iron and tin currently are being investigated by material-hungry industries.

There are comparatively few people who have any idea of the mineral resources of Western North Carolina. A goodly portion of these resources have yet to be developed. In view of present needs there is no question but that this development is going to be carried on more extensively than ever before.

The section of the state in the neighborhood of Spruce Pine doesn't have any of the large military bases or camps which have caused such a tremendous boom throughout the eastern and southern part of the state. But the demand for more minerals, such as those which we have just listed, means that many hundreds of men are being given employment and are making good money.

All lines of business have been helped, and many merchants say that they are selling more goods than ever before in the history of their establishments. The demand for these minerals is bound to continue at least for the duration of the war, and probably for some time afterwards as well, and that is why in several western counties a new era of prosperity apparently has opened up.

AMERICA WORD-CONSCIOUS TO A REMARKABLE DEGREE

By Frank Colby

Marconi started something when in 1896 the then young and unknown Italian inventor came to England and secured the first patent for wireless telegraphy. He believed that his invention had great possibilities in world-wide communication, but even he did not foresee the Tower of Gabble that was soon to thrust itself skyward from the foundation of his genius and bring to pass the ancient prediction of "Mother Shipton" that

> Around the earth thoughts shall fly In the twinkling of an eye.

Indeed, radio is accepted so matter-of-factly today that it is hard to believe that the first commercial broadcast was aired only twenty-two years ago. The infant has become a giant whose voice circles the globe with the speed of light.

Heretofore, the size of a speaker's audience was determined by the power of his lungs. The world's greatest orators were heard by mere handfuls. But today a president, a prime minister, a dictator speaks, a radio comedian revives an ancient wheeze, the gigantic projected image of a Hollywood actress murmurs, "I love you, darling," and the words are heard by untold millions in every civilized land.

This assembly line of the spoken word, for the first time since man became articulate, causes him to give thought to his speech from more than a purely local viewpoint. The American listener is becoming aware of his own shotcomings in pronunciation and usage, and he desires sincerely to correct his faults. In short, he is becoming word-conscious to a degree never before witnessed.

He buys a dictionary; he listens closely to the speech of radio and screen personalities— and he finds himself in a state of great confusion. He is baffled by the diacritical marks of the dictionaries; he finds that all English-speaking peoples do not talk alike; he does not understand why a word may have more than one "correct" pronunciation; he wonders if best usage is typified by the too often sirupy and overprecise accents of the radio announcer.

Yet, he is getting a firmer grip on his native tongue than he may realize. If he lives in Brooklyn, he is learning that "goil" for girl and "erl" for oil are naughty sounds that should be avoided. If he lives in Boston or Richmond, he begins to see that the broad A in such words as ask, after half, past, task, is not customary elsewhere. If he lives in the Middle West, he learns to take some of the bur-r-r-r out of his final "r's." If he lives in Texas, he tries to overcome the tendency to say "haow" for how, "naow" for now, "caow" for cow. If he lives in the deep South, he learns that such words as porch, four, and George do not have two syllables, as "poe-witch, foe-wuh, Jaw-widge."

His children are enrolling in speech

and language classes in ever increasing numbers; his wife studies "diction" and leads a weekly discussion on the subject of correct speech at the Women's Study Club; he is beginning to master the intricacies of dictionary pronunciations, and, indeed, becomes an occasional broadcaster during Community Chest, Red Cross, and War Bond Drives, and he assures himself, he sounds as good as "most of those announcers and commentators that are on the air."

Now, all this is a very encouraging sign that radio and pictures, with all their faults, are bringing about a decided change for the better in the American speech pattern. Already we are witnessing the first fruits of our speech revolution in the marked improvement among professional broadcasters and screen players, most of whom are beginning to abandon many of their pomposities, irritating affectations, and British precocities. In America, the current trend is strongly toward the adoption of a standard speech pattern that is natural, unaffected, and honestly American, and I for one am happy to see it come to pass and shall continue to devote my modest influence to that end.

But this is not to say that I either advocates or desire the abolishment of sectional dialects in America, such as the charming softness of Southern speech, the picturesque color of the West, the hearty tang of the down-Easter. But I shall be glad to see the day when we as a nation at last recognize unequivocally that we have a right to speak as we please, that we are no longer beholden to the dons of Oxford as criterions of what is correct in speech and writing, and that the greatest and most delicately expressive tongue the world has ever known is our own American language.

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AMERICA

I believe in America!

America, where a humble immigrant boy from Scotland could become the steel master;

America, where a plain mechanic could become an industrial giant;

America, where a telegraph operator could become the genius who lighted the world;

America, where a lanky, homely lad, born in a log cabin, could become the leader of free people;

America, where a man can stretch himself and grow;

America, where life is an adventure and the sky is the limit;

America, where the sun of inspiration and encouragement shines on men;

America, where the individual counts most and human personality is supreme.

I believe in America!

—Wilfred Peterson.

WE MUST

By S. White Rhyne, in The Lutheran

If there ever was a time when loyolty was needed, that time is now. Enemies are attacking, and in many cases capturing, our outer defenses. Some of our great fortresses have fallen. Sabotage, fifth column activities, and spying are going on to a limited degree in our very midst. Our citizenship, from the smallest child to the oldest man and woman, must be loyal.

A situation somewhat comparable to this is true in the church. This is a time for loyalty to be taught, preached, and practiced. There are enemies of the church. Some are old and some are new. Weak enemies have grown strong in the midst of the present world situation. All of these enemies are striking at our outer defenses; some are burrowing right into the inner life of our people. Among these enemies may be listed: (1) separation from the home church, (2) absence from home influence, (3) work and that tired feeling, (4) new experiences in new surroundings, (5) extra responsibilities and meetings, (6) fear, (7) hatred, (8) considering the church an extra, (9) increased cost of living, (10) transportation, (11) loss of leaders, (12) irregular and interrupted living schedules, (13) discouragement, (14) laziness, and (15) carelessness.

Most of these enemies of the church are not wrong in themselves. They become enemies of the church when they are made the excuse or the cause of neglect of or defection from the church. Many of them absorb the time, the thought, and the devotion of the people, and the people, not understanding the real purpose and place of the church, allow them to divert their interest, their support, and their attendance from the church and its activities.

Already the enemies have had some victories. The losses are small but they are significant. Enrollment in every educational activity of the church has decreased in the past year. These losses make inroads into the real life of the church much easier. They must not be allowed to increase. This articale is a definite call for loyalty to the educational activities of the church in any situation. The educational activities of the church are not extras that can be set aside in the midst of an emergency. They are vital to life. They are essential to help meet the emergency. We must depend upon them to instill into our people the truth in order that they may live and foster the truth in every situation.

If these enemies of the church are not to defeat the educational activities of the church every little boy and girl, every young person, and every man and woman in the church must show their loyalty. They must keep up attendance at Sunday school, weekday church school, vacation church school, meetings of the various organizations of the congregation, the catechetical class, and the services of the church. They must invite others. They must seek out the church wherever they may move. They must attend when they are tired, when it is difficult to get there,

and when there are any number of other obligations pressing themselves upon them. The regular activities must be put down as a "must" in these days. We must be loyal.

Many Sunday schools and other activities are going to weaken in the strain of the times. Their leaders may be called away; their programs may not be as interesting; their attendance may not be as large; but the members must keep on coming and take their regular places. This is a time for loyalty. Loyalty will hold the fort and help the church to march on in its mission.

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THE TALE BEHIND A PICTURE

A picture of a man's head hung for many years in the studio of one of our greatest painters. It was so striking a head that many spoke about it. To these, the painter would tell this moving tale.

One day, there came to a factory in the North of England a new workman. He was a silent man and did not inspire confidence in the others. Presently, it came out that he had been a convict.

This was too much for one of the workmen. In the presence of the ex-convict he proposed that a deputation should go to the manager, protesting against honest men having to associate with jail birds. The ex-convict said nothing . . . he walked off.

The workman who had spoken watched him go, then, overcome by repentance, he proposed that the man should be taken back. The others agreeing, he hastened out of the yard in search of the new hand. He was nowhere to be seen. From that day to this, he has never been heard of in those works.

So tremendous was the remorse of the workman whose hasty words had expelled him that he gave up all his spare hours to befriending people who had been in prison. Not only this: he made himself a missionary to chance people in the street, asking all who would stop to hear him to show kindness to ex-convicts. So he spent the rest of his life.

This story reached the ears of the great painter, G. F. Watts, and he sent for the man and painted his head; and there it hung in his studio continuing his work, for none who heard that story could withhold sympathy from those agencies which seek to help all prisoners and captives.—The Children's Newspaper.

BOOKS AS MEDICINE

By Grenville Kleiser

The principle object of your reading should be for the acquisition of useful knowledge and the strenthening, refining, and ennobling of your character.

Discriminate in your choice between good books and the best books. It is an excellent plan to have a great book always at your hand for convenient reading. Thus you can turn to good account many odd moments which otherwise might be squandered. It is surprising how even a little daily reading, continued for a few weeks or months, will multiply into something highly productive.

The great books of the world's master minds are at your service to use for your mental and spiritual culture. Three essential steps to knowledge are realization, assimilation, and utilization.

Lord Baldwin, whose last twenty years in Parliament were to him as hard and as difficult as have ever fallen to the lot of any man, tells how he found relief and recuperation from the reading of books.

At first, after his retirement from public life, he felt unable to do anything. He had spent the last ounce of his strength. In his condition of extreme weariness, even books made no appeal to him.

But one day he took up a copy of Wordsworth and read slowly, letter by letter, "The Excursion," and then "The Prelude".

It did him good. Still he could not concentrate on any subject for five minutes. He browsed among many books, but felt it was no use.

Then he happened upon Froude's Letters of Erasmus. The fine, sensitive mind of that author, whom he had not read for fifty years, fascinated and held him.

He read the book through and found, to his delight, that the poise he had lost was, by that simple means, being slowly and gradually restored to him.

From the reading of good books we learn that the process of culture is an unfolding and enrichment of the human spirit.

Not how many books we have read, but how many have we absorbed, is the test of our mental growth. Culture is never quantity. It is always quality of knowledge.

It is chiefly through books that we enjoy intercourse with superior minds. In the best books men talk to us, give us their most precious thoughts, and pour their hearts into ours. God be thanked for books!

To judge whether a book merits a full reading, it is desirable to scan it. Gladstone could glance quickly through the pages of a new book and determine whether it would be well to read it in its entirety.

A delightful diversion is to read poetry aloud. In this way you will better appreciate the melody and harmony of the words and the beauty of the phrasing.

Book friendships have certain things in common with human friendships. One of the pleasantest things about these childhood intimacies is the common memories that form a bond between two natures.

That is the case with books too. A great author once said that reading old books was his greatest pleasure, because each formed a milestone on the road of life.

In addiition to its own intrinsic merits, each has the added beauty of association. The more intimate we are with the best books, the more we shall find that true. Old books do more than revive thoughts; they have within their covers a whole host of memories, half-forgotten, which revive as soon as the phrases come to sight.

Enrichment and enlargement of life inevitably come from the illuminating contact with master minds. To know them in some degree is to know something worth while about humanity.

When you feed upon the imperishable food of great books, you are nourishing your mind for all time. Through your intimate contact with the master thinkers and writers of the ages, you are storing up priceless mental possessions.

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THE POWER OF THE PRESS

The esteem in which the American people hold their "free press" was emphasized recently during observance of National Newspaper Week. Contributions already made to the war effort by the National Press are noteworthy.

It addition to keeping the people "fully and truthfully informed", braving the "enemy fire", checkmating "enemy propaganda intended to demoralize and mislead our people", and taking its place "on the firing line of the war", the U. S. newspaper fraternity has assisted our war effort in a very practical and substantial way.

According to The New York Herald Tribune, 300,000 newsboys sold $50,000,000 in war stamps up to September 10. More than 10,000 daily and weekly newspapers and 200 other periodicals have contributed free space devoted to the sale of war bonds valued at $65,000,000 based on Treasury Department estimates. In addition to this, the scrap drive, in which newspapers all over the country are participating, is proving to be an outstanding success.

The newspapers have demonstrated not only their flexibility, their integrity, and devotion to the cause of their country, but have proved in a very practical way their ability and power to perform much needed services voluntarily and without reserve.

—Morganton News-Herald.

BEST KNOWN PAINTING BY AN AMERICAN

By Maude Gardner in The Friend

If you were to go to Marblehead, Massachusetts, any time during the mild months of the year, you would notice artists everywhere about the old town. Easels set up at street corners and along the waterfront, painters busy with palette and brush.

For this ancient town, with its narrow crooked streets, old houses and atmosphere of the past, together with the picturesque shore and harbor, appeals strongly to artists. Art students come to Marblehead from all over the country. There is an active art association with galleries in one of the historic old buildings of the town where various exhibits are held from time to time.

But no new canvas, no matter how beautiful or well executed, holds the interest of Marblehead's many visitors as does a picture painted nearly seventy years ago, the most familiar painting in this country, perhaps—"The Spirit of '76."

One wonders if there is a single person in this land of ours who has not seen a copy of this inspiring work of art. For it has been reproduced thousands of times. In school pageants as a living picture, in street parades, and there is scarcely a home or a school building that does not have a copy of the historic painting.

"The Spirit of '76" was the work of Archibald M. Willard, a Cleveland, Ohio, artist, and the picture was painted in the artist's native ctiy. You wonder, perhaps, how the original canvas happens to be in Marblehead, Mass., since the two cities are widely separtated. That explanation is coming later.

This Ohio artist, Mr. Willard, had made many battle sketches and drawings, showing action and emotion, most of the latter being of a humorous nature. And when the one hundredth anniversary of American freedom drew near in the latter part of 1875, and arrangements were being made for a Centennial in Philadelphia, Mr. Willard had begun to plan for a picture he would paint for the occasion.

But a humorous idea would not develop. This celebration of a century of American independence brought patriotic thoughts instead. So the artist discarded the attempts he had made and the more serious story, as told by the well-known picture, was the result.

For his three generations of American colonists, leading the ragged Continentals through the storm of battle, Mr. Willard chose his own father, the Rev. Daniel Willard, then in his 75th year, for the white-haired grandsire. The model for the sturdy fifer, with bandaged head, who could still do his bit for his country, was Hugh Mosier, a middle-aged, former soldier, who had blown his fife in the wars of the United States.

And for the drummer boy, Mr. Willard paid a visit to a public school of Cleveland to watch a prize drill. He was immediately impressed with captain of the winning team—Harry

K. Devereux, a handsome lad of thirteen, who readily agreed to pose for the picture.

The ancestral home of the Devereux family was at Marblehead, Mass., the first Devereux having come there in 1635, only a few years after the town was founded. This boy's grandfather had been born in the camp of the Continental Army at Winter Hill, when the great grandfather was a soldier of the Revolution.

Young Harry's father, who had been a brigadier general in the Civil War, and was at the time a wealthy railroad man, happened to be absent from home while the painting of the picture was in progress. Whether the son forgot the incident by the time his father returned, or whether he thought the matter of too little consequence to mention we do not know. But at any rate, General Devereux had no inkling of it until he went to attend the Philadelphia Centennial and standing before the great canvas, immediately recognized the gallant lad striding along so manfully as his own son, Harry.

The General was very pleased that his boy had been chosen out of all the school children of Cleveland for this signal honor as were the relatives from Marblehead who also viewed the painting with pride. After being shown at the Centennial, the picture was taken to San Francisco, Chicago, Boston and other cities for exhibition. Everywhere the picture was enthusiastically received.

General Devereux's interest in the historic painting continued, and eventually he purchased "The Spirit of '76" for five thousand dollars, and presented it to the town which his ancestors had helped to build—Marblehead, Mass! No other place, in his opinion, provided such a suitable setting for the famous canvas.

Just about the time the painting was purchased, a fine brick building, to be known as Abbott Hall, was being erected on Marblehead's Common. Benjamin Abbott, a native of the town, had left in his will a sum of money for the purpose, with the stipulation that the building should bear his name and that it should have a tower to afford a view of the splendid waterfront and harbor.

The first floor of Abbott Hall includes a public library and a reading room. On the walls of the latter are hung several fine paintings, and among them "The Spirit of '76". For many years thousands of visitors to Abbott Hall were a bit disappointed when they viewed the picture because of inadequate lighting. Now they can appreriate the great painting more fully because two floodlights directly under the canvas have recently been installed, and these throw a mass of bright light which perfectly illuminates "The Spirit of '76".

———:———

In morals, what begins in fear usually ends in wickedness; in religion, what begins in fear usually ends in fanaticism. Fear, either as a principle or motive, is the beginning of all evil.

—Selected.

NO SUBSTITUTE FOR BRAINS

By Dr. Hunter B. Blakely

The latest report of the Commonwealth Fund says: Knowledge and brains still have no substitute."

The war emergency has revealed some interesting things about education. For many college students, high mathematics was not a very popular subject, for it was difficult and required some good hard plugging. When the young men went up for commissions before the Army and Navy officials, they were asked how much mathematics they had taken. How was a man to know how to aim a great gun, shooting at targets more than 20 miles away and out of sight, unless he could make a dead reckoning on the enemy by use of mathematics? It took mathematics to aim anti-aircraft guns and to plot the dropping of bombs from airplanes. Everywhere one turned in modern warfare, an officer needed mathematics as much as he needed the principles of military discipline.

Physics had seemed to many a rather theoretical subject far removed from practical reality; but when we got into this war, the experts called it a war of physicists, just as they had called the last war a war of chemists. The knowledge of physics was necessary in the designing of airplanes and tanks, in planning great guns and torpedoes.

The Army and Navy both have been hard put to find enough junior officers who are able to master new techniques quickly and to handle successfully the problems which may arise in the field. Both branches of the armed forces insist upon a knowledge of such subjects as history, English, and the languages. The metal qualities needed by a good officer are said to be, "the power of analysis, judgment, decision and execution, founded on wide general knowledge and an understanding of basic scientific principles." This is almost a definition of the aims of a liberal arts college in the educating of youth. The leaders in liberal arts colleges for decades have been maintaining that there could be no substitute for the kind of education which attempts to train the fundemental intellectual capacities. Now in war days, the leaders of our Army and Navy confirm what these educators have maintained, for according to a Navy statement, they are asking for men with the capacity "for sound, incisive, and well-ordered thought."

When we have won the war, society will need soldiers to police and to enforce law throughout the world and technicians to carry forward material progress. But above all else, society will need men and women trained in the humanities to lead in the vast social readjustments and the building of a stable civilization. Some of the requisities for such leadership will be idealistic vision, historical perspective, moral conviction, aesthetic appreciation, the understanding of the principles of law and justice, and the knowledge of social institutions. Never will the human family have needed more desperately, than when

this war ends, leaders who will have knowledge, brains, heart, and character.

As one phrased it the other day: "It is a heck of a world in which our young people are caught, and we are going to do the best we can for them."

THE HIDDEN HEART

Deep in every human heart
Some hidden glory lies;
Some undiscovered field of good
Is hidden from our eyes;
I'd like to have the grace each day
To bring from souls I meet
The hidden beauty of their lives
And so make life more sweet.

Deep in every human heart
God his own self has placed;
Although the image may be marred
And oft with sin defaced,
I'd like to have the grace each day
To rouse the God within—
To show divinity of life
Where others see but sin.

Deep in every human heart
Are feelings fine and true;
Great possibilities of good
Are hidden from our view;
I'd like to have the grace each day
To make these feelings live,
And help each doubting, wavering soul
Its nobler self to give.

For me the joy of life shall be
To look beneath and find
The hidden good which always dwells
In all of human kind;
Then if I call the best there is
From those I meet each day,
Men coming after me will know
That I have passed this way!

—Selected.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Mr. Walker and his boys have been setting out pansy plants in quite a number of beds in various sections of the campus.

—:—

Mrs. J. P. Cook, associate editor of The Uplift, returned to her home last Tuesday, after receiving treatment in the Memorial Hospital, Charlotte.

—:—

Mr. Wyatt and his machine shop boys have been quite busy for several days making repairs to our large International tractor. The tractor was sadly in need of repairs, and the boys have been doing a very good job.

—:—

Cottage No. 7 will be re-opened in a short time, and will be occupied by a group of our smaller boys, twelve years old and under. This will be the second cottage on the campus having the smaller youngsters as occupants.

—:—

The School has purchased four more young Hereford heifers, to be used as a foundation for a beef herd to be raised here. Additional pasture land is being fenced in so that they may be kept away from our other cattle.

—:—

One day this week, Dr. R. M. King, of Concord, gave ten or twelve boys the final "shot" of typhoid vaccine at the infirmary. These were new boys who had come in after Dr. Bethel and his assistants from the Cabarrus County Health Department had vaccinated about two hundred boys.

—:—

With the coming of frost, we are developing quite an appetite for sausage, spare-ribs, liverwurst and other delicacies of the hog-killing season. If the cool weather continues, we have an idea that it will not be long until several fine fat hogs will be slaughtered.

—:—

Mr. Alf Cariker and his carpenter shop boys have been working at Cottage No. 2, for some time, painting the entire cottage, doing some plastering, and making other repairs. While this work has been going on the boys if that cottage have been quartered in other cottages.

—:—

"The Hunchback of Notre Dame," starring Charles Laughton, famous character actor, was the feature attraction at the regular weekly motion picture show in the auditorium, last Thursday night. A comedy, "Fly Casting," was shown at the same time. Both are R-K-O productions.

—:—

Mr. Adams and his Receiving Cottage boys made a great rush the other day to gather green tomatoes and peppers before the coming of a killing frost. On the morning of the 27th we had the first heavy frost of the season, and it was decided to gather these vegetables immediately. They were distributed to the various cottages, where the matrons and house boys are busily engaged making pickles and relishes for winter use.

—:—

Milton Koontz, of Cottage No. 2 and David Cunningham, of Cottage No. 9, left the School last Tuesday morning for Camp Croft. These lads were inducted into the United States Army through the local selective service board. Since we have not heard from them since leaving us, we assume they

successfully passed the final examination at Camp Croft, and have been assigned to duty in some branch of service.

—:—

The boys on the barn force have had several teams going during the past few days, hauling great piles of coal dust which had accumulated in the rear of some of the cottages. This coal is too fine for use in kitchen ranges or stoves, but can be used to good advantage in the furnaces at school building, trades building and the administration building. In addition to being of some value elsewhere, the removal of these piles of fine coal greatly improves the appearance of the grounds near the cottages.

—:—

A news item from Raleigh, under the date of October 23, 1942, recently carried in the Charlotte Observer, listed a group of boys who had been recruited for the United States Marine Corps through the Raleigh recruiting station, and among the names was that of Paul T. Briggs, aged eighteen, of Greensboro.

Paul was formerly a student at the School, coming here on June 2, 1937 and remaining until August 23, 1941. He was conditionally released to go live with his sister in Greensboro. While here he was a member of the Cottage No. 4 group and was employed in the laundry during the greater part of his stay. On recommendation of the Guilford County Welfare Department, Paul was granted an honorable discharge, March 25, 1942. At that time he was working on a farm in Randolph county, and had made a very good record since leaving the School. We wish him the very best of luck as he prepares for service with the "devil dogs."

—:—

Mr. A. C. Sheldon, of Charlotte, was in charge of the service at the School last Sunday afternoon. After the singing of the opening hymn he spoke to the boys briefly, stating that their friend, Gene Davis, who had accompanied him to the institution so often, had joined the United States Army. Superintendent Hawfield then introduced Dr. W. A. Alexander, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Charlotte, as the speaker of the afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson he read part of the 18th chapter of I Kings, and the subject of his message to the boys was "Making Up Our Minds."

At the beginning of his remarks he told his listeners that back in the days of Elijah, some people were followers of Baal, and some worshipped the true God, while still others did neither. He pointed out the fact that Elijah called on the people to choose whom they would serve. He demonstrated the power of God by calling upon the Lord to consume the offering which had been placed upon the altar. Immediately fire came down from heaven and consumed not only the offering, but the altar itself, and then lapped up the water in the trench surrounding it.

Dr. Alexander then told the boys the story of an old mule. He was placed between two hay stacks, and could not make up his mind which to eat first. The story goes that being unable to decide which to eat, the old mule starved to death. People are sometimes like that, said he. They think they can stay on the fence in-

definitely—not taking one side or the other—until they eventually become so weakened that they cannot even stay on the fence any longer.

The speaker then told of a lad who was interested in the Boy Scouts. At times he thought that he wanted to become a member, and then when the thought of the princlples which he would have to live up to, he hesitated. Finally, after taking up so much time in making up his mind, he found that he was too old to join the organization.

In conclusion, Dr. Alexander urged the boys to learn to make the proper decision early in life, which is to choose to be followers of Jesus Christ. Delays in making up their minds would prove harmful, he added, making their lives miserable, instead of living the happy kind of life that God wants His people to enjoy.

———:———

A progressive, but not fearsome, Indian invasion of Brooklyn has been going on for the last ten years. More than 200 Mohawks (Iroquois) are now firmly settled around the Cuyler Presbyterian Church. Their Christian ancestors left the banks of the Mohawk River in 1860 to go to the "Praying Castle" of the Jesuits near Montreal. Later, in 1716, they located permanently beside Lachine Rapids, and founded Caughnawaga, a town at present occupied by 2,000 Iroquois. In course of time a number of Protestant Mohawks found their way there, and finally organized a congregation. In 1870 a pastor of this charge, Sose Onasakenrat by name, prepared a translation of the Gospels from English and French versions into the Mohawk language, using the 14-letter alphabet and simple syllabic system invented by the Jesuit priests years before. This Protestant version was violently opposed by the Jesuits, and Catholic Indians were forbidden to read it. Copies were secretly bought, however, and passed surreptitiously from hand to hand as "story books"; but gradually they disappeared. The discovery of one of these "hidden Gospels" in the 1930's led to a Protestant reformation at Caughnawaga, to which 100 Catholics joined themselves. The Indians settling in Brooklyn brought its influence with them. Realizing that these Mohawks perferred to use their own language in public and private worship, Sunday evening services in that language have been conducted in Cuyler Presbyterian Church since 1939. Recently the American Bible Society published a revised version of the Gospel of St. Luke in the Mohawk language, and the first copies of it were presented to the Indian congregation May 24.—The Lutheran.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending October 25, 1942

RECEIVING COTTAGE

Brown Harris
Ira Montgomery
Leonard Melton
Charles Pearson
Weaver Ruff
Lee St. Clair
James Watts
L. P. Whitley
Harry Wilson
Charles Young

COTTAGE NO. 1

Albert Allen
James Brigman
Oscar Carter
Paul Childers
Wade Fisher
David Howard
Leonard Lovelace
Leonard Robinson
James Shell
Kenneth Tipton
Luther Vaughn
Frank Walker

COTTAGE NO. 2

William Butler
Bernice Hoke
Milton Koontz
Virgil Lane
Amos Myers
Hoyt Newell
John Pritchard
Charles Tate
Peter Tuttle

COTTAGE NO. 3

Dewey Bunn
Burlen Edmundson
Albert Hames
Arthur Ingle
William Painter
Ralph Powell
Charles Rhodes
William Pegram
Earl Smith
Sam Pritchett
John Tolley

COTTAGE NO. 4

William Broadwell
Leroy Childers
Marvin Howard
William Lanning
Robert Muse
Roy Patton
Charles Simpson
Robert Sprinkle
Ernest Turner
Jesse Williamson

COTTAGE NO. 5

Eugene Kermon
John Mazoo
Allen Morris
Eldred Watts

COTTAGE NO. 6

Elgin Atwood
Kenneth Caldwell
Robert Hobbs
Marvin Lipscomb
John Linville
Rufus Massingill
Jacob Myers
Jesse Peavy
Hayes Powell
Reitzel Southern
John Rhodes
William Ussery
William Wilkerson

COTTAGE NO. 7

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 8

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE NO. 9

Gerald Amos
Cecil Caldwell
Curtis Campbell
David Cunningham
James Hale
Wilbur Hardin
William Hart
Morris Johnson
Marvin Matheson
Albert Newton
Leroy Pate
Glenn Wilcox

COTTAGE NO. 10

Forrest Davis
Edward Loftin
William Morgan
Charles Phillips
James Spear
Durham Smith

COTTAGE NO. 11

Marvin Bradley
Bert Barnhardt
A. B. Hoyle
T. B. Nowell
Jerry Ray
Edgar Shell
Everett Stamey
Ray Taylor

COTTAGE NO. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 13

(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE NO. 14

Robert Bailey
Wilton Barfield
Robert Caudle
Walter Carver
Henry Ennis
Aubrey Fargis
William Harding
Vernon Harding
Robert Holbert
William Lane
William E. Lanford
Roy Mumford
John Maples
Joseph McKinney
Charles Pitman
Theodore Young
Robert Travis
Alvis Watkins
Thomas Ware

COTTAGE NO. 15

Hiram Atkinson
Harold Blankenship
Howard Combs
James Roberson

INDIAN COTTAGE

Raymond Brooks
Roland Brooks
Frank Chavis
Eddie Hall
Leroy Lowry
Herbert Lochlear
James Lochlear
Lester Lochlear

INFIRMARY

(No Honor Roll)

———:———

AUTUMN

It is the Indian summer. The rising sun blazes through the misty air like a conflagration. A yellowish, smoky haze fills the atmosphere, and a filmy mist lies like a silver lining on the sky. The wind is soft and low. It wafts to us the odor of forest leaves, that hang wilted on the dripping branches, or drop into the stream. Their gorgeous tints are gone, as if the autumnal rains had washed them out. Orange, yellow and scarlet, all are changed to one melancholy russet hue. The birds, too have taken wing, and have left their roofless dwellings. Not the whistle of a robin, not the twitter of an eavesdropping swallow, not the carol of one sweet, familiar voice. All gone. Only the dismal cawing of a crow, as he sits and curses that the harvest is over; or the chit-chat of an idle squirrel, the noisy denzin of a hollow tree, the mendicant friar of a large parish, the absolute monarch of a dozen acorns.
the absolute monarch of a dozen acorns.—Longfellow.

(c) Dean R. B. House
University of North Carolina

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXX CONCORD, N. C., NOVEMBER 7, 1942 No. 45

THE GLAD HEART

If the world seems cool to you,
Kindle fires to warm it;
Let their comfort hide from view
Winters that deform it.
Hearts as frozen as your own,
To that radiance gather;
You will soon forget to moan,
"Ah! The cheerless weather!"

If the world's a vale of tears,
Smile till rainbows span it;
Breathe the love that life endears,
Clear from clouds to fan it.
Of your gladness lend a gleam
Unto souls that shiver;
Show them how dark sorrow's stream
Blends with hope's bright river.

—Selected.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor
LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

WHO IS UNCLE SAM?

You ask me who is Uncle Sam.
I modestly reply, I am.
These hungry urchins meanly dressed,
These mothers all, in East or West,
These traffic cops along the street,
These rushing crowds on eager feet,
These thousands caught in fortune's jam—
All these, and you and I, are Uncle Sam.

All farmers working in the field,
All bankers making dollars yield,
All miners climbing from the mine,
All boot-blacks calling for your shine,
All lawyers pleading at bar,
All doctors rushing by in car,
All dealers measuring gill and gram—
All these, and you and I, are Uncle Sam.

The pioneers on land and sea,
Unnumbered millions yet to be;
Of noble men who work and plan
To build and guard their native land;
Who daily do their civic share
Unflinchingly and unaware
Of those who praise or those who sham—
All these, and you and I, are Uncle Sam.

—Francis G. Blair.

THE STORY OF NOVEMBER

November, especially in the temperate regions, seems to be the season of death, more so than any other months. The bareness of the fields are seldom hidden by the softening snow, and shrill, gusty winds whirl the dead leaves about, the trees having lost the last ves-

tige of their gorgeous October color. Autumn seems over and winter has not begun. The Anglo-Saxons, who had a way of naming things simply and picturesquely, called November the "wind month" or the "blood month," the latter name probably having reference to the killing of animals for the winter supply of meats. However, this month is by no means without its special attractions, and many a lover of out-of-doors finds the hazy, mystical days of Indian Summer one of the year's most delightful seasons.

November's name may be explained by the fact that the early Romans never troubled themselves to give it a specific title. It was called the "ninth month," for that was its place in the year; and from the Latin word, Novem, meaning nine, has come its present name. Later, when two extra months were added, November became what it is today, the eleventh in the series, but its name was never changed. A change was once suggested, July had been re-named for Julius Caesar, August for Augustus Caesar, and a subservient Senate offered to call the eleventh month after Tiberius Caesar, but he declined saying, "What will you do if you have thirteen emperors?" The number of days in the month has not been so constant. Originally, there were thirty, then twenty-nine, again thirty-one, but from the time of Augustus, it has had thirty days. The special gem for the month of November is the topaz.

During this month, as nature seems to be holding its breath, many of the out-of-door activities are practically at a standstill. The harvesting season is over, and crops are securely stored in the barns, and thus there comes each year a repetition of that experience of the Pilgrims, which resulted in the proclamation of the first Thanksgiving. In the United States this is the outstanding festival of the month, but in Canada, where crops are gathered somewhat earlier, Thanksgiving Day falls in October.

This is the month when football is most popular. One might say this sport seems to belong entirely to November. The exciting scrimmages which would be too violent in the earlier months, seem to warm the blood not only of the contestants, but of the spectators as well, for scores of thousands of people sit through these games and seem to feel slight or no discomfort from the frosty air. Elsewhere in this issue we are carrying a list of important dates occurring in the month of November.

OUR FIRST LADY ABROAD

Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, the first lady of the nation, showing the courage of her fearless forebears, has "tripped" to Europe by way of airplane. She went purposely to observe the activities of women in Europe with the hope of getting new ideas, and thereby contribute to the efficiency of similar work in this country. There have been some bombs dropped by the enemies of the Allies following the trail of Mrs. Roosevelt, but she moves swiftly and so far is safe. She truly must have kissed the famous "Blarney Stone," because in every hazardous gesture, in the face of criticism, she succeeds and comes to the front with flying colors. You may bet your bottom dollar that Mrs. Roosevelt will see all that is to be seen, and upon her return to her native land, will give her observations in a mild manner. She truly has in her make-up that which wins. The word impossible is foreign to her nature.

* * * * * * * *

COOPERATION DESIRED

When the necessity of rationing sugar was first mentioned there were those who felt the quantity allowed per person was not sufficient. However, the allotment according to rules and regulations of the federal authorities has proved adequate, if one is to judge from the way the masses have accepted conditions. The next economic question to confront the good housewife is the rationing of coffee. That will be a hard blow to the coffee addict, but we wager every loyal citizen will meet the demand by cutting down the number of cups of coffee taken daily. The amount of sugar rationed by the government was most satisfactory, and our abiding faith is that coffee will be distributed in amounts sufficient for all lovers of the beverage.

No sacrifice is too great when we think of the suffering of people in the Far East. A little self-denial will not hurt any of us in this country, for the poorest people of Americe are enjoying luxuries when compared to the conquered countries of Europe. The privilege of living in a country where we are permitted to move in and out of our homes is a genuine joy, even if the tables at meal hours are scantily supplied. There is nothing more comforting to us than

to feel that we are doing our share in this cruel war that encircles the globe. The one reason for conserving, or using sugar and coffee economically is due to a shortage of transportation facilities for imported commodities, and we know not just what will happen before hostilities cease. Never before in the history of the world have we so clearly understood that no one can completely live unto himself. We are truly our brother's keeper, and unless such a precept is observed, there will be great suffering in our midst. Let us have "faith, hope and charity" and keep in mind that the greatest of these three is charity. The spirit of greed and hoarding must be supplanted by kindness and brotherly love. The individuals who are not disposed to co-operate with the economic plans of the Federal Government may be termed as mill-stones about our necks, or something worse.

* * * * * * * *

IN PRAYER

A recent news item states that six thousand Roman Catholics of the Upper Peninsula of Michigan, met in a northern city to pray for prayer during seige is not new for in ages back man has prayed for strength to carry on the struggle, be it a national situation or a fight an early peace and for victory founded on justice. This idea of within oneself the call for prayer. Many scoff at a faith or criticize a creed, yet when faced with a tough fight, they turn to the solace of prayer. England turns a day to prayer for her country, so does our country, there is a day of world prayer, which points out that prayer must strengthen one for war, not soften. History shows us that the hardest of fighters back through the ages knelt in prayer before engaging in a fight. The pulpit in Colonial days often held the parson's gun while he prayed that his people be protected from the Indians. Famous words these of the Bataan soldier, "There are no atheists in fox holes."—Mooresville Enterprise.

* * * * * * * *

WOMEN APPRECIATED

We never thought that the demand for women in any kind of

work would be recognized. The four walls of a woman's home no longer circumscribe her activities, but instead the power and influence of the weaker sex in rearing and molding strong young men and young women has been recognized by the executives of this democracy. As a consequence of their fine service, the government is planning to give women. from eighteen to sixty-five, an opportunity to do many things that men are now doing, so that the manpower may be released from these duties and be trained for service with the armed forces of this country. Women are recognized for their alertness, deft fingers, and the orderly way in which they pursue the tasks assigned them, so they are in demand in factories where skill and precision are required. The American women of today are modern Molly Pitchers. They will keep the munition factories going so that the men will not be handicapped in pursuing the right course to win this war.

* * * * * * * *

MORE SCRAP

The collection of scrap in this and nearby communities amounted to more than three million pounds. This report is most gratifying. It reflects the interest of all persons, regardless of age or color, in the affairs of the nation, with the hope that victory will be ours. We learned that many states, something more than twenty-three, have collected millions of tons, which is indicative of the fact that when the reports come in from the forty-eight states, there will be a whale of a pile of scrap that can be used in manufacturing necessary war equipment, in order to hasten the dawn of a new day wherein we can enjoy the freedom of our homes in peace. While the generous response in gathering scrap throughout the nation shows that the people of America stand united in one common purpose, we must continue to work without ceasing. It we are to realize total victory, we must not discontinue our efforts until the enemy realizes that right must prevail—not might. The business of collecting scrap is to be carried on as long as the war lasts.

WITH THE UNITED STATES ARMED FORCES

The following list includes the names, as they have come to this office, of members of the staff, former staff members, and former students of Stonewall Jackson Training School, who are now serving as members of the armed forces of the United States. It will be seen that two employees went into the service directly from the School campus. The others listed have, in some cases, been away from the institution for quite a number of years, joining the fighting forces several years after severing their connection with the School.

In checking over the list of our old boys, we find that practically one hundred per cent voluntarily enlisted in "Uncle Sam's" service, rather than wait to be called by the selective service system. It is also interesting to note that many of these fellows had been in their country's service several years prior to the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, December 7, 1941.

If any of our readers know of former Training School boys who are now in any branch of service, and can furnish definite information as to their present location, please notify the editor of THE UPLIFT, P. O. Box 32, Concord, N. C. We shall appreciate your co-operation.

Staff Members

Patterson, James L. (Army)

Query, James L. (Army)

Former Staff Members

Barrier, Captain George L. (Army)
Hollingsworth, Jesse G. (Navy)
Parker, Major Samuel I. (Army)
Poole, William E. (Army Air Corps)
Wingate, Wm. J. (Army Air Corps)

Former Students

Adams, Clyde (Navy)
Adams, Felix (Army)
Alexander, Robert (Army)
Allen, Julian Herschel (Navy)
Allen, Grady C. (Navy)
Andrews, Julian (Marine Corps)
Ashley, Arthur (Army)
Atkins, Richard (Army)
Atwell, Robert (Navy)
Atwood, Earl (Army)

Batson, Jack (Navy)
Barkley, Joel (Army)
Barrett, Allen (Army)
Branch, Glatley (Army)
Baynes, Howard (Army Air Corps)
(Previously served an enlistment period in the Army.)
Beach, Ernest (Army)
Beaver, Albert (Army)
Benson, John (Navy)
Blocker, James C. (Army)
Bordeaux, Junior (Army)
Bowman, Charles (Army)
Britt, Jennings (Navy)
Brogden, Norman (Navy)
Broome, Jack (Army)
Broome, Paul (Marine Corps)
Broome, Shannon (Army Air Corps)
Brothers, William (Naval Air Corps)
Brown Aldene (Army)
Brown, Harold (Army)
Burke, Ensign William H. (Navy)
Burkhead, Dermont (Navy)
Butner, Roy (Marine Corps)

Carter, Douglas (Army)
Carter, Fred (Army)
Causey, Floyd (Army)
Chapman, Edward (Army)
Chattin, Ben (Army)
Cherry, Herman (Army)
Cobb, Frank E. (Army)

Coffer, Robert (Army)
Collins, Glenn L. (Army)
Connell, James (Navy)
Cook, George (Army)
Cooper, Walter (Army)
Connell, Harry (Army)
Cox, J. C. (Marine Corps)
Craft, Arthur (Army)
Crawford, Louis (Army)

Dalton, James (Army)
Daubenmyer, Nelson (Army)
Davis, Duke (Army)
Davis, James (Army)
Donaldson, Harold (Marine Corps)
Dorsey, W. Wilson (Army)
Driver, Malcom (Army Air Corps)
Dyson, Fred (Navy)

Earnhardt, Donald P. (Navy)
Efird, N. A., Jr. (Army)
Elmore, A. C. (Marine Corps)
Evans, John H. (Army)

Faggart, John (Marine Corps)
(Enlisted 1929. Made Warrant Officer by Act of Congress, 1941.)
Ferris, Russell (Army)
Fisher, Edward (Army)
Freeman, Richard (Army)
French, Ian (Army)
Furches, William (Marine Corps)

Gaddy, William (Navy)
Gardner, Horace T. (Army)
Gatlin, Britt C. (Army)
Glasgow, Norwood (Navy)
Glasgow, Ramsey (Army Air Corps)
(Served in Marine Corps, 1929-1933. Member China Expeditionary Force, '29-'32.)
Glover, Henry (Marine Corps)
Godfrey, Warren (Army)
Goodman, Albert (Army)
Greene, Giles E. (Army)
Griffin, James H. (Marine Corps)
Grooms, J. B. (Army Air Corps)

Hall, Joseph (Army)
Harris, Edgar (Army)
Hawkins, William T. (Navy)
Head, Elbert (Army)
Hefner, Charles (Army)
Hendren, Isaac (Navy)
Hendrix, John (Army)
Henry, Charlton (Navy)
Hicks, Garland (Army)
Hill, William (Army)
Hodge, Dallas (Army Air Corps)
Holland, Burman (Army)
Holland, Donald (Army)
Holmes, John (Army)
Hulan, Norman (Navy)
(Previously served an enlistment period in the Army.)

Irvin, Raymond (Army)

Jackson, Edgar (Marine Corps)
Jackson, William (Navy)
Johnson, Hugh (Navy)
Jones, Mark Twain (Navy)
Jordan, James E. (Army)

Keen, Clinton (Army)
Keith, Monroe (Army)
Kelly, Jesse (Army)
Keith, Robert (Navy)
King, Cleo (Army Air Corps)
King, Frank L. (Army)
Kinley, Robert (Marine Corps)
Kivett, Clyde A. (Coast Artillery)
Knight, Thomas (Army Air Corps)
Kye, George (Army)

Lamar, A. C. (Army)
Land, Ruben (Army)
Land, Wilfred (Marine Corps)
Landrum, Luther H. (Army)
Lane, Floyd C. (Marine Air Corps)
Langley, William (Army)
Lawrence, Robert (Marine Corps)
Leagon, Harry (Army)
Ledford, Harvey L. (Army)
Lett, Frank (Army)
Lewallan, Paul R. (Army)
Long, Loyce (Army)

Martin, Willie H. (Army Air Corps)
May, George O. (Army)
Medlin, Ervin J. (Army)
Merritt, Edgar (Army)
(Previously served an enlistment period in the Army.)
Miller, Latha (Navy)
Montgomery, Samuel (Navy)
Moose, Claude L. (Marine Corps)
Murphy, Lemuel (Army)

McBride, Irvin (Army Air Corps)
McCain, Edward G. (Navy)
McCoy, Hubert (Army)
McGee, Norman (Army)
McIver, Jordan T. (Navy)
McKay, John C. (Marine Corps)
McKee, Thomas R. (Army)
(Enlisted 1937)
McNeely, Robert (Army)
(Enlisted 1933)
McPherson, Arthur (Navy)

Owen, Fred, Jr. (Marine Corps)

Padrick, William (Navy)
Page, James (Army)
Patterson, James (Navy)
Peak, Harry (Marine Corps)
Pennington, Grady (Army)
Plemmons, Hubert (Army)
Pope, H. C. (Army)
Pyatt, Jack (Marine Corps)

Quick, James (Navy)
Quick, Simon (Navy)

Ramsey, Amos (Army)
(Previously served an enlistment period in the Army.)
Reinhardt, James C. (Marine Corps)
Rivenbark William W. (Army)
(Served in Marine Corps, 1933-1938.)
Rhodes, Paul (Army)
Roberts, Lonnie (Navy)
Robinson, Perry (Army Air Corps)
Rochester, Nicholas (Navy)
Russ, James P. (Army)

Sands, Thomas (Navy)
Seibert, Fred (Army)
Scott, Archie (Army)
Shannon, William L. (Navy)
Shaver, George H. (Navy)
Shropshire, Hassell (Army)
Sloan, Lonnie (Army)
Small, Clyde E. (Army)
Snuggs, Charles L. (Navy)
Springer, Jack (Army)
Stack, Porter (Army)
Stanley, Brown (Coast Artillery)
Stepp, James H. (Navy)
Strickland, Robert W. (Army)

Tessneer, Calvin C. (Navy)
Threatt, Sidi (Army Air Corps)

Waldrop, Ned (Army)
Walker, Glenn (Army)
Walker, Oakley (Army)
Walters, Melvin (Army)
Ward, Eldridge (Army)
Ward, Robert (Army)
(Enlisted 1928)
Watkins, Floyd A. (Army)
Watson, Lieut. Lemuel (Army)
Watts, Boyce (Army)
Webb, Charles R. (Army)
Whitaker, William E. (Army)
White, Marshall (Coast Artillery)
Whitener, Richard M. (Army)
Whitlock, Winfred (Army)
Wilhite, James (Army)
Williams, Everett L. (Army)
Williams, Samuel R. (Navy)
Williams, William R. (Navy)
Wiles, Fred (Army)
(Enlisted 1927. Now a Recruiting Officer)
Wilson, John C. (Army)
Wilson, Robert (Marine Corps)
Wilson, W. J. (Army)
Wood, Leonard (Army)
Wrenn, Lloyd (Army)

Young, Brooks (Army)
Young, R. L. (Marine Corps)

Ziegler, Henry F. (Navy)

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Prof. Ralph Barton Perry of Harvard puts the case for democracy in the following striking terms: "We must have democracy in fact as well as form, in industry as well as in constitution, in economics as well as in orations." The attainment of these ideals will bring in a new order of things. It implies infinitely more than a battle cry for freedom. It is a revolution that cannot be wrought out by force of arms. Selfishness cannot be the motive power for this new order.—Selected.

LOST LETTER FROM BATAAN RECOVERED

(Charlotte Observer)

The letter which follows, in part, was picked up by a submarine as the mailbag floated in the sea and was pulled in from the water and sent to the War Department. The letter was from Lieut. John F. Hay, who was with the forces in Bataan, and is probably now a prisoner of the Japanese.

Lieutenant Hay was graduated (Cum Laude) at Davidson college in 1941. He is the son of Dr. and Mrs. S. H. Hay of Morristown, Tenn., who formerly lived at Mooresville.

Other relatives of Lieutenant Hay are Dr. John R. Hay of Hickory, pastor of the Presbyterian church, and Dr. Fred J. Hay of Dillon, S. C., pastor of the Presbyterian church there. There are many other relatives and friends.

The letter was handed to The Observer by Miss Lois Neal of this city who is a life-long friend of Mrs. S. H. Hay. It is reprinted from the Morristown, Tenn., Gazetter and Mail.

February 8, 1942.

Dear Folks:

Another week has gone by and our whole band is resting after heavy action. I have written several letters to you since my stay in the hospital but they were all lost.

Every little bario (town) practically has a huge cathedral, some of them dating back to the sixteenth century. The buildings are mostly square without arches. But their plain architectural lines along with their massiveness give them a grandeur which cannot be hidden by decaying walls. I was in one the other day whose steeple was being used as an observation point for artillery fire. The church was in a village which had been bombed and shelled continuously by the enemy. It alone of the many buildings remained standing while all around were tangled masses of concrete, tin, and army equipment. The Japanese had concentrated on the spot but the walls of the church were so thick no real harm could be done. This church has long since been abandoned but while we still had the surrounding territory it was certainly a haven. At the base of the tower the walls were over nine feet thick.

I am now in a mountainous region which is one of the prettiest places I have every been in. The acacia trees which I love so much are left behind but huge mahogany trees five and six feet thick and towering many feet high along with other kinds of huge trees and large vines make this one of the wildest and yet most peaceful places I have yet come across.

I neglected to finish telling of my health. When I left the hospital I was a mere skeleton. I feel sure I now weigh over 160 pounds which puts me in the almost fat class. Death and tragedy do not seem to bother me—I worry that it does not, I eat enormous meals and continue to gain weight. I am sure you are suffering more than I and that all other parents and loved ones of the fellows are doing the same. The strain upon

us here is terrific. We really never get any rest. But we are happy. In my last letter I told you we had no casualties in our company which was really something. By casualties I mean fatal casualties. The tropical fevers are far more dangerous than the enemy or at least have been up to date.

I know you would like to know how I am getting along as an officer. I led my platoon in one of the heaviest and most successful actions we have as yet had. I know the team work of my platoon deserves the credit—every man did his job and we were successful. Of course it was I who received the congratulations of the colonels, generals, captains, and fellow officers. By the work of my platoon (of tanks) casualties in the supporting infantry were cut down to nothing. I know I have made the grade—my hope is that I continue in the same way—I have been lucky. God has been more than good to me and only hope I can show my thankfulness by going into His service on my return.

I have not as yet been able to contact Colonel Steel since last December. He is getting along fine, though. His men are doing a good but hard job.

I am about written out. I hope this orgy is soon finished but I am afraid we are in for a long one. I have slept in the open now for one month and a week exactly, most of the time on the ground. I can get as good sleep on the ground as I can on a bed. I have a cot and have several times preferred the ground to the cot since putting the cot up at night and then having to repack it is a lot of trouble.

Another thing I enjoy even if there is drudgery is washing my clothes. We are all on pretty much of an edge with never a chance for our nerves to relax. Doing little jobs with my hands rest me. To day I washed. I really had washwoman hands when I got through.

I have done some work in a religious way. In fact, I have been called a preacher a few times. Last night we had Major Dawson of California here for supper. I hope I can get also a Catholic chaplain later—Major Dawson is a Baptist.

Last Wednesday 27 of us went to Major Dawson's prayer-meeting. He complimented me highly in his service saying it was fine for me to bring them rather than just telling the fellows where to go. Of course I did not really deserve the praise since I just went along. His service was very good—he taught rather than preached and said as much.

Give my regards to everybody. Give my love to Rachel, Louisa, and the other folks.

With love and longings to be with you,

JOHN

———:———

The little town of St. Michaels, Maryland, had its first blackout in 1813, when a British force came up the Chesapeake Bay. Residents put out all the lights and hung lanterns in the highest tree-tops. The British gunners overshot their mark.

—Exchange.

IF WASHINGTON COULD SPEAK TODAY

Selected from the Congressional Record

If George Washington could speak today, in this most critical and wretched hour of the world's history, he would plead for national unity. His spirit has seen his Nation grow from a nation of 4,000,000 to a country of 125,000,000. "Unsheath your sword and go forth, to save America," he would cry out to his fellow Americans, "Stop all childish prattle in the conclaves and assemblies of men: take up arms and cease not until victory is assured." America is at the crossroads of civilization, one way leads to liberty, the other to slavery.

The hope that he dreamed for the United States, a land that would gather to its bosom the tired, striving huddled sons and daughters of humanity, from across the seas, who would find in this young country a new birth of freedom, from danger. How his spirit must have been touched on December 7th, last year when the menacing Asiatic hordes in the far Pacific swooped down on Pearl Harbor without warning and smashed at our Pacific Fleet. Do we not hear the immortal Washington's spirit crying out, "Americans awake from your lethargy! Arouse yourselves from the inertia and complacence that has engulfed you. I have seen my Nation rise Phoenix-like from the valley of despair and doubt and slowly reach the mountain of security and freedom. My country for whose existence my army fought and bled is now being thearteued by an advancing alien horde of Paganized Nazis and conscienceless Japs. These dark sinister forces would make of my country a sham.bles. They would make you a vassal people chained to the juggernaut of a new Pharoah."

"Just as it was in my day, a group of shortsighted and dwarfed mentalities are sniping from within. It was their prototypes, their ancestors, who would have had us cease firing after Bunker Hill, or Fort Washington, and others and during the hardships and miseries of Valley Forge. The same spirit, that led soldiers for six years until they reached Yorktown which settled the issue of the Revolution, should fill in this dark hour. I have heard theAmerican Legion cry out in piercing tones for more than two decades "Prepare". I have heard the cry with satisfaction and hoped it would be heeded. But alas,, it fell upon empty ears of legislators who saw not the danger. The Legionares who tasted the hardships of war but who were filled with jingoists and superpatriots. They were derided and scorned. Today my countrymen knew that they were right. Arouse my fellow Americans! Arm and re-arm. Forget your banal and petty quarrels; forget your political controversies and foolish religious prejudices. The battlefield calls you to repel the monsters who would suffocate civilization, destory your liberties, and crush your land.

Stabbed in the back by a treacherous foe; our coast line menaced by a nest of submarines bent on destroy-

ing our ships; our cities threatened with death-dealing bombs from the skies; can we in this hour sit by supinely; chatter banally, waste our precious moments undermining confidence in our leaders and rulers? The time has come for action, and criminal indeed would it be, if an hour is wasted in the job that must be done. Harken unto me. Save our country! Protect our freedom! In God's name carry on till the battle is won!

———:———

Adversity has the effect of eliciting talents which in prosperous circumstances would have lain dormant.—Horace.

———:———

RADIO AND AIRPLANE

(N. C. Christian Advocate)

Gunpowder revolutionized warfare in the middle ages, the coming of the steam engine brought in a new age for transportation, and the electric telegraph did the same a century ago for the transfer of news. Now in these last days the radio and the airplane are promoting still greater revolutions in air. So fundamental and far-reaching are these inventions that few begin to appreciate the results of these two agencies in the air.

The whole world in a strikingly real sense has become an audience chamber for the nations. All the day long and the whole night through the news comes pouring in from every continent. The industrious news gatherers are busy in camps and on battlefields, in capitals and in far secluded nooks of earth, furnishing bulletins to go on the air. As men sleep and as women watch by the bedside of the sick and dying, the news pours in from the ends of the earth. For a pittance, by means of linotype and power presses this news is laid every morning on each man's doorstep. Not for a bag of golden guineas even two centuries ago could a Croseus have bought this marvelous story of world's happenings—this news of the world.

But far more revolutionary than the radio in peace and war has been the airplane which is now just in its infancy. That day at Kill Devil Hill when Orville Wright rose from the sands of the isolated beach in the first flight of a heavier-than-air machine, the wildest flight of the imagination could not then have visioned such a revolution in four brief decades. War has now become largely a conflict in the air and the future of transportation by air in times of peace tends in the same direction. It does seem that man is in a large way destined to transport his goods above and far across land and water —as now he gets his news out of the air. Air-minded man is going to rule the future and to determine the fate of the nations. Shore lines and

mountain chains, desert sands and miasmic lands will no longer set boundaries to peoples and tongues.

The old order is changing and a new age is at the birth. It would seem that the old destinations of "border and breed and birth" are to give place to a recognition of the true brotherhood of man—of all men, even though a man comes from the ends of the earth. This is a wild dream but not more wild and far-reaching than this new future calls most insistently for a world brotherhood. Only the Prince of Peace who taught the brotherhood of man can make the change that has come with the airplane in these last times.

We talk glibly about the "good neighbor policy" in this present world neighborhood. But possibly the new order in which the airplane is destined to bear rule following the treaty of good will that must come at the end of this war. Consequently wise churchmen refuse to urge the Christian church to foster hate and to take the sword on the field of battle. They insist that this "body of Christ" must be kept free for the healing of the nations in the new world brotherhood that is to be. So thus far the American churches have shown a far more Christian spirit in this war than in any other we have waged.

AS BOY SCOUTS SEE IT

Dig right in and do your bit,
Take your dose of work and grin.
Put your soul right into it—
That's the only way to win.

Don't sit down and loudly wail
Just because your job is tough;
That's the surest way to fail.
Tackle it and show your stuff.

Each man living meets his test;
Hard jobs come to one and all.
Dig right in and do your best.
Shirk it—and you're sure to fall.

When you're up against a job
That's distasteful, dig right in;
Don't take time to sigh or sob;
Do it, and you're bound to win.

—Detroit Free Press.

HIDE-RACK

By Glenn Balch in The Training School Echo

I don't believe I ever witnessed a more sorrowful sight than the starved, bedraggled collie pup that came limping to our homestead cabin in the wild Salmon River country that late autumn day. Doubtless he had been brought into the mountains during the summer with a band of sheep, and had lost himself as the band left its summer range.

You could count his ribs as far as you could see them, and the angles of his big-boned frame seemed to be doing their best to stick through his shaggy, matted coat. The only things about him that looked still alive were his large brown eyes, and they were pleading for kindness as he came slowly through our front gate.

Dad, who happened to be standing in the cabin door, took one look at him and exclaimed, "Hide-rack!" From then on, Hide-rack was his name.

At the sound of Dad's voice. Hide-rack stopped doubtfully and attempted a weak flick of the tail. Well, that got me. I'm just sixteen now and I've always loved dogs.

"Dad he's about dead," I said, and walked forward.

Hide-rack sat down. I crouched gently, petted him, and picked him up. He was as light as a poodle. Talking soothingly to him, I carried him into the house while Dad got a plate from the cupboard and fed him some scraps. He gobbled them down eagerly and begged for more.

"No more now, old fellow," Dad said. "You've got to go easy on the grub for a while, till you're back in eating form. You've had a long lay-off. "

And that's how we met the dog that grew to be famous in the Salmon River country, inside of two years. But that's my story and I've got to be careful not to get ahead of it. I want you to know just how it happened.

With the food we gave him, Hide-rack grew like a weed. Before the snow had begun to melt in the spring, he was as fat and slick as a bear cub, and had begun to follow Dad and me on our trap lines.

He had his bed in the corner of the cabin and was the first one up every morning. He would rise, stretch his big body, then with a joyful bark leap into my bunk and do his best to chew my ears off before I could get them under the cover. After I had covered up my head he would growl fiercely and tug and pull at the bedding until I got up. We got to be great pals, Hide-rack and I.

It wasn't until late summer that Hide-rack began to earn his keep. Dad operated a pack string, taking sportsmen and tourists back into the hills on hunting, fishing, and sight-seeing trips. We had better than thirty head of horses. At night we turned them loose to feed on the bunch grass and our first job every morning was to gather them up. I was chief wrangler, besides being packer and cook and general camp flunky, and the task of rounding up the horses fell to me.

Hide-rack went with me a few times and soon got the idea of rounding up the stragglers. He was a natural-born heeler and any horse that proved

obstinate got nipped on the rear fetlocks. At first I was afraid that they'd kill him, but after he had been kicked two or three times he learned to dodge the flying hoofs. Running close to the ground he would dart in behind the horse, nip him on the heels, and be away before the horse could get his hind legs into action.

One morning as I was getting ready to go after the horses and Hide-rack was bouncing about, impatient to get started, Dad said sternly, "Go get 'em Hide-rack," and waved his hand toward the hillside where the bunch was feeding.

The dog ran a short distance toward the horses, then turned and came trotting back. Facing Dad squarely he looked up into Dad's face, wrinkling his skin just above his brown eyes like a human being. His expression said, "What do you mean?" just as plain as if he had been able to talk. Dad repeated his command and again the big collie started away, only to stop and return.

On the third attempt Hide-rack seemed to get the idea, for he burned a red and gold streak up the hill to the horses. We could hear his joyous bark as he rounded them and sent them flying down the slope. Something choked my throat—a kind of a wild joy and pride—to see those thirty head of horses, blacks and grays and bays, with manes and tails flying, come charging down the hill and the big collie racing in the rear.

The horses soon came to enjoy this morning run as much as the dog, and the more high-strung would snort and stamp their feet as if in great fear when he came near. But the minute we put the halters or bridles on, Hide-rack could walk under their bellies, and lie in their shade, and they would pay no attention. Hide-rack began to consider the horses his special charges and he looked after them in a kind of fatherly manner which made Dad and me laugh.

One day a pack mare named Nell went lame. We distributed her pack among the other animals and turned her loose to follow in the rear. All day, long Hide-rack trudged at her side, and when she limped into camp late that night he was marching soberly just a few feet in front of her. Can you beat a dog like that?

The very next day a horse made a misstep on a narrow canyon trail and rolled to the bottom. We scrambled down—Dad and I and a couple of dudes. Dad looked over at Bud—the pack horse—and then nodded meaningly at me. I waited while Dad and the dudes climbed up the canyon side with the packs off Bud's back. Hide-rack sniffed at Bud and then looked at me, his ears half-lifted.

"Go on, Hide-rack," I ordered and pointed up the hill.

He trotted up a few yards, then turned and looked down at me. He didn't want to leave Bud.

"Go on, I shouted as roughly as I could. Hiderack went, slowly, and I turned quickly and pulled my gun and did the job I had to. Bud's leg, you see, was broken. And as I climbed up to the trail I was hoping somehow, that Hide-rack hadn't seen me.

Two hours later, after we had rejoined the party, I missed Hide-rack and all my whistling failed to bring him in. I thought as much of him as I did my right arm; so I trotted up to the front of the train and asked Dad if I could go look for him.

Dad thought for a few minutes, then said, "I know where he is."

" So do I," I replied.

"Back in the canyon with Bud?" Dad looked at me with a question in his eyes, and I nodded.

I rode back to the scene of the accident, and sure enough, there sat Hide-rack, looking at the dead horse as if he couldn't understand why Bud didn't get up and follow the train.

We had no more accidents that trip, and late in the fall, we took the horses down to a farm in the Snake River valley where they wintered. Dad went down a few days early in our old broken-down truck and Hide-rack and I drove the horses. The trip down required ten days. Then Dad and I loaded the winter supplies in the truck, and taking Hide-rack in with us, made the trip back to the ranch.

For the first two weeks after we got back Hide-rack was lost. Every morning he would go out and roam the hills looking for the horses. For hours he would search out draws and gullies, sometimes whining and other times barking loudly, as if he thought the sound of his voice might bring the bunch thundering from some hidden covert. But as the days sped by he gradually began to spend more time with Dad and me and less in the hills.

In the spring Hide-rack was larger and more beautiful than ever. His red and gold coat, his black-tipped, tapering nose, and pure-white throat gave him a bolt of color as he dashed along the hillside after snowshoe rabbits. He weighed 85 pounds and was hard as nails. He and I wrestled on the cabin floor, and how he knocked me about!

I began to itch for the trail. I wanted to feel the smooth hard leather of a saddle between my legs again, and most of all, like Hide-rack, I longed to see the bunch—old Nell and Jug and Babe and Croppy and Dan and the rest. We went out one day to the shed to limber up the old truck for the trip to the valley. I was putting water in the radiator when Dad almost knocked me over with a few words.

"Chet," he said, in the indifferent tone used by fathers when they've got something good up their sleeve, "I've a new saddle horse for you this summer."

One time, when I was just a youngster I had run across a picture of a handsome Morgan stallion in an old cavalry journal, and ever since then I had been wild for a Morgan. Dad knew how much I wanted a mount of that lion-hearted breed. If Dad had added an ordinary pony to our herd, it wouldn't have been important enough to mention.

"Is it—is it—?" I stammered.

"Yep, it's a Morgan. I had him sent out from Kentucky during the winter."

I must have registered joy all over, for Dad took just one glance at me and laughed. Hide-rack got all excited, out of plain sympathy.

Well, I could hardly wait until we reached the ranch in the Snake River valley. As the old truck wheezed in sight I glued my eyes on the pasture where I knew the horses were. And there, shining among the range-bred ponies like diamonds among cut glass, I saw—not one, but two blood-red bays whose marks of strength, speed, endurance and breeding stood out even from the distance.

"Two!" I gasped.

"Yes", replied Dad, grinning from

ear to ear. "One for you and one for me. You can have your choice."

When I saw those two wonderful horses at close range, I couldn't talk. Tht sun shot rays from their velvet coats. From their small, round, aristocratic hoofs to the tops of their handsome, intelligent heads they were perfect pictures.

"I'll take the gelding," I said.

Dad nodded his head in approval of my choice. "The mare is good enough for me."

We named them Red and Rudy, I put my saddle on Red and took a run into the sagebrush. He was by far the fastest and most powerful mount I had ever had between my legs and when I came back to the corral there wasn't enough money in the world to buy him from me. Hide-rack wasn't the least bit jealous—he was too busy meeting all the other horses.

After a few days in the valley, buying equipment and supplies for the summer, we started the journey back to Salmon River country, Dad driving the truck and Hide-rack and I trailing the horses. I rode every step of the way.

The first morning after we got back home I called Hide-rack out of the cabin and waved my hand towards the horses feeding on the near-by hillside.

"Go get 'em," I commanded, wondering if he remembered.

With a joyous bark he was off, his red-gold body cutting a streak through the green grass. He rounded up the bunch like an old-timer began to drive them down. But the high-spirited intelligence of the Morgans was something else again. They refused to be driven. Instead they stepped warily, always keeping their fetlock toward the big red dog.

Hide-rack changed his tactics. He tried to sneak in behind them to get at their fetlocks, but they were as quick as he, and whats more when he got close they would run at him, forcing him to take cover.

Hide-rack was stumped. After working hard for half an hour he sat down at a safe distance, and I could see his intelligent head crooked to one side. Dad and I were watching both feeling regretful. It looked as if the addition of the Morgans to our herd was to ruin Hide-rack's usefullness.

But as we watched the dog began again. He would go as near the Morgans as he dared, then raced to the brush when they took after him. It seemed to develop into a game, and as it progressed the dumber range horses joined in. Soon the entire herd was pounding at Hide-rack's heels, and all, both the horses and dog enjoyed it. But that wasn't bringing in the horses.

"I guess you'll have to get 'em, Chet," Dad said finally.

"Wait a minute," I begged "I've got an idea."

Then, waiting until the horses were hard after the dog. I whistled shrilly, a signal that I always used to call Hide-rack to me. The dog heard me. He seemed to hesitate in his stride just an instant, then veered his course from his refuge in the underbrush to direction of the cabin.

The horses, Morgan, range stock and all followed him at a dead run. Down the hill they came, the red-gold dog streaking in front, the two bays close on his heels, and the rest of the bunch strung out behind, tails and manes flying. It was great!

Hide-rack didn't stop until he was

safe between my legs. The horses pulled up at the very cabin door, and we easily rounded them into the corral. I wanted to know whether there was real enmity between the dog and the Morgans; so I put a bridle on Red and led him to the dog. The horses paid no attention whatever to Hide-rack, and the big collie proved that it was all in fun by walking calmly under the bay's belly and laying down in his shade within a few feet of those flashing front feet that he had been dodging a few minutes before.

After that Hide-rack led rather than drove, the horses up every morning, and they always came in at full speed, the Morgans doing their best to run over the flying dog, and he in turn running as if his very life depended upon it. I don't know what would have happened if he had tripped and fallen, but I never believed the horses would have intentionally harmed him. It was all a game.

As the days passed the horses came to expect the early morning race. When they saw him coming they would throw up their heads and watch until he was in their midst. Then, with much snorting and cavorting, they would start the race that ended in the corral. Dad and I got lots of fun out of it.

Business was good that summer. Dad and I were on the trail most of the time, and our string of good horses was in great demand, especially among the wealthy sportsmen who wanted a good mount and equipment and didn't mind paying for them. It was generally conceded that the Foster outfit—that's our name—was the best in the Salmon River country, and before the summer was half gone the fame of our Morgans had spread throughout southern Idaho. I wished, later that our fame hadn't spread quite so far.

Fall came almost before I knew it. We brought a hunting party out on the day the season closed, and the next morning I found Dad tinkering with the old truck. He glanced up at the sky.

"We've got to get these horses out in a hurry," he said. "Snow might come any time now."

The peaks were already white and I knew, too, that we had to hustle. Late that evening Dad cranked the old motor and rolled away. "You start with the horses early in the morning." he directed me.

I had often spent nights alone in the forest and it didn't worry me to be left alone in the cabin, especially with Hide-rack curled in his accustomed place near the door. I rose early in the morning after Dad had gone, cooked my breakfast and sent the dog after the horses. They weren't in sight and I supposed that they were in one of the neighboring gullies, but in a short time Hide-rack returned without them, his big eyes puzzled.

I thought that they had strayed farther than usual during the night and left the cabin to look for them without bothering to put on hat or coat. Hide-rack was at my heels and now and then I sent him off in the brush.

Half a mile from the cabin I found the herd's tracks and began to trail them. For an hour I stuck to the trail and at the end of that time the horses were nowhere in sight.

I began to get suspicious. The tracks were in a straight line and grazing horses don't move in that manner. Also, the corral at the cabin was home to them and they wouldn't leave it of

their own free will. Gradually it dawned on me that they were being driven. I looked over the trail closely and discovered that one particular set of tracks tracked back and forth across the broad trail left by the entire herd. That convinced me that this horse carried a rider and that the rider's intentions were to drive the herd away from the cabin. In short, our horses, including the two Morgans had been stolen.

All of a sudden I began longing for Dad. I felt lonely and—well, afraid. But Dad, even then, was rattling along in the old truck towards the ranch in the valley, and it would be ten or twelve days before he would even worry about me. In that time the thieves would have our horses so far away that we could never find them. I knew now that the thieves had been waiting for this chance. They had waited for Dad to go—he's a tiger when he's mad—and had figured me as nobody.

The tracks pointed up the valley, showing that the rustlers planned to take the bunch out through Vanity Pass and into the Cascade, from which point the horses could be distributed to individual buyers. Once through Vanity Pass, they'd get away with the theft. Of course Red and Ruby would be taken to a different section of the country, where no one would recognize them.

Vanity Pass is one of the highest in the Sawtooths and the first big snow that comes in the fall locks it tight against man and beast until spring. From the tang of frost in the air I knew it would be only a few days until the big snows began. Before Dad could posibly arrive, the Pass would be blocked and we wouldn't be able to take up the pursuit until spring, and by that time pusuit would be useless. The raid had been well planned, but I wasn't going to stand by without lifting a finger while thieves drove my Morgan away. I'm a Foster, too, and I've got my share of Dad's temper.

I had no hat, coat, gun, food, or bedding. As much as I wanted a rifle, to return to the cabin would mean loss of time, and the snow clouds were in the sky. Calling Hide-rack to heel I took the trail, walking with that long, swinging gait of the mountain men. I didn't run or trot, for I knew how speed kills you in rough country and I had a long hike before me. Dad had often told me: "The way to make haste in the hills is slowly."

The trail was easy to follow. The thieves had taken no pains whatever to cover it. They were sure the threatening snow would do that for them. Straight as a die they laid their course for Vanity Pass.

All morning I stuck to the trail, climbing now and then to a high point to reconnoiter the country ahead. At noon I crippled a blue grouse with a rock and Hide-rack captured it. Cooking it quickly over a hot fire, I ate the breast and gave the remainder to the dog. Then we took the trail again. I was careful to keep Hide-rack at my heels for fear he would run ahead and betray my presence. He seemed to realize that something unusual was afoot and stuck close to me, silent as a shadow.

The sun dropped behind the western peaks, dusk came, and it grew cold. I had no trouble in following the trail in the dark because I knew where it was going. About ten o'clock the moon broke through a rift in the clouds, casting a pale glow over the

forest. I was now following the tracks in the bed of a narrow, steep-walled canyon.

Suddenly, a few hundred yards ahead, near the canyon creek, I saw the embers of a dying fire. The rustlers had camped. Creeping closer I made out the blanketed forms of three men about the fire. The horses were not in sight, nor could I hear them.

"Maybe," I thought, "a fourth man is guarding the herd."

Backing up a safe distance from the camp, I climbed one of the steep walls and made a wider detour, coming back to the canyon rim at a place well beyond the sleeping rustlers. Still I couldn't find the horses feeding in the valley. That stopped me until I saw in the dim light the mouth of a tributary canyon opening in the opposite wall, near the thieve's camp.

With Hide-rack at my heels, I went down into the canyon, crossed to the other side, and climbed the wall. Carefully I made my way along the brink to the tributary depression, and there, feeding on the luxuriant grass, were dark forms that I knew to be horses. I could hardly restrain a yell!

Looking closely, I could see no guard. This puzzled me until looking at the walls in the moonight, I suddenly realized that the horses were in what is known as a box canyon—a canyon with steep sides from which there is no exit but at the mouth. The horses couldn't escape without being driven through the rustler's camp!

My spirits fell. Single-handed and unarmed I knew I would be no match for the three men. It looked as if all my tracking had been useless—as if I must stand helplessly by while our horses were driven away by thieves. But as I stood there, shivering in the cold on that canyon wall, with Hide-rack lying at my feet, a crazy plan hit me between the eyes.

I made my way around the head of the box canyon to the lower side and investigated the lay of the country, especially noting the location of the sleeping rustlers. My plan began to look better. Then I returned to a place on the box canyon wall almost directly above the feeding horses and sat down to wait for morning. The minutes seemed like hours as I crouched there in the cold, hugging close to Hide-rack's silky body for warmth.

At last a light streak appeared in the east, the shadows began to disappear, and I could clearly see the bright red forms of Red and Rudy among the horses in the canyon. Counted them. There were three extra, and I knew that these were the mounts of the rustlers.

It was light enough to see clearly when I decided that the time to put my plan in execution had arrived. Calling Hide-rack to follow, and cussing myself for the way my heart was pounding, I crawled to the edge of the canyon wall at a place where it was less steep than usual. Then I grabbed the dog bodily and pushed him over. Twisting and turning he scrambled to the botton unhurt. Then began a desperate effort to climb back.

"Down, Hide-rack, down," I commanded. He stopped his useless climbing and stood looking up at me with his head to one side, plainly asking me questions.

I waved my hand toward the horses. "Go get 'em!" I ordered.

I waited long enough to see the red-gold dog racing towards the horses,

to see Red and Rudy throw up their tails and prance to meet him, eager for the morning frolic—a frolic that was a lot more serious than they knew.

Then I turned and raced across the flat mesa top and scrambled down into the main canyon at a place about two hundred yards beyond the rustlers' camp. I could see that the men had just got up and were eating breakfast.

Crouching behind the trunk of a big yellow pine I began to whistle with all my might—the whistle that called Hide-rack into camp. As I whistled I prayed that the red dog could hear me.

Still whistling strenuously I peeped from behind the tree and could see that the rustlers had jumped to their feet and were looking intently in my general direction, their faces worried. They didn't see me, and they didn't know what to do. One of them started forward to investigate.

At that moment the narrow mouth of the little box canyon behind them suddenly filled with a flying wedge of horseflesh, led by a big racing collie.

Springing into full view. I waved my arms and screamed to attract the dog's attention—and trembled for fear he would stop at the camp. But on he came, swift as a flash, straight for me, with Red and Rudy hard on his tail. The dumfounded men looked open-jawed at me until they were almost run down by a sweeping tide of horses. Then they stampeded like so many rabbits for the brush.

On the horses came, thundering through the camp, scattering bedding, pots and pans, and guns, right and left, while the panic-stricken rustlers dodged behind trees, rocks, and brush.

Hide-rack stopped between my legs. Red and Rudy pulled up just short of running me down. I grasped Red's flowing mane and flung myself on his back. Guiding the big Morgan with my knees I sent him to the rear of the band and began to haze the horses away from the wrecked camp. Hide-rack helped, and in less time than it takes to tell it, the bunch was racing pell-mell through the canyon, with the big dog barking joyously at their heels and Red, with me on his back, loping easily along behind.

I heard curses and yells from the rustlers. A rifle cracked and a bullet whined over my head. I just buried my face in Red's mane and dug my heels deeper into his ribs.

At last a bend in the canyon hid us from the thieve's view. I counted the horses. There were three new ones in the bunch and I knew the rustlers were afoot. I pushed the horses hard and arrived at the cabin shortly after noon. Afraid that the rustlers might follow, I saddled and packed two of the horses quickly and in less than an hour was on my way to the ranch in the Snake River Valley.

I was two days behind schedule when I arrived at the wintering grounds and Dad had begun to be uneasy. Boy, was he relieved when I hazed the bunch through the big wire fence!

"Why the delay, Chet?" he questioned.

I told him the whole story from start to finish, and when I had finished he threw his arms about my shoulder in a manner that made me feel very proud. Then he looked at the big red-gold dog.

"Come here, Hide-rack," he said, and took his arm from my shoulder to take the collie's intelligent face in his two hands. "If you never turn another hair,

old fellow," he promised, "you've earned your keep for the rest of your life!"

And Hide-rack wagged his tail vigorously, as if he knew just exactly what my father was saying.

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You will never be sorry for living a white life, for doing your level best, for faith in humanity, for being kind to the poor, for looking before leaping; for hearing before judging; for being candid and frank; for thinking before speaking.—Selected.

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THE GREAT OPEN SPACES

By Dr. Hunter B. Blakely

The vast open spaces, where concrete and asphalt have not run their lines, where houses do not hide trees, and where the breezes come laden with the freshness and the sweetness of forest and field, these open spaces should lure us from our city haunts and bring to our ravelled nerves the balm of nature's healing.

This week it has been my privilege to spend most of one beautiful autumn day in the out-of-doors. May I give you a few impressions, with the suggestion that you, too, seek some days in God's great open spaces during this troubled period of man's history.

There is the stillness of the forest, at times not a sound; then there is a breath of wind and one hears even the fluttering of a leaf. Out of the stillness there comes the clear song of a little bird. Far off in the distance there is the occasional baying of a hound, but otherwise a complete quiet. The stillness is tonic for the neves of men, who have listened to chugging automobiles, rushing feet, clanging signals, and the never-ending sound of human voices. How seldom do the auditory nerves have a complete cessation from constantly receiving a jumble of noise! How seldom do our minds rest from the constant toil of separating the significant sounds from those which are meaningless! But far enough from the habitations of man in the woods, noise is left behind, quietness begins, and in the stillness every sound has its own significance. The vastness of forest and field yields the balm of quietness.

There is in the open spaces the vastness of nature. Shut up within an office, we look upon a wall 12 feet away and conduct business with a fellow man just across the desk. But nature is not content with such small dimensions. Her forests stretch out wider than the eye can see. Her plains vanish into the limitless distances. Her mountains lift lofty heads towering far above man's pigmy buildings. Her oceans lose themselves in space. Her sky rises tier on tier, higher and still higher. With-

in doors man seems greater than his own creations, but out-of-doors creation is too vast for our capacities to comprehend. In our cities we find man; in the open we discover God. It is man in the open who sings with Sidney Lanier:

"As the marsh-hen secretly builds
on the watery sod,
Behold I will build me a nest on
the greatness of God;
I will fly in the greatness of God
as the marsh-hen flies
In the freedom that fills all the
open 'twixt the marsh and the
skies:
By so many roots as the marsh-
grass sends in the sod,
I will heartily lay me a-hold on
the greatness of God:
Oh, like the greatness of God is
the greatness within
The range of the marshes, the
liberal marshes of Glynn."

There is in nature a continual restoration of the worn out and destroyed. Man uses his creations and then casts them aside as scrap. Nature continually is restoring to usefulness and beauty her exhausted acres. Along our eastern seaboard, much of our virgin soil, which was once so fertile, is now exhausted worn out by thoughtless and selfish farming. But Nature is too loving a mother to leave the wasted land without care. She scatters her seeds far and wide, and over the wasted lands rise the new forests. The tree roots tangling together into masses stop the ravines; the leaves falling autumn after autumn enrich the impoverished soil, the grasses add their labor, and nature thus begins to undo the destruction which man so hurriedly accomplished. With her unlimited time, nature will accomplish her purpose and the earth will be recovered from human waste. Man wastes, destroys, and desolates; nature restores, heals, and enriches.

The out-of-doors is prodigal in beauty. Within the market, we sell beauty by count; nature scatters beauty without measure or price. The florist has his roses for sale by the half-dozen, but the wild flowers bloom unendingly. How rich is the out-of-doors in diversity! According to the botanist, there are not two leaves upon a tree indentical in structure, and yet nature has not one tree but forests innumerable, each tree differing even to the details of a leaf. No two streams are identical, but each along its bank provides its own secrets of surprise and beauty. At night when the stars come out, each differs from his fellow star in glory. Before the prodigality of nature's diversity, the thinking man in the open spaces lefts a worshipping soul to the Great Creator of us all.

He that gives good advice, builds with one hand; he that gives good counsel and example, builds with both; but he that gives good admonition and bad example, builds with one hand and pulls down with the other.—**Bacon.**

INSTITUTION NOTES

The boys were very much disappointed when the films for the regular motion picture show failed to arrive this week.

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The wire fence along the highway has been removed and additional hedge is being planted, which greatly improves the appearance of this section of the School grounds.

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The floor in the front hall of the Cannon Memorial (Administration) Building is now a most attractive spot. The old floor has been removed and is replaced by a new composition floor, laid out in attractive two-color square designs.

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Mr. Alf Carriker and his carpenter shop boys have been spending several days renovating and re-decorating the library. This is a decided improvement in the appearance of the room. Reading tables are being made in our carpepnter shop, and will soon be installed in the library. Plans are being made to secure many new volumes of good boys' literature, and, we hope to open the library in a short time.

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Last week we gently hinted that the frosty mornings of a few days previous had whetted our appetites for some sausage, spare-ribs, etc., but evidently the "powers that be" overlooked the item when it appeared in these columns. There are a number of fine fat hogs in the pen, and the weather is getting much cooler—and we still think it is time some hog-killing should be going on.

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We are very glad to report that for several weeks past there have been very few patients in our infirmary. A minister from Concord was being shown through this building about two weeks ago, and he remarked that he had visited many hospitals, but this was the first one he had seen where every bed was empty. This fine record was made possible by carefully checking-up and treating minor injuries and ailments among the boys, and we trust the poppulation of the infirmary may be kept at a low figure during the winter months.

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We recently learned that another of our old boys, William L. Shannon, is now in the United States Navy. William entered the School, September 4, 1940 and was conditionally released September 8, 1941, returning to his home in Winston-Salem. By reason of the good record he had made, he was discharged from further parole supervision, in March, 1942. During his stay at the School, William was a special helper at the Receiving Cottage, and earned the reputation of

being a boy with very nice manners and a very good worker.

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The Charlotte News of Saturday, October 24th, carried a list of young men who had been accepted for service in the United States Marine Corps, in which we noticed that of Paul B. Broome, of Monroe, one of our old boys. Paul left the School in 1939, and was later inducted into the United States Army, and some months ago received a medical discharge from that branch of service.

We failed to learn why the medical discharge was issued, but it is interesting to know that after Paul tried at a number of recruiting stations to re-enter the Army, he finally succeeded in getting into the Marine Corps last week while officers of that branch of service were recruiting in Monroe. Paul's father informed us that the lad was determined to get into one of this country's fighting forces, and was quite happy in being accepted by the Marine Corps.

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The boys' Hallowe'en party, held last Saturday afternoon, was a great success. A large booth was erected just out side the entrance to the bakery. As the cottage lines filed past, each boy was served the ever popular American "hot dog" with all the trimmin's. As the boys passed other booths, decorated in a manner appropriate to the season, they were given bottled Coca-cola and Dr. Pepper, pop-corn, oatmeal cookies and fresh roasted peanuts. These delicacies, so popular with boys, were issued in most generous portions, the lines of youngsters making two complete rounds of the booths, with many going back the third time for a "re-fill."

As has been the custom for several years, the Dr. Pepper Bottling Company of Charlotte, and the Coca-Cola Bottling Company of Concord, donated the drinks for the party; and Mr. D. Ritz, of Concord, furnished the pop-corn. In behalf of both the boys and officials of the Training School we tender these fine friends a unanimous vote of thanks for their efforts in making this a very happy occasion.

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Rev. R. S. Arrowwood, pastor, of McKinnon Presbyterian Church, Concord, conducted the service at the School last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson he read Luke 6: 1-12. The subject of his message to the boys was "Hands," and for his text he selected the tenth verse of the lesson read: "And looking round about upon them all, he said unto the man, Stretch forth thy hand. And he did so; and his hand was restored whole as the other."

Rev. Mr. Arrowwood began by stating that we should think of the hands of God. The greatest work anyone ever did, God did with His hands—the making of the world. As we look out upon nature in this autumn season, we see great beauty. The trees of the forest are a myriad of colors. God's hand alone is responsible for this beautiful picture. God's hands did not alone make the world, set it spinning and leave it—He still directs the world.

The speaker then stated that when we think of the boys in the armed

forces in the Solomon Islands, Australia, England, Ireland and many other foreign countries, far from home, we have the satisfaction of knowing they are not out of reach of God's hands, and should constantly pray to Him for their protection.

God's hands wrote the Ten Commandments upon tablets of stone, continued the speaker, and they are still the foundation of all laws that will benefit mankind. When Belshazzar sinned, it was the hand of our Heavenly Father that wrote on the wall.

Rev. Mr. Arrowwood then called attention to the hands of Jesus Christ. As a boy and young man in his father's carpenter shop, those hands were toiling hands. They pushed the plane and the saw, teaching us the value of learning to work with our hands. The hands of Jesus were powerful hands. Holding up his hand, he said, "Peace, be still," and the angry waves of the sea subsided. Those same hands raised a girl from the dead. The tender hands of the Master took little children into his arms, and he blessed them. His pierced and bleeding hands, nailed to the cross, tell us of his sacrifice for our salvation. The hands of Jesus are constantly knocking upon the doors of our hearts, and he is saying, "Come, follow me."

Rev. Mr. Arrowood then called attention to the hands of Christian fathers and mothers which so tenderly cared for us when we were too small to care for ourselves. While those hands may now be gnarled and twisted by toil and pain, they are still beautiful to us.

Many hands are withered, said the speaker, and are not as useful as they should be. They are held back by laziness sin and meanness, and we need to bring them to Jesus to be restored to usefullness. Just as he cured the withered hand in the parable, he can make our hands powerful in doing good to those around us.

Rev. Mr. Arrowood concluded his message by reading a poem by Amos R. Wells, in which the author allows his imagination play upon the incident. He calls the man with the withered hand Reuben, and his wife Rachael, and when in God's house Reuben's hand is restored he joyously exclaims:

Praise God! Praise God! give me
my tools again!
Oh, let me grasp a hammer and a
saw!
Bring me a nail and any piece of
wood,
Come, see me shut my hand upon
it,
And watch my nimble fingers twirl
a ring.
How good are solids. Oak and
stone and iron,
And rough and smooth and
straight and curved and
round.
Here, Rachael, for these long and
weary years my hands have
ached to smooth your shining
hair
And touch your dimpled cheek.
Come, wife, and see:
I am a man again. A man for
work.
A man for earning bread and
clothes and home;
A man, and not a useless hold-the-
hand;
A man—no more a bandaged cumberer.
Oh, blessed Sabbath of all Sabbath Days!

Anl did you hear them muttering at Him
And did you see them look sour at me?
They'll cast me from the synagogue, perchance;
But let them. I've a hand, a hand, a hand!
And, ah, dear wife, to think he goes about
So quietly, and does such things as this,
Making poor, half men whole, in hand and foot,
In eye and ear, and witless maniac mind,
To get such praise as that! Well, here's a hand;
A strong, true hand that now is wholly His,
To work or fight for Him, or what He will,
For he has been the hand of God to me.

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KINDNESS

Now if ever there is vital need
For kindness as we touch the lives of others;
There is a secret hunger we should feed,
A secret thirst. Our sisters and our brothers
Are carrying such heavy loads, such care,
So much of heartbreak in their daily living,
And knowing something of the weights they bear,
Let there be kindness in our quick outgiving.

It takes so little effort to be kind;
A gentle word may ease a bitter grieving;
The time is brief, but not too brief to find
A moment to be used, beyond believing,
To hearten some discouraged fellow man
Who feels that hope may never come again.

—Grace Noll Crowell.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending November 1, 1942

RECEIVING COTTAGE
Brown Harris
Ira Montgomery
Leonard Melton
Charles Pearson
Weaver Ruff
Paul Smith
Lee St. Clair
James Watts
L. P. Whitley
Harry Wilson
Charles Young

COTTAGE NO. 1
Albert Allen
Ralph Bailey
James Brigman
Oscar Carter
Paul Childers
Wade Fisher
Durwood Martin
James Parker
Jack Reeves
Leonard Robinson
James Shell
Kenneth Tipton
Frank Walker

COTTAGE NO. 2
William Butler
Clyde Bustle
Dewell Cooper
John Crumpler
Bernice Hoke
Virgil Lane
William Lewis
Luther McIntyre
Charles Tate
Newman Tate
Milford Ward

COTTAGE NO. 3
Hurley Bell
Robert Coleman
Joseph Dew
Arthur Ingle
Dewey Lanning
Ralph Powell
Samuel Pritchett
William Pegram
John Tolley

COTTAGE NO. 4
Edward Batten
Jack Bright
William Broadwell
Leroy Childers
William Deaton
William Lanning
Robert Muse
Roy Patton
Charles Simpson
Jesse Williamson

COTTAGE NO. 5
Charles Brookshire
William Gentry
Eugene Kermon
John Mazoo
Eldred Watts
Kenneth Wilson

COTTAGE NO. 6
Elgin Atwood
Kenneth Caldwell
Robert Hobbs
Gerald Kermon
John Linville
Chester Lee
Rufus Massingill
Jacob Myers
Hayes Powell
Reitzel Southern
John C. Rhodes
William Ussery
William Wilkerson

COTTAGE NO. 7
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 8
Homer Johnson
Grover Revels
Thomas Sessions

COTTAGE NO. 9
Gerald Amos
Cecil Caldwell
Curtis Campbell
Leonard Church
Riley Denny
Eugene Dyson
Edward Guffey

James Hale
Wilbur Hardin
William Hart
Morris Johnson
Isaac Mahaffey
Marvin Matheson
Albert Newton
Troy Parris
Leroy Pate
George Strayhorne
Glenn Wilcox

COTTAGE NO. 10

Jerome Harris
William Morgan
Charles Phillips
William Young

COTTAGE NO. 11

Bert Barnhardt
Marvin Bradley
Noah Brown
Horace Guffey
William Guffey
A. B. Hoyle
T. B. Nowell
Jerry Ray
Everett Stamey

COTTAGE NO. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 13

Melvin Rogers

COTTAGE NO. 14

William Harding
William E. Lanford

COTTAGE NO. 15

Hiram Atkinson
William Griffin
Lawton McDowell
Ennis Miller
Hugh Roberts

INDIAN COTTAGE

Raymond Brooks
Roland Brooks
James E. Hall
Ernest Jacobs
Leroy Lowry
James Lochlear
Lester Lochlear

INFIRMARY

Roy Jones

———:———

THIS LIVING HOUR

I cannot face the years that stretch ahead
Foreshadowed by the pattern of the past;
Nor carry now the burdens yet to dread,
Should each one be an echo of the last.
But I can live this hour with head held high;
With courage strong and spirit undismayed;
Give woe the laugh, despondency the lie,
And find the dream once more that somehow strayed.

This hour of life holds all eternity
Within its span; and some day I shall find
The unknown years I dread are not to be;
This living hour has left them all behind.

—Helen Hyde Jensen

DEC 15 1942
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University of North Carolina

THE UPLIFT

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BE HOPEFUL

Be hopeful, friend, when clouds are dark and
days are gloomy, dreary,
Be hopeful even when the heart is sick and
sad and weary.
Be hopeful when it seems your plans are all
opposed and thwarted;
Go not upon life's battfield despondent and
faint-hearted.
And, friends, be hopeful of yourself. Do by-
gone follies haunt you?
Forget them and begin afresh. And let no
hindrance daunt you.
Though unimportant your career may seem
as you begin it,
Press on, for victory's ahead. Be hopeful,
friend, and win it.

—Strickland Gillilan.

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

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S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor
LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

YOUR NEIGHBOR

Do you know the neighbor who lives in your block;
Do you ever take time for a bit of talk?
Do you know his troubles, his heartaches, his cares,
The battles he's fighting, the burdens he bears?
Do you greet him with joy or pass him right by
With a questioning look and a quizzical eye?
Do you bid him "Good morning" and "How do you do,"
Or shrug up as if he was nothing to you?
He may be a chap with a mighty big heart,
And a welcome that grips, if you'd just do your part.
And I know you will coax out his sunniest smile,
If you'll stop with this neighbor and visit awhile.

We rush on so fast in these strenuous days,
We're apt to find fault when it's better to praise.
We judge a man's worth by the make of his car;
We're anxious to find out what his politics are.
But somehow it seldom gets under the hide,
The fact that the fellow we're living beside
Is a fellow like us, with a hankering, too,
For a grip of the hand and a "How do you do?"
With a heart that responds in a welcome sincere
If you'll just stop to fling him a message of cheer,
And I know you'll coax out his sunniest smile,
If you'll just stop with this neighbor and visit awhile.

—H. Howard Biggar.

ARMISTICE DAY

On Monday morning, November 11, 1918, the Armistice was signed and people all over the world rejoiced and showed their enthusiasm in tremendous outbursts; laughing, crying and cheering. The vanquished enemies had laid down their arms in defeat. Blood ceased to flow and everything for which America had fought had

been accomplished. The Prussian militarism was ended and peace once again had triumphed. This was to have been a peace for which our soldiers had fought so gallantly in a war to end all wars.

Little did they realize that a few short years were to go by until the country for which they had fought and died would be involved in another great world war. Once again we are fighting for our freedom and our democratic way of living. We have taken up the torch from their failing hands, and hold it high that those who lie in Flanders Field shall sleep in peace; that their lives were not sacrificed in vain.

Armistice Day this year will be no gay holiday. Instead men and women will go soberly and grimly about their work in munitions factories, on assembly lines, in airplane factories. It has been said that the Lord answers most richly the prayer of the farmer who plows as he prays. It is on this promise that democratic people will on this Armistice Day work feverishly at such tasks while they pray, "Let not mine enemies triumph over me."

* * * * * * * * *

VOLUNTEERS NEEDED

The following article, taken from the Concord Daily Tribune, tells of the needs of the local Red Cross chapter, and the volume of work accomplished in a specified time. This report shows the cooperation of Concord women, but more workers are needed to speed up the making of dressings, so as to fully measure up to the demand, if war casualties are to receive proper attention. This resume of accomplishments in local Red Cross work is marvelous, but the appeal for more workers shows that the excutives in charge of activities have a higher goal. Besides it gives women in every walk of life an opportunity to do something toward winning the war. **Read:**

> "It is the duty of every woman in Concord to give some time to the Red Cross during this war emergency," said Mrs. H. L. Curry, chairman of the surgical dressings production room, recently.
>
> "There is a supervisor on duty in the surgical dressings room to instruct you if you need instruction. So please come and offer your services as we very greatly need workers.
>
> "We have now almost completed a quota of 22,400 9x10 cotton

pads. An October quota of 30,000 2x2 dressings has just arrived.

"In addition to these, a November quota of 18,000 4x4, 7,200 4x8 and 22,500 8x10 pads are to be made. This will make a total of 47,000 dressings the local Red Cross chapter is to be responsible for during November. Therefore, we will really need your help."

* * * * * * * *

DODGERS IN DANGER

When the rationing of the real necessities of life began in the far-off countries across the seas, we paid little attention to the whole procedure, feeling that such would never disturb our free and easy way of living. To be forewarned is the same as being forearmed, so it is wisdom to use rationing tickets or cards just as directed, or there is danger of losing them. The network of rationing is so closely tied up until there is not the slightest chance of evading the federal government's commands without detection. There are smarties in every game, but the smarty who thinks he can put something over on Uncle Sam had better watch his step. The hoarders of tires, sugar, coffee or anything rationed by the government are skating on thin ice. Not only are there no fox-holes for the atheist during this cruel war, but there are no hiding-places for the dodgers from executives of the rationing boards, for the laws regulating the distribution of necessities for all alike have teeth in them, therefore, every person had better play the game fair.

* * * * * * * *

BUY BONDS

We thoroughly understand the significance of Thanksgiving Day, but instead of being obsessed with a spirit of thankfulness for the blessings received, the day is more frequently spent in some field of sport or around tables that groan beneath the weight of good things to eat. It is fitting to state that we accept all of these bounteous blessings as a matter of course. Perhaps the masses are thankful, but as a rule the expressions relative to Thanksgiving Day are to this effect—"we had a glorious day, with all of the good things that make a complete program of fun and laughter." The

American people have enjoyed the fruits of the land to the fullest, but when they realize that the current hour is very dark; that cruel war is global; hunger is stalking her prey; and that winter is rapidly approaching; and disease is seizing emaciated bodies; they cannot help paying some attention to the serious side of life. With such a gloomy picture confronting us on this Thanksgiving Day, we should curtail some of the luxuries and spend more for bonds, in order to hasten the day when the war shall cease, and the boys come home again.

* * * * * * * *

We note in the columns of one of our exchanges that General Douglas MasArthur cannot be swerved by flattering offers for high political position, to leave his duties as a soldier. He has the elements of character similar to those of General Robert E. Lee, one of the greatest military strategists of all time, who also refused such offers. General MacArthur has declared in frank manner that he is not a candidate for the Presidency of the United States, and that his only wish is to win this war and retire again to private life. It is most encouraging to see a man, whose experience in the field of politics is limited, refuse to nurture political ambitions which others may have for him. Our war effort might be advanced with more speed perhaps if those with very limited military experience would cease their attempts to direct this war.

* * * * * * * *

RED CROSS ROLL CALL

The American Red Cross Roll Call will find a receptive people this year as never before. Its services are renowned over the whole world its activities wide spread and diversified serving in war and peacetime. The Red Cross today has a two-fold purpose during time of war to aid the morale of the armed forces and to safeguard the life and health of the civilians. This is an enormous undertaking and needs the backing and support of every man, woman and child in this country. The funds collected from the annual roll call will be required for meeting distress in war, in injuries and fatalities

with our armed forces. There will be millions of dollars spent to build up the morale of men in service, agencies supporting the morale building service and also for the families of the men behind the front lines. There are the factors of pestilence, famine, fire, floods and other national calamities which is met by the Red Cross at all times. The numerous branches or facilities of the organization are known to all of us, first aid, ambulance and hospital services, the maintaining of Red Cross Nursing Services, with the entire country volunteering to produce garments and surgical dressings, the blood plasma banks working overtime, we find the Red Cross in its non-profit service a livewire business. There is not much need to tell a citizen where his contribution to Red Cross goes. We all know it is not, and has never been, government financed. But this we do know for a certainty that without your dollars the American Red Cross cannot carry on. Don't fail them.—Mooresville Enterprise.

* * * * * * * *

LESSONS LEARNED

We clipped the following article from the Morganton News-Herald, feeling that every person should understand exactly how the manpower of our nation is placed in units, and what their specific duties are. Women, also, will have similar placements and will work harmoniously wherever duty calls.

The manpower problems of the nation can be understood when we are told that in 1938 only 47 million out of 133 million Americans were at work.

In June, of this year, the work force including 4,500,000 men in the armed services, has risen to 57 million individuals.

By the end of 1943, this figure is expected to include 65 million Americans and 17 million must be women.

The estimate includes 9 million Americans in uniform, with 7,500,000 in the Army and about 1,500,000 in the Navy. Some 20 million would be employed in war industries and 12 million would work on the farms. Another 24 million would have to care for activities which, a few years ago, required the services of about 35 million Americans.

In view of these figures, it is not surprising that the President has advised the nation that "now we must learn to ration manpower."

IMPORTANT DATES IN NOVEMBER

(Selected)

1—Lisbon destroyed by an earthquake, 1755.
1—Lewis and Clark expedition reached the Pacific Ocean, 1805.
2—Marie Antoinette born, 1755.
2—James K. Polk born, 1795.
2—Warren G. Harding born, 1865.
3—William Cullen Bryant born, 1794.
3—Congress of Vienna opened, 1814.
3—J. A. Early born, 1816.
3—Letter postage in Canada reduced to two cents, 1890.
4—Thomas Johnson, first governor of Maryland, born, 1732.
4—Denver became the capital of Colorado, 1881.
4—United States troops captured Sedan, 1918.
5—Failure of the Gunpowder Plot, 1605.
5—Benjamin F. Butler born, 1818.
6—John Phillip Sousa born, 1854.
6—Lincoln elected President, 1860.
7—Battle of Tippecanoe, 1811.
8—Last spike driven in Canadian Pacific Railway, 1886.
9—Ambrose P. Hill born, 1825.
9—General Frederick Funston born, 1865.
9—Great fire began in Boston, 1872.
9—German Kaiser abdicated, 1918.
10—Martin Luther born, 1483.
10—Oliver Goldsmith born, 1728.
10—Johann Schiller born, 1759.
10—Henry Van Dyke born, 1852.
10—Winston Churchill born, 1871.
11—Thomas Bailey Aldrich born, 1836.
11—Washington admitted to the Union, 1889.
11—Armistice Day, 1918.
12—Montreal surrendered to Americans, 1775.
13—Robert Louis Stevenson born, 1850.
14—Jacob Abbott born, 1803.
15—William Pitt born, 1708.
15—Articles of Confederation adopted, 1777.
16—John Bright born, 1811.
16—Louis A. Frechette born, 1839.
16—Oklahoma admitted to the Union, 1907.
16—United States recognized Soviet Russia, 1933.
17—Congress met for the first time in Washington, 1800.
17—Suez Canal opened, 1869.
18—Asa Gray born, 1810.
18—Standard time went into effect in the United States, 1883.
18—Treaty covering Canal signed with Panama, 1905.
19—James A. Garfield born, 1831.
19—Lincoln delivered Gettysburg Address, 1863.
20—Peregrine White born on the "Mayflower," 1620.
20—Thomas Chatterton born, 1752.
20—Sir Winfield Laurier born, 1841.
21—Mayflower pact signed, 1620.
21—Mary Johnson born, 1870.
21—Port Arthur captured by the Japanese, 1894.
22—Sieur de La Salle, explorer, born, 1643.
22—George Eliot born, 1819.
23—Franklin Pierce born, 1804.
23—Sir Gilbert Parker born, 1862.
24—Laurence Sterne born, 1713.
24—Zachary Taylor born, 1784.
24—Battle of Lookout Mountain, 1863.
24-30—Thanksgiving Day.
25—Andrew Carneigie born, 1835.
26—First American street railway opened in New York City, 1832.
27—Magellan entered the Pacific Ocean, 1520.
27—Hoosac Tunnel completed, 1873.
28—First United States government post office opened in New York City, 1783.
28—Anton Rubinstein born, 1829.
29—Louisa May Alcott born, 1832.
29—Admiral Byrd flew over the South Pole, 1929.
30—Sir Phillip Sidney born, 1554.
30—Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain) born, 1835.
30—Jonathan Swift born, 1887.
30—Preliminary treaty of peace between United States and Great Britain, 1782.

WOMEN HAVE FOUGHT IN PREVIOUS WARS

By Ashton Chapman in The Charlotte Observer

Imagine how thrilled Lucy Stone, Susan B. Anthony and other pioneer advocates of equal rights for women in America would be had they lived to witness the steady stream of enlistees being accepted today for training in the WAACS and the WAVES, as well as the pride felt throughout the country both by men and women, in these two splendid organizations.

Probably no war, however, has ever been fought without women participating in it at least to some degree. This participation by women in the wars of the world no doubt began even before the Amazon warriors under Queen Penthesilea took part in the siege of Troy.

Every student of English history is familiar with the account of Queen Boardicea, who led an estimated army of 200,000 early Britons against the invading Romans in 62 A. D.

Likewise the story of Joan of Arc, who bobbed her hair, donned a suit of armor and saved France in the early 15th century, is familiar to all.

Any school child can also tell you about Molly Pitcher, who while acting as "water boy" at the Battle of Monmouth in 1778 saw her husband shot, and promptly took his place at the cannon, thus saving it from capture by the enemy, for which gallant deed she is said to have received from General Washington an honorary commission as sergeant.

Equally familiar are the stories of numerous women who, during pioneer days, helped hold some of the frontier blockhouses against attacks by Indians, by loading muskets for the men and often firing them, too. Many another woman of the period, even more heroic, helped her husband defend their isolated cabin from marauding redskins, sometimes continuing the fight successfully after her spouse had received a mortal wound. There were many cases, too, of women who had to defend their cabins and their tiny children against the Indians while their husbands were away fighting elsewhere.

Do you know the story of Nancy Hart, who lived in Georgia and for whom one of that state's counties was named? A group of British soldiers, said to have numbered 15, came upon her cabin while she was alone with her childern, and demanded that she cook them a meal. She agreed, and they stacked their arms in a corner. While they were busy eating Nancy snatched up one of their rifles and held the soldiers at bay until one of the children could go and bring help. It is said that Nancy Hart was so cross-eyed that none of the soldiers could tell at which one she was looking and they were afraid to move!

None of these women, however, masqueraded as men. It was as unnecessary for them to do so as it is today for the WAACS and the WAVES to don masculine garb. History, however does record a number of adventurous women who, unable to secure admittance to the armed forces

in their own right, assumed male attire and enlisted as regular soldiers. One of these was Mary Ann Talbot, "a footboy, drummer, powder-monkey, sailor and prisoner," who fought in the French Revolution under the name of John Taylor and was wounded at the Battle of Valiencennes. In 1795 she came to New York, where she stayed for a while, and later moved to Providence, R. I. In both places she is said always to have worked in men's clothes—an unheard of thing at the time.

After the Battle of Waterloo, and on other European battlefields during the Napoleonic wars, it is recorded that women, attired in the uniforms of soldiers, were found dead; but the names of these heroines are lost to history.

At least one woman, wearing a regular soldier's uniform, served for some time in the Continental army just after the American Revolution, without her real sex becoming known. Her name was Deborah Sampson, but she enlisted under the name of Robert Surtieff at Worcester, Mass., in May, 1782, when she was 22 years old.

With other soldiers she was sent to West Point, and from there she went on serveral raiding parties. During one of these, in a melee with Tories, she received a sabre slash. Some weeks later in a stiff fight with another body of Tories, she was shot in the thigh. In order to avoid revealing herself she refused surgical attention. The bullet was never removed and this resulted in a disability for which she was later awarded a soldier's pension.

She was appointed orderly to General Patterson at Philadelphia, where she contracted fever during an epidemic and was carried unconscious to a hospital. Here an army doctor discovered that Robert Surtliff was a woman masquerading as a man, but Deborah swore the doctor to secrecy.

She quickly recovered of the fever and was soon afterward sent across the Alleghanies, where she saw service against the Indians. After her return to Philadelphia the doctor could keep his secret no longer. When General Patterson learned that his orderly was in reality a woman, Deborah was mustered out of the army, having served for a period of a year and a half before her masquerade was discovered. When she resumed her female attire General Patterson marched with Deborah up and down the ranks of her former comrades in arms without one of them recognizing her.

In our war with Mexico a Mrs. Coolidge enlisted and served under the name of James Brown without discovery. She was a native of Missouri, where she had married a Mexican trader. After enlisting, in men's clothes, she marched with her regiment to Santa Fe, and later became a dispatch bearer. She is known to have been egaged in numerous Indian fights, and participated in the assault upon Mexico City.

During the War Between the States several women fought as regular soldiers until their sex was discovered. One of these was Louise Wellman, of Iowa, who enlisted in a regiment from that state. Among the engagements in which she took part were the storming of Fort Donelson and the Battle of Pittsburgh Landing. During the latter she was wounded and upon discovery by an army surgeon that she was a women, she be-

came a nurse and served in that capacity during the remainder of the war.

Familiar to most Carolinians are the exploits of Kady Brownell, who in addition to seeing service elsewhere, took part in the battle of New Bern on March 14, 1862. No effort was made to disguise her sex, however, for she had enlisted with her husband, Robert Brownell, in a regiment of Rhode Island infantry, and she served as regimental color bearer. Through quick thinking, followed by quick action at New Bern, she saved many of the lives of her comrades by vigorously waving her colors to identify her regiment to the Federals when they were preparing to open fire upon them in the mistaken belief that they were Confederates.

Two heroines who served in the War Between the States in male attire were Sarah Stover and Maria Seelye, both of whom enlisted in the Federal army in 1863, shortly before the Battle of Chancellorsville, and both fought in this engagement. Durthe fighting Sarah Stover was taken prisoner by the Confederates, and Maria Seelye deserted in order to try to find her friend. Finally locating the prison in which Sarah was being held, Marah helped her escape and brought her back to the Union lines, where they both rejoined their regiment. At the close of the war they received honorable discharges, without their sex having ever been revealed.

It is probable that there have been many other cases where women enlisted as soldiers and fought alongside men without their comrades and officers ever suspecting them. They may even have retained their secret after they returned to civil life at the end of the war, for fear of losing caste should their "unladylike" conduct ever become known.

Every one knows the remarkable record of the Russian women who formed the famous Battalion of Death during World War 1. At the same time women and girls were fighting openly in the ranks with men in the Serbian army. The most widely known of these Sebian women is Flora Sandes who, at one time a nurse, put on a soldier's uniform and for her distinguished bravery rapidly rose to the rank of captain.

Of all the known cases where women have served in men's guise in the armies of the world, the most outstanding is perhaps that of the woman who was a surgeon in the British army for nearly half a century. To this day no one knews her real name or anything of her antecedents before she entered Oxford university under the name of James Barry. Taking her medical degree at Edinburgh more than 50 years before Parliament permitted universities to grant such degrees to women, she had to compete with men on their own ground, yet she became an army surgeon and as such made a distinguished record.

An interesting sidelight on her career is the fact that while in different parts of the British empire she was called upon, as was the custom of the day, to fight several duels. One of these, while she was stationed at Quebec, was with bare fists.

No one knew until after her death at the age of 71, on July 15, 1865, that Dr. James Barry, who by that time had been elevated to Inspector General of Army Hospitals of Great Britain, was a woman. The revelation caused a sensation in army cir-

cles at the time, and the attempt was made to keep it from coming to the attention of the general public; but, of course, it gradually leaked out.

Times change, however, and no woman need conceal her identity with male attire now in order to take an active part in this country's all-out war against the Axis powers. Each member of the WAAC and the WAVES has the opportunity to carve out a distinguished career under her own name.

In the matter of equal rights for women there is, however, still one small fly in the ointment. Members of the WAAC and the WAVES do not yet share with soldiers the privilege of mailing letters without paying postage. According to a recent announcement by the War department the law gives the privilege to "members of the armed forces," and the women in the WAAC and the WAVES, being "with but not of" the armed forces, do not qualify. It is probable taht the law may be amended before very long to remove this discrimination.

———:———

FRIENDSHIP

Friendship needs no studied phrases,
Polished face, or winning wiles;
Friendship deals no lavish praises,
Friendship dons no surface smiles.

Friendship follow's Nature's diction,
Shuns the blandishments of Art,
Boldly severs truth from fiction,
Speaks the language of the heart.

Friendship favors no condition,
Scorns a narrow-minded creed,
Lovingly fulfills its mission,
Be it word or be it deed.

Friendship cheers the faint and weary,
Makes the timid spirit brave;
Warns the erring, lights the dreary,
Smooths the passage to the grave.

Friendship—pure, unselfish friendship,
All through life's alloted span,
Nurtures, strengthens, widens, lengthens,
Man's relationship with man.

—Author Unknown.

NORTH CAROLINIANA

By Gertrude Carraway

In commemoration of its 40 years' work since its establishment in 1903, the North Carolina Historical commission has compiled an excellent little book for public distribution through the State, "Forty Years of Public Service," soon to be available from the presses, in which are summarized many of the chief accomplishments of the state commission and many of its plans for the future, especially in helping preserve accurately the history of North Carolina and North Carolinians in the present world- wide war.

"An age of maturity but not of senility," Dr. R. D. W. Connor, of Chapel Hill, commission chairman and former national archivist, says of the 40 years' record in a letter to Governor J. M. Broughton, published as a preface to the booklet. "I am happy to submit to you and to the people of North Carolina this record of service," Dr. Connor continues, "Confident that a period of even greater achievement lies ahead."

North Carolinians took little interest in their history until recent years, it is pointed out in the introduction to the publication. "Their historical records were not properly preserved, their old houses were not kept up, their battlefields and other historic sites were not maintained, and it seemed that they knew little about their history and cared less."

As early as 1843, almost 100 years ago, the North Carolina Historical society was organized by former Governor David Lowry Swain, then president of the University of North Carolina. By 1861 this group had collected much valuable historical material. But its work was halted by the War Between the States and the Reconstruction period.

Interest in state history was renewed towards the close of the 19th century. Several histories of the state were published, and various historical and patriotic societies undertook historical projects. In 1900 the State Literary and Historical association was started, and at its request three years later the General Assembly created the historical commission to preserve the state's history and historical records.

Since that time the changing commission members and officers have endeavored to carry out the duties assigned to it by law, it is emphasized in the new booklet. "It has preserved historical source materials, published and distributed such materials, maintained a historical museum, marked and preserved historic shrines, distributed information on the state's history, encouraged the study of North Carolina history in the schools, and stimulated and aided historical investigation."

If any skeptical legislator or taxpayer might not approve of an appropriation for the historical commission, he should be convinced of its value and worth for present and future reference work by simply reading the following list of its permanent collections, all of which have been arranged, catalouged and filed and are at all times available for the free use of the public:

Colonial and state archives: Legislative—1,600 volumes and boxes; executive—6,509 volumes and boxes and judicial—67 volumes and boxes.

County archives, from 73 of the existing 100 counties and three extinct counties—5,000 volumnes and boxes; town archives—two volumes and boxes; national archives relating to North Carolina—584 volumes and boxes; copies of foreign archives relating to North Carolina—189 volumes and boxes; personal and unofficial collections—2,490 volumes and boxes: maps—1,700 items: pamphlets —3,100 items, and newspapers—12,-565 items.

These records have been made available to state and county officials, historians and reasearchers, patriotic and historical organizations, genealogists and the general public. Hundreds of books and articles published within recent years have been based on these files. During the 16 years ending last June 30, visitors using the records totaled 25,364.

However, these collections form only one phase of work sponsored by the commission. Besides serving as the clearing house for historical activities in the state and publicizing the state's history through thousands of public addresses, radio programs and newspaper articles, the commission has issued 225 publications; has maintained since 1914 the Hall of History, which contains more than 20,000 historical relics and is visited annually by more than 24,000 persons, and has placed or aided in placing eight busts, 52 historical memorials and 440 historical highway markers in all parts of North Carolina.

During the last four decades the commission has thus played a prominent part in arousing the notable growth of historical interest and activity among the people of North Carolina and in attracting the attention of outsiders to North Carolina's role in American history.

The commission has published 80 volumes of original records or other materials; 74 numbers of "The North Carolina Historical Review," a quarterly begun in 1924, and 18 biennial reports and 53 other pamphlets. More than 5,000 letters a year are written by Dr. C. C. Crittenden, secertary of the commission, many of them answering "an endless variety of questions on the state's history."

Service rendered by the commission is illustrated by the fact that its files proudced original records, which led Cuba and Connecticut some years ago to withdraw their applications to the United States Supreme Court for leave to bring actions against this state to force payment of bonds which had been fraudulently issued by Carpetbagger officials during the Reconstruction days.

Now that the United States is again at war, the historical commission is adapting its program to meet war needs, contribute to the emergency program, preserve current war records, protect official records and valuable relics and build up public morale.

Though suported by smaller appropriations than a number of similar agencies throughout the nation, the North Carolina Historical commission is recognized as a pioneer and leader in its field. With many achievements to its credit in the past, the new booklet sets forth, it expects to continue on to far greater accomplishments in the future.

SUCCESSFUL OPERATION

By H. G. Felson in The Boys' World

Dr. Morton Alexander!

Morton scrubbed his hands and arms with surgical soap. This was his last operation in the hospital. His internship was through. In a week he was leaving to establish his practice in a small town, the center for surrounding farm areas. He would be on his own at last.

Another interne joined him. "Leaving next week, eh, Mort?"

Morton nodded, smiling. "I'll be a country doc from now on."

"I'ts all cut and dried now," said the interne. "Doctor's just a machine nowadays. The reasearch boys are the only ones who have new fields to conquer. All we do is cut open and sew closed, with ten thousand dollars worth of machinery to help us, and a dozen nurses to see that we do everything right."

"I'm through with that now," said Morton. "I'll be concentrating on measles and whooping cough. Nowadays all surgical cases are brought to the hospital."

The interne looked at him keenly as he said that. There was a strange sound in Morton's voice, as though he were hoping that he would never have a surgical case outside a hospital. There was a note of fear in his voice.

Morton was looking back through the years to a lonely night in a little upstate village. The family was ready to retire, when there came a pounding at the front door.

Doctor James Alexander, his father, stepped quietly to the door after glancing quickly at Morton's mother. A knock at this hour could mean only one thing.

"My brother," the boy at the door tumbled out the words between gasps for breath. "He's in bed at home—feels terrible. Says it hurts here.' He pressed a hand against his side.

"I'll come at once," the doctor assured him.

Morton gradually had heard the rest of the story. There had been no time to take the boy to the hospital. Doctor Alexander used the kitchen table for the operation, under the flickering kerosene lights that had been grouped together. He administered the anesthetic himself—chloroform.

But the lighting was not good enough. The facilities for operating had counteracted the skill of the old doctor. The operation was not successful.

That experience had ruined Dr. James Alexander. Not because the people lost confidence in his ability—they said that it had been too late for a physician to do anything—that you couldn't expect a doctor to pull every patient over a hard spot like that. But the doctor made no attempt to justify himself in his own eyes.

"Maybe I didn't do my best," he told his wife. "Maybe I didn't have enough skill to take care of the patient properly." He had actually worn himself out by allowing his sense of failure to weigh heavily upon his mind.

Young Doctor Alexander shuddered as the events of the past flashed before him. That operation had marked the end of his father's career. In spite of such a background, Morton

had still wanted to be a doctor, and here he was, with his M. D. degree, ready to step out into life with everything he needed—except confidence.

He was certain he could handle the ordinary run of ailments which were sure to bother the people in his chosen locality, but there would be no operations. No, indeed! At least not outside a hospital. Operations were for specialists. Why, they even had specialists for removing tonsils these days—an operation that was part of every family physician's stock-in-trade a few years back. But they knew their business—these new specialists—and they weren't afraid.

With an effort Dr. Morton Alexander brought his mind back to the present, and spoke weakly to the interne, "My practice will be principally made up of good substantial people who don't have to have their appendices sliced out. The Fairfield Hospital is out my way anyhow, and any surgical cases will go to the hospital."

"That's all right," replied the interne slowly. "If you can get them to the hospital."

But Dr. Morton Alexander established his practice and everything went well. There were few illnesses in his neighborhood, and these were not serious. He began to lose his haunting fear of what might come up—when it did.

The phone rang in the midlle of the night. Mortin heard an anquished voice on the other end of the wire. The words came to him as in a dream. "My son—awful pain—sick at stomach—fever."

He promised to come immediately, then hung up. He knew what it was. It had all the earmarks of a case of acute appendicitis. Maybe—he would have to operate there—

Operate alone. No help. No modern hospital aids, no nurses, no assistants. Operate alone, like his father once had—unsuccessfully. The words raced trough his brain. No. He wouldn't go He couldn't.

But he would. He had to go. He had to face himself and his fears in the dimly lit kitchen of a farm home. A life depended on it. Perhaps—one chance that he wouldn't have to go alone.

A doctor's hand should be steady. Especially a young doctor, only a short time out of internship, and established in his own private practice. And more especially Dr. Morton Alexander, son of a doctor who was in turn the son of a doctor.

But Dr. Morton Alexander's hand was shaking. Shaking as though his muscles were under too great tension to be quiet. His hand shook and cold beads of sweat stood out on his broad forehead as he reached for the receiver of the telephone and whispered a number to the operator.

"Hello—" The dry tones of old Doctor Wentworth sounded in Morton's ear.

"This is Doctor Alexander," Morton blurted.

"Glad you called. What's on your mind?"

"I need help."

"What kind?"

"One of my patients in the country—I'm postive he has a case of acute appendicitis. I'm on my way and may have to—operate there—"

"That shouldn't be too hard for you," said the old doctor, "fresh out of a big hospital with all the new methods at your finger tips."

Morton's fingers tightened around the base of the telephone. "Doctor Wentworth—I want you to go with me."

"I'd like to, boy, but I can't. I'm laid up myself with a bad cold. Can't take the risk of going out at my age."

"I'm afraid to try it alone." he whispered hoarsely.

"Nonsense," said Wentworth. You have done plenty of similar operations at the hospital."

"But that was different. I felt secure there. I had all the equipment and technical help—nurses, anesthetists. This may mean an operation on a kitchen table by the light of a kerosene lamp—alone."

"You've got to do it," said Wentworth firmly. "I know your trouble. You're letting the memory of what happened to your father stand in your way. Let me tell you that he couldn't have done any better in the most modern hospital in the world. It was too late for medical science. Now pull yourself together and get to your patient—or you may be too late."

Morton tried to say more, but the old doctor hung up.

He began packing his bag. Instruments, a portable sterilizer, rubber gloves, gauze, ether—Finally the long list was complete. As he packed the familiar tools of his trade some of his confidence began to return. He knew what to do, and how to do it. He could almost do an appendectomy with his eyes closed.

But even as he got in his car and headed out into the open country, he was haunted by the fact that his operating room would be a farm kitchen, and not the spotless, well-equipped and staffed hospital he was used to.

His car wound slowly over the country road. The snow wasn't deep, but it made the dirt road slushy and slipery. Farther and farther he went into the lonely countryside until he arrived at the farmhouse where Pete Grossman, a young farm boy, lay stricken with an ominous abdominal pain.

As Morton's car swung into the driveway, a woman came out to meet him carrying a lantern. Her face, lined with anxiety, showed relief when she recognized the young doctor.

"This way," she said, showing him into the big farm kitchen. The sick boy lay on a couch where he was within reach of the warmth given out by the kitchen stove.

Morton probed with his fingers, feeling the boy's swollen abdomen. There was no doubt about it. He could feel the inflamed appendix under his fingers, and the intense agony of the boy was further clue. He also knew that to try to get the boy to a hospital over rough roads might lead to a ruptured appendix. The obvious and only thing was to do an emergency operation in the kitchen.

Morton explained the situation to the mother. Her strong face was resolute.

"I'll help," she said. "You tell me what to do and I'll do it."

They cleared everything out of the kitchen that wasn't needed. In addition to the kerosene lamps, Morton set up a small, powerful light which worked on a battery. He also put his instruments in the sterilizer.

Finally the long kitchen table stood alone under the lights. It was covered with spotless white sheets. On another small covered table next to it, the instruments were laid out. By this time Morton and the woman had

scrubbed their hands with surgical soap, and had donned white gowns and masks.

The boy lay on the table, moaning slightly. Morton stood by him, outwardly calm, but deep inside he was afraid. He remembered a similar operation—

Morton took a deep breath. Having located the place where the incision was to be made, he painted the area with germicidal solution. He was ready to begin the operation.

The mother followed his instructions and applied the ether. She watched him anxiously, her eyes appealing to Morton for help above the mask she wore. He watched closely, and held up his hand when the boy was asleep.

He had to handle his instruments alone. There would be no trained assistants to hand him what he needed, or to help in a hundred other ways he had always taken for granted. He had to do it all now.

He took his scalpel between thumb and forefinger, praying that his hand would be steady. Slowly he brought it down, and with a delicate, sure motion cut gently through the skin.

He breathed a little easier. At least the start had been good. Now for the second incision. Again the scalpel moved with a long, clean stroke, severing through the sub-skin fat, exposing the fascia, the heavy membrane over the muscles.

A little bleeding began. Working quickly, Morton clamped the severed blood vessels with the plier-like hemostats, and ligated with surgical needle and thread.

Now he needed the help of the boy's mother. He hooked the wide retractors in the sides of the wound, and showed her how to hold them apart.

Carefully he prepared for the third incision. Pushing the muscle aside, so as not to injure the fibers, he cut through the fascia. So far so good. Things were moving along without any difficulty. But the crucial paprt was yet to come. Morton's throat felt tight and dry. He looked at the woman who was helping him. He saw her eyes, full of confidence in him. She, at least was sure he knew what he was doing.

Yet he had a more difficult task to face. At this stage, an assistant, using two forceps, usually lifted the peritoneum, the thin membrane lining the abdomen, to be nicked and opened by the scalpel. This time he would have to do it alone.

He used one forceps to lift up the thin membrane, and made the slight cut. Then this too, was opened the full length of the incision. The preliminary work was done.

The boy showed signs of stirring. Morton held the retractors while the mother gave her son more ether. In a moment she was back at her post, firm and reliable.

Morton's rubber-gloved hand went into the incision. Feeling gently with his fingers, he located the appendix and eased it toward the surface. A pang of alarm shot through him as he made contact. The infected appendix was huge and swollen. There was momentary danger that it might rupture and start peritonitis.

But he brought it to view. Once he could see the appendix, he inspected it carefully to see if it would allow him to proceed with the operation. It seemed strong enough for that.

The caecum, to which the appendix was attached, was gently grasped and brought up through the wound. Immediately Morton began packing sterlie pads moistened in a solution of warm salt water around the caecum to prevent shock. Also the interior of the abdomen was protected from possible infection.

Next Morton turned his attention to the mesoappendix, an attached double fold of tissue which supplied the appendix with blood. This was ligated with surgical thread to prevent bleeding, then severed by scissors.

Now he was ready for the actual removal of the infected appendix.

Morton motioned for the woman to join him. "I need your help here," he said.

She nodded, her face white.

"Don't faint," he said sternly.

"I won't," she said weakly, swaying a trifle.

"Please don't faint," he implored. "Your son's life depends on us now."

The woman rallied and stood by his side. "What can I do?" she said in a small voice, staring at the wound made by the operation.

"Take these two clamps."

She lifted them obediently.

Morton sewed a purse-string suture which could be drawn closed around the base of the appendix.

"Clamp above those threads."

She did it shakily.

"Clamp it tightly."

The clamp tightened around the base.

"Now the other, about a quarter of an inch above the first."

She did it more quickly this time, and a little more surely.

Morton took his scalpel in his right hand and grasped the appendix gently in his left, between sterile pads. Then, in one swift, sure cut, the appendix was severed.

The woman relaxed.

"Wait!"

Morton quickly cauterized the stump with pure carbolic acid, then swabbed it with alcohol. The severed appendix was put aside, and the stump remaining was burned flush with the lower clamp.

Then the remaining bit of stump was drawn in by pulling on the purse-string ligature until the smooth walls of the caecum came together over it.

Morton lowered the caecum back in the cavity of the abdomen and severed the purse-string suture. The peritoneum and fascia were sewn separate, and finally the outer skin was sultured together.

The operation was over.

The boy was bandaged, and then they carried him to bed. Both went back to the kitchen to clean up.

As soon as they were alone the woman clutched Morton's arm. "Will he be all right doctor?"

"I think so, I'll be back in the morning to have another look at him."

Morton was tired. As he packed his things again he felt so weary he could hardly stand.

"Have some coffee before you go, doctor," said the woman kindly.

Morton slumped into a chair. Well, it was over now. The most he could do now was hope for the best. As far as he could see, everything was all right, but one never knew about complications that might arise.

His tired eyes lifted as the woman brought him the coffee. He looked past her to see the face of the kitchen clock on the wall. He couldn't believe his eyes. The entire opera-

tion had taken just twenty minutes.

He called up Doctor Wentworth when he got home.

"How did things go?" was the old doctor's question.

"I think everything will be all right," said Morton. "I'm going back in the morning to check."

"Glad to hear you got through all right."

"I sure wished for the hospital though. I would have felt a lot better."

"Listen son," said Wentworth. "I haven't anything against the hospital men; they do a good job. But the real test in our work isn't the equipment, it's the man. They can do a great deal for you in the laboratories, and make things easier, but the final test is always of the man himself."

"I did my best," said Morton.

"Were you afraid?" asked the old doctor softly.

"A little at first," confessed Morton. "But once we got under way I was too busy to worry."

Next morning he drove out to look at his patient. Pete was looking better. Everything was fine

"He'll be up and about in two weeks," Morton assured his mother. "Just have him take it easy."

"I don't know how I can thank you," said the woman. "I was worried before you came. I thought maybe because we are poor you might not want to operate—"

"All doctors don't work that way," Morton assured her.

"I didn't know. But when you came in you were so sure of what you were doing I wasn't afraid any more. I had faith in you."

"Thank you Mrs. Grossman," said Morton. "I knew you did, and that gave me more faith in myself. If you don't mind, I'd rather not charge you anything for Pete's operation."

"But you've got to be paid—"

"I've been paid," he assured her. And although she didn't understand, Morton knew how he had received a bigger payment than any he could ever get in money. Never again would he be afraid to work by a lantern in a farm kitchen. There was no payment to compare with his new faith in himself and his work.

The operation had been successful. The patient would live—and the doctor had already recovered.

SUNSET

Sunset—fiery crucible overturned
Tinting all the world with golden dye;
Would that it were metal and were mine,
But then—it isn't wasted in the sky.

I sometimes think the gold of evening suns
Has brought more good than gold within the hands;
We seem to lose all trouble for a time,
And feel God really cares and understands.

—Roma Milbourn.

THE GREATEST OF VICTORIES

By Dr. Hunter B. Blakely

American hearts are intent on victory. In this world catastrophe we now know that unless we win the war, humanly speaking, we are destined to slavery. There seems to no other alternative—it is either victory or enslavement .

But while we strive unitedly for victory over our national enemies, we may well think of other victories, for instance, the victory within one's own life. An analysis of any man who has lived nobly and beautifully indicates always that a victory had to be won within the personality. Great living is never accomplished without a struggle—a battle royal for the soul.

Many readers are convinced that the greatest biography of recent years is Douglas Freeman's R. E. Lee. He closes the four volume study of America's White Knight of Courage with a short chapter, which is a literary masterpice, "The Pattern of a Life." Here he points out that the secret of Lee's greatness was the spirit of self-denial. The closing words of the last volume are:

"Had his life been epitomized in one sentence of the Book he read so often, it would have been in the words, 'If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me.' And if one, and only one, of all the myriad incidents of his stirring life had to be selected to typify his message, as a man, to the young Americans who stood in hushed awe that rainy October morning as their parents wept at the passing of the Southern Arthur, who would hesitate in selecting the incident? It occurred in northern Virginia, probably on his last visit there. A young mother brought her baby to him to be blessed. He took the infant in his arms and looked at it and then at her and slowly said, "Teach him he must deny himself."

Dr. Freeman concludes:

"That is all. There is no mystery in the coffin there in front of the windows that look to the sunrise."

A self-centered life is moving continually inward in ever-contracting circles to the smallest of all possible centers—self. The little imp of self is too insignificant to sit upon a throne or to wear a crown. The happier and the longer life begins when one learns to say "No" to self. Life becomes creatively self-expressive only when self-discipline begins. Said one art critic, "Art begins where freedom leaves off." It is with great self-discipline that painters and musicians, writers and inventors become creative. As long as such follow the whims of the will their creative powers are sterile; but when these powers are channelled through discipline into purposeful and tireless endeavor, they become productive.

The developments of science and scholarships are purchased with the very life blood of those who pay.

Victory over self is the way to victory over circumstances. Life has a way of dealing harshly with most men, at least sometime, if not most of the time. When the sky is rosy, men are easily courageous; but when the clouds are lowering and things go

against them, they become discourged and get ready to quit. He who has won the victory over self gains the capacity to keep on and on under dark clouds and before staggering obstacles.

It is in days such as these that men learn self-denial. War days are not all bad—the harder the time, the greater may be the growth of character. Out of the crucible of suffering may come the better manhood which alone can create a better world.

Here it is now that men need to look to the Great Example. It was of Jesus that a follower wrote: "Though He were a Son, yet learned He obedience by the things which He suffered; and being made perfect, He became the author of Eternal Salvation unto all men that obey Him."

Plato was abundantly correct when he called "the greatest of victories" the conquest of self.

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START WHERE YOU STAND

Start where you stand and never mind the past;
The past won't help you in beginning anew;
If you have left it all behind at last
Why, that's enough, you're done with it, you're through;
This is another chapter in the book;
This is another race that you have planned;
Don't give the vanished days a backward look;
Start where you stand.

The world won't care about your old defeats
If you can start anew and win success;
The future is your time, and time is fleet
And there is much of work and strain and stress;
Forget the buried woes and dead despairs;
Here is a brand-new trial right at hand;
The future is for him who does and dares;
Start where you stand.

Old failures will not halt, old triumphs aid;
Today's the thing, tomorrow soon will be;
Get in the fight and face it unafraid,
And leave the past to ancient history;
What has been, has been; yesterday is dead
And by it you are neither blessed nor banned;
Take courage, man, be brave and drive ahead;
Start where you stand.

—Berton Braley.

FIRST SINKING BY SUBMARINE AT CHARLESTON

By Ashton Chapman

Apropos of the annual observance last October of Navy day it is interesting at this time to recall an epoch-making naval encounter which took place in Charleston harbor during the War Between the States, because many otherwise well-informed persons, on being quizzed as to the date on which the first enemy vessel was sunk by a submarine during time of war, give as their opinion that it occurred during World War I.

Such an event—the first in history—took place, however, half a century before the beginning of World War I. The date was February 17, 1864, and the vessels involved were the U. S. S. Housatonic and the Confederate submarine H. L. Hundley.

Many Carolinians who have visitted New Orleans have seen the little cast-iron submarine Pioneer, described by Stanley C. Arthur, executive director of the Louisiana State museum, as "the first submarine that actually submerged—the first that functioned properly." A picture of this underwater craft was carried some weeks ago by a number of newspapers, including The Charlotte Observer. The Pioneer is of interest to Carolinians because it was designed and built during the War Between the States by the same men who later constructed a somewhat similar submarine that succeeded in blowing up the U. S. S. Housatonic in Charleston harbor.

From the Pioneer one can obtain a good idea of the size and shape of the submarine H. L. Hundley, for, from the descriptions we have of the H. L. Hundley, the two vessels were almost identical. The Pioneer was by chance discovered in 1887 and removed from the waters of Lake Ponchartrain, whereas if the H. L. Hundley has not rusted entirely away, it still lies at the bottom of Charleston harbor.

Baxter Watson, James R. McClintock and Horace Lawson Hundley who built at New Orleans what is described at the "first sucessful under-water craft of iron," were not pioneers in the construction of submarines, despite the fact that they named their first vessel the Pioneer. Submarine navigation was being attempted as early as the time of Alexander the Great. In 1624 King James I witnessed the demonstration of a submarine boat in the Thames river, and it is a matter of record that by 1727 no less than 14 different types of submarines had been patented in England alone.

In 1775 Sergeant Lee, in a one-man submarine constructed by David Bushnell, actually succeeded in getting underneath H. M. S. Eagle in New York harbor, and failed in blowing it up only because the screw by which the torpedo was to be attached to the British vessel was not sharp enough.

Among Robert Fulton's numerous inventions—best known of which is, of course, the steamboat—was a submarine boat which he called the Nautilus. It carried torpedoes and was intended for use in naval war-

fare, but he could not secure its adoption by either the United States, French or British government.

In order to circumvent the blockade of its ports by the Federals the South conducted various experiments with "fish boats" as they were called. The submarine Pioneer, launched at New Orleans in February, 1862, was a forerunner of what was later to take place at Charleston. Despite predictions that a cast-iron boat would "sink like lead," the Pioneer proved successful as a surface craft. Then it was towed into Lake Ponchartrain, where it was put through various experiments while submerged.

So successful did it prove in preliminary trials that letters of marque were issued this new craft as a privateer by the Confederate government. However, before the Pioneer had an opportunity to go on a privateering career or to see action of any kind Farragut, on April 27, took complete command of the city of New Orleans, and that day the Confederates sank the little submarine in the waters of Lake Ponchartrain, to keep it from falling into the hands of the Federals.

In order that they might themselves escape capture, and to continue their experiments in submarine construction, the builders made their way to Mobile. Here, in the course of time, they had another submarine, of similar construction ready for trial. It was, however, sunk while being towed to its trial grounds, but without the loss of any lives.

Another underwater craft was then constructed at Mobile and christened The American Diver. It was this submarine, later renamed the H. L. Hundley, which was to perform the historic initial sinking of a battleship in Charleston harbor. It was shipped on board a flat car from Mobile to Charleston.

Prior to its arrival the Confederates were operating a semi-submersible type of boat against the Federal fleet blockading Charleston harbor. They were called "Davids," whether in honor of David Bushnell, or because of their size in comparison to the "Goliaths" of the Federal fleet, is not known. As these flat boats were operated by steam power it was necessary to leave the funnel as well as the pilot house exposed.

Great secrecy surrounded the construction and launching of these "Davids," but the Federals had learned through their spies in the town of Charleston that the Confederates were building some kind of vessel capable if being operated under water Therefore, every evening after nightfall they took the precaution to shift the positions of all the vessels in the blockading fleet.

One of these vessels was the U. S. S. New Ironsides, at that time the most powerful battleship in the world. On the night of October 5, 1863, Ensign Howard, the officer of the deck, suddenly saw something, quite close, approaching his vessel through the darkness. It appeared to be merely a floating log or plank, but when he hailed it he received a reply in the form of a rifle bullet, which stretched him mortally wounded, on the deck. A moment later there was a blinding flash and the roar of a tremendous explosion. The great warship was violently shaken from stem to stern, but sustained little actual damage. A Confederate "David" had crept up and exploded a star-torpedo against the armor of the Federal "Goliath."

It was a little more than four months after this event that the H. L. Hundley was to perform its historic action. This submarine was approximately 20 feet long, 3½ feet wide, and about 5 feet deep. Like Bushnell's submarine used during the Revolution, it was operated by hand power, eight men seated one behind the other, turning the crank of the propellor shaft. It was so small that when closed for submerging it could support life scarcely half an hour. It has been compared in size to the two-man submarines employed by the Japs at Pearl Harbor.

In its three experimental cruises at Mobile the lives of 24 men had been lost. Upon its arrival at Charleston Lieutenant Payne took it on a trial cruise, acting as steersman. Because the submarine was not equipped with a conning tower, the hatchways were left open, so the steersman might see. The wash from the paddle-wheels of a passing steamer poured suddenly down the forward hatchway, and only Lieutenant Payne had time to save himself before the little vessel went to the bottom, drowning the rest of the crew.

After several weeks the submarine was raised, and Lieutenant Payne took her on another trial voyage. An unexpected squall sunk her before the hatches could be closed. Payne escaped with only two of his men. The submarine again was raised, and Lieutenant Payne essayed a third trip, only to be capsized off Fort Sumter, with the loss of four of his crew.

On the next trip it was decided to make an attempt at navigating beneath the surface. However, the submarine dived too suddenly, and her nose was stuck fast in the mud of the bottom, where it remained until after her entire crew had been suffocated.

The fifth trial ended as disastrously, because she became entangled with the cable of an anchored vessel, and it was impossible to release her until after the crew had perished. It was during this experimental trip that Captain H. L. Hundley, one of the designers, was on board and met his death. After being raised this time the submarine was rechristened H. L. Hundley to honor his memory.

The submarine's victims at Charleston by this time numbered 35, in addition to the 2 at Mobile, and the Confederates had begun calling her "the peripathetic coffin."

Lieutenant George E. Dixon, of Company E, 21st Alabama Volunteers, was now ordered by General Beauregard to "cease experimenting and make an actual attack upon the enemy." Despite the sinister reputation the H. L. Hundley had earned for itself no difficulty was experienced in obtaining another volunteer crew.

This sixth crew, consisting of Lieutenant Dixon, Arnold Becker, James A. Wicks, C. Simkins, F. Collins, and a man named Ridgeway of the navy, and Corporal C. F. Carlson of the artillery, on the night of February 17, 1864, proceeded against the U. S. S. Housatonic where she lay moored in Charleston harbor.

The star-torpedo carried by the H. L. Hundley struck the Housatonic and exploded her magazine. The explosion is vividly described by the late DuBose Heyward in these lines from his majestic poem, "The Last Crew":

"One blinding second out of endless time
Fell, sundering the night
I saw the Housatonic hurled,

A ship of light,
Out of a molten sea,
Hang an unending pulse-beat,
Glowing, stark;
While the hot clouds flung back
a sullen roar.
Then all her pride, so confident
and sure,
Went reeling down the dark.
"Out of the blackness wave on
livid wave
Leapt into being—thundered to
our feet;
Counting the moments for us,
beat by beat,
Until the last and smallest dwin-
dled past,
Trailing its pallor like a winding
sheet
Over the last crew and its chosen
grave."

Whether the H. L. Hundley was sunk by the effect of the explosion of its own torpedo, or was sucked in by the rush of water through the hole made in the side of the Housatonic, will probably never be known. The divers who were sent down after the war to make an investigation found the little submarine lying side by side with the great battleship that had been her victim.

The Federals were likewise experimenting with the construction of submarines. The only one they are known to have completed, however, was a clumsy affair, almost impossible to navigate while submerged, and it accomplished nothing. It was equipped with a row of oars on each side, which could be folded when the occasion demanded.

It is said that the designer had been promised a payment of $10,000 by the Federal goyernment upon completion of his submarine and, although he was to receive, in addition, $5,000 for every Confederate warship which he should succeed in destroying, he immediately left the country after receiving his initial payment.

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ONLY A LITTLE THING

It was only a tiny seed, carelessly brushed aside;
But it grew in time to a noxious weed and spread its poison wide.
It was only a little leak, so small you might hardly see,
But the rising waters found the break and wrecked the great levee.
It was only a single spark dropped by a passing train;
But the dead leaves caught, and swift and dark, was its work on wood and plain.
It was only a thoughtless word, scarce meant to be unkind;
But it pierced as a dart to the heart that heard, and left its sting behind.
It may seem a trifle at most, the thing that we do or say;
And yet it may be that at fearful cost we may wish it undone some day.

—M. P. Handy

INSTITUTION NOTES

We received two Indian boys from Robeson county last Wednesday, and they were immediately assigned to the Indian Cottage.

—:—

Our farm manager reports that the outside forces have completed sowing small grain. Several hundred acres have been seeded, and most of the grain is up and looking fine.

—:—

Four heifers were added to our stock of young Hereford cattle this week. It is hoped this will be a foundation for a fine herd of beef cattle for future use at the School.

—:—

Several worn truck tires and tubes belonging to the School were recently taken to the express office in Concord, for shipment. They were donated to the government, which is so sorely in need of rubber at this time.

—:—

"Chad Hanna" was the feature attraction at the regular weekly motion picture show in the auditorium last Thursday night. A short film, "M M Mania," was shown at the same time. Both are Twentieth-Century-Fox productions.

—:—

Winley Jones, of Cottage No. 9, was allowed to return to his home near Ayden, last Tuesday. He will live with his father on a farm. Winley had spend several years at the School, and we were glad to see him go home, and trust that he will get along fine.

—:—

Mr. W. M. White, our purchasing agent, recently took a truck load of shirting and bed-ticking to Charlotte, where it will be made up into hickory shirt and mattress covers. This material was woven in our textile plant, and most of the cotton used in this process was produced on the School farm.

—:—

Mr. Alf Carriker and his carpenter shop boys are repairing the large wagon scales, which are located down near the barn buildings. These scales have been out of order for several years. Now that worn out parts have been replaced, and the entire works given a thorough cleaning, they are again as good as new.

—:—

Since we have had some quite cool, snappy weather is these parts recently, our barn force has had several teams busy for several days hauling coal from the railroad siding on the School property to the various buildings on the campus, in anticipation of colder days yet to come. We are happy to announce that we have a sufficient supply of coal on hand for an average winter.

—:—

Here's a sure sign that winter is just around the corner. One morning this week, when the cottage lines assembled near the Administration Building, the order was issued that the boys would be required to put on their long-handled underwear this week-end. The barefoot season is now definitely over, and we note the appearance of sweaters and jackets as the boys come out from their cottages these days.

—:—

In going about the campus we note considerable improvement in the appearance of the grounds. Hedges

have been trimmed; grass seed has been sown in many places; large flower beds have been prepared; and quite a number of pansy plants have been set out. In some parts of the premises we saw gorgeous beds of scarlet sage, chrysanthemums, dahlias, and other late blooming flowers, which made a beautiful picture.

—:—

We received a letter the other day from Jesse Kelly, one of our old boys, who is now in the United States Army. When Jesse visited us a few weeks ago, he was stationed at Camp Edwards, Massachusetts, but in this letter he stated that he has just been transferred to Fort Sill, Oklahoma. Jesse says there is some beautiful mountain and desert scenery out in that part of the country, but not to be compared with good old North Carolina scenes.

—:—

Claude Hoyle, aged twenty-three years, formerly of Cottage No. 5, who left the School, April 2, 1935, called at The Uplift office last Saturday. Upon leaving the institution, he returned to his home in Lenoir, where he was employed in a furniture factory for about five years. For the afternoon, failed to make his appear- in the Glenn L. Martin Aircraft Factory, Baltimore, and reports that he likes the work and is getting along well. Claude informed us that he had been married three years. He has developed into a young man of very nice appearance and his manner is most pleasing. We were glad to see him, and hope he continues to keep up the good record he has been making since leaving us.

—:—

For some unknown reason, the minister regularly scheduled to conduct the service at the School last Sunday past six months he has been working ance. The boys assembled in the auditorium at the usual time, where they enjoyed singing a number of their favorite hymns. Led by Superintendent Hawfield, they read a Scripture selection, following which he made a beautiful prayer. Mr. Hawfield then announced that he would take a few minutes to tell them of the improvements being made to the library, and the new books being selected for their use. He also gave them several valuable pointers on how to care for books.

Mr. Hawfield told the boys there would be library periods during each school day when, under the direction of the teachers, they could select the books they would like to read. He also said there would be reading tables in the liibrary to be used by those who cared to look up reference books for the purpose of helping them with their studies.

In addition to this central library, said the superintendent, there will be a library, consisting of from twenty-five to fifty books, placed in each cottage, for the use of the boys during the evening hours.

In conclusion, he spoke of the value of good reading material, calling attention to how they played an important part in the life of a friend of his, who lived to be eighty-five years old. This man was not permitted to attend school for any great length of time, but early in life he made up his mind that he would spend at least thirty minutes each day with a good book. As a result, in later years, he became a well-informed man, one who could hold the attention of large audiences. What this man was able to do, said he, could be accomplished

by practically all of the boys within the hearing of his voice.

—:—

Last Wednesday afternoon it was our happy privilege to call on one of our neighbors, Mr. David S. Teague, who celebrated his ninety-second birthday on November 6th. This fine old gentleman enjoys the best of health, and even at such a ripe old age, is probably one of the hardest working individuals in this community. Many times during the summer months we saw "Daddy" Teague and his faithful mule working the crops on his small farm, and we learned from the neighbors that, weather permitting, he was hard at work every day, working from sun to sun, rather than the forty-hour week which is demanded by so many workers not nearly so advanced in years.

On our visit last Wednesday, "Daddy" proudly stood between the two bales of cotton he had raised this year while we snapped a picture, and his face was wreathed in smiles as he spoke of taking his cotton to the market within the next few days. This has indeed been a busy season for this venerable gentleman, for in addition to his cotton crop, he raised seventy-five bushels of corn and sixty-five bushels of potatoes, and plowed, seeded and cared for a good-sized garden. Not being content to work for himself alone, "Daddy" informed us that he plowed gardens for ten or twelve of his neighbors. When all of the year's activities are summed up, one can readily see that the amount of work accomplished by this fine old citizen, who can look back in ninety-two summers, would put to shame the efforts of quite a number of folks of our acquaintance who are many years younger.

"Daddy" Teague has lived near the Training School for many years, and by his clean, upright mode of living and his genuinely friendly spirit, he has made a host of friends at the institution. We are proud to see him pass another mile-stone along life's journey, carrying the burden of the years so lightly, and trust he may be with us for many years to come.

———:———

QUESTION NOT

Question not, but live and labor,
Till your goal be won,
Helping every feeble neighbor,
Seeking help from none;
Life is mostly froth and bubble,
Two things stand out like stone—
Kindness in another's trouble,
Courage in our own.

—Adam Lindsay Gordon.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending November 8, 1942

RECEIVING COTTAGE
Ira Montgomery
Leonard Melton
Weaver Ruff
Paul Smith
Lee St. Clair
James Watts
L. P. Whitley
Harry Wilson

COTTAGE NO. 1
Wade Fisher
Durwood Martin
Jack Reeves
James Shell
Kenneth Tipton

COTTAGE NO. 2
Clyde Bustle
John Crumpler
Bernice Hoke
Virgil Lane
Luther McIntyre
John Pritchard
Newman Tate
Milford Ward

COTTAGE NO. 3
Charles Beal
Robert Coleman
Donald Daniels
Arthur Ingle
Ralph Powell
Sam Pritchett
Earl Smith

COTTAGE NO. 4
Jack Bright
Leroy Childers
William Deaton
Robert Muse
Roy Patton
Jesse Williamson

COTTAGE NO. 5
Eugene Kermon
John Lipscomb
Allen Morris
John Mazoo
Eldred Watts
Kenneth Wilson

COTTAGE NO. 6
Elgin Atwood
Kenneth Caldwell
Robert Hobbs
Marvin Lipscomb
Chester Lee
Rufus Massingill
Jacob Myers
Reitzel Southern

COTTAGE NO. 7
William Case
Amos Myers
Leroy Pate
Edgar Shell
W. C. Whitehurst
Thomas Ware
John Tolley
Jerry Ray
Fred Bostian

COTTAGE NO. 8
Cecil Bennett
Frank Workman
Eugene White

COTTAGE NO. 9
Edward Guffey
James Hale
Morris Johnson
Winley Jones
Isaac Mahaffey
Marvin Matheson
Albert Newton
Robert Owens
Lawrence Rice
George Strayhorne
Glenn Wilcox

COTTAGE NO. 10
Jerome Harris
William Morgan
Charles Phillips
Joseph Patterson
William Young

COTTAGE NO. 11
Bert Barnhardt
Marvin Bradley
Noah Brown
Eugene Cline

William Guffey
A. B. Hoyle
T. B. Nowell
Eugene Moose
Everett Stamey
Ray Taylor

COTTAGE NO. 12
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 13
Thurman Daniels
Donald Hobbs
Melvin Rogers

COTTAGE NO. 14
Robert Bailey
Robert Caudle
Vernon Harding
Robert Holbert
Lawrence Hord
Edward Kinion
William Lane
William E. Lanford
Roy Mumford
John Maples
Robert Moose
Joseph McKinney
Robert Travis
Alvis Watkins

COTTAGE NO. 15
Howard Combs
Ennis Miller
Hugh Roberts
James Willis

INDIAN COTTAGE
Jack Bateman
Roland Brooks
Raymond Brooks
Frank Chavis
Floyd Fields
James E. Hall
Ernest Jacobs
Leroy Lowry
Herbert Lochlear
James Lochlear
Lester Lochlear
Alphonso Williams

INFIRMARY
Roy Jones

———:———

THE FRIEND WHO JUST STANDS BY

When trouble comes your soul to try,
You love the friend who just "stands by."
Perhaps there's nothing he can do—
The thing is strictly up to you;
For there are troubles all your own,
And paths the soul must tread alone;
Times when love cannot smooth the road
Nor friendship lift the heavy load,
But just to know you have a friend
Who will "stand by" until the end,
Whose sympathy through all endures,
Whose warm handclasp is always yours—
It helps, someway, to pull you through,
Although there's nothing he can do.
And so with fervent heart you cry,
"God bless the friend who just stands by!"

(Orange County)
(c) Carolina Collection
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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXX CONCORD, N. C., NOVEMBER 21, 1942 No. 47

MINUTES OF GOLD

Two or three minutes—two or three hours,
What do they mean in this life of ours?
Not very much if but counted as time,
But minutes of gold and hours sublime,
If only we'll use them once in a while
To make someone happy—make someone smile.
A minute may dry a little lad's tears,
An hour sweep aside trouble of years.
Minutes of my time may bring to an end
Hoplessness somewhere, and bring me a friend.

—Author Unknown.

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S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor
LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

THANKSGIVING

The fevered meadow and the road
And the rain's healing hands that bless
Lord, I give thanks
For the green gospel of the grass,
And the white billowy clouds that pass;
For the world's great loveliness,
Whereon is set my still abode.
I thank Thee for the quiet moon
Long shadows in the afternoon;
For the great peace the blue sky knows,
And the red raiment of the rose;
For the soft tumult of the leaves,
For the clear sky on wind-blown nights,
And all the little village lights,
That smile at me through winter's dark
Each on a human, tender spark.
For apple orchards, white with May,
For many a far sequestered way;
For the deep patience of the pool
Within a forest beautiful.
I thank Thee for the simple things,
Beyond the glory of the kings;
For goodly books to read at night
In a sweet peace of candle light;
For bread to break, a child to kiss
And O, Dear Lord, for this and this;
The love of woman that shall last
'Til time itself, and life, have passed.
And as the long bright journey ends,
Lord, I give thanks for many friends.

—Charles Hanson Towne.

ARMISTICE DAY — 1942

There was a great difference in the way the first Armistice Day, November 11, 1918, was observed, and that of this year. There was

joy written in the faces of all people as soon as the news was received that war had ceased on that memorable date. Fond parents had a hope for a safe return of their sons, and sweethearts were buoyant, because they knew a prolonged courtship would end, and the vision of the bridal veil and orange blossoms lifted them from an uncertain state of mind to inexpressible joy.

Those of us who had definite memories of November 11, 1918 were conscious of dissapointment as well as sadness as the people of the nation paused for a silent prayer on Armistice Day. The changes since 1918 are not sufficient for optimism. The Second World War is not comparable to any previous conflict. The battlefields encircle the globe, and it is accepted as the most cruel and brutal fight of all time. However, the most pessimistic feel that right will eventually prevail and victory will be the good fortune of the Allies. Realizing the terrible conditions—the battlefields flowing with human blood, and the long fight before us—this Armistice Day was a solemn and touching occasion.

The background for the late Armistice Day was most fitting, making very impressive the programs of the day. President Roosevelt, with his aides, approached the tomb of the unknown soldier and placed thereon a wreath of golden chrysanthemums, and in usual style feelingly eulogized the valor of the veterans of the First World War. From this point he moved to the Arlington Amphitheater where he spoke to an audience of not less than six thousand people. It would be difficult to make a guess as to the number of citizens who turned the dials of their radios while in their homes and listened to the program. Those of us who could visualize this setting on the banks of the historic Potomac River, and heard the words of the Chief Executive, felt the urge of living consistently, and thereby making a generous contribution toward victory, so that we may continue to live in a nation so nobly fought for by our forebears.

* * * * * * * *

A CALL TO PRAYER

One can hardly realize that nearly eleven months of the year 1942 have passed and we find ourselves standing upon the threshhold of Thanksgiving Day—a day first observed by the Pilgrims on

the New England shores more than three hundred years ago. Those noble and courageous people founded a country that was far greater than they realized, and established a custom—that of giving thanks to God, the giver of all good and perfect gifts—that has been observed up to the present day. If the Pilgrims were grateful for a home in a bleak and undeveloped land, we who are enjoying the fruits of the richest and most progressive nation have much more to fill our hearts with prayer and song. Especially at this time we should not forget that our Chief Executive has requested this year that the masses of this country spend two days in meditation and prayer, giving thanks for the blessings received, with a sincere hope that peace will again circle the globe.

We ask ourselves the question, "What is prayer?" We know it is a close approach to God in which we have the privilege of communing with Him. Prayer is a petition, and the oftener we bow, in His name, the stronger we are. Let us not forget to pray as we never have before during this Thanksgiving season. "It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord."

* * * * * * * * *

THANKSGIVING AND FREEDOM

The whole long story of our country is saturated with the instinct for freedom, for it is on freedom that America is built.

In the fall of 1621 the Pilgrims of Plymouth had gathered their first crop of corn, barley and peas, and were prepared to be grateful for very small mercies. In that year forty-six of the original colonists had died. They had all suffered from cold, hunger, sickness and fear, and tried to forget the weary months of labor and disappointment in one day of joyous thanksgiving for the fact that they were alive, and that they were free. Out of their hardships had been born a great spirit of unselfish cooperation and hospitality. What courage and faith they had!

And what of us? Compared with them we live in an age of ease and abundance. Has it hardened our hearts and softened our courage? We inherit the results of their labors and hardships. Are we apathetically accepting this inheritance? We see again that freedom is the most priceless possession we can have, in a world giv-

en over in great part to the same form of domination that drove the Pilgrims to seek freedom in a new land.

Before we sit down to our Thanksgiving celebration this year let us make up our minds what we are going to do to deserve and preserve freedom.—Selected.

* * * * * * * *

REECE IRA LONG

On November 16th, Reece Ira Long passed into the great beyond, and in his untimely death Cabarrus County has again suffered the loss of one of its finest and most valuable citizens. For a period of almost three years, bravely and gallantly, he struggled against the ravages of a ruthless and relentless physical affliction. During this time, when it seemed to those about him that the death angel had come for the final summons, manfully he rallied again and again to fight on. In his pain and suffering he was hopeful and cheerful, and radiated a glow of sunshine and happiness.

By profession, Mr. Long was a surveyor. In the use of the transit and other instruments of the trade, he was a master workman who took great pride in his work. From his own father, who was also a surveyor, he learned many of the fine points of the trade. He possessed, what seemed to others, an uncanny ability to locate established corners, and to find the identifying marks of a line which had been run in other years. By reason of the fact that he was a surveyor, his life was closely interwoven with the entire life of Cabarrus County. At one time or another he touched practically every farm in the county; he located sites for schools and churches, for homes and for business firms. For a number of years he served as city engineer in the city of Concord, and also as surveyor for Cabarrus County.

Probably no man in the history of the county ever had a greater number of warm friends and acquaintances. They were in all walks of life, and they were in the cities and rural areas. It was indeed most inspiring to see how devotedly his many friends stood by in his last illness, hoping that he would rally again.

Mr. Long was an ardent churchman, a loyal and devoted member of the First Presbyterian Church in Concord. He was a regular

attendant at church services and participated in the activities of the church. For a year he served as president of the Men's Bible Class. He was also fervently interested in the fraternal order of Freemasonry. As a reward for his efficient work in Stokes Lodge No. 32, A. F. & A. M., of Concord, he was honored by being elected as master of the lodge, a position which he filled with signal honor and distinction.

Mr. Long's chief interests outside of his home, his church, and his profession, were in sports and hunting. It was not unusual for him to drive many miles to witness a football game, and no one ever received greater thrills from the game than he. To him, it was the sweetest of music to hear the resounding noise of a pack of dogs giving chase to an o'possum in the deep forest, even in the wee small hours of the night. These were sounds that stirred the utmost depths of his spirit.

Although Mr. Long, at the age of fifty-six, did not live to be an old man, in the fullness of his experiences, in reality he lived many years more. Because of his deeds and noble character, he leaves to his friends and loved ones a rich heritage, one that will live on through ceaseless time and eternity. The Uplift extends its sympathy to those who will so keenly miss the tender care and love of husband and father.

WHY DO WE HAVE TURKEY FOR THANKSGIVING

By Laura A. Boyd

Why do we have turkey for Thanksgiving? The usual answer to such a question is because the New England colonists ate turkey on the first Thanksgiving Day. There is much of truth in that answer for certainly the tradition of Thanksgiving Day goes back to that colonial beginning, but the Pilgrim Fathers were not the first persons on this continent to find how good turkey was to eat.

Long before the white men had come to live in America the Indians had learned that turkey is a fine dish for a gala occasion. In the southwestern part of the present United States and in Mexico the cliff dwellers and other aboriginal tribes used the meat of the turkey for their ceremonial feasts. The birds were wild but the Indians learned to catch and tame them so they could be fattened before being killed. The wild turkeys roamed over Arizona, New Mexico and southern Colorado, as well as Mexico.

After the coming of the Spaniards turkeys were sent to European markets and that is where they gained their name. The merchants, who were mostly Hebrews, thought that this new bird was a kind of peacock and so called it by their name for the peacock which was " tukki." More or less constant use of this term resulted in the English word turkey.

The turkey is peculiarly an American bird. No other country has a similar fowl. Wherever turkeys are raised today, and they have been introduced into many countries, the ancestral stock came from America. This is one reason why it is fitting that the turkey should be associated with Thanksgiving which is a distinctive American feast. Like the cliff dwellers we too use domesticated fowls and our feast has also a certain ceremonial significance.

When the Puritans desired to celebrate their first abundant harvest in Plymouth in 1621 hunters were sent into the woods to secure turkeys for the dinner. The colonial record says: "That wild turkeys." At first these beautiful birds were plentiful everywhere but they were timid and fled inland so that after 1690 no more records are found of them in New England, but they were still so plentiful in Georgia in 1733 that they sold for fourpence apiece.

These wild turkeys were gold and purple and bronze and much larger than our domestic birds. They could easily outrun a man and when flying traveled at a rate of fifty miles an hour. They were awkward in flight but ran with an easy graceful motion. One colonial writer tells of seeing a flock of three hundred near the Chesapeake which weighed thirty or forty pounds each and no less an authority than William Penn says that turkeys weighing 30 pounds sold in his colony for a shilling. Ornithologists say that wild turkeys were plentiful around the Great Lakes until 1875. These wild birds were distinguished from the tame fowl by the rich chestnut brown tips on their tail feathers.

HOW THANKSGIVING CAME ABOUT

By Elizabeth Tipton Derieux

It has been many years since America has come to the Thanksgiving season with greater reason for returning thanks. From the abundant harvests which have been gathered in almost all parts of the country comes a sufficiency of food; there is not only work to be found throughout the nation but eager hands to perform it.

It was for such blessings as these as well as for religious and economic freedom that a group of English Separatists or Puritans, when they found that the Church of England refused to make certain reforms, left their old homes in England and established themselves in Leyden, Holland.

Here they found a country which had been devastated by a half century of war and a people recovering from the demoralizing effects of such a conflict. For 12 years the Puritans resolutely practiced their simple faith and attempted to adjust themselves to the changed conditions which they found in their adopted home. At length they began to realize that their children were acquiring the manners and customs of the people of Holland instead of the sterner ways of their parents. Another home was declared a necessity.

As the leaders of this honest, fearless group sought in 1620 to find a refuge in Europe for themselves and friends where they could establish themselves permanently and enjoy peace and religious freedom, they found much the same conditions existing as their descendants in America are witnessing there today.

In Bohemia and Moravia, which until recently formed the greater part of the Czechoslovak Republic, the Puritans found many in sympathy with their religious ideals. Here it was that the people had enthusiastically accepted the teachings of the Puritan's own John Wycliffe and here also had been the birthplace of John Huss, disciple and Bohemian translator of much of Wycliffe's writings. But the shadow of religious persecution already hung over this land ruled by the Hapsburgs. A year later 30,000 Protestant families were driven from the country, their property confiscated, all ministers exiled and 27 noblemen beheaded.

France held slight appeal as a home for the Puritans. The memory of the war of religious intolerance between the Catholics and French Huguenots with its horrible climax of the murder of 70,000 French Protestants on St. Bartholomew's Day was still too fresh in their memory. In the unsettled condition which prevailed there, peace and religious freedom seemed too far removed in the future.

Neither could Italy offer a refuge for the Puritans which met their requirments. Here had taken place a recent conflict between France and the German emperors. The latter being victorius, their rule was promptly established and maintained for a century and a half.

The Puritans could have doubtless found a home in the vast expanse of Russia but Ivan the Terrible had recently died and, as a reaction to his strong rule, anarchy and revolt now held sway in the homeland and

in the territory over which he had established Russian rule. With the election of the first Romanoff to the throne the spirit of further conquest began to ferment. This led, during the rule of the second Romanoff, to the conquest of a large part of Poland and the protectorate over the Polish Cossacks. Here there was slight hope for either peace or religious freedom.

Germany could offer no acceptable refuge for the Puritans as she was engaged in the Thirty Years' War. This conflict when finally brought to a close divided Germany into over 200 independent states. The striving of the independent states for supremacy produced a chaotic condition which held little appeal for the Puritans.

Far-away Spain had little to offer in the way of a peaceful haven. Here a decline was in rapid progress under the bigotry and harsh rule of Phillip III.

With the knowledge that Europe for many years to come could offer little in the way of peace, economic improvement of religious freedom, the Puritans turned their attention to the new world. Here there was ample opportunity of building up a prosperous Engilsh colony, the enjoyment of peace and religious freedom and serving as "stepping stones unto others for performing so good a work."

Scarcely had the Mayflower and the Speedwell set forth when the latter ship proved unworthy of her name and all returned to Holland. The Mayflower, taking aboard the relatives of her passengers from her sister ship, set forth again. For 66 days the little ship was beaten and harassed by the storms which swept the Atlantic but on November 11, 1620, it crept into the Plymouth harbor.

Owing to the terrible cold, the scarcity of food and the crowded condition of the ship many of the passengers had become ill during the voyage. Resting aboard the Mayflower until December 21, the Pilgrims, a name given by William Bradford, landed on Plymouth Rock. The little band continued to make their home on the Mayflower until Spring as many of their number had become seriously sick.

As the bitterly cold days of winter slowly passed death took a heavy toll from the valiant band. Fifty-six trips to the mainland and a long climb up 'Burial Hill' became necessary for those who remained well enough to bury the bodies of their relatives and friends. But the determination of the Pilgrims never faltered. Here, in the new world, they believed, were to be found those things which they most desired. They had reached their Promised Land; they intended to enter and conquer it.

The Mayflower lingered in the harbor a month after the Pilgrims were settled in their stout new cabins. As they gathered on shore to see the ship lift anchor to sail back to England, they remained a determined group. When it became a tiny blur across the vast expanse of waters they turned to each other and began to make plans for their Spring planting.

Carefully the fields were prepared to receive the seed which had been denied to their hungry children. Then, when the inlet became a slivery mass of herring fighting to gain the ponds above in which to spawn, Massasoit and his braves arrived, showed the Pilgrims how to catch the fish in sufficient quantity to use as fertilizer, and

helped them with their planting. Twenty acres of Indian corn, six acres of barley and six acres of peas were planted.

When autumn came and the Pilgrims carefully gathered their harvest an inventory was taken by Governor Bradford. Pitifully small and inadequate seems this first harvest in contrast with the abundance of the harvests of today. The Pilgrims, after the starvation of the months past, were overjoyed at the prospect of an individual allowance of a peck of meal and a like amount of Indian corn each week. There were, they reminded themselves, other resources available such as fish in the bay, game in the forest and nuts to be had for the gathering.

As the governor contemplated these blessings after the hardships of the past year his heart was moved with thanks. Calling his people together he suggested to them a season of thanksgiving. This observance was not a new idea to the Pilgrims. For generations in England a festival and feast had been held in the autumn when the crops were gathered into the barns. There were few if any of the adults who had not taken part in these festivities and had not heard the singing of the old Harvest Home songs. For the Pilgrims this first Thanksgiving in their new home held a deeper significance than any which they had known. They had found a home at last where peace and religious freedom could be enjoyed; the results of the harvest had shown them to be economically independent. Realizing that their dreams of many years had been realized they turned their attention to a fitting celebration.

At this first Thanksgiving feast which was held in the open clearing in front of the cabins of the Pilgrims there was not only an abundance of food but also guests and romance to make the occasion more delightful. The clear almost balmy weather, which the newcomers called Indian Summer, continued and the feast was prolonged for three days. During this time the Pilgrims formed a friendship with their guests which endured for many years.

Other settlers followed the Pilgrims to America and during the next few years several Thanksgiving days were observed. In 1630 the Massachusetts Bay Colony issued a Thanksgiving proclamation and the day was publically observed. The following year on Jan. 22, 1631, a similar celebration took place in Boston and is the first Thanksgiving observance of which we have a written record.

Governor Bradford of the Plymouth Colony made arrangements with Governor Winthrop of the Boston Colony the following year and the people of these two colonies observed their Thanksgiving celebrations on the same day. The selection of the same day for their Thanksgiving observances did not, however, become a universal custom among the colonists until many years later.

During the following century a day of thanksgiving was frequently observed by the colonies, especially those in the New England group. Connecticut of all the states has perhaps been the most faithful in this respect, a Thanksgiving celebration being held there each year since 1639 with the exception of one year 1647.

While our first American Thanksgiving Day was observed in appreciation for a bountiful harvest, since

then there have also been other Thankgiving days observed for national prosperity and for victory in war. Congress issued a Thanksgiving proclamation on the surrender of Burgoyne and in 1784 Washington and the Continental Congress appointed a day of thanksgiving for the return of peace. When the Constitution of the United States was adopted in 1789, Washington, who had been elected President, issued a Thanksgiving proclamation. Six years later he again announced a day of thanksgiving in appreciation for the rapid growth and general prosperity of the new nation.

Throughout the country Thanksgiving Day continued to be celebrated by the different States on the date which proved to be the most convenient for them. In 1817 New York selected a definite date and several other States immediately followed her example.

Many people now began to feel that since Thanksgiving was observed by a number of States it should be celebrated on the same day. To Mrs. Sarah Hale, who had been reared in New England States where Thanksgiving Day had been kept more faithfully than anywhere in America, is due the credit to a large degree that by 1859 there were only two States in which Thanksgiving Day was not observed.

President Lincoln issued in 1864 a proclamation declaring the fourth Thursday in November to be a national day of thanksgiving and he also suggested that the day be observed each year. As the War Between the States was in progress a general observance of the day was impossible. After the death of Mr. Lincoln, President Johnson, in order to carry out the wishes of his predecessor, issued a Thanksgiving proclamation for the last Thursday in November.

———:———

REBIRTH

Sometimes we go our way carefree;
No trouble comes to mar
The routine of our lives, and we
Forget their is a scar
Or wound in other lives, till pain
Descends on someone near
To us, and then our hearts regain
Lost kindliness; we hear
With understanding the woes
Of others—a rebirth
Comes, and we feel for all of those
Who suffer here on earth.

—Margaret E. Bruner.

AN OLD-FASHIONED THANKSGIVING DINNER

(Young People)

"An old-fashioned Thanksgiving dinner?" said Ma Hubbell, doubtfully. "I don't know. Do you think we'd better, Pa?"

"I ain't sure's we had or not," candidly, "but it's been on my mind consider'ble the last few weeks, an'—an' I guess mebbe I'd like it; we'd both like it. Ye see, ma, I'm over seventy now, an' there can't be many more times. We've been out here to Illinois twelve years, an' never a Thanksgiving dinner in all the time."

"I know Pa, but it—it never seemed like I could. An I knew you wouldn't like it either. We've never spoke of it together, but—but you remember the last time."

"Fifteen years ago," trying to keep his own voice firm and steady, but turning his face away from her. "Sometimes I've tried to think mebbe I was too ha'sh with him, an' too hasty; but when I've studied it all over, fair as could be I've felt I'd have to do the same thing ag'in jest the same way. There never was a black sheep in the Hubbell family from the time Greatgran'ther Hubbell's brother ran off to be a sailor, till—till our Enos—"

Ma Hubbell did not speak. Tears were trickling silently down her cheeks.

"I've tried to think I was ha'sh," the old farmer repeated, "but couldn't. I tried to train Enos up to be a good farmer, to know the best way to grow things, an' the best way to sell 'em. An' Enos learned it all, too," with reminiscent gratification in his voice; "an' we were both proud of him. He was a good boy, an' a good, sensible grower an' seller. An' then all to once he commenced running wild, and then he learned to play tricks so he could join a circus. Said he was tired of diggin' dirt an' wanted to see the world."

Ma Hubbell nodded. It was all just as fresh in her mind as in his, though neither of them had spoken of it in the long fifteen years.

"Then he came home for that Thanksgiving Day," the old man went on, after a long silence, his face growing a little harder, "an we killed the biggest turkey, an' after dinner I talked with him 'bout what we hoped, an' the Hubbell family, an' what chances the world offered to strong young men. An'—an' he laughed in my face, an' used some pretty strong language. An that night he went off an' got so drunk we had to bring him home. The next day I told him to go, and not come back any more. Then we sold the farm an' come out here. Seems as if neither of us could live on the old place after that."

Pa Hubbell walked heavily to a window, repeating as he did so, "Mebbe I was too ha'sh with him, mebbe I was, though it never seemed so."

Big flakes of snow were beginning to fall, and already the ground was white. Many turkeys and much poultry were pecking in a desultory manner about the kitchen door and between there and the barn, and out un-

der the long shed the hired man was preparing some of the fowls for market. The farmer looked at them all with unseeing eyes. At length he turned back into the room.

"I'm over seventy," he repeated, "an' you're pretty close to me, Ma. We can't reasonably count for much longer. An' I've been thinkin' a lot about New England an' Thanksgiving dinners lately. I don't want to go back, but seems like I could relish a real old-time dinner once more. Enos is likely dead long ago. Circus folks don't live long, they say. We—we can imagine him sittin' at the table with us, jest a little boy, like he used to be."

Ma Hubbell's lips quivered, but by a strong effort she stilled the quiver and turned to him a calm face.

"All right, Pa," she agreed. "I'll start at once, an' with the whole day before us I think Betsey an' me can get pretty much everything cooked up. The turkey we'll leave till mornin', for it'll taste better fresh-baked. But you'll have to buy me some cranb'ries in town, an' some raisins an' other things. I'll set 'em down. We can stew the cranb'ries, an' mix an' bake some mince pies this evenin' after you get back. An' say, Pa, if you should happen to see anybody on the road you'd specially like, you might ask 'em to dinner. "Twould make it more sociable for you."

Pa Hubbell nodded and glanced through the window.

"Get your list ready," he said, "an' I'll go an' be harnessin' up. It's goin' to be a regular old New England Thanksgiving snowstorm, an' I want to go an' get back 'fore it falls very deep. I guess there's enough dressed for a load now, for Bill an' I picked forty turkeys an' as many hens last night. This lot I think I'd better take down State Street, which has nice stores an' high-priced trade. Such turkeys as ours ought to sell well, bein' the day before Thanksgiving. An' I'll keep an eye open for anybody I think will make good Thanksgiving comp'ny."

It was a full fifteen miles to the stores on State Street that Pa Hubbell had in mind, and, though he started early and had a pair of strong, quick-stepping horses, it was well toward noon when he slowed up and began to study the store fronts he was passing. At length he stopped before one.

"Fine big show of everything except turkeys," he thought, "an' they seem sca'se. Guess mebbe the owner'll be glad to buy mine."

He swung his team to the curb, clambered to the sidewalk, hitched, and went inside. The store was well filled with customers, and he went forward to a radiator to warm his hands. The talk of the customers was coming to him from all sides, and he listened interestedly, for they came from all walks of life.

"Why, you seem to know all about turkeys sir," he heard one woman say.

"I ought to," laughed a voice which made Pa Hubbell start and crane his neck. "I was brought up on a farm, and learned to know turkeys from the egg to the Thanksgiving table. Why, I almost believe I could look at a turkey and tell just how long it took to grow and what it fed on. But I'm sorry I have such poor stock to show you, madam. I wish I had one of the birds my old father used to—"

A shaggy gray head, almost covered

by a down-drawn fur cap, suddenly loomed up behind the customer.

I've brought a flock of 'em, son," Pa Hubbell announced grimly. "Just tell the lady to wait till I bring 'em in."

He started toward the door, but before he reached it a hand was on his shoulder.

"Father!" a voice said huskily. "I —I didn't know—I thought—I went back to the old place, and—is mother —" But he was unable to finish his query.

"We sold an' moved out here," briefly, "an your ma is alive an' well. No, you needn't say a word, son. Tomorrow's Thanksgiving, an' we don't want any old wounds opened. Your ma told me to bring out somebody to eat with us, an' I'll take you. Now help me with the turkeys, an' then ask your boss to let you off till day after tomorrow, when I"ll bring you back."

The son laughed shakily, his hand slipping caressingly across the other's shoulders.

"I have no boss," he said, You don't understand, Father. I'm not dancing clogs now, nor drinking. I quit that more than ten years ago. I just couldn't keep it up, remembering all you and mother had taught me. Then I tried half a dozen other things, and went broke on them all. At last I settled down to something I knew—something you had taught me—eggs, poultry, beef, mutton, farm produce, fruits, and the like, and I've made good."

Pa Hubbell's mouth opened and shut, and a great light came into his eyes. But all he said was: "Ma'll be glad. Of course you'll go, right off?"

"Of course. I'll speak to the chief clerk about a few matters, and then—. But I'm glad you have two strong horses, Father, and a wagon large enough to hold the whole bunch."

"The what?" looking bewildered.

"All of us. But I forgot. I suppose you don't know there are seven of us—wife, children, and myself. The oldest boy is twelve, and named after you. Then there are girls of eleven and ten, and the younger boys. We live in the rooms over the store."

Pa Hubbell lost command of himself.

"Five children—for Thanksgiving!" he shouted. "An' one of 'em a boy twelve years old!"

Then he whirled to the wagon.

"Come, help me out with these quick!" he cried, "then take me right upstairs to see 'em. Five! My land! What will Ma say?"

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THE DREADED TASK

I found the task that I had dreaded so
Was not so difficult when once begun;
It was the dread itself that was the foe,
And dread once conquered means a victory won.

—Margaret E. Bruner.

WORLD'S LARGEST MARINE BASES

By Gertrude Carraway in The State

North Carolinians have every reason to be proud of the Marine Barracks at New River and the Marine Air Station at Charry Point, in the opinion of Capt. C. H. Cotter, of Norfolk, for a year naval officer in charge of construction at both bases, under his supervision as Public Works Officer for the Fifth Naval District. Recently he has assumed duties as Superintending Civil Engineer for the Navy in the Middle Atlantic Area.

The two bases constitute the largest and most modern Marine Corps stations in the world. There the tough "Soldiers of the Sea," already renowned for their heroic stands on Wake and Midway islands, are trained in every type of fighting.

Both mammoth construction jobs are being splendidly accomplished under difficult circumstances by North Carolina engineers, architects, contractors and North Carolina laborers, Captain Cotter points out. Because many of the laborers are located in distant rural sections, their transportation is particularly difficult and steps are being taken to obtain a number of busses to help the Navy bus fleet now taking civilian employees to and from New River. Most of the several thousand workers at each site draw extra pay each week for overtime work. To rush completion, night shifts were added some months ago at Cherry Point.

Three Charlotte firms hold the general contracts for about $50,000,000 work at New River. These are Blythe Brothers Company, which is handling the road, water and sewer jobs; Goode Construction Company, which has charge of the building; and Harrison-Wright Company, which directs the electrical work.

George W. Kane of Durham, whose organization was taken in by the general contractors, directs the low-cost housing project, a $5,000,000 amphibian base, rifle range and additional Tent City housing; and Rowe and Coward, of Durham, have charge of plumbing, heating, and mechanical work.

For Cherry Point the contracts are held by T. A. Loving Company and Associates, composed of the following North Carolina firms: T. A. Loving Company, of Goldsboro, general building and supervison; Nello L. Teer, Mecklenburg Construction Company, and Central Engineering and Contracting Corporation, all of Durham, clearing and drainage; A. H. Guion and Company, of Charlotte, sewerage and water systems; West Construction Company, of Kinston, paving; Thompson Electrical Company, of Raleigh, electrical work; and Albemarle Plumbing and Heating Company, of Albemarle, plumbing and heating.

George Watts Carr, of Durham, and the J. E. Greiner Company, of Baltimore, have the contract for architectural and engineering planning at New River. W. C. Olsen and Wm. H. Deitrick, of Raleigh, and Geo. Watts Carr, of Durham, and the J. E. Greiner Company of Baltimore have the contract for engineering and architectural planning at Cherry Point.

Early Colonial architecture, appropriately selected for eastern North Carolina, is used in simplified and modified design for the brick buildings at both New River and Cherry Point. Both are being built as permanent cantonments.

Electrical extensions are being made for the two posts by the Jones-Onslow Electric Memberships Corporation. The Tidewater Power Company is also furnishing electric current. Telephone service is provided by the Carolina Telephone and Telegraph Company. Other utility, transportation, health and business organizations of the area are assisting with other phases of work.

Carolina materials and products are being used as much as possible, including thousands of tons of shell-rock from the first machine mine east of Raleigh, at Belgrade, where the Superior Stone Company of Raleigh started operations June 16, 1941, and where already more than 1,000,000 tons of limestone have been excavated and shipped to the naval construction projects.

To give a further Carolina flavor to the Marine bases, the training center at New River is being directed by two Carolinians: Brig. Gen. Allen Hal Turnage, native of Farmville, son of a Farmville resident and Alumnus of The University of North Carolina, who is commanding officer of the Fleet Marine Force units at the Marine Barracks; and Col. Samuel A. Woods, Jr., native of Darlington, S. C., resident of New Bern, brother of two Charlotte women, and graduate of The Citadel at Charleston, who is executive officer of the training center.

Both the area along the New River and the region on the Neuse River, included respectively in these two reservations have been completely transformed in the past year, to build these modern military posts.

No construction details are being made public as to the Cherry Point project, but it is a matter of Congressional record that the original acreage of approximately 8,000 acres and the original appropriation of $14,990,000 have been substantially increased.

The air station has received two quarterly certificates of award for top place and one quarterly certificate for second place and also two monthly first and one monthly third certificate from the Bureau of Yards and Docks for progress made in competition with all other naval stations in the same class under construction by the Public Works Department.

Lieut. Comdr. Richard de Charms, Jr., CEC-V(S), USNR, is naval officer in charge of the construction. C. B. McNairy, of Goldsboro, native of Kinston, is project manager for the contractors.

Service men have been on duty at the air station for some time, while construction goes on. A number of the officers' quarters are already occupied along the Neuse River shore. Nearing completion are 270 houses near the reservation for the low-rent use of permanent civilian employees. H. L. Coble, of Greensboro, is the contractor, for a contract cost of $964,899.

For obvious reasons the public cannot be informed of the aviation training and work at the station, but considerable aerial activity may be ob-

served daily through the region. Nor is the activity limited to Cherry Point. Several landing fields in various parts of the nearby territory are under lease to the government and others are under construction.

Started a few months earlier than the air station at Cherry Point, the Marine Barracks at New River are still only little more than half finished, due to appropriations having been greatly raised over original plans. The temporary Tent City near Jacksonville has been occupied by Marines since last September. Meanwhile construction armies moved over to the permanent area at Hadnot Point. Recently frame huts have been erected at Montford Point for the first Negro Marine recruits.

Red, white, an blue pennants for construction prizes have been awarded this project also by the Bureau of Yards and Docks. One top quarterly and two monthly certificates have been won, along with four second-place and two third-place awards.

Lieut. Comdr. Madison Nichols. USNR, naval officer in charge of construction, reports that the reservation will have 104 miles of sand-asphalt paving, 28 miles of sidewalk, 70 miles of water mains and laterals, 119 miles of interior water lines, 49 miles of outside sewer pipe, 2,500 miles of wire for outside electrical work and 1,700 miles of interior wiring.

About 14,000 employees are still on the payrolls, and at least 3,000 more are said to be badly needed now, so if any more North Carolinaians want good jobs they may apply there. Much work remains to be done.

At the permanent area there will be headquarters offices, barracks for the enlisted men, mess halls, infirmaries, commissaries, churches and movies, quarters for bachelor officers, quarters for married officers at Paradise Point, which was formerly the site of a High Point summer colony on scenic high bluffs overlooking New River, and an enormous hospital costing about $7,000,000. Across Highway 24 from the Hadnot Point entrance is a 700-home defense housing project for civilian employees and non-commissioned officers.

This entire New River reservation has 84,600 acres of land and about 23,000 acres of water, with 11 miles of shore for practice landings for which the Marines are especially trained. It is 16 times larger than the huge Marine Barracks at Quantico, Va., and ranks as the largest U. S. Marine Corps base in the world.

Many Marines, colorful "Soldiers of the Sea," are now undergoing intensive military training for action overseas at the New River training center in Onslow County, where it is likely that many of their brother leathernecks learned last winter the landing tactics used in the recent invasions of the Solomon Islands in the Pacific War Zone.

When the New River site was first chosen for development of the largest Marine Corps base in the country, authorities explained that one of the chief factors in its selection was its 11-mile shoreline for practice landings. Along the coast for the past year shock troops have been taught how to load their mechanized equipment, hurry off transports, speed ashore from landing boats and quickly attack enemy positions.

Their basic training at New River and other Marine bases is like that of infantrymen in the Army, but Navy tactics and technique have to be known also by these Devil Dogs of the "Navy's Army," as well as many kinds of specialized seamanship and land warfare.

For their most dangerous task of landing on hostile shores from small boasts to attack enemy fortifications, the Fleet Marine Force is organized as a complete minature army. Every branch of modern warfare is represented in its framework. Its members are said to use more different types of equipment per man than any other branch of the service. The best equipment possible must be given them, for the versatile, amphibian Marines are usually the first units ordered into action.

A mobile, seagoing, fighting group, the Fleet Marine Force has been referred to recently as "A Panzer Army That Swims." Besides infantry and artillery regiments, there are aviation wings, parachute troops, anti-aircraft units, barrage ballon groups, tank and anit-tank outfits, motor transport battalions, armed scouting cars and engineer companies.

Some Leathernecks study dock building, others work on road building, well drilling, water purification or general demolition. Some become expert in sabotage or scorched earth policies. Paramarines learn to drop from transport planes at low altitudes armed with pistols, knives, hand grenades, and sub-machine guns. They are adept in cutting high-tension wires, wrecking machinery and demolishing bridges and other vital centers.

Guerrilla fighting and hand-to-hand combat are also included in Marine training. They are taught bayonet fencing, knife fighting, jiu-jitsu, savate, boxing and other ways to overcome powerful opponents. The Japanese Black Death, regarded as the most instantaneous form of murder with the bare hands, is being studied to take back to the Japs who originated it.

Instructors stress that a well-trained ed person is never defenseless, even if deprived of weapons, and that brain is more important than brawn. They are shown how to break the hands of an enemy, squeeze his windpipe or otherwise put him out of commission.

Obstacle courses help limber them up for actual war conditions later. They have to crawl through tiny tunnels, jump over odd barriers, climb high walls, pick their way cautiously through varied traps underfoot or overhead, swing across ravines on ropes, knock sniper dummies out of trees, and get through barbed wire entanglements while shell fire blazes just above their heads.

Since the Revolutionary War Marines have used the currently-publicized "commando" tactics, though their old methods are now improved by new techniques and twists.

The Corps dates back to a resolution passed Nov. 10, 1775, by Continental Congress, at the request of George Washington, authorizing the formation of two battalions of Marines, "of dependable and religious nature combined with robustness of body."

During the Revolution they also took part in all the naval engage-

ments of Commodore Esek Hopkins and John Paul Jones and assisted Washington's army with distinction in the battles of Princeton and Trenton.

In the Mexican War they helped storm Chapultepec. They were first to land in Cuba during the Spanish-American War. Their missions have also been carried out successfully in the Philippines, Hawii, Mexico, Haiti, Santo Domingo, Nicaragua, and elsewhere.

First shots for this country were fired by Marines during the World War.

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THINKING HAPPINESS

Think of the things that make you happy,
Not the things that make you sad;
Think of the fine and true in mankind,
Not its sorid side and bad;
Think of the blessings that surround you,
Not the ones that are denied;
Think of the virtues of your friendships,
Not the weak and faulty side;

Think of the gains you've made in business,
Not the losses you've incurred;
Think of the good of you that's spoken,
Not some cruel, hostile word;
Think of the days of health and pleasure,
Not the days of woe and pain;
Think of the days alive with sunshine,
Not the dismal days of rain;

Think of the hopes that lie before you,
Not the waste that lies behind;
Think of the treasures you have gathered,
Not the ones you've failed to find;
Think of the service you may render,
Not of serving self alone;
Think of the happiness of others,
And in this you'll find your own.

—Robert E. Farley.

HIGHLIGHTS IN NEGRO EDUCATION

(Southern Baptist Home Missions)

In this hour of world conflict and race animosity, it is a source of much gratification to Baptists, North and South, white and colored, to know that we are more solidly behind Negro colleges than ever before.

And it is well that we are. For if there was a period in the world history when we needed a well trained Christian Negro leadership it is today.

No one knows how long the war will last. It may go for years. But no matter when the war ends or how this country with its large Negro population will need Christian leadership. Our task as a denomination is to furnish this leadership and to prepare for whatever conditions may confront when peace has been declared and order in the world established.

Following World War I there was an outbreak of race conflicts, lynchings and race riots in all parts of our country. From many sections it has come to our attention lately that many of the Negro leaders are greatly disturbed over the present situation.

As in the past, political demagogues are attempting to make capital of the race question. The tension is running high in at least five states in the deep South. The Negro leadership is planning an "All Southern Race Conference" for the purpose of organizing to meet the issue.

A prominent Southern Baptist editor has suggested that in each city and county our white and Negro Baptist leaders should form a "Baptist Goodwill Committee" for the purpose of counsel and adivce in case any emergency arises. These are important steps and should be encouraged by all, for the welfare of our country is at stake.

This war which is being fought on land and sea and in the air around the world is primarily a struggle between racial groups. We are fighting for the rights of mankind, for the protection of minorities, for all that has been secured for us in the struggles of the past thousand years. The world at this hour seems to be moving backward toward tyranny, oppression, slavery, and paganism of the past. The struggle is not for territory; it is a clash of ideologies. The fight is for the rights of mankind and the existence of Christianity.

If we win the war against Hitler and his cohorts and then lose completely on the racial front at home, we will have not only lost the peace, but made the most colossal blunder of any people on earth.

The Negro schools which we are supporting are not only doing first class pieces of educational work, but they are also doing their part in national defense. Each one to which has been assigned a unit of R. O. T. C. and other type of service has responded. The spirit of patriotism and co-operation was never better in any school than it is in our Negro colleges and universities.

Benedict College at Columbia, South Carolina, is making fine progress with its endowment campaign. Recently it added to its administrative forces Dr. J. A. Bacoats, former

president of Leland College, who will relieve President Starks of certain duties so that he can give more time and attention to the endowment campaign. Benedict had the largest summer school enrollment in their history this summer. The registration for the fall term is very gratifying.

Leland College at Baker, Louisiana, elected Dr. J. M. Frazier, superintendent of Negro public schools of Baton Rouge for thirty-four years, as president to succeed Dr. Bacoats who goes to Benedict after fourteen years of service at Leland.

Dr. Frazier is a native of Louisiana, an alumnus of Leland, president of the alumni association of Leland, and past president of Louisiana Negro Teachers' Association. He is a layman, well trained and accepted as a leader among Negro Baptists of the state. The trustees and friends are happy over his election and predict great things for Leland under his leadership.

Shaw University is making rapid progress under the able leadership of President Robert P. Daniel, the second Negro president in the history of the university. The registration for the fall term is encouraging, the campus is in good condition.

Probably the most outstanding thing at the present at Shaw is the renovation of the old medical building on the campus in Raleigh by the General Baptist Convention of the state for the purpose of providing a headquarters building for Negro Baptists of North Carolina, at a cost of about thirty thousand dollars—no cost whatever to the university.

The presence of Baptist headquarters on the campus will enlist and tie on to Shaw the 300,000 Negro Baptists in the state. The University will have the use of a part of the building for academic purposes. This is a marvelous demonstration of what can be done by Negroes in behalf of the schools under proper leadership.

The Home Missions Board recently appointed 14 teacher-missionaries in the co-operating Negro Baptist schools in the South. The work is growing in scope and influence year by year. The greatest thing about their appointment lies in the fact that Baptists, North and South, white and Negro, are now co-operating in the support of the school in which they work.

The schools are strategically located and are prepared to serve adequately the Negro Baptists of America, by providing for more than 6,000 students on their campuses and at least 10,000 ministers and workers in institutes.

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If we give love and sympathy
Even to those who hate us,
We fill them so with mystery
They know not how to rate us.

—Helen King.

GRATITUDE

By Mabel Burns McKinley

King Richard I was fond of telling this story of his friends. Once upon a time a pit was dhg in a forest; wild beasts were nhmerous, and the object of the pit was to catch them. By chance a rich man of Venice came that way to hunt and, unaware the pit had been dug, fell into it.

To his surprise and dismay he found, at the bottom of the deep well, two other unforunates, a lion and a serpent that had also been caught by the trap. At first he feared he should meet a summary death, but to his great delight he saw that the common peril had overruled their natural enmity. After a while a woodcutter passed by, and the Venetain called for help, offering to pay him well if he would assist him to escape. The woodcutter willingly obliged him, and lowered a ladder into the pit. The lion and the serpent climbed up and fell at the woodcutter's feet, one roaring and the other hissing thanks for their deliverance. Following them the rich man of Venice ascended the ladder and went on his way.

Later the lion caught a goat and, in gratitude for the service rendered him carried it to the woodcutter's house. Likewise, the serpent brought a preciohs stone and laid it on his deliverer's dinner plate. The rich man, alone, had forgotten the debt he owel.

The judges of Venice heard how the lion and the serpent had expressed their thanks, and they felt that the beasts had put their fellow townsman to shame. They, therefore, insisted that he fulfill the promise he had made to reward the woodcutter and, more-over, they forced him to give his rescuer one-half of his fortune.

"The good received, the giver is forgot," too often is the case. Let us, at this Thanksgiving time, remember the Giver of all good gifts, and bring our tribute of praise gladly to Him.

The first Thanksgiving held on this continent was over three hundred years ago. The Pilgrims, leaving England for the New World, landed from the Mayflower on Plymouth Rock, off Cape Cod, on the twenty-first of November, 1620. Of the one hundred and two brave souls who had crossed the ocean, barely half remained when the following winter set in. The unaccustomed hardships and the severity of the climate had proved too much for their strength. They had built two rows of logs huts for the nineteen families of the colony, but during the first year, so we are told, they had to make seven times more graves for the dead than they had houses for the living.

Under these circumstances one might be surprised to find that the settlers, in spite of their tribulations, felt that they had so much for which to be thankful that they appointed "an especial day on which to give especial thanks for all their mercies. They agreed, since their prudence and forethought had been so blessed of God, they would send out four men hunting, that they might rejoice together in a special manner after the fruit of their labors had been gathered. Barley and Indian corn were their only crops; peas were not worth gathering, because sown too late."

The hunters returned with much game, and friendly Indians brought 6 deer. The feast, held probably during the balmy days of Indian summer was the first celebration of Thanksgiving Day.

The feast was the forerunner of the prodigal dinners of the eighteenth century. In an old diary, written by Juliana Smith, there is a description of a Thanksgiving dinner given in 1793. Relatives and friends gathered in such numbers that three tables were set in the large dining room. Three haunches of venison, six roasts of pork, three turkeys, three geese, and six large pigeon pasties were placed on the tables. In addition, there were vegetables of all kinds, and for dessert, mince pies, apple pies, pumpkin pies, fancy cakes, nuts and fruit. One would think those partaking of such a feast would not be hungry again for a long time.

The houses were not heated by furnaces in those days, but by means of huge logs in the big fireplaces. The account goes on to describe how "by the time the dinner was half over those of us who were on the fire side of one table were forced to get up and carry our plates with us around to the far side of the other table while those who had sat there were just as glad to bring their plates around to the fire side to get warm; all but old ladies, who had a screen put behind their chairs."

When the meal was over stories were told, hymns sung and prayer offered. In the evening they sat around the fireplace, cracking and eating nuts, singing songs, and listening to the older members of the family relate tales of early days.

Each year there is a day set apart for national thanksgiving. We, in our time, have a host of luxuries that were unknown to those who came before us. Consider the many conveniences the use of electricity affords; the other numberless comforts we enjoy; the motor-car, the aeroplane, the telephone, even the steam engine is a comparatively recent invention. In material things we have much for which give thanks than had the early settlers. Let us not take these gifts too much for granted, but remember to whom we are indebted for them.

There is a story told of an old Arab who did not forget the kindness shown him by Bermekee, the Vizier during the days of the Caliph Haroun al Raschid. The latter had had his Vizier put to death, and had forbidden any of his subjects to speak in praise of him. But the old Arab continued to talk about the good he had received and so, on this account, was summoned into the presence of the Caliph to answer for his disobedience to the proclamation.

"I should have been a monster of ingratitude had I not," said the Arab, and told how good the Vizier had been to him when he had been too poor to procure the necessities of life.

"I owe all to him," he went on, "and was it possible for me to be deterred by death itself from doing justice to his memory?"

The Caliph admired the man's courage and fidelity and, seeking to gain his approval by a greater show of generosity than the late Vizier had been able to make, gave him his golden sceptre, studded with precious jewels.

"I take it," said the grateful Arab, "but this also, Commander of the Faithful, is from Bermekee!"

GRASS

By Jennis A. Russ

The Bible says, "The meek shall inherit the earth," and what is meeker than grass! It is stepped on, cut down, eaten by men and beasts, yet it is the only thing that really covers the earth. When studded with flowers, its own and others, it is like a beautiful carpet spread at the feet of nature.

Grass is one of this nation's largest crops, ranking second only to corn. A colored map of the grass areas of the world would look something like a crazy quilt. Grasses are of all sizes, shapes and colors, from tiny Arctic grasses which are almost microscopic to the bamboos which, in some parts of the world, grow to be one hundred feet or more in height.

There are said to be 50,000 kinds of grasses in the world, 10,000 of which grow in the United States. Usually both stems and seeds of grasses are utilized, but sorghum and sugar cane are crushed for their juice.

Common grasses are readily recognized by almost everyone as grass, as their leaves are arranged in two opposite rows on the stem with a single leaf at each point. There are many varieties which are not so easily identified.

There are grasses used for hay and lawns, such as timothy, Kentucky blue-grass, redtop, Bermuda grass, Rhode Island bent, carpet, orchard, Johnson, and crab grass. Beach grass is coarse and creeps and is used to keep sand dunes in place.

In addition to these grasses of the pastures, prairies and lawns, there are the cereals, wheat, oats, barley, rice, rye, millet, and corn. Sugar cane, sorghum, and bamboo, with their hollow stems, are also true grasses.

In the Far East, in many places, whole villages use nothing but bamboo for their homes and their furnishings. The whole stems are used for posts and columns and water pipes. Split stems are used for floors and rafters. Furniture is made of whole and split bamboo. Bridges and bows and arrows are also fashioned from bamboo. Paper is made of bamboo fiber. Young bamboo shoots are eaten either boiled or pickled. Other items made of bamboo are masts for boats, fish poles, canes, flutes, mats, fans, and parasols.

One of the oldest grasses is called Hungarian grass. It was used for fodder by cave men of Europe and by the lake dwellers of the Stone Age.

The study of grasses is called "agrostology."

Some grasses have names which describe either them or their use. Canary grass is bird food, manna grass has a sweet taste, porcupine grass is a wild and spiny relative of timothy. There are also quaking grass, cock's tooth and dog's tail. In addition there are many perfume grasses with beautiful names and odors.

Since the ancient Hebrews were a pastoral race, and knew the value of grass, the word is used freely in the Old Testament both in metaphor and regular speech. "Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?"

KNOWLEDGE

(The Orphans Friend)

As long as people are in the flesh they must heep adding to their stocks of knowledge and make application of their mental riches. When this is not done, the minds of the neglectful deteriorate and stagnate. Some one has made this pertinent comment on the subject of acquiring knowledge: "I hold that a man is only fit to teach so long as he is himself learning daily. If the mind becomes stagnant, it can give no fresh draught to another mind." This applies to every phase of life.

We have had no end of illustrations of the fact that there is no finality to the business of learning. The war has produced them in abundance. Many military men thought that the present struggle would be conducted mainly along the lines of the static World War I. This has given way to a war of movement with the world for the theatre of action. Training is going in the armed forces with many great changes. The old parade-ground drill is out and war has become specialized and intensified.

The statement has been made that no one knows a millionth part of anything. On the face of it, the assertion seems an absurdity, but hard thinking teaches us that it is a fact. It is unthinkable that even a million years hence the quest of knowledge should cease for lack of something more to be learned. On the other hand, assurance that there is in Creation an infinity of knowledge to be gained gives validity and zest to immortality.

Of course there are some folks who think that they know vastly more than other folks and that there is little beyond their ken. No matter how intricate a matter is, no matter how technical, such people are willing to urge on others the products of their crude, untrained undisciplined minds. Usually this type makes a poor job of handling their own affairs, but nevertheless they are ready on the slightest opportunity to step in and take over —if it does not cost them anything.

But no one who seriously keeps trying to add to his store of knowledge will fail to get good dividends. It is only by comparison that what man knows is infinitesimally small. Enough is known to make of the earth a veritable heaven. The improvements, to say nothing of new discoveries, that are being made every day are so many and so varied that not even the most intelligent person can keep track of them. As one item, just think of the great strides being made in plasties. Of what is actually taking place we know little, because every invention and discovery applicable to the prosecution of the war is kept secret. Aviation, surgery, communication, everything is being changed and improved. Science is on the march with seven-league boots.

In past years many of the great manufacturers have been accused of buying up inventions as they were made, only to pigeonhole them. The reasoning was that factories were organized and tooled to produce what they made and that many changes,

even for the better from the consumer's standpoint, would cause loss because old products would become obsolete and therefore no longer saleable. It is a fact that many valuable improvements have never seen the light of day.

But we are told by those who would seem to be talking by the book that there will be little of this form of suppression after the world gets back into the ways of peace and Hitlerism is out of the way for good. Take the automobile, for instance. In the past new models had to come out every year. Manufacturers could not scrap everything and tool up for a fresh start with the best fiindings of science to guide them. But after the war all of them will start even. Every one of them will have to retool and salesmanship will be forced to move over a little and give craftsmanship its rightful place on the bench. High pressure salesmanship will probably be as much out as is the old auction sale of lots with brass-band accompaiment.

So it is more necessary than ever for each one to continue adding to his store of knowledge, for it is going to be a different world in which everybody will live. There will be more tools to work with, more conveniences to enjoy, more opportunities for advancement, but it will be a more complex life in which drifters and muddlers cannot expect to thrive. We are so busy with the war that we do not fully realize that a revolution in thought is taking place that will be followed by changes far greater than those that came after the first World War. Luxury and waste will never be permitted on the scale we have known in the past, but with the freedom from the fears and privations with which vast numbers of people are afflicted that will come in due time, people will not care so much for extravagance. The unhappy fate that has befallen Hitler-dominated countries proves the need for thinking about these things.

The stock of knowledge must grow and people must invest more fully in it. It is no time for laggards.

———:———

The noblest contribution which any man can make for the benefit of posterity, is that of a good character. The richest bequest which any man can leave to the youth of his native land, is that of a shining, spotless example.—R. C. Winthrop.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Mr. Alf Carriker and his carpenter shop boys have been painting the interior of the Indian Cottage.

—:—

The ice cream machine at our dairy is still being kept going regularly, and both boys and officers are enjoying ice cream twice each week.

—:—

New books are being catalogued and classified preparatory for circulation. We hope to put our library into use in a very short time. This also applies to the cottage libraries.

—:—

"Man Power" was the feature attraction at our regular weekly motion picture show, last Thursday night. A comedy, "Bed-Time For Sniffles," was shown at the same time. Both are Warner Brothers Productions.

—:—

The first hog-killing of the season at the School occurred last Thursday. Some fine, fat hogs were killed and cut up, and the meat issued to the various cottages, and we are now enjoying sausage, spare-ribs and other delicacies of the season.

—:—

Jesse Owens, better known in these parts as "Preacher," formerly of Cottage No. 13, was a visitor here last Wednesday. Jesse was permitted to return to his home in High Point about a year ago. He reported that he had been working regularly and was getting along nicely.

—:—

Another letter from A. C. Elmore, one of our old boys, now in the United States Marine Corps, was received by Mr. C. B. Barber this week. The letter was dated October 7th and was postmarked October 31st, and was written somewhere in the "war zone," presumably in the vicinity of the Solomon Islands, since Elomre's forwarding address is in care of the postmaster in one of our Pacific Coast cities. This young man said to tell all his friends at the School "hello," and that he was getting along fine. He also stated that he would appreciate hearing from all of them. His complete address is: Pvt. A. C. Elmore, Unit 720, U. S. M. C., care of Postmaster, San Francisco, California. Elmore has written Mr. Barber and others at the School several times since joining the Marines. Although several thousand miles away, he is still very much interested in the work being carried on here, and we would like to take this opportunity to urge those who knew him as a lad at the institution to write him whenever they can. We have had letters from many boys in all braches of the service, and they are cheerfully doing their bit without a murmur. Their only complaint is that they do not hear from the folks back home as often as they would like.

—:—

Rev. R. C. Whisenhunt, pastor of Trinity Reformed Church, Concord, conducted the service at the School last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson he read the Twenty-third Psalm and part of the twelfth chapter of Hebrews, and as the subject for his message to the boys, he quoted a few words from St. Paul's Epistle to the Hebrews: "Let us run

with patience the race that is set before us."

At the beginning of his address the speaker told his listeners that instead of the usual sermon, his remarks would be a sort of object lesson, and would show that patience was one of the requirements in learning the lesson and putting it into practical use.

Rev. Mr. Whisenhunt first called attention to the story of two frogs. It seemed that the frogs had the misfortune to fall into a great can of milk, and were in danger of being drowned. The first frog, becoming discouraged, gave up in a short time, and went to the bottom. The other frog kept up such a vigorous kicking that he churned a small bit of butter, and after keeping on with his struggle for life, found that he had churned a large enough lump of butter to bear his weight, and when the farmer's wife came, she found him and released him from the milk container. So it is all through life, said the speaker. Difficult tasks will confront us, but if we have the patience to stick to it, we shall gain strength to overcome all difficulties.

Rev. Mr. Whisenhunt then produced a postage stamp. This, said he, is of no value unless it shows the name of the maker, and the stamp shown had upon it the name of this country. Man is created in the image of God, and is not of much use to himself or to anyone else unless he continues to carry this image. A very small thing like a stamp helps to bear a message from one end of our country to the other. So it is with us who call ourselves God's people—we should prove our worth by carrying God's message to others. A stamp is also a peaceful thing. It takes rough treatment sometimes, but does not fight back. It just goes about its business of performing its duties. That is the way people should do. They should live peacefully with their associates and attend to their own tasks in life.

The speaker next held up a pencil. The point, said he, represents our lives; the eraser, the forgiving love of God. When used properly, the work of a pencil can be beautiful. Of course, mistakes may be made, but the eraser can be put into use, and we can try again. Every act of ours is a page in the great book of life, and is is our duty to keep this book as clean and neat as possible. If in this book we should record something that is ugly, we can go to God for forgiveness, and He will give us the strength to correct the errors. A pencil, before it can be used, must be sharpened; part of it must be cut away. So it is with us. In order to have our lives listed as having been valuable, we must sacrifice something. Just as a pencil pets shorter as it is used, so our lives shorten with the passing of each day, which is all the more reason why we should strive to live as will be pleasing in the sight of God.

There is not a man on earth, however poor he may be, but has it in his power to leave behind him the grandest thing on earth —character.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending November 15, 1942

RECEIVING COTTAGE
Brown Harris
Ira Montgomery
Leonard Melton
Charles Pearson
Weaver Ruff
Paul Smith
Lee St. Clair
James Watts
L. P. Whitley
Harry Wilson
Charles Young

COTTAGE NO. 1
Ralph Bailey
Donald Carland
Oscar Carter
Sterald Cline
Wade Fisher
Durwood Martin
James Shell

COTTAGE NO. 2
Herbert Branch
William Butler
Dewell Cooper
John Crumpler
Bernice Hoke
Virgil Lane
Luther McIntyre
Charles Tate
Newman Tate
Milford Ward

COTTAGE NO. 3
Hurly Bell
Charles Beal
Dewey Bunn
Donald Daniels
Burlen Edmundson
Ralph Powell
William Painter
Earl Smith

COTTAGE NO. 4
Edward Batten
Jack Bright
William Broadwell
Leroy Childers
William Deaton
Reaford Madlin
Roy Patton
Robert Sprinkle
Ernest Turner
Jesse Williamson

COTTAGE NO. 5
Eugene Kerman
Allen Morris
Eldred Watts

COTTAGE NO. 6
Elgin Atwood
Kenneth Caldwell
Robert Hobbs
Robert Jarvis
Gerald Kerman
Marvin Lipscomb
Chester Lee
Rufus Massingill
Jacob Myers
Stanford McLean
Reitzel Southern
John Rhodes
William Ussery

COTTAGE NO. 7
John McLean
Jerry Ray
John Tolley
Leroy Pate

COTTAGE NO. 8
Reid Beheler
Jesse Cunningham
Homer Johnson
Grover Revels

COTTAGE NO. 9
Gerald Amos
Cecil Caldwell
Curtis Campbell
Leonard Church
Riley Denny
Eugene Dyson
Edward Guffey
James Hale
William Hart
Wilbur Hardin
Morris Johnson
Isaac Mahaffey

Marvin Matheson
Albert Newton
Robert Owens
Troy Parris
Glenn Wilcox

COTTAGE NO. 10

James Bell
C. W. Cline
Jerome Harris
Paul Harris
Edward Loftin
William Morgan
Charles Phillips
Joseph Patterson
James Spear
Clifford Spriggs
Durham Smith
Joseph Willis
William Young

COTTAGE NO. 11

Bert Barnhardt
Marvin Bradley
Noah Brown
Eugene Cline
William Guffey
Everett Morris
T. B. Nowell
Ray Taylor
William Wilkerson

COTTAGE NO. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 13

Thurman Daniels
Millard Ellege
Donald Hobbs
Burley Mayberry

COTTAGE NO. 14

Robert Bailey
Robert Caudle
Robert Holbert
Lawrence Hord
Edward Kinion
William Lane
William E. Lanford
John Maples
Roy Mumford
Joseph McKinney
Charles Pitman
Robert Travis
Theodore Young

COTTAGE NO. 15

Hiram Atkinson
James Cantrell
Howard Combs
William Griffin
Lawton McDowell

INDIAN COTTAGE

Jack Bateman
Raymond Brooks
Frank Chavis
Floyd Fields
James E. Hall
Herbert Lochlear
James Lochlear
Lester Lochlear
Leroy Lowry
Alphonzo Williamson

INFIRMARY

Roy Jones
Robert Padgett

———:———

Who builds a church within his heart
And takes it with him everywhere
Is holier far than he whose church
Is but a one-day house of prayer.

Morris Abel Beer.

ROLINA ROO

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXX CONCORD, N. C., NOVEMBER 28, 1942 No. 48

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U. N. C. Library

THANKSGIVING

Not as the thoughtless kneel, O Lord!
To bless Thy name for special good,
Do I approach Love's throne to-day,
But for the larger faith and inner sight
That knows each trial leads to light—
That Love is Lord—and sees through tears
Thy footsteps leading down the years,
Till every sorrow disappears
And peace has come to stay.
I, too, give thanks—and pray.

—Henry Victor Morgan.

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The Uplift

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S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor
LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

YOUR COUNTRY

Your country is all that surrounds you, all that has reared and nurtured you, everything that you have loved. That land you see, those houses and trees, those smiling folk that pass—that is your country : : The laws that protect you, the bread which rewards your toil, the words you exchange, and all the pleasant things amid which you live—that is your country : : The little chamber where once you saw your mother, the recollections she has left you, the earth where she reposes—that is your country : : You see it, and you breathe it everywhere! Your rights and your duties, your affections and your needs, your recollections and your gratitude, all united under one name, and that name is—Your Country!

—Emile Souvestre.

THE LIBRARY

The King's Daughters Library, in the school building of this institution is one of the most delightful places on the premises. The room is large, the walls have been re-decorated, the built-in shelves are painted in a color that harmonizes with other decorations, the draperies are colorful, the fluorescent lighting system sheds a soft glow over the entire setting, and, above everything, the shelves are filled with books that measure up to the demands of the young boys, from the elementary age to the most advanced student. There can be found books that tell of birds and animals, adventure, farming, mechanics, airplanes, sports and other subjects that always catch a boy's attention.

One of the most interesting features is that the entire set-up has been approved by Mrs. Mary Peacock Douglas, school library adviser of the State Department of Public Instruction. Mrs. Hattie M. Brown, who has had four years experience in the Appalachian

Training School, and one year in Watauga county as librarian, is fully qualified to measure up to the requirements of a standardized library.

The furnishings of the room consist of tables and chairs sufficient to accomodate twenty or more boys who will be permitted, under supervision of classroom teachers, to go in and read the books according to taste and qualifications. The tables were built and finished by Mr. Alf Carriker, who has served the Jackson Training School as carpenter for many years. This particular type of handicraft is a credit to the institution and to Mr. Carriker.

The library in its completeness will not only benefit the boys mentally, but the harmony and beauty of the room will help to soothe the restless or nervous youngsters who have never been taught to relax and concentrate. The atmosphere is order, and that is a command that should be taught all through life.

The library at the Training School was established and emphasized about a decade ago, because the officials of the institution realized the influence of good literature. The first librarian, Mr. W. M. Crooks, took special pride in the library, and often commented that the incorrigibles were the best patrons, and the change in their slant upon life was decidedly improved. The far-reaching influence of good literature is something that cannot be seen or measured along with material things, but its soothing effect inspires peace and contentment.

The King's Daughters Library is really one of the high spots of the Training School, and the many friends who contributed so generously formerly are invited to stop in and see the story as pictured in reality. We always welcome our old friends, and hope to make new ones.

* * * * * * * * *

WE SHOULD PRACTICE ECONOMY

All of us are thoroughly conversant with the word "economy." Moreover, if we are not practical economists, we will have a speaking acquaintance with the word before this war is over. Many lessons of frugality will be learned. Spending for the essentials of life is permissible, but the non-essentials must be eliminated. Money

saved is money earned, and a wise investment of the same should be to put it into the purchase of government bonds, so that our sons of America, as well as sons of the allied nations may be equipped to meet every emergency on far-flung battlefields. We can ill afford to sit smugly back in our comfortably heated homes, with an abundance of good things to eat, knowing that thousands of soldiers are targets for the enemy. Our prayer is that the Christmas of 1943 will see us united in a bond of good fellowship, and that the echoes of the first Christmas—"Peace on earth; good will to men"—will encircle the globe. It is true that we are fighting for a righteous cause, our heritage—a freedom to live a normal life—and ultimately subdue the spirit of dictatorship. The representatives of the allied nations recognize only one dictator—God. And God it the symbol of love.

* * * * * * * *

CHRISTMAS SEALS

The sale of Christmas Seals this year is of vital importance. Let us remember that with a fine and efficient corps of workers in the World War, it is not as difficult to keep a proper record of casualties on the battlefields as it is to find the people stricken with the lurking and insidious disease known as tuberculosis throughout the country. The reason it is hard to locate these sufferers is due to the fact that many heads of homes in secluded spots are either ignorant of the symptoms of the disease, or they are indifferent. It takes the combined efforts of the tuberculosis associations, the health offices and the medical profession to prevent the spread of this disease.

In order to put over effective program for the control of tuberculosis it will require not only the combined efforts of these agencies, but the interest of the people at large. The money realized from the sale of Christmas Seals contributes toward financing this health campaign. There has been much done in the past, but for the protection of the generations of the future, the work and interest of people will never cease. We must recognize the gravity of things. This malady kills more people between the ages of fifteen and forty-five years than any other plague we are called upon to fight. A pur-

chase of Christmas Seals is an expression of interest in the unfortunates right in our midst.

* * * * * * * *

MARK TWAIN

Samuel Langhorne Clemens, better know as "Mark Twain," was born in Florida, Missouri, November 30, 1835. This famous humorist was the author of many books and articles that have furnished delightful pastime for all classes of people. His stories most familiar to young people are: "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer," "Huckleberry Finn," "Innocents Abroad," and "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court," some of which have been featured on the motion picture screen. No other American humorist has ever equalled Mark Twain, except perhaps the beloved Will Rogers. The following is a sample of the humor written by this widely-known author, whose birthday anniversary is observed this month: "Even the cleverest and most perfect circumstantial evidence is likely to be at fault after all, and therefore ought to be received with great caution. Take the case of any pencil sharpened by any woman; if you have witnesses, you will find that she did it with a knife, but if you take simply the aspect of the pencil, you will say that she did it with her teeth."

* * * * * * * *

Dad's "No" to the perpetual question, "May I have the car tonight?" is now backed up with governmental authority. With no tires, and rationed gasoline, the family bus won't be constantly on the go, taking Junior to the dance at the county seat, Mary to the movie, the family on a visit to Aunt Hattie's, and countless other pleasure trips. It is a wise parent who will anticipate the inevitable question, "What'll we do?" and be ready with ideas for "homemade" recreation.

It is a wise community which will get busy and provide recreation outlets of every type. With people keeping close to home, here is a wonderful opportunity to develop a home-town dramatics group, a local chorus, a rhythm band for youngsters, a crafts group busy

making useful articles, or other occupational entertainment. Out of the cryptic emergency will develop sound principles of living.

—Sunshine Magazine.

* * * * * * * *

BOYS' CHRISTMAS FUND

Despite the fact that we are in the midst of the most cruel war ever recorded in the annals of history, and our attention is focussed on the various theatres of conflict, we must not be oblivious to the duties that confront us on the home front. The Stonewall Jackson Training School has an army of young boys, the underprivileged, placed here for reformation, in order that they may become valuable acquistions to our state and nation. We have almost approached the threshold of the Christmas season, and it is at this time we observe in spirit and in truth the greatest of all anniversaries—the birth of our blessed Savior.

As in former years, on Christmas Eve, we will assemble in the auditorium, where the story of Christmas will be emphasized in song and appropriate Scriptural selections, in which all of the boys participate. Following the program each youngster will receive a bag of good things to eat. This good cheer bag has always been made possible by friends who understand that all boys have a sweet tooth, and especially is this true at Christmas time. The first contributions to the Boys' Christmas Fund are as follows:

OUR FLAG

By Stephen Vincent Benet

In ordinary times we see it every day or so, floating over a schoolhouse, a public building, an Army post. When it goes by in the street, we take off our hats, a little awardly sometimes, in peacetime a little casually, but still we take them off, standing a strifle straighter until it has passed. We don't kneel down before it and knock our heads on the pavement—it isn't that kind of flag—we just stand up a trifle straighter. It's an old friend, it's always been there. Now and then, we add a star. But, if you asked anybody you knew just how many stars he used to count in the flag when he was a boy, he might find it hard to remember. It's an old friend, always been there, always going to be there.

What's the flag? It's the thirteen stripes of foundation and the forty-eight stars of union. It's the red white-and-blue and the flag of a young nation and yet it has flown more years than any flag in Europe. It's been called a bedspread and a gridiron and a barber's pole—and Old Glory. We have never lost a star from it yet though it seemed, for a while, as if some of the best might be lost. But that passed and the flag floats everywhere, North and South, East and West. Within it are the thirteen Fires, the long struggle for freedom and the building of a nation—a nation conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men were created equal, as Lincoln said. It's a piece of cloth flapping in the wind but there are voices in it, voices of past and present, of the living and the dead. It has been our flag through six wars and through all the years of peace.

Men without faith or charity have wrapped themselves in it and flaunted it for their own selfish ends. Loud-mouthed men and shrill-voiced women have claimed it as their private property, by the patriotism that ceases at the mouth. It has waved over injustice. Yes, these things are so. But when and where they are so, it is not the flag that has failed—it is we who have failed the flag.

If you believe that the many came into the world already saddled and bridled to be ridden by the few—then you have failed this flag. If you believe that race, creed or color makes an American—then you have failed this flag. If you believe in your class before your country, your section before your nation, your own self-interest before the nation's need—then you have failed this flag. And if, in time of peril, you seek for division and disunion, then you will have failed this flag as truly as if you had robbed it of its stars. For this flag means men and women come together in freedom to make their own laws, to worship as they choose, to build for the future with hope to plan for the present with daring, to get along together with neighborliness, and to live in the faith of the free. Those are pretty big meanings for any flag—they are not small intentions for any people. But that is what the flag means. And our lives, in our time, shall be measured by how we live up to those intentions.

Now again, as in days before, the

flag is flown in battle. It is flown in far countries and distant lands, on troubled seas and broad oceans. Wherever our men go, it goes. Broad stripes and bright stars—yes, indeed. But, when we look at them now we are bound to know that there is something there which is bigger than stripes and stars—the pledge of the people, the pledge of freedom to freedom. And it is our business now, and our business always, to see that that pledge is kept.

———:———

OLD NEGRO WOMAN DONATES HER BED SPRINGS IN SCRAP DRIVE

Out of burning patriotism and love for her country, "Aunt Susie" McBrayer, 60-year-old colored woman, of Spindale, N. C., gave the springs off her bed during the recent scrap drive.

"Yes, I give 'em", said Aunt Susie, who weighs well over two hundred pounds. "I give 'em to git them Japs, and anything else I got that Uncle Sam can use to keep them Germans and Japs from comin' over here, he can have," she said proudly. "I don' read about them Japs in the papers and heard of them on the radio, and they is devils. I'm a widow-woman. I just buried my third husband seven months ago and my only boy is in the army, and I am in lots of trouble; but I just cry hard and hope and pray and put my trust in the Lord. When I pray, I prays for these white boys as well as the colored boys. I helped raise part of the white boys in the army and navy, and I love 'em and love their families."

"We've got to win this war," said the old colored woman. "If they'd give me a couple of rounds of bullets for my old pistol and send me over there, I believe I could get Hitler myself. It took a woman to get John Dillinger. I washes and scrubs for these white people, and I know if I get hungry I can go to them for something to eat; but if we don't win this war, what would happen to us colored folks? I wish I had a million dollars to give to Uncle Sam to help kill out them Germans and Japs."

Asked if her bed lay all right without springs, Aunt Susie replied, "Lawd, I got some planks and put on the bed to hold up the mattress, and now I sleep better every night, cause I know them springs are on their way to kill them Japs."

This old colored woman's spirit and patriotism should be an inspiration to any American. Her skin is as black as midnght; but her soul is as white as snow, and deep down inside she is a real, true American.—Charlotte Observer.

FLAGS OVER AMERICA

By Jasper B. Sinclair

The next time you salute that piece of bunting called the Stars and Stripes, you might reflect that a lot of flags have floated over our land in the days before the first American flag was flung to the winds of this continent.

Historians tell us that the first flag to be flown in America was the Raven flag of the Vilking seafarers. It was carried by Lief Ericson in the year 1000, when he sailed with his Norsemen from Iceland to what is believed to have been the coast of New England.

Nearly five hundred years elapsed before that October day in 1492, when Columbus planted the royal standard of Spain in the West Indies and took title to an unknown continent in the names of Ferdinand and Isabella.

Since that day the flags of many countries have been raised and lowered in the pioneering of the United States.

St. Augustine, Florida, the oldest city of European origin in the United States, provides an historic example of the changing destinies of a new nation. The city changed hands thirteen times in its lifespan and has floated the Spanish, French, British, Confederate and American flags during its checkered career.

Delaware, small in area, has nevertheless had the distinction of having floated the flags of four nations in all. These were the flags of the Netherlands, Sweden, Great Britain and the United States.

California and Texas, however, lead all the states in the parade of national banners. Six flags have in turn floated over the soil of the Eldorado and the Lone Star states.

California has flown the flags of Spain, Mexico, Great Britain, Russia, the Bear Flag Republic and the United States. The Russians, by the way, landed and established their settlements in virtually the same region where Francis Drake had landed more than two hundred years earlier.

The first flag to fly over Texas was the French under La Salle. It was followed in turn by the flags of Spain, Mexico, the Lone Star Republic, the Confederacy and the United States.

The number of flags that have floated over parts of America would be easily doubled if the various banners of the Colonies and Washington's Continentals were included in the reckoning.

Each colony had its own flag in the early days. Each ship that sailed the seas in the early days of the American Revolution hoisted its own colonial ensign to the mast-head—whether it was the Pine Tree flag, the Rattlesnake flag or any of the rest of that varied assortment of banners.

There was something prophetic about the standard that was carried by the Philadelphia Troop of Light Horse in 1775. In its upper left-hand corner this flag bore thirteen alternate blue and silver stripes, symbolical of the thirteen colonies that were later to be identified by the red and white stripes of the American flag.

Perhaps it was this flag that also gave Washington the inspiration for

the flag he raised at Cambridge on January 2, 1776. This flag consisted of thirteen alternate red and white stripes, with the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew in a blue field in the upper lefthand corner.

This was variously known as the "Union Flag," the "Grand Union Flag" and the "Continental Flag." It served till displaced on June 14, 1777, by the Star and Stripes—the present starry banner of the United States.

MY PART

I don't care to be first in the race that is run,
To be holding the highest accounts;
For to come in the third, fourth or fifth would be fun,
Since the fact you tried is what counts.

I don't care to be the first in our struggle through life,
Though a partial success is my aim;
I don't think what I reap in the manner of strife
Will diminish the fun of the game.

Now I really won't care at the end of the day
If I'm weary and tired plumb through;
Not if I can look back with conviction, and say
That I helped and did all that I could do.

If I have succeeded in lightening the load
Of some other less fortunate man;
If I have been cheerful, have stuck to the code
That has clearly expounded His plan.

Then I'll know very well in my heart, deep within,
That my day was not wasted at all,
And the fact that I'm tired because I did pitch right in,
Will appear mighty sorry and small.

So I simply won't care when my lifetime is done,
If I've always accomplished my part,
it won't matter at all, since I've surely had my fun,
And I'll know it deep down in my heart.

—A.T. Nadeau.

NEED FOR NURSES IN WAR EFFORT

By Mrs. J. A. Yarbrough

A great deal is being said about the need for nurses these days. Colorful posters bearing the words "Uncle Sam Needs Nurses" catch the eye but are casually dismissed from the mind.

From various sources one learns that the Red Cross, the chief source for army and navy nurses has been asked to provide 3,000 a month. Not being a nurse, you receive this information in an impersonal way.

And that is where you are in error. The task of providing the armed forces with an adequate nursing personnel does not belong to the Red Cross alone. Neither is it the responsibility of nurese alone. It is the responsibility of every civilian to assist in providing the United States government with the required number of nurses.

There is an acute shortage of nurses to meet the needs of both the armed forces and the civilian population.

There are many ways to aid in this great task of recruiting the ranks of nurses.

You may be unable to serve your country in a nurse's uniform but you may know many nurses or may even have in your employ those who are unmarried, in good health and with nursing credentials approved by the Red Cross. You can encourage these nurses to enroll in the First Reserve of the Red Cross Nursing Service and if they are in your employ, release them when they are called to military service. It is probable that they can be replaced with nurses ineligible for military service.

Diligent efforts can be made to find all nurses who retired after marriage and devoted their lives to their families. They can take a refresher course and return to the nursing profession in order that younger unmarried nurses may go forth to care for our soldiers. Know where these nurses are located that they may be readily called to aid in civilian defense during any sort of wartime emergency disaster.

Every qualified young woman who is interested in serving her country and in nursing for a career should be urged to enroll in a school of nursing. Mothers of girls who have chosen nursing as a profession are put to the test. They shrink as they think of their daughters risking the dangers incurred as an army or a navy nurse. Some have sons away fighting now. How can they be expected to urge their daughters to go?

Duty demands that for their own sons and their neighbors' sons, these girls who are equipped to care for and comfort a sick or a wounded boy, must be encouraged to go. Mothers know the comfort a woman can give to our fighting men in strange lands when they beome ill and disabled in the service of our country.

Nursing schools in the devastated countries are disrupted and America must furnish nurses for world-wide service during the reconstruction period. Some of these nuses who are going overseas are not coming back. Others will return broken in health and in need of nursing care. Women who will prepare themselves

by taking Red Cross First Aid and Home Nursing can meet that emergency then as well as relieve the present civilian call on nurses.

To become a Red Cross nurse's aide, a woman must be under fifty and have a clean bill of health. She must take forty hours of classroom preparation and forty hours of hospital training before she can receive a cap. Then 150 hours a year must be given to making beds, taking temperatures, opening windows, filling ice bags and doing all those nursing tasks which require no technical training. Local Red Cross Chapters can explain when and where this training is available and once she is a full fledged aide, her local hospital will need her. Many employed women take their training at night and give their services on Sunday.

By taking Red Cross home nursing one learns not only how to keep well but also how to nurse members of their families who become ill. If lessons are well learned, there will be less need for nurses. Home nursing classes are formed, by recruiting twenty prospective students whose names and addresses are submitted to the nearest Red Cross chapter, which will provide the group with a nurse-instructor and with teaching material.

An intensive campaign for Red Cross First Reserve enrollment is now in progress. On May 5, 1942 North Carolina had 614 in the First Reserve, which is the chief source of nursing personnel for the War Department, and were given a quota of 569 additional nurses to be enrolled by October 1, 1942. Four hundred and 47 have been enrolled in the First Reserve. Four hundred and ninety-four have been enrolled in the Second Reserve, which includes those over forty years of age or married. The Red Cross nurses of this group are invaluable in home defense and are teaching Red Cross First Aid and Home Nursing in many communities.

Two hundred and thirty Red Cross nurses from North Carolina have entered the Army or Navy Nurse Corps this year. Many are serving on the far flung war fronts in Iceland, Panama, Australia, Hawaii, in other unknown outposts.

Two hospital units from North Carolina are now in service. The 38th Evacuation Hospital, of Charlotte, was called on April 15, 1942 and is now serving somewhere in England. Twenty-five nurses are serving with this unit. The 65th General Hospital, Duke University Unit, has been called and is now stationed at Fort Bragg awaiting foreign duty. Eighty-five nurses have been inducted into service with this unit.

Student nurses, in the last half of their senior year, are enrolling in the new Red Cross Student Reserve. These young women, soon to be graduate registered nurses, are enthusiastic and willing to serve wherever needed They wear a bar pin with a Red Cross on a white background, with the words, Red Cross Student Reserve, in blue. This pin is exchanged for the regular Red Cross pin, after they are graduated.

The national program of recruitment of student nurses will continue for the duration. All accredited schools of nursing with the necessary clinical and teaching facilities have increased enrollment in 1941 over 1940. It is expected the increase in 1942 will be far greater than that of 1942. A total of 1920 students was

admitted to nursing schools in North Carolina in 1941.

Prospective student nurses who have been tentatively accepted by schools of nursing and who need financial aid now have the opportunity to selure loans from the Sallie Southall Cotten Loan Fund, established many years ago by the North Carolina Federation of Women's Clubs to provide education for deserving girls.

The general organization of the United Daughters of the Confederacy has selected as the major object of the patriotic activities and civilian defense committee the providing of scholarships for young women who wish to enter the nursing field but are unable to finance the three years' training. The idea originated with the chairman of the committee, Mrs. Charles F. Bolling, ex-president general, after an address was made at a meeting of the Stonewall Jackson chapter of Richmond, Va. by Mrs. Jessie W. Faris, secretary of the Graduate Nurses' Association of Virginia, in which she appealed for aid for student nurses.

A $300 scholarship will equip a student nurse. Expenses involved cover uniforms, text books, registration fees, dues and miscellaneous items.

Response to this plan, from state divisions, chapters and individuals has been most gratifying. During the first week in September a number of students entered training in the nursing schools of various hospitals, these young women being sponsored by the United Daughters of the Confederacy through the Nurses Training Fund. Superintendents of the institutions have expressed gratitude to the organization for practical aid in meeting one of the dire emergencies.

The U.D.C. scholarships for nurses differ from those granted for the support of student nurses by the United States Public Health service in that the latter are available only in nursing schools attached to hospitals with a daily average of 100 or more patients. As there are many nursing schools throughout the South which cannot qualify under this requirement, chapter of the U.D.C. may select local hospitals or one within their state division of smaller capacity provided it operates under the state laws governing such institutions.

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Activity is God's medicine; the highest genius is willingness and ability to do hard work. Any other conception of genius makes it a doubtful, if not a dangerous possession.

—R. S. MacArthur.

BRANTLEY YORK AND THE BIRTH OF DUKE UNIVERSITY

By Geraldine Coburn

One hundred and four years ago, in the early spring of 1838, a young man of great promise was invited by several gentlemen in Randolph County to be principal of Brown's Schoolhouse, a humble log building in bad repair. Although the local farmers soon erected a new log house for the principal and his students, the young schoolmaster called for a still larger building, and at the first examination in the new school he delivered an address entitled "The Importance of Establishing a Permanent Institution of Learning of High Grade at This Place." At this time, too, he presented a plan for erecting a more impressive bdilding, and within a few months, on July 4, 1839, the corner stone was laid for the proposed building. It was named the Union Institute in order to unite the interests of the Methodists and Quakers of the neighborhood, and little did anyone dream that this school, still only a one-story building of two rooms, would be the predecessor of Trinity College, which later became Duke University.

This young principal of Union Institute was none other than Brantley York who was born on January 3, 1805, on Bush Creek in Randolph County, the seventh child of Eli and Susanna York. Education and learning were at a low ebb at the time of Brantley's boyhood, but he did manage to attend school irregulary until he was thirteen. At that age his father, having lost all of his property and being heavily in debt, hired out his young son, and Brantley worked at odd jobs here and there until he finally found a home near the old location of Trinity College. Here revivals and camp meetings were just becoming popular; Ebenezer church, which had an active library society, was established near Brantley's new home: and in a sense he was another Abe Lincoln, working all day and studying by the light of pine knots at night.

Brantley was thirty-four years old when Union Institute was established, and by this time he had mastered English grammar, geometry, trigonometry, surveying, Caesar, and Virgil, and could read the New Testament in Greek. As principal and agent of Union Institute, his duties were numerous; his faculties, both mental and physical, were taxed to their utmost capacity; and under the strain of teaching and collecting enough money to carry on the work of the school, his health and vision began to fail. In 1841, however, as if in answer to a prayer, Rev. Braxton Craven entered the school as an assistant teacher. His studious habits and marked ability were a great help to York, and one year later when York thought it best to resign from the Institute and accept a job more suitable to his health as principal of Clemonsville High School, he recommended Craven as his successor. Craven, therefore, succeeded York as principal of Union Institute on February 14, 1842, and under his management the school grew from Union Institute into Normal College,

and from Normal College into Trinity College, which later became Duke University.

Although York became totally blind soon after he left Union Institute, it did not put an end to his usefulness, anl as a circuit rider he preached and taught in nearly every county in the State. It has been said that "He had under his tuition more than 15,000 pupils, and he himself estimated that he had preached and lectured more than 8,000 times." In recognition of his fine work Rutherford College, where he had taught for a time as a professor of logic and rhetoric, conferred upon him the degree of doctor of divinity.

For half a century Brantley York devoted his life to organizing academies and schools to educate the boys and girls and men and women of the Old North State, and for this reason he will always be remembered among the outstanding educators of this State, but he will also be remembered too as the man who organized Union Institute, the little school which grew into the great Duke University. He died on October 7, 1891, at the age of eighty-six years.

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AS WE GROW OLDER

A little more tired at close of day;
A little less anxious to have our way;
A little less ready to scold and blame;
A little more care of a brother's name;
And so we are nearing the journey's end,
Where time and eternity meet and blend.
And so we are faring down the way
That leads to the gates of a better day.
A little more laughter, a few more tears,
And we shall have told our increasing years.
The book is closed and the prayers are said,
And we are part of the countless dead.
And so we are going, where all must go,
To the place the living may never know.
Thrice happy if then some soul can say,
"I'm better because he passed my way."

—Morris Abel Beer.

SCETCHES OF LIFE IN CHINA

(Raiford Record)

Between Russian Asia on the north, and British and French Asia on the south, lies the oldest empire in the world—China—with a population of well over 400 millions, 80 per cent of whom are farmers, or closely dependent upon the land. Ageless China—its exact founding, or where its people came from—unknown.

For some three to four thousand years China lived in seclusion, early developing and long retaining, a distincttype of civilzation. Even as early as 1000 B. C. a fairly unified Chinese Empire existed. High Chinese moral principles and veneration of ancestors were taught by Confucius about 500 B. C., and today the Chinese live much by the teachings of Confucius.

They have long been famous for their work in bronze, wood, laquer, and silks. As a people, laborious and intelligent, they have always been devoted to the peaceful pursuits of industry, and have despised the arts of war. Their greatest national hero is not a soldier, but a philosopher and moralist—Confucius.

Their most valuable contributions to the world have been gunpowder, paper, and the art of printing. Paper is supposed to have been in use in China since 100 or 200 B. C. Paper has been founl in the Great Wall and traced to 105 A. D. But it is a well known fact that for hundreds of years, while the Romans were still writing on papyrus, parchment, and vellum, the Chinese were using their new paper.

The birth of printing came about with the making of paper. Of course they did not have anything like the modern presses, but it was printing nevertheless, and improved step by step. The world's oldest printed book, the "Diamond Sutra," was printed in 868 A. D. by the Chinese.

Their kingdom they called the Middle Kingdom, that is, the center of the world. They called themselves Celestials, and their emperor was the "Son of Heaven." He was in theory an absolute monarch, represented in the eighteen provinces by a viceroy.

China had lived a life of isolation, despising the outside world, and remarkably little of it was known by the outside world. Marco Polo, in the thirteenth century, brought home marvelous accounts, which were among the great inspirations of the age of geographical discovery. Connections between Europe and China were of the slightest down to the nineteenth century. Trade was permitted in one Chinese port, Canton, but even then only under vexatious and humiliating conditions.

"There is only one sun in the heavens, and there is only one emperor on earth," was an old Chinese saying. Inhabiting a country larger than Europe, with every variety of soil and climate, and with an old and elaborate civilization, it is not surprising that the Chinese were self-sufficient and indifferent to the outside world.

Obviously a policy of such isolation could not be permanently maintained in the modern age. This isolation began to be broken down as a result of the opium war between China and Great Britain. This war brought

about the opening of four more ports of trade—Amoy, Foochow, Ningpo, and Shanghai. The war of 1858 opened more ports.

The Great Wall of China, erected about 228-210 B. C. to keep out the northern barbarians, winds for 1400 miles over mountains, valleys and rivers. It consists of a facing of brick or granite, filled in with earth, and reaching a height of twenty feet, forms a roadway on the top thirteen feet wide, with a base approximately thirty feet wide. At regular intervals of about a hundred yards it is fortified with a tower. At its sea terminal the wall extends for several hundred feet out into the water.

China has the most complete system of water-borne traffic to be found in any country, a system consisting of hundreds, if not thousands of individual units, each of which is self-supporting and undisturbed by outside influences. China is said to have more boats than all the rest of the world put together, and with the exception of a few provinces, every part of the country is covered by a network of navigable streams. It is because of this that the recent destruction of Chinese railways is not by any means such a serious matter as it would appear to be.

No streams or lakes are more thoroughly fished than those of China, but the fishing rights of every square yard of water and to each of the many different methods of fishing are definitely allocated to some one particular family. The Wong family may have the right to fish a stream for cormorants, the Ching family may lay shrimp traps, and the Chows may enjoy the privilege of casting nets. Still a fourth may search the bottom of the creek for shellfish, and woe to anyone who attempts to upset this arrangement by fishing in water which belongs to another. He would be looked upon as a thief and not only be attacked by other fishermen, but the whole community would be against him. No one fishes for fun in China and since every man with a rod and line would be looked upon as a trespasser and poacher, angling is not likely to become a popular sport.

There is a constant and toilsome search for fuel. Everything that can possibly generate a little heat for cooking is picked up and carried home for use in the kitchen stove. There are no private woodpiles in China because no one possess enough wood to make a pile, and wood is too valuable a commodity to be piled up where one could easily pilfer a few sticks. Only in the mountains is wood to be found in any abundance and even there none of it is allowed to gi to waste. Very little of the fuel so laboriously gathered is used for heat because, except in the extreme north, homes are unheated. All of the fuel is used for the more essential purpose of cooking food, and in order to do that efficiently a technique of cooking has been developed very different from that used in other countries. The wood that is used for kindling to start a fire in the old-fashioned American cook stove would, in most cases, be sufficient to cook a day's food for a Chinese family.

Incidents of sucessful acts of military strategy fill the pages of Chinese history. A warrior of ancient times was beseiging a city on the Yang-tse River and at a critical point ran out of ammunition, which consisted almost exclusively of arrows. The

nearest source of supply, except that held by the enemy, was several hundred miles away, and it looked as if the siege would have to be abandoned, but a resourceful captain solved the problem of replenishing the supply.

He ordered the construction of a number of barges in the semblanse of fighting boats, but with the superstructure composed entirely of straw. Under cover of darkness he sent these barges by the walls of the beleaguered city. Straw filled images of soldiers were mounted at strategic corners, while real soldiers, safely concealed below, made loud and provocative noises with drums and firecrackers and war cries. The defenders of the city poured volleys of arrows at the barges where they lodged harmlessly in the straw. As a result the attackers were able to replenish their supply of ammunition and sallied forth the next day to capture the ctiy.

Realizing the impossibility of attaining perfection, the Chinese have spent little time striving for it, and have culticated a talent for tolerance towards the physical conditions of life and the mental and moral limitations of others, as well as themselves. The people of China tolerate injustice, discomfort, hunger, misfortune, dirt, but most of all they tolerate each other. They have developed what Dr. James Harvey Robinson refers to as a "sort of enforced brotherhood of unavoidable and interlocking misfortunes.." They may not believe with Napoleon, that "the desire for perfection is the greatest weakness of the human spirit," but they do not expect perfection in anything and are cheerfully willing to make the best of things in an admittedly imperfect world.

The Confucian doctrine of "the golden mean" is one which all Chinese follow. It may be said to be a doctrine of compromise. In any controversial issue neither side is entirely right nor entirely wrong.

As to Chinese cleanliness—cleanliness everywhere is costly, and expressed in terms of other things, it is probably more expensive in China than in any other country. A day's food for a family can be purchased for less than the cost of a bar of cheap laundry soap. A cake of good toilet soap represents a day's wages to a very large portion of the wage earners of the country. In spite of what appears to be their indifference to cleanliness, every day is wash day in China. Here the dirt is beaten out by first immersing the garment in water and then pounding it with a stick, and a very thorough job is done of it. All the clothes in China could be washed with the soap which is wasted in America in order to save a little labor. Only the more prosperous classes in China enjoy the luxury of soap, and the possession of a washboard constitutes a kind of social distinction, being the first step upward in economic progress. So cleanliness in China is a matter of dollars and cents. Those who can afford it are clean and those who can't adjust themselves to a certain kind of filthy comfort.

But China is undergoing a great reformation, one of the most outstanding features being the adoption of mass education. A long time must elapse before there is a sufficiently large number of adequately staffed schools, but there are few more promising features in modern China than the almost passionate enthusiasm with which stu-

dents and teachers of government schools and colleges have organized the educational movements, devoting evenings and parts of vacations to the conduct of free schools for poor children and adults. Out of the thousands of Chinese characters needed for their writing and which must all be memorized, some 600 to 1000 of the most essential have been selected for use in the people's schools and are exclusively used in the writing of appropriate popular books.

Thus in modern China "the old order" is changing and yielding place to the "new order," and the time-honored social grouping of schools, scholars, farmers, artificers, and merchants must grade into a much more complex society. Yet many sided as the revolution through which the country is passing, prolonged as must be the social turmoil and difficulty of the new integration, there are valuable elements in the heritage of the past still vital and making for stability. If these can be preserved and reoriented to serve the purpose of a new national life, inspired by a widespread scale of social values, China may yet eclipse her greatest achievements under the most famous of her dynasties.

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THE BOOMERANG

One unkind word in the early morn
Will poison the thoughts for the day;
One unkind look to one we love
Will take all the sunshine away.
And twice all the sunshine we take away
From the lives of others at early day
We steal from ourselves the whole day long,
And we lose the beauty of earth's glad song.

One little smile when things go wrong
Will drive off many a frown;
One pleasant look, though the thoughts do rage,
Will put the temper down.
And twice all the pleasure that we give out,
At the time when we are most tempted to pout,
Will sweeten our lives like a breath of May,
And the sun will shine through the whole glad day.

—Carrie May Nichols.

WRECK OF THE SCHOONER LEONORA

(Dare County Times)

The Leonora, was a three masted schooner of 458 tons, formerly the whaling brig Leonora, of New Bedford, built in 1874. She was wrecked a mile and a half southwest of Cape Hatteras Station. At the time of the disaster here described she was owned by the Gilbert Transportation Company, of Mystic, Connecticut, and was registered at New London, and valued at $8,500. She left Round Pond, Maine, on what proved to be her last voyage, December 2, 1907; with a cargo of fish scrap consigned to Charleston, S. C., and valued at $13,500. There were seven men in her crew, all told, as follows: W. K. Gillchrist, master; Fred Reed, mate; Harry Steab, Peter Smith, John—— —— (a Canadian), and Otto —— —— (a Norwegian), seamen; and Rudolph Almeida, cook. As indicated, the surnames of two of the seamen could not be ascertained. Steab and Almeida were the only survivors of the shipwreck.

The schooner appears to have made good weather of it until she reached the vicinity of Cape Hatteras, January 6, where she ran into a southeast gale. According to the story of Seaman Steab, told to the life-savers, she kept off during the early hours of the blow, running under jib and fore staysail. Had she been a stauncher craft she might have rode the gale through, or at least have chosen the time and place for going ashore, but, as is shown by Steab's statement, she had been leaking hours before the weather had grown so tempestuous as of itself to menace her safety. Her anchors were let go about 9 o'clock on the night of the 7th, at which time she was half full of water, the crew having been pumping for thirty-six hours without being able to free her.

To make matters seemingly more serious the pumps finally broke down, and, quoting Steab, "there was no one on board who could run the donkey," from which remark it is presumed the schooner carried an engine of that description for operating the pumps.

During all day of the 7th the Leonora drifted before the gale in a water-logged condition, practically unmanageable. Early in the forenoon the jib and fore staysail carried away, whereupon the crew rigged up the foresail in the hope that it would enable them to still keep the vessel before the wind. This sail had been up only a short time, however, when it also was blown into tatters, leav- the buffeted schooner under bare poles, and completely at the mercy of the elements.

With the sails gone and the hull half full of water, there seemed no alternative but to go on the beach. To run ashore was in the master's opinion the best thing to do under the circumstances, and it is possible that if he had held to this opinion unshaken the schooner would have been driven sufficiently near the beach for the life-savers, who later picked up her light, to get a line over her or reach her by boat. In this event the larger part, if not all, of the crew might have been saved. When the vessel got into eight fathoms, however, about nine p. m., the

mate prevailed upon him to drop the anchors and try to ride it out, expressing the belief that when day dawned their condition would be discovered from the shore and a tug be sent to their assistance.

Acting upon the mate's suggestion, the master ordered both anchors let go, with 45 fathoms of chain on one and 30 on the other. This done, all hands except the watch went below. A half hour or so after midnight the watch called his shipmates on deck to tell them that he had seen a light on shore, evidently a signal to them. The schooner had then been dragging for an hour or more. This light, as it proved, had been burned by Surfman Ed. F. Stowe, of the Cape Hatteras life-saving station, a few minutes before the schooner stranded in the breakers on the southwest side of the cape shoals. Although the first signal to attract the attention of the shipwreked sailors, was the third one that had been sent up by the coast patrol.

After some delay, spent in searching for a torch, the sailors burned an answering signal, and receiving no response from the beach they would have signalled again, but when they returned to the cabin, where it seems the necessary combustibles were stored, they found the place flooded. As the seas were now breaking heavily over the vessel the hapless men were in danger of being washed overboard so long as they remained on her decks. Furthermore, there was no longer any materials accessible for signaling, so they all climbed up in the fore-rigging. They had not been long in their position aloft when the rigging began to give way, and all except the mate descended to the deck. As it was out of the question to stay aboard ship below, they next climbed into the main rigging.

The fury of the gale soon drove them from this refuge also, and in a last forlorn endeavor to get beyond the reach of the seas they crept out on the spanker boom. They had scarcely changed their position for the third time when the foremast and mainmast came down and went by the board, taking the mate, who had remained in the forerigging, with it. In a few moments, also, a towering sea carried away the mizzenmast, and with it the boom supporting the rest of the crew, everything, leaving decks clean-swept and bare. What now remained of the stricken ship did not last more than fifteen minutes longer. It appears from the evidence that Steab and Almeida—the only survivors—succeeded in getting on the shoal, from which they were eventually rescued, by holding on to drifting wreckage, but whether they were on the schooner when she broke up or were washed overboard previous to that time is not shown.

The Leonora's lights were first seen by Surfman R. W. Basnett, of the Creeds Hill Station, about 10 p. m. of the 7th while he was making his patrol northward. Basnett said in his testimony given at the official investigation of the disaster:

"When about halfway to the end of my patrol I saw a white light which I took for a vessel's anchor light a mile or two offshore. The light was not steady, the night was very dark, sand and spray were flying, and I could not be sure how far off it was. When I got back to the station I could see it was the anchor light of a vessel.

"When Surfman Basnett reported his discovery at his station, Keeper Eugene Peele went un into the look-out and got a range on the light, but could not decide whether or not the vessel was moving. However, he directed one of his men to send up a rocket, and himself called up Capt. Pat Etheridge, the keeper of the Cape Hatteras Station, three miles up the coast.

The crews of both stations kept close watch seaward, but their vigil continued for two hours with only the fitful glimmer of the anchor light showing the location of the vessel. About midnight Keeper Peele, after taking a range from the beach, became apprehensive that the vessel was dragging, and accordingly made everything ready for the serious work of wreck duty which experience told him was at hand. He then communicated to the keeper at Cape Hatteras his fears that the vessel was coming ashore, stating that he was about to start with his crew up the beach.

On learning of Captain Peele's uneasiness regarding the ship's movements, Keeper Etheridge, at Cape Hatteras, sent a man out to the point of the Cape, a half mile from the station, with instructions to keep a close watch on the light and at once report back if the vessel should strand. The surfman returned shortly and told tht keeper that she seemed to be holding on all right. In view of Captain Peele's message, however, this report did not reassure Keeper Etheridge.

The south patrol from Hatteras also saw the anchor light of the vessel about 10:45 p. m.—an hour after it had been sighted by Surfman Basnett of Creeds Hill—and burned a signal to her (the second one sent up by the life-savers) without receiving any response. As soon as the patrolman came off his beat Keeper Etheridge sent Surfman Stowe out over the same route instead of on his usual patrol northward. About 10:30 o'clock the waiting men at both stations saw a light flare up on the beach midway between them and a few minutes later beheld a signal burning on the vessel. After firing his Coston light, Stowe hastened back to his station, calling out, "Wreck!" when he came within hail of his comrades. Keeper Etheridge says that he knew then that the vessel was on the shoals and not on the beach.

The time had come for action, and soon both life-saving crews were away from their stations and trudging along the inundated beach, the Cape Hatteras men with their surfboat loaded on its wagon and hauled by the service team, and the men from Creeds Hill coming to meet them, four on foot, four on horseback, and one (the keeper) in a cart.

The boat was taken to a spot one and one-quarter miles from Cape Hatteras station and placed on the beach, ready for launching. Captain Etheridge then disposed his men up and down the beach to reconnoiter, and, pending the arrival of the Creeds Hill crew, himself went out to the extreme point of the cape for observation. Here he was soon joined by Captain Peele. Speaking of his observations from the point, Captain Etheridge said:

"I smelled fish scrap and knew the vessel was going to pieces. I could not see her, but saw pieces of wreckage that I thought came from her. We heard a man hallooing, and I

knew some one of the crew were on the island. This island is a shoal that made up last summer off the cape. It is bare at half tide, and at high tide the seas break all over it. There is a slue 10 or 15 feet deep and 200 or 300 yards wide separating it from the mainland. The shoal changes during gales, at times entirely disappearing. In a little while we saw some men out there. I got our men together and showed our lantern, which blew out often. In the meantime the men from Creeds Hill had arrived, and we launched our boat and pulled off. I took Captain Peele and six surfman—four of my own crew and two of his. I had the two after oars single banked to hold the boat in landing, as there was a strong current running through the slue. We found only two men on the island.

After making thorough search of the shoal and the wreckage washed up on the sand for any other of the sailors who might have survived the the disaster the life-savers returned to the mainland, landing on the point of the Cape. The two rescued men were conveyed at once to the Hatteras station and given restorative treatment. Almeida was in such a state of helplessness from cold, exhaustion, and injuries inflicted by wreckage that he had to be carried from the boat. The other man, while also suffering from exposure and bruises, had not fared so badly.

During the entire night of the eighth a careful watch was maintained on the beach for any of the rest of the ship's company who might be cast up by the sea. On January ninth the bodies of all the last sailors were recovered, three by the men of the Big Kinnakeet Station, and one by the crew at Gull Shoal—nearly twenty miles north of Cape Hatteras. The condition of the bodies indicated that the men had been killed by the wreckage.

The investigating officer closed his report with the following comment:

The Leonora was an old vessel, and the gale she encountered reached a velocity of 60 miles an hour. She was leaking badly, and her master was afraid she would founder, so kept off the beach for an anchorage. He should have given her more chain when he anchored, kept a vigilant watch, and made a distress signal, and when he found she dragged he should have slipped his chains and gone on the beach. She would undoubtedly have gone to pieces in a few minutes after striking, but the life-saving crews would have been there and would probably have saved more, if not all, of the crew.

———:———

To be thrown upon one's own resources is to be cast into the very lap of fortune; for our faculties then undergo development and display an energy of which they were previously unsusceptible.—Franklin.

"PLAYING POSSUM"

By Augustus W. Dougherty

People living in cities and large towns frequently hear the common expression, "playing 'possum." while the phrase is often used to indicate any deceitful proceeding, few persons perhaps quite understand just how these quaint bywords originated and came into general use. But ask any farm boy, and he can readily inform you of their true significance. For everyone who lives on a farm well knows just how a wily old 'possum "goes dead" the minute he finds himself cornered and unable to get away.

Any hunter or trapper will tell you that when first attacked out in the deep woods, the cunning oppossum looks quite fierce. He even snarls and growls viciously, and seems ready to bite, if futher molested. But after being struck with a stick or rock, and seeing little chance for escape, he immediately "goes dead" and remains motionless, even if badly hurt. We call that "playing 'possum."

While lying on his back in such a critical stiuation, apparently breathless, his white lips apart and teeth gleaming, and in every possible way counterfeiting death, the wily creatrue keeps one beady eye half open to get a dim view of the state of things. When the slightest opportunity to get free appears he instantly comes to life and scampers away.

Should the hunter have dumped the apparently dead animal into a pond or deep stream the crafty pretender would have showed life immediately, quickly made for the opposite shore, clambered up the bank, and disappeared in the underbrush. It is still a moot question as to why the crafty creature feigns death on occasions; perhaps it may be because he thinks nobody could possibly want a dead 'possum.

The opossum is a genuine American, for the several kinds to be found in the world nearly all live somewhere in America. The common Virginia opossum, the species most familiar to us, can be found in almost every part of the United States. A full-grown specimen has a head and body at least fifteen inches long, with a ropelike tail a foot in length. When seen at a distance he resembles a big house cat, though his sharp nose and long hairless tail make him look at close range more like a huge rat.

He wears a soft thick coat of light gray, wolly underfur, with other very long grizzly hairs sticking straight out of it. The fleshcolored, prehensile tail is scaly; while the five-toed, handlike feet are well adapted for grasping. This enables him to spend a goodly part of his life in trees. He has a wide mouth, provided with fifty strong, sharp teeth, and round, glisteing eyes that resemble a pair of shiny shoe buttons. The short black legs carry him about on the ground in a clumsy fashion, though the well-equipped claws, with the tail as a helper, make him an expert climber.

The opossum dearly loves to eat and consumes quite a variety of food, such as insect larvae, tiny repiles, mice, eggs and young birds, as well as soft-shelled nuts and green corn. But his great love for fruits that grow on low trees often proves to be his

undoing. He likes hackberries, mulberries, persimmons and wild grapes, and most of all, the yellow and mushy papaws. The papaw tree rarely reaches more than fifteen feet in height, and in early autumn the 'possums all grow fat on the ripe, banana-like, yellow pods.

And when a gay party of boys and dogs starts out on a moonlight night for a 'possum hunt, they are sure to make for a paw-paw grove; and there they are very apt to find one or more fat, grinning 'possums, up in the biggest tree busily eating the luscious fruit. The greedy animal is at once treed; but he is far too shrewd to try to "play dead" among a pack of dogs.

The result is that the next day the cooked carcass of a fat 'possum will be found decorating a nighboring dining table, baked brown, with sweet potatoes and all the other fixings, all ready for a family feast. The baked flesh of the 'possum is much like roast pig, and when properly cooked with potatoes and with a goodly supply of homemade corn bread to go with it, it makes a dish much prized by most epicures.

Mama 'possum usually makes a nest of dried grass in early summer under the roots of a large tree. Here she brings forth about a dozen blind, naked baby 'possums, each about half an inch long, and weighing barely one grain. She tenderly places them, one by one, in a convenient pouch on the underside of her body, where they remain for a couple of months. During all that time the entire group of little brother and sister 'possums sleep eat and grow, while the patient mother carries them about and provides them with milk. When about the size of mice they may venture to leave their pouch home and run about for a spell; but at the least hint of danger they quickly return and hop back into the family pouch for safety.

The mother 'possum is very fond of her little ones, and often carries them about on her back, twisting their stringy little tails around her own, or permitting them to cling tightly to her long woolly hair.

In a few days more they leave their pouch retreat and are soon able to take care of themselves. When about a year old they are fully grown and quite as capable of "playing 'possum" as their parents ever were.

———:———

If thou art worn and hard beset with sorrows thou wouldst forget, if thou wouldst read a lesson that will keep, go to the woods and hills. No tears dim the sweet look that nature wears.—Longfellow.

INSTITUTION NOTES

Since the coming of several heavy frosts the trees about the School grounds are practically bare. The campus has been littered with dead leaves, and almost every day groups of boys may be seen raking them up.

—:—

We recently took 5,000 yards of white cloth, product of our own textile unit, to one of the Concord cotton mills to be sanforized. This cloth will later be taken to a WPA sewing room in Charlotte, where it will be made into summer garments for the use of our boys.

—:—

Last Thursday being Thanksgiving Day, the boys were given a holiday, and as part of the day's program the regular weekly motion picture show was held in the afternoon. "Topper's Return," a United Artists production, was the attraction. The boys thoroughly enjoyed this feature comedy, especially the antics of Rochester, who always makes a decided hit with them.

—:—

Joe Farlow, formerly of Cottage No. 2, and a member of the printing class, spent Thanksgiving Day at the School. This lad was permitted to return to his home in Randleman, August 8, 1941, and since that time he has been attending school regularly, and has worked in a printing office and at other jobs during vacation. Joe is now sixteen years old, and reports that he is making good marks in all of his ninth grade studies.

—:—

This department has just finished printing a new report blank for use at the institution. This is a small, six-page, individual folder, indicating the progress made by each boy in his classroom studies, and in work experiences in one of the vocatonal departments. These reports will be issued every two months, and will be mailed to the boys' parents. In this manner they will be kept informel as to the progress their boys are making during their stay at the Training School. This will also be a great help in assisting them to make satisfactory adjustment when they return to their homes.

—:—

Upon entering the auditorium on Thanksgiving Day, we were delighted to notice two new flags, one on each side of the stage. On our left was suspended the United States Flag, and on the right, the State of North Carolina. On the same day we also noticed that the old American Flag on the campus had been replaced by a new one. Here, too, on another pole, flies the state flag, and it is a most inspiring sight, as the cottage lines assemble each morning, to see both boys and officers snap to attention, face the flags, reverently uncover, and repeat the Oath of Allegiance.

—:—

From the band room, directly overhead, comes a great variety of sounds these days. From five to six o'clock each afternoon, Mr. Ralph S. Brausa, of Concord, holds regular practice sessions with about thirty boys. This has been going on for just one week, and Mr. Brausa reports that the lads are making fine progress. He says this is one of the best groups of beginners he has dealt with in many

years. While some wierd sounds are now coming to our ears as the boys try to learn the elementary movements in handling the instruments, it is our opinion that it won't be long untill we shall hear some good music from them.

—:—

Rev. Howard B. Powell, pastor of Dilworth Methodist Church, Charlotte, conducted the afternoon service at the School last Sunday. For the Scripture Lesson he read Ephesians 3:14-21, and as a text for his most inspiring message to the boys, he selected part of the 20th verse: "According to the power that worketh within us".

At the beginning of his remarks, Rev. Mr. Powell told his listeners that the power of God should be the motivating spirit in our lives. It is the greatest power possible to attain, said he, but even God cannot do for us the things He would like without our consent. He then told the boys that he wanted to talk to them about some things every boy should know, as follows:

He first mentioned the value of possessing the ability to get along with people. One of the most important things in life is to be able to get along well with those with whom we daily come in contact. Life means much more to us when we do so. Man is never happy when alone, and the only way to have good, dependable friends is to be friendly toward others. Some people seem to think they can harm another person by saying something bad about them, but such is not the case. When we try to harm others, it devolops into a sort of boomerang, and such actions really harm us more than we hoped to hurt them. Then there are those who have the habit of constantly looking down upon others. If we find ourselves upon a higher level than others, there are but two things to do—we must go up or down, either lowering ourselves to their level or lifting them up to us—and the proper thing to do is to exert every effort to pull them up to our own level. Our subsouls will never be quite as bright as long as we look down upon others or hold something against them.

The next thing to be considered, said Rev. Mr. Powell, is our belief in prayer Every boy should, at life's earliest opportunity, learn to believe in prayer, and have an abiding faith that prayer will be answered. He then told this story of his own experience as a lad of six years: Living in a Christian home, the reyular custom of family prayer was observed daily. He often wondered why his father never called upon him to lead the devotions. This thought disturbed him very much. He had heard older people say if they asked God to help them with their problems, He would do so, and decided to try that plan. Going out by himself, he entered the smokehouse, knelt down, and prayed that his father would ask him to take part in the family prayer. After supper that night, the family assembled as usual. His father read some verses from the Bible, and then said, "Let us pray," and to the lad's great delight, added, "Howard. will you pray tonight?" Since that time, said the speaker, he firmly believed that God answers prayer.

The Rev. Mr. Powell then stated that the third thing necessary in a boy's life was to learn to control himself, adding that we can never appear better on the outside than the sum

total of what we really are on the inside. He illustrated the value of control by a probable scene on a vacant lot in early spring, where three boys were trying to fly kites. It was a friendly contest in which each lad tried to get his kite up higher than others. Finally, one boy's kite outdistanced the others. The speaker then asked his listeners to use their imagination, and try to hear the highest kite speaking something like this: "Oh, if that boy would only let me go I could yo on and on, but he holds me down." Sudlenly the string broke, and the kite was free, but instead of soaring to greater heights, it came down to earth and was smashed. Thus it is in our lives, as well as with kites—the thing that holds us down is the thing that keeps us up. It is necessary that our lives be controlled, and the guiding hand of God is the only thing that can keep us on the right road.

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Powell urged the boys to remember that they should always try to get along with other people in an agreeable manner; to believe in praying to our Heavenly Father for guidance; and to always strive to keep themselves under control. If these three rules are obeyed, said he, there should never be any doubt concerning a boy's ability to attain success.

We are deeply indebted to Rev. Mr. Powell for the fine message which he brought to the youngsters at the School, and trust he may find it convenient to visit us again at an early date.

As an additional feature of the afternoon's program, Superintendent Hawfield presented Mr. Ralph J. Bausa, director of music at the Concord High School, who rendered a beautiful cornet solo, playing Handel's "Largo" in a most engaging manner, with Buford Goodman, also of Concord, accompanying at the piano. Mr. Brausa then sang "God Bless America," with the entire assemblage joining in singing the chorus.

This was Mr. Brausa's first visit to the institution, but by no means his last, as he has been engaged to organize a band among our boys. We might add, that at this writing, considerable progress has been made along this line, and we are eagerly looking forward to the time when the lads will have a good band.

———:———

No accidents are so unlucky but that the wise may draw some advantage from them; nor are they so lucky but that the foolish may turn them to their own prejudice.—Selected.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending November 22, 1942

RECEIVING COTTAGE
- Brown Harris
- Ira Montgomery
- Charles Pearson
- Weaver Ruff
- Paul Smith
- Lee St. Clair
- James Watts
- L. P. Whitley
- Harry Wilson
- Charles Young

COTTAGE NO. 1
- Ralph Bailey
- Oscar Carter
- Sterald Cline
- Roy Jones
- Durwood Martin
- James Parker
- Jack Reeves
- Leonard Robinson
- James Shell
- Kenneth Tipton
- Frank Walker

COTTAGE NO. 2
- William Butler
- Bernice Hoke
- Virgil Lane
- Luther McIntyre
- John Pritchard
- Charles Tate
- Newman Tate
- Milford Ward

COTTAGE NO. 3
- (No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE NO. 4
- Edward Batten
- Jack Bright
- Elbert Brown
- Leroy Childers
- William Deaton
- Roy Patton

COTTAGE NO. 5
- Charles Brookshire
- Eugene Kerman
- Jesse King
- Allen Morris

COTTAGE NO. 6
- Elgin Atwood
- Kenneth Caldwell
- Robert Hobbs
- Gerald Kerman
- Marvin Lipscomb
- Chester Lee
- Rufus Massingill
- Jacob Myers
- Stanford McLean
- Jesse Peavy
- Reitzel Southern
- John Rhodes
- William Ussery

COTTAGE NO. 7
- Fred Bostian
- Leroy Pate
- Jerry Ray

COTTAGE NO. 8
- Thomas Brannon
- Jesse Cunningham

COTTAGE NO. 9
- Curtis Campbell
- Edward Guffey
- James Hale
- Wilbur Hardin
- Morris Johnson
- Albert Newton
- Robert Owens
- Lawrence Rice
- Glenn Wilcox

COTTAGE NO. 10
- Amon Dryman
- Jack Evans
- Robert Hamm
- John Lee
- Joseph Patterson
- James Spear
- Clifford Spriggs
- Joseph Willis
- William Young

COTTAGE NO. 11
- Bert Barnhardt
- Marvin Bradley
- Noah Brown
- T. B. Nowell
- Everett Stamey
- Ray Taylor
- William Wilkerson

COTTAGE NO. 12
- (Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 13

Thurman Dainels
Paul Green
Donald Hobbs
Burley Mayberry
William O'Brien
John Reep
Emerson Sawyer

COTTAGE NO. 14

Robert Bailey
Wilton Barfield
Robert Caudle
Walter Carver
Vernon Harding
William Harding
Edward Kinion
William Lane
William E. Lanford
Roy Mumford
John Maples
Robert Morris
Joseph McKinney
Charles Pitman
Robert Travis
Alvis Watkins

COTTAGE NO. 15

James Willis

INDIAN COTTAGE

(No Honor Roll)

INFIRMARY

Robert Padget
Harlan Warren

———:———

FUN ALL THE WAY

Don't get the wrong idea,
All the fun you find in life
Is in the reaching of the goal
And conquering in the strife.
Don't think that all the fun you get
Comes only when you're done
And you have reached the goal you sought
And all your battles won.

Why! Life would be a living death,
If success we first must make;
Where would me get our courage
For the battle that it takes?
Ah, no! The thought of high conceptions
Is such a joyful gleam;
We experience much the pleasure
As achieving our life's dream.

You have the right to pleasure,
And you have the right to fun;
Not only 'fore you've reached your goal.
But after you have won.
So while we work, let's not forget
To lift our heart in song;
Not after we have won our dream,
But all the way along.

—Ford Maxwell.

CAROLINA

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXX CONCORD, N. C., DECEMBER 5, 1942 No. 49

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COMPENSATION

Who never wept knows laughter but a jest;
Who never failed, no victory has sought;
Who never suffered, never lived his best;
Who never doubted, never really thought;
Who never feared, real courage has not shown;
Who never faltered, lacks a real intent;
Whose soul was never troubled has not known
The sweetness and the peace of real content.

—E. M. Brainard.

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S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor
LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

IF THE FLAG COULD SPEAK

Beneath my folds soldiers have fought in defense of their passion for liberty, and under the inspiration of my symbolism statesmen have built a republic dedicated to the ideal of the sovereign rights of free citizens. I have seen the growth of a model system of public schools, seeking to offer a fair start in life to every boy and girl. I have encouraged the scientist in his search for truth, the merchant in his contribution to human wealth, and the laborer in his toil to provide for human comfort. For a century and a half the sons and daughters of Europe and Asia have looked upon me as the emblem of hope and opportunity.

But with all that glorious history there are moments when the breezes cease to blow and I must droop in shame at the knowledge that in the great land I represent the bodies and spirits of little children are being broken in mines, factories, and mills; that corruption has found its way even into the municipal halls of my great cities; that in the hearts of some citizens sheltered by me there abides a spirit of hate for fellowmen; that I have not been permitted to play a part of large usefulness in the work of benefitting all mankind, regardless of nation, creed, or color.

What of my future? It rests with my sovereign citizens, and in them have I placed my trust, that the day may come when I shall wave over a million schoolhouses, all providing equal opportunities for the guided growth of childhood; over federal institutions, in which there will abide a genuine concern for the safety and prosperity of the whole world; over factories where the rights of mankind will be upheld; over halls of business, dedicated to unselfishness; and over churches truly consecrated to the loftiest ideals of Christian brotherhood!—Selden Carlyle Adams.

———:———

THE STORY OF DECEMBER

December is the twelfth and last month of the year. Its name is taken from the Latin decem, which means ten, and in the old Roman days, before the calendar reform, is was the tenth month, and March the first. When two months were later added, the numerical significance of its name seems to have been lost sight of; at any rate, no learned Roman thought it of enough importance to

call for correction. There was one alteration, however; for centuries December had but twenty-nine, days, but Caesar added two, making it one of the longest months. The holly is the special flower of this month, and its gem is the turquoise.

While some may argue that the first of December is generally considered the beginning of the winter season, it does not really begin until December 22nd, the day on which the sun reaches the solstice and turns back on its northward journey. In the northern hemisphere, that is the shortest day of the year, in the southern hemisphere, the longest, though for a month thereafter there is little perceptible change in the length of the days. We frequently hear December spoken of as the "frosty month" or the "icy month," but it is not usually the coldest of the winter months, nor is it the most cheerless. A feeling of good will among people, the crackling fires, and the holly of approaching Christmas seem to shed a glow of happiness over all. The early Romans made Vesta, goddess of the hearth, the special deity of December, and this seems appropriate, for there is no time when hearth fires have a greater significance.

The chief holiday of the month is the great Christian festival of Christmas, celebrated on the twenty-fifth. To the children at least, it is the chief holiday of the year. On the thirty-first, last day of the year, New Year's Eve celebrations begin, and the festivities are carried over into the beginning of the new year. In the New England States the twenty-first has been set apart for special reverence, and is called Forefathers' Day, for on that day the Pilgrims "moored their bark on the wild New England shore," and began to make history that still influences the entire country.

December is one of the months in which nature seems to be resting, for there remains scarcely a trace of the activities of summer and autumn, but this does not mean that the month has no interesting out-of-door phases. We see the hardy evergreen trees and holly and wonder how they are able to live when other plants seem dead, and we are at loss to understand why the cold has not driven away the English sparrows and chicadees, with most of the other birds. Wonderful "Jack Frost" traceries on the window-panes may be studied; there are beautiful snow crystals to be exmained under the microscope; along with many other achievements of the cold. The

child will do well interest himself in these: Why is the ice in the brook so smooth, since the water in summer time is rippled? Since cold contracts, why does frozen milk push its way up out of the bottle? Why does freezing water crack a pitcher? All of these and many more such studies are beneficial to the child. They not only keep his mind active but take him out-of-doors, for it is more necessary that he should have plenty of out-door air at this time than in summer months, since homes are not likely to be as well ventilated as in open-door and open-window season.

* * * * * * * *

THE BRASS BAND

The goal of the officials of the Stonewall Tackson Training School is to have a program of activities so that each boy may be placed according to his talent. Moreover, the ambition of the superintendent and his co-workers is to add as quickly as possible, new interests to the School's program, for the benefit of all boys, with the hope that proper training will transform the youngsters, so that they will be assets, and not liabilities, to any community. Last week, the library was opened, and there was joy written in the faces of the lads when permitted to enter, and remain for a certain period of time to read the books of their choice. This week, the brass band is the topic of conversation. We learn from an interested source that about thirty boys have been chosen to begin the study of band instruments under Mr. Ralph Brausa, musical director in the Concord High School. The boys are thrilled with the hope of some day doing big things as members of an outstanding band of the country. And who can tell the results that may be realized by giving them the opportunity to study under a skilled bandmaster? Already we have heard that Mr. Brausa has detected talent among these lads.

The first band instruments, Conn's best, to be used at the School, were donated more than twenty years ago by the local circle of King's Daughters, "The Stonewall Circle," known to Concord for its humanitarian service to the indigent of all classes for nearly twenty-five years. It will be gratifying to this galaxy of splendid women to know that instruments which they struggled to pay for,

are now in fine condition, and are again being used for the joy and development of the boys at the School. Good works, like truth, cannot be crushed. The survival of the fittest is realized in due time.

* * * * * * * *

RUSSIA'S CONTRIBUTION

During this war we have come to know the real worth of the people of Russia. While they have proved themselves to be courageous and untiring military strategists, they have also shown marked ability as economists by conserving their natural resources, and thus contributing to the needs of other countries. The following clipping from an exchange tells of their far-sightedness concerning a new source of rubber supplies:

Three of the middle west states may become the leading rubber producing center of the United States. These states are Wisconsin, Michigan and Minnesota. The source of this rubber supply, believe it or not, is dandelions. They are not the common, everyday variety of dandelions but a special kind called teraxacum kok-saghyz. They are different, in that their roots contain rubber.

When the Japanese cut off the United States supply of rubber, Russia gave the United States enough of the seed of this dandelion to make experimental plantings. It is this seed that was planted. No effort was made to obtain a crop this year. The chief purpose being to get a new crop of seeds. So far no estimate of the yield has been made but in Russia the seed production ranges as high as 75 to 100 pounds to the acre.

* * * * * * * *

NICKEL-LESS NICKELS

The first batch of new nickels, made of silver, copper and manganese, instead of copper and nickel, have been minted at Philadelphia, and are now in circulation. If you get hold of a new shiny nickel that has a P conspicuously carved over the dome of Monticello on the reverse side, it's made without nickle, which is one of the scarce metals more needed in the war effort than in five-cent pieces.

However, as one newspaper correspondent has written, your new

nickel will still be one-twentieth part of a dollar, and "it will still play a juke box or buy a five-cent candy bar, providing they aren't rationed, and if you drop it on the sidewalk it will still roll through a grating. But, technically and metallurgically, it just hasn't a whiff of nickel in it."—Morganton News-Herald.

* * * * * * * * *

BOYS' CHRISTMAS FUND

Despite the fact that we are in the midst of the most cruel war ever recorded in the annals of history, and our attention is focussed on the various theatres of conflict, we must not be oblivious to the duties that confront us on the home front. The Stonewall Jackson Training School has an army of young boys, the underprivileged, placed here for reformation, in order that they may become valuable acquistions to our state and nation. We have almost approached the threshold of the Christmas season, and it is at this time we observe in spirit and in truth the greatest of all anniversaries—the birth of our blessed Savior.

As in former years, on Christmas Eve, we will assemble in the auditorium, where the story of Christmas will be emphasized in song and appropriate Scriptural selections, in which all of the boys participate. Following the program each youngster will receive a bag of good things to eat. This good cheer bag has always been made possible by friends who understand that all boys have a sweet tooth, and especially is this true at Christmas time. The first contributions to the Boys' Christmas Fund are as follows:

"7-8-8," Concord,	$ 25.00
Rowan County Welfare Dept., Mrs. Mary O. Linton, Supt.,	5.00
Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Odell, Concord,	10.00
Durham County Welfare Dept., W. E. Stanley, Supt.,	10.00
The Joseph F. Cannon Christmas Fund,	218.40
Mrs. G. T. Roth, Elkin,	10.00

WITH THE UNITED STATES ARMED FORCES

The following list includes the names, as they have come to this office, of members of the staff, former staff members, and former students of Stonewall Jackson Training School, who are now serving as members of the armed forces of the United States. It will be seen that two employees went into the service directly from the School campus. The others listed have, in some cases, been away from the institution for quite a number of years, joining the fighting forces several years after severing their connection with the School.

In checking over the list of our old boys, we find that practically one hundred per cent voluntarily enlisted in "Uncle Sam's" service, rather than wait to be called by the selective service system. It is also interesting to note that many of these fellows had been in their country's service several years prior to the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, December 7, 1941.

If any of our readers know of former Training School boys who are now in any branch of service, and can furnish definite information as to their present location, please notify the editor of THE UPLIFT, P. O. Box 32, Concord, N. C. We shall appreciate your co-operation.

Staff Members

Patterson, James L. (Army)
Query, James L. (Army)

Former Staff Members

Barrier, Captain George L. (Army)
Hollingsworth, Jesse G. (Navy)
Parker, Major Samuel I. (Army)
Poole, William E. (Army Air Corps)
Wingate, Wm. J. (Army Air Corps)

Former Students

Adams, Clyde (Navy)
Adams, Felix (Army)
Alexander, J. Mack (Army)
Alexander, Robert (Army)
Almond, Odell H. (Navy)
Allen, Julian Herschel (Navy)
Allen, Grady C. (Navy)
Andrews, Julian (Marine Corps)
Ashley, Arthur (Army)
Atkins, Richard (Army)
Atwell, Robert (Navy)
Atwood, Earl (Army)

Batson, Jack (Navy)
Barkley, Joel (Army)
Barrett, Allen (Army)
Branch, Glatley (Army)
Baynes, Howard (Army Air Corps)
(Previously served an enlistment period in the Army.)
Beach, Ernest (Army)
Beaver, Albert (Army)
Beaver, Walter (Army)
Benson, John (Navy)
Bordeaux, Junior (Army)
Bowman, Charles (Army)
Branch, Horace (Army)
Britt, Jennings (Navy)
Brogden, Norman (Navy)
Broome, Jack (Army)
Broome, Paul (Marine Corps)
Broome, Shannon (Army Air Corps)
Brothers, William (Naval Air Corps)
Brown Aldene (Army)
Brown, Harold (Army)
Burke, Ensign William H. (Navy)
Burkhead, Dermont (Navy)
Burrow, John B. (Navy)
Butner, Roy (Marine Corps)

Carter, Douglas (Army)
Carter, Fred (Army)

Causey, Floyd (Army)
Chapman, Edward (Army)
Chattin, Ben (Army)
Cherry, Herman (Army)
Cobb, Frank E. (Army)
Coffer, Robert (Army)
Collins, Glenn L. (Army)
Connell, Harry (Army)
Connell, James (Navy)
Cook, George (Army)
Cooper, Walter (Army)
Cox, J. C. (Marine Corps)
Craft, Arthur (Army)
Crawford, Louis (Army)
Cunningham, David C. (Army)

Dalton, James (Army)
Daubenmyer, Nelson (Army)
Davis, Duke (Army)
Davis, James (Army)
Dodd, Carroll (Army)
Donaldson, Harold (Marine Corps)
Dorsey, W. Wilson (Army)
Driver, Malcom (Army Air Corps)
Dyson, Fred (Navy)

Earnhardt, Donald P. (Navy)
Efird, N. A., Jr. (Army)
Elmore, A. C. (Marine Corps)
Evans, John H. (Army)

Faggart, John (Marine Corps)
(Enlisted 1929. Made Warrant Officer by Act of Congress, 1941.)
Ferris, Russell (Army)
Fisher, Edward (Army)
Fisher, John H. (Army)
Freeman, Richard (Army)
French, Ian (Army)
Furches, William (Marine Corps)

Gaddy, William (Navy)
Gardner, Horace T. (Army)
Gatlin, Britt C. (Army)
Glasgow, Norwood (Navy)
Glasgow, Ramsey (Army Air Corps)
(Served in Marine Corps, 1929-1933. Member China Expeditionary Force, '29-'32.)
Glover, Henry (Marine Corps)
Godfrey, Warren (Army)
Goodman, Albert (Army)
Greene, Giles E. (Army)
Griffin, James H. (Marine Corps)
Grooms, J. B. (Army Air Corps)

Hall, Joseph (Army)
Harris, Edgar (Army)
Hawkins, William T. (Navy)
Head, Elbert (Army)
Hefner, Charles (Army)
Hendren, Isaac (Navy)
Hendrix, John (Army)
Henry, Charlton (Navy)
Hicks, Garland (Army)
Hill, William (Army)
Hodge, Dallas (Army Air Corps)
Holland, Burman (Army)
Holland, Donald (Army)
Holmes, John (Army)
Hulan, Norman (Navy)
(Previously served an enlistment period in the Army.)

Irvin, Raymond (Army)

Jackson, Edgar (Marine Corps)
Jackson, William (Navy)
Johnson, Hugh (Navy)
Jones, Mark Twain (Navy)
Jordan, James E. (Army)

Keen, Clinton (Army)
Keith, Monroe (Army)
Keith, Robert (Navy)
Kelly, Jesse (Army)
King, Cleo (Army Air Corps)
King, Frank L. (Army)
Kinley, Robert (Marine Corps)
Kivett, Clyde A. (Coast Artillery)
Knight, Thomas (Army Air Corps)
Koontz, J. Milton (Army)
Kye, George (Army)

Lamar, A. C. (Army)
Land, Ruben (Army)
Land, Wilfred (Marine Corps)
Landrum, Luther H. (Army)
Lane, Floyd C. (Marine Air Corps)
Langley, William (Army)
Lawrence, Robert (Marine Corps)
Leagon, Harry (Army)
Ledford, Harvey L. (Army)
Lett, Frank (Army)
Lewallan, Paul R. (Army)
Long, Loyce (Army)
Long, Stacey L. (Army)

Martin, Willie H. (Army Air Corps)
May, George O. (Army)
Medlin, Ervin J. (Army)
Merritt, Edgar (Army)
(Previously served an enlistment period in the Army.)
Miller, Latha (Navy)
Montgomery, Samuel (Navy)
Moose, Claude L. (Marine Corps)
Morgan, William S. (Navy)
Murphy, Lemuel (Army)

McBride, Irvin (Army Air Corps)
McCain, Edward G. (Navy)

McColl, Vollie O. (Navy)
McCoy, Hubert (Army)
McEntire, Forrest (Marine Corps)
McGee, Norman (Army)
McIver, Jordan T. (Navy)
McKay, John C. (Marine Corps)
McKee, Thomas R. (Army)
(Enlisted 1937)
McLemore, Clarence R. (Navy)
McNeely, Robert (Army)
(Enlisted 1933)
McPherson, Arthur (Navy)

Owen, Fred, Jr. (Marine Corps)

Padrick, William (Navy)
Page, James (Army)
Patterson, James (Navy)
Peak, Harry (Marine Corps)
Pennington, Grady (Army)
Plemmons, Hubert (Army)
Pope, H. C. (Army)
Pyatt, Jack (Marine Corps)

Quick, James (Navy)
Quick, Simon (Navy)

Ramsey, Amos (Army)
(Previously served an enlistment period in the Army.)
Rivenbark William W. (Army)
(Served in Marine Corps, 1933-1938.)
Rhodes, Paul (Army)
Roberts, Lonnie (Navy)
Robinson, Perry (Army Air Corps)
Rochester, Nicholas (Navy)
Russ, James P. (Army)

Sands, Thomas (Navy)
Seibert, Fred (Army)
Scott, Archie (Army)
Shannon, William L. (Navy)
Shaver, George H. (Navy)
Shropshire, Hassell (Army)
Sloan, Lonnie (Army)
Small, Clyde E. (Army)
Snuggs, Charles L. (Navy)
Springer, Jack (Army)
Stack, Porter (Army)
Stanley, Brown (Coast Artillery)
Stepp, James H. (Navy)
Strickland, Robert W. (Army)

Tessneer, Calvin C. (Navy)
Threatt, Sidi (Army Air Corps)

Waldrop, Ned (Army)
Walker, Glenn (Army)
Walker, Oakley (Army)
Walters, Melvin (Army)
Ward, Eldridge (Army)
Ward, Robert (Army)
(Enlisted 1928)
Watkins, Floyd A. (Army)
Watson, Lieut. Lemuel (Army)
Watts, Boyce (Army)
Webb, Charles R. (Army)
Whitaker, William E. (Army)
White, Marshall (Coast Artillery)
Whitener, Richard M. (Army)
Whitlock, Winfred (Army)
Wilhite, James (Army)
Williams, Everett L. (Army)
Williams, Samuel R. (Navy)
Williams, William R. (Navy)
Wiles, Fred (Army)
(Enlisted 1927. Now a Recruiting Officer)
Wilson, John C. (Army)
Wilson, W. J. (Army)
Wood, Leonard (Army)
Wrenn, Lloyd (Army)

Young, Brooks (Army)
Young, R. L. (Marine Corps)

Ziegler, Henry F. (Navy)

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Man isn't so smart as he thinks he is Thousands of years before he even thought of them, the turtle sported a streamlined body, a turret top, retractable landing gear, and a portable house. Man is a slow being.—Sunshine Magazine

IMPORTANT DATES IN DECEMBER

(Selected)

1—Gilbert Stuart born, 1755.
1—Baltimore, Md., first city to use illuminating gas, 1816.
1—George B. McClellan born, 1826.
2—Napoleon crowned Emperor of France, 1804.
2—Monroe Doctrine first announced, 1823.
3—Illinois admitted to the Union, 1818.
4—Washington bade farewell to his officers, 1783.
4—Thomas Carlyle born, 1795.
5—Martin Van Buren born, 1782.
5—General George A. Custer born, 1839.
5—England established uniform postal rate for letters, 1839.
5—Rome was made the capital of Italy, 1870.
5—Eighteenth Amendment (Prohibition) repealed, 1933.
6—Columbus discovered Haiti, which he named Hispanola, 1492.
6—John S. Mosby born, 1833.
6—Joseph Conrad born, 1857.
6—Jefferson Davis died, 1889.
7—Mary, Queen of Scots, born, 1542.
7—Delaware first state to ratify Constitution, 1787.
8—Eli Whitney born, 1765.
8—Henry Timrod born, 1829.
8—Chinese adopted Roman calendar, 1911.
9—Gustavus Adolphus born, 1594.
9—John Milton born, 1608.
9—Joel Chandler Harris born, 1848.
9—Treaty of peace between United States and Spain, adopted, 1898.
10—William Lloyd Garrison born, 1805.
10—Mississippi admitted to the Union, 1817.
10—Wyoming women authorized to vote and hold office, 1877.
11—Indiana admitted to the Union, 1816.
11—Edward VIII of England abdicated. 1936.
12—John Jay born, 1745.
12—John S. Macdonald born, 1812.
13—Sir Francis Drake left England to sail around the world, 1577.
13—Phillips Brooks born, 1833.
14—George Washington died, 1799.
14—Sir Francis Hincks born, 1807.
15—Hartford Convention assembled, 1814.
16—Boston Tea Party, 1773.
16—Jane Austen born, 1775.
17—Ludwig von Beethoven born, 1770.
17—Sir Humphrey Davy born, 1778.
17—John Greenleaf Whittier born, 1807.
17—Wilbur Wright's first aeroplane flight, 1903.
18—Lyman Abbott born, 1835.
18—Edward A. MacDowell born, 1861.
18—Slavery abolished in the United States, 1865.
19—Edward M. Staunton born, 1814.
20—United States took possession of Louisiana, 1803.
20—Texas declared itself independent of Mexico, 1835.
20—Cyrus Townsend Brady born, 1861.
21—Thomas a' Beckett born, 1118.
21—Pilgrims landed at Plymouth, Mass., 1620.
21—James E. Oglethorpe born, 1688.
21—Benjamin Disraeli born, 1804.
23—Washington resigned his commission as general, 1781.
24—Methodist Episcopal Church in America organized, 1784.
24—Christopher (Kit) Carson born, 1809.
24—Treaty of Ghent signed, 1814.
25—Christmas Day.
25—Sir Isaac Newton born, 1642.
25—Washington and his men crossed the Delaware River, 1776.
25—Clara Barton born, 1841.
26—Thomas Gray born, 1716.
26—George Romney born, 1734.
26—Battle of Trenton, 1776.
27—John Kepler born, 1571.
27—Louis Pasteur born, 1822.
27—Sir Mackenzie Bowell born, 1823.
28—Spain recognized Mexican independence, 1836.

28—Iowa admitted to the Union, 1846.
28—Woodrow Wilson born, 1856.
28—Women given permission to practice in law courts of Canada, 1892.
29—Thomas a' Beckett assassinated, 1170.
29—Andrew Johnson born, 1808.
29—William E. Gladstone born, 1809.
29—Texas admitted to the Union, 1845.
29—First American Y. M. C. A. established in Boston, 1851.
30—Gadsden Purchase arranged, 1853.
30—Alfred E. Smith born, 1873.
31—General Montgomery killed in attack on Quebec, 1775.
31—Palmetto flag of South Carolina raised over United States arsenal at Charleston, 1860.

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YOU CAN NEVER TELL

You never can tell when you send a word
Like an arrow shot from a bow
By an archer blind, be it cruel or kind,
Just where it may chance to go.
It may pierce the breast of your dearest friend,
Tipped with its poison or balm,
To a stranger's heart in life's great mart
It may carry its pain or its calm.

You never can tell when you do an act
Just what the result will be,
But with every deed you are sowing a seed,
Though the harvest you not may see.
Each kindly act is an acorn dropped
In God's productive soil;
You may not know, but the tree shall grow
With shelter for those who toil.

You never can tell what your thoughts will do
In bringing you hate or love,
For thoughts are things, and their airy wings
Are swifter than carrier doves.
They follow the law of the universe—
Each thing must create its kind,
And they speed o'er the track to bring you back
Whatever went out from your mind.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

ACTIVE WAITING

By Margaret A. J. Irvin

Don't you hate to wait for things? Most people don't mind wasting time if they have nothing on their minds. They may just fool around doing nothing by the hour, but when they make up their minds that there is something they want or want to do, how they hate to wait.

You may decide to meet a friend for lunch. You go into town a little early so that you can look around a bit. You put in a hour or so doing nothing important. But when you reach the place you expect to meet your luncheon companion, you want her to be there. If she is five minutes late, you begin glaring at the clock. If she is ten minutes late, you begin tapping your foot. If she is fifteen or more minutes late, you have to bite your tongue to keep from "bawling her out" when she finally arrives.

You may arrive at the church at the time a meeting is scheduled, only to find everyone else is late. One by one and two by two they straggle in. Eventually there are enough people present to begin. You give your mind to the matter in hand. But even if you have been sucessful in concealing your irritation, you have probably registered a resolve that the next time they can wait for you.

Let's not go into the reactions of the woman who has prepared a dinner for friends or family and has to "hold things back" till the diners decide to put in an appearance! Such thoughts are not fit for discussion here.

But all of us are waiting these days. We are waiting for peace. For reasons that are selfish, we hate war. We want peace. But we have to wait.

The way we wait is important. There is the way of bitterness and frustration. Everything about the war arouses a futile anger when we choose that way. We don't want our boys to fight, and everything we hear about their activities fills us with hatred of the whole situation. We don't want our former happy existence disturbed, and every change arouses resentment. There is nothing we can do to halt the whole terrible business. We wear ourselves out with emotion that has no outlet.

Then there is the way of the ostrich. We think about the world as little as possible. We refuse to read anything but light romances and "who-done-its." We keep up a flutter of social engagments and shun the friends who are "always talking about these depressings things." Such an attitude is pleasant if you can hold it, but there must be many cases on record of ostriches being forcibly dislodged from their position.

The way of active support of the war effort is the traditional way and has much to commend it. Since you can't fool all the people all the time, the unanimity of the reports from abroad are bound to carry weight. Even the most tolerant and open-minded peace lover must admit that the way of the Axis does not look like the way of permanent peace. So a great many of us spend our time actively supporting the war effort of our country. We are so busy doing the thing we believe must be done that the time does not drag. We are con-

sciously using our abilities to the utmost.

There is a fourth way of waiting that appeals to many of us. We do what we can to help the country in this time of crisis, but we cannot throw ourselves wholeheartedly into the fray because of the question that keeps nagging at us—"How long will peace last after we win it? Even if we win this war, how long will it be before we have to do it again?"

This group is already fighting World War III. We are reading newspapers and periodicals, listening to commentators, reading books, joining study groups. We look at everything from a viewpoint that is openly and unashamedly biased in favor of permanent peace. And the more we study, the surer we become that while peace may be established by law, it can only be maintained by a spirit of brotherhood—a spirit that is God-given. Consequently, we devote ourselves to the development of that spirit in our homes, our community, our congregation, the church at large.

We hate war and wait for peace, but there is no bitterness in our hatred because our emotions have an outlet. We are smashing with every ounce of energy not only at "aggressor nations" but at aggression itself. We are educating our own children and the children of the community in the ways of peace. And we are turning our thoughts to the re-education of Nazi, Fascist, and Japanese youth when this war is over.

We are already fighting World War III. World War II gets only our surplus energy. At least, that is the way it looks sometimes.—As a matter of fact, we are aiding the morale of our armed forces very greatly.

The four-year-old was interested in the uniform of a soldier home on leave. "Uniform" was a new word to him then. "Young fellow," grinned the soldier, "I'm wearing this uniform so you won't have to."

We dare not fail the boys who are wearing the uniforms by sitting at home chewing our fingers or playing bridge while they do the work. "Active waiting" is what we owe them. We owe it to them to be laying the foundations of the kind of peace for which they fight.

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Here's a rainy day story: "That's a very nice umbrella you have there," I remarked to a friend. He replied, "Yes, but it's not really mine. I was walking home the other day in a pouring rain, and saw a young man going my way with an umbrella. I thought I would ask him if he would let me share it with him, so I went up and said, 'Where are you going with that umbrella?' He immediately threw it down and ran off as fast as he could."

—Sunshine Magazine.

MILITARY VALUE OF PLASTICS AS MATERIALS IN ENGINEERING

By John Sasso

Shortage in critical metals and alloys first became apparent during our 1941 all-out defense program. At that time, magazines and newspapers raised the cry of plastics—plastics as a blanket answer to the harried design engineer's search for alternative materials.

As a matter of fact, it is not our war production program primarily that accounts for the steadily growing use of plastics in industry. Increased industrial use of plastics has been due in great measure to foresighted designers, manufacturers, and technical publishers who, over a period of time, have made the engineers of industry conscious of plastics as engineering materials. War production has served merely to accelerate this recognition.

As engineering materials, plastics possess many advantages, outstanding among them being lightness and ease of molding. They require little or no machining, they possess wide range of color, and have fine surface appearance. These factors have accounted in part for the many industrial applications of plastics to housings, cabinets, cams, switchboxes, switch assemblies, and automotive parts. It must be emphasized that engineering reasons, rather than metal scarcity, have dictated the choice of plastics instead of steel, aluminum, zinc, or brass in these designs.

This trend to plastics was apparent even during the First World War, when they were found in aircraft engines and in open cockpit windows. But in this war they are playing a much more important part. Lightness, strength, insulation qualities, dielectric resistance, and ease of fabrication have led to their use in many of the components of military planes. For instance, windshields and observation and gun turrets are being formed of transparent plastics—half the weight of glass, just as transparent, and yet nonshatterable. Another consideration that recommends plastics is that they help speed production, for these parts must withstand terrific air pressures, and the manufacturing technique required to form plastic sheets to complex curves, being relatively simple, can be taught to apprentices in a short time.

For the war in the air, plastics are used in two principal ways: for structural and nonstructural purposes. Among the structural purposes are control tabs, ailerons, elevators, and flaps of laminated plastics, which are also used for fair leads, pulleys, and other complicated shapes. In some of the newer designs, pilot seats, navigators' tables, flooring, bulkheads, and compartment walls are made of laminated plastics, which provide strength with lightness of weight. In the nonstructural applications, phenolic materials predominate. Housings for altimeters, air-speed indicators, and such instruments as tachometers, pressure gauges, and thermometers are molded of phenolic.

Gauge dials and lenses are in many cases molded of transparent acrylic or cellulose acetate.

The warship of World War II is a tremendous power plant, automatically controlled. Electrical circuits play a most important part in these ships, and in such circuits are function boxes, switches, wiring, control panels, pushbuttons, all molded of impact-or electrical-resistant plastic. Other applications include electrical insulation, circuit breakers, distribution panels, radio and fire-control equipment, motor, generator, and transformer parts.

War today sets exacting specifications for materials, for battles may be fought in the Sahara or in Siberia. Temperature variations which a material must withstand range from —40°F. to +170°F. At the lower temperature, there must be no evidence of cracking or breaking; at the higher temperature, no evidence of softening or warping. These conditions impose severe limitations upon plastics parts and practically preclude the use of thermoplastics in ordnance designs. At present, however, the applications of plastics in ordnance include the use of impact and wood-filled phenolics for fire-control instruments in which shock-resistance is an important factor. Other applications are molded pistol grips, machine gun handle grips, bayonet grips and scabbards, and the usual parts generally found in industrial desgns, such as distributor heads, electrical housings, and the like.

Probably the widest and most dramatic use of plastics is in gas masks, now much lighter in weight and easier to produce because of redesign to employ acetate and vinyl materials. Outlet valve guards are injection-molded of cellulose acetate. Transparent lenses are being molded of vinyl and acetate sheet. One complicated portion of the gas mask is assembled of three plastic parts joined together with acetone.

Detailed listing of plastic applications in our war effort makes tedious reading. This wide acceptance by the Army and Navy of plastics materials reflects the increasing growth of the plastics industry and promises a fine future for it. More and more, engineers are realizing that properly designed plastic parts in machinery offer advantages that cannot be obtained with other materials, or by combinations of other materials. There has been some reluctance in the past to adopt plastics because engineering facts about plastics have been hard to get. The industry and its professional societes, however, and many farsighted companies such as Ford, General Motors, and Chrysler, have been correlating data on the behavior of plastics and on proper design for use in today's war effort and tomorrow's peacetime products.

This research and these war applications portend tremendous potentialities. Every engineer will have to consider plastics among possible materials in his designs. Along with steel, aluminum, and zinc he will consider pheonlics, acetates, laminates, and others as tools with which he can build better, more efficient civilian products. No longer can plastics be called "gadget" materials.

CIVILIAN SALUTE

(The Corrector)

OLD GLORY, I can't salute you with the snap and precision of a soldies, sailor or marine. I can only stand bareheaded, with the breeze blowing through my thinning hair, and look up at you with tears in my eyes. I cannot follow you across white-capped waves, or zoom skyward to fight for you in a silver-winged plane, or champion your cause by driving an iron monster across burning sands. The flaming salute of roaring guns is not mine to give.

When I come home at night I read the newspaper and listen to the radio. They tell about the deeds of our boys on the farflung battlefields of the world. This makes me feel blue and discouraged because I am doing so little to help win the war. And then it comes to me that because I can do so little, so very little, compared with what the boys are doing who are fighting and dying for freedom, that it is vitally important that I do every little thing that I can.

I cannot do the mighty tasks, or carry the giant crosses, but there must be thousands of little tasks that I can do. I can make no big shoves toward victory, but I can make little pushes in that direction. I can pile-up a stack of War Bonds. I can conserve tires and gas and oil. I can pay my taxes with a smile. I can dig and plant a victory garden. I can refuse to repeat rumors. I can support those organizations that are helping the boys. I can do my daily work with the loyalty and devotion of a soldier. I can heep my chin up and help other people to do the same.

Of course, I'd like to be a MacArthur or a Jimmy Doolittle. I'd like to play a heroic role in the greatest war in history. My little part is very tame and unexciting. But because I cannot do great things is no reason why I should not do small things. After all, it is the millions of little things being done wholeheartedly and enthusiastically by the plain citizens back home that make possible the spectacular deeds of the men in the armed forces.

OLD GLORY, behind Washington and Grant and Pershing, whose armies carried you to victory in other wars, were the common people working and paying and praying on the home front. Most of them never smelled the smoke of battle, or heard the screech of a shell, or won a medal, but without the combined force of their tiny individual efforts we would have met defeat. And this war, too, will be won by team work and unity in small things as well as great.

OLD GLORY, I may be too old to fight, but thank God, I can still serve you in many small and humble ways.

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We give advice by the bucket, but take it by the grain.
—W. R. Alger.

THE HOME AND OUR MEN IN THE SERVICE

A Radio Address by Chaplain W. Stuart Anderson, Stationed at Carlisle Barracks, Pa.

It is a pleasure to talk with you this morning as a representative of your men in the service. Your son, husband or brother may be serving in the Navy, Marines, Air Forces or Army. It is my privilege and responsibility to be one of two chaplains at the Medical Field Service School, Charlisle Barracks, Pa. The men with whom I am intimately associated are medical soldiers. They are a specialized group trained, not to kill the enemy, but rather to conserve fighting strength in the army of our country. The weapons they are using are ambulances, stretchers, splints, bandages, and medications. Since they will go into battle areas without weapons—without rifles and machine guns with which to protect themselves, with only a Red Cross upon their arms and healing in their hands, these unsung heroes must be of the finest type with the highest morale. Their task is to come to the aid of our own—rather than to meet the enemy in combat. What I have to say to you today is gleaned from my experiences with such men, men who love you, their God and their country, and are willing to sacrifice to the limit if need be, for the preservation of the people's cause. They are men of high character and determined purpose—for they are your men!

But they need your help, you people in the home, and these are some of the ways in which you can support them in their tremendous task:

In the first place, permit me to repeat what you have heard from many other sources, especially on that fine radio program called "Chaplain Jim." I wonder, do you realize fully how important your letters are to your man in our country's service? He is away from home, from familiar places and faces—and in most instances this is his first time away from the people and community he loves. He would like to come home for a few days at least, to see the folks, to get some of mother's cooking, and to learn what is going on in the old home town. But these are war days—busy, serious days of training and combat, and commanding officers are not free to give passes and leaves to men as frequently as they would like to do. Or, if your man is at a post or station too far from home—overseas perhaps—it is impossible for him to come back to visit with you. No matter how many friends he may acquire in his organization, he gets a little lonely and may be homesick at times, and frequently relives in his mind scenes and events back home. He is eager to know how mom and pop, sis, and the kid brother are and what they are doing. Have you seen Uncle Gus or Cousin Jack lately, and how are they getting on? Maybe the old corner drug store where he formerly "hung around" has

changed management; and is the home town athletic team playing its greatest rival next week-end? and remember to mention the result of the game. Write colorful descriptions of these and all the other things that are happening—and don't forget to include snapshots of people and places and events! Keep him informed and interested and amused and happy!

These are some of the "do's" in your letter writing to your man in the service. But there are some "don'ts" also. Don't worry him with your little troubles and discomforts. He is unable to do anything about Tommy's cold or Dorothy's low grades in school, so omit mention of them. Don't complain about shortages of sugar, meat, gasoline, tires, and other little inconveniences that may come your way. By worrying your boy, you are not only making life miserable for him, but you are impeding our effort to victory. Don't feel sorry for your son or husband or brother in the service, or nag him about his health or his daily life—he is the highest paid and best cared for soldier in the world! If he is the right kind of man—conscientious about his necessary part in the war effort, as 98 per cent of them are—he likes Army life and is working hard at it. He is well aware that a war is going on and that it is grim business—so write to him about pleasant and happy things. If you have them, don't for any reason pass your fears and selfishness on to him. And when the time comes for him to go overseas—as that time will come for most of us in the service—don't weep and lament, but smile and wish him Godspeed, even though it may be that you are torn apart inside!

Your man in the service—what is he doing at mail call? I hope he is eagerly reading a batch of mail that interests and encourages him and makes him thrill with the knowledge that the sacrifice he is making is so worth while.

Let me tell you about another way in which you can help. I wonder if you can conceive of the tremendous amount of equipment and materials needed to wage this war and to gain the victory? President Roosevelt told us recently that this toughest war of all time will cost the United States in 1943 nearly 100 billions of dollars. I am not going to try to explain to you exactly how much that is because, confidentially, I have no conception of that gigantic amount. However, I do know that your men must be adequately equipped and fed and cared for in order that victory shall be ours. You can constructively aid and succor them by purchasing war bonds and stamps regularly. I know you have been hearing a great deal about buying bonds—over the radio, in the newspapers, and whenever the appeal can be made to reach you. So, that perhaps the phrase, "Buy War Bonds and Stamps," may have become a little trite and meaningless; and yet you people in the homes of America who earnestly desire to help your men in the service must pay the cost in dollars, as they so willingly are paying the cost in blood. You have heard a great deal about what your money does, but let me tell you something about some items necessary to the war effort, equipment and materials you may have neglected to consider.

At the outset I mentioned that I am stationed at the Medical Field

Service School, a part of the Medical Department of the Army. We are commissioned to train and equip medical soldiers whose work is to save and conserve the fighting strength of our forces. We need equipment to minister to the needs of your son or husband or brother, and here are some of the things your money in war bonds will give us:

Eighteen cents isn't very much, is it? But that amount will furnish a large first aid dressing for use on a battlefield.

Thirty-one cents in war stamps will pay for one of the first aid packets which every soldier carries with him into battle.

A $25 war bond will buy a field kit for a doctor, containing bandages, instruments, drugs, medicines, hypodermic syringes and needles, thermometers, sterilizers, etc.—or a squad tent for eight men—or a complete field pack for one soldier—or a tire and tube for an ambulance.

A $50 war bond will provide a dental officer's kit, with the instruments and appliances necessary for his work.

A $100 bond will furnish the complete issue of clothing for one soldier.

Perhaps your home or church or lodge or factory could provide the money to buy one of the following items:

A surgical operating tent for $722.-11.

An ambulance for $1,800.

The equipment for a station hospital of 100 beds for $33,000.

A general hospital of 1,000 beds—$226,000.

Perhaps your community would provide an operating room railroad car by contributing $28,656.

In other words, two 10-cent war stamps may not seem like very much, but they will furnish a first aid dressing your son may need some day; a $25 bond isn't a great deal, but sufficient to equip a doctor in the field to minister to the wounded—and how tragic if there are not enough dressing and medications and doctors' kits and ambulances and stretchers and hospitals! Men in the service are buying war stamps and bonds—you'll be suprised to know how many; why not you, for whom they face the dangers, privations, and sufferings of war?

People in the home, you can help the service man in another way: he is serving, or is willing to serve, you on the battlefield of the world because he hates aggression and barbarity and slavery—man's inhumanity to man, and because he loves liberty and justice and opportunity for all. While thus engaged, he wants to know that you are doing your utmost to preserve and defend the way of life for which he is willing to die. He wants to know that this best of all nations is continuing to be a beacon light to all the world. For God's sake and for the sake of all humanity, do not permit the breakdown of the home: keep it strong, the cradle of the democratic way. It is the fountain from which he comes and for which he lives. Support and strengthen the church with your loyal attendance, faithful service, and generous gifts. It is the instrument by which the heavenly Father has richly blessed him. Why continue with the suffering and sacrificing, if you do not continue the home and the church as arsenals of mercy and truth and love?

"Do unto others as you would have others do unto you" is the Golden

Rule. Let's change it a little—"Do unto other's sons as you would have others do unto your son." When a man in uniform enters your place of business or walks down the street of your community or comes to your church for worship—speak pleasantly to him, make him feel at home, treat him as you do civilian customers, invite him to come home with you for companionship and a good, home-cooked meal. If you treat him fairly, make him feel welcome in your community and in your home, he will know that, after all, his effort and sacrifice is worth while!

People in the home! How are you responding to the call for help from your men in the service of our nation?

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Labor disgraces no man, but many men disgrace labor.

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TIN ORE BEING MINED NEAR KINGS MOUNTAIN

(Charlotte Observer)

Out of a hill just south of Kings Mountain a crew of hard-working miners is daily gleaning from 15 to 20 tons of rich tin ore—tin which is vitally needed for the nation's war effort and which has quardrupled in price since the begining of the present crisis.

Since the Atlas Mining company of Chicago began operations at the site, about a mile south of the Kings Mountain town limits, a 150 foot vertical shaft has been dug and nearly a thousand tons of ore brought out. The miners are now clearing out a large space at the bottom of the shaft preparatory to driving horizontally along the vein.

A ton of the Atlas ore assays 50 to 60 pounds of pure tin, which brings about 60 cents per pound when milled. No large quantity of the ore has been processed, awaiting completion of a mill at the site.

With no fancy equipment, working the Atlas mine is a rough-and-ready proposition. Dynamite is set off in the shaft about every third day and the miners spend most of their time bringing out ore and clearing away the resultant debris.

Water was struck at 80 feet and the shaft must be drained every few hours by means of powerful pumps lowered into the workings.

The ore is brought by the bucket-road, dumped on a hill of rapidly growing proportions to await processing into pure tin.

Norman S. Poole of Chicago and Asheville is mining engineer supervising the Atlas operations. Luther Martin directs blasting at the site.

The present workings are located

about 150 yards west of an old shaft, which was driven some years ago but failed to produce a paying amount of tin. Atlas company officials believe, however, that their operations will prove profitable, in sight of the soaring prices, discovery of a richer ore, and improved equipment which will process more tin to the ton than formerly.

Company officials are pushing the processing mill to completion as speedily as priorities and scarcity of equipment will allow. The Federal government, however, has granted top priorities to the Atlas mine because of the pressing need or tin.

WAR HAS SHOWN THE WAY BACK HOME

(Raiford Record)

The Chicago Examiner strikes a keynote in a recent editorial, which Americans are slowly begainning to realize: Rather suddenly the American people have found out something. They have rediscovered Home.

"True, we have always prided ourselves as a country of home builders and home-makers. Yet over the period of a single generation we increasingly became a nomadic civilization, a restless race, a populace seeking new thrills. Now the Hectric Era in America wanes. Now we are returning to the simplicities. And fewer of our grownups will strain to keep up with the Joneses:they'll keep up with the needs of Victory instead."

And fewer of us young or old will imagine we must have so many material indulgences to give us happiness. From this day on the folks of the United States of America are going to spend more time in the home. Make more use of the home. Find more pleasure in the home.

This tremendous mass movement toward the home-way of living is not merely a rearrangement of daily routine. It is a re-birth of an ideal the same ideal that sustained our forefathers in the hardship years of the founding of the Republic.

Likewise we, too, shall be sustained in our hours of anxiety by closer family ties and closer neighbor ties. Together we shall learn the lessons of sacrifice and be strengthened by the example of common effort.

Yes, this great adventure is a spirutal adventure. Its impulses spring from the hearts of the people more than from their intellects. And within millions of hearts there arises a whispered gratitude which says: "Thank God we have this place! Even as we love it, so shall we keep it."

America is fighting to preserve its home-way of life. Before you go to sleep tonight ask yourself this question: "Am I giving enough am I doing all I can?"

INSTITUTION NOTES

Thanksgiving Day at the School

Following a custom established by our Pilgrim forefathers more than three hundred years ago, the people of the United States observed Thursday, November 26th, as Thanksgiving Day. From what we have read and heard over the radio, it would seem this was probably the most sincere Thanksgiving in all American history. While it is true we are at war with a most relentless foe, we still have much for which to be thankful. In practically all other countries of the world there is much suffering, but we are still able to render thanks to God that this land has been spared such suffering, and that our great harvests not only supply enough of life's necessities for our own use, but sufficient for us to contribute to the needs of suffering humanity in other countries. It is indeed "a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord."

Here at the Jackson Training School the day was most fittingly observed. The usual activities in all departments were dispensed with, save the performance of necessary chores, which required but little time.

The annual "turkey day" football game between our eleven and the boys of Eastern Carolina Training School was called off several weeks ago. The game was to have been played on the local field, but due to the tire and gasoline shortage, the officials of both institutions thaught it best to cancel the contest. While this was a great disapointment to the lads here, we heard no complaints, for they all realized that it was just one of those things that could not have been avoided.

Promptly at eleven o'clock on Thursday morning, we assembled in the auditorium for the Thanksgiving Day service. Following the singing of "America" by the entire assemblage, the boys recited the 100th Psalm, led by Homer Bass, who then repeated a beautiful Thanksgiving prayer. The boys then sang "Come, Ye Thankful People," after which William O'Brien, of Cottage No. 13, recited President Roosevelt's Thanksgiving proclamation. That fine old hymn, "America the Beautiful" was next in order, and then Superintendent Hawfield presented Rev. E. S. Summers, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Concord as the speaker of the day.

Rev. Mr. Summers began by complimenting the lads who preceded him on the program, and expressed the hope that it might become a regular custom at the School for many of the boys to take an active part in religious services in the future.

Thanksgiving, said he, is a sort of holiday or rest day, and for many years, in some places, people enjoyed going back to their old homes to visit relatives and friends. It is a day for our own good. God wants His people to be happy, and He had a lot to do with our setting aside Thanksgiving Day as a day of joy. Our Pilgrim forefathers were responsible for the first Thanksgiving Day in America, and for more than three hundred years people have continued the practice.

On this Thanksgiving Day, continued the speaker, many of our people are scattered all over the world. Members of the United States fighting forces are at war in far-off lands,

thousands of miles from home. Many former Training School boys now on the firing line will be thinking of days at the institution, especially the good times enjoyed on Thanksgiving Days of the past. And we are thinking of them at this moment, longing for the end of the strife, and for their safe return to their native land. In order to make this a reality, it is our duty to do all we can to bring about the end of this terrible war.

Rev. Mr. Summers then told the boys that he wanted them to think of four things for which we should be deeply grateful, as follows:

(1) We can thank God for Himself. Many people today do not have the glorious God that we worship. The Japanese worship their emperor, and we feel sorry for boys and girls, men and women, who do not have any better god than a mere man. In Germany, Hitler has set himself up as a god, and has written a book entitled "Mein Kaumpf," which he says must replace the Bible in his "new order" of living. What a pity so many thousands of people are foolish enough to follow the leadership of a person with such a distorted mind. In some countries people worship the sun. Here in our own land, we have same sun, and are grateful for it, but do not worship it. Let us, in this great land, thank God for what He is; His love for us; and for the many fine things He provides for our use.

(2) We should be thankful that in God's keeping we have something worth fighting for in this, the most devastating war of all time. What a calamity it would be if so many of our fine boys were going out today to give their lives for something worthless. Since many of them will be called upon to make the supreme sacrifice, how fine it is to know that they will die for the love of their God and their country.

(3) We thank God that we have the men and materials to enable us to fight for the things so valuable to us. Our natural resources are the greatest in the world; we have thousands of great factories; our workmen are the best to be found anywhere; and we have the money necessary for the building of equipment needed by our own forces and those of our allies.

(4) We are grateful to our Heavenly Father that we, the people back home, are able to help in this crisis. Our boys and girls are in training for the finer service that will help to win this war. We can have a part in all this, in our homes and at our work. We are learning valuable lessons which will be helpful in building our nation still greater.

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Summers stated that we can be thankful for the privilege of worshipping God, doing His will, and best of all, we can help people in many other lands to be Christians. Our great aim should be not only to win this war, but when peace again comes, to lend every effort in our power toward making this a Christian world, in which there shall be no more wars. The Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Men should be our goal. This can only be accomplished if Christian people throughout the entire world would try to live as God would have them live.

Returning to their respective cottages following this service, the boys enjoyed a delicious Thanksgiving feast, the menu being as follows:

Baked Chicken with Dressing
Noodles
Creamed Potatoes English Peas
Slaw Pickles
Ice Cream Cinnamon Buns
Milk

At two-thirty in the afternoon we again met at the auditorium, there to enjoy a motion picture show. "Topper's Return," a United Artists production, was the feature, and the boys thoroughly appreciated it. The rest of afternoon was spent by some in playing games on the various playgrounds, while others went to the cottages to listen to radio broadcasts of holiday football games in different parts of the country. It was a very happy holiday, an occasion enjoyed by both young and old.

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The attraction at the regular weekly motion picture show, held in our auditorium last Thursday night, was "Rise and Shine." This is a Twentieth-Century-Fox production.

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George Shaver, formerly of Cottage No. 3, who has been in the United States Navy for some time, called on friends at the School a few days ago. He was home on a short furlough. George reported that he had just returned from North Africa, but because of military regulations, he was unable to give us any information concerning the trip. George said that he had been getting along fine in the Navy, and would be glad to get into action again.

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We recently heard from Mr. Jesse G. Hollingsworth, a former teacher at the School, who has been in the United States Navy for some time. Mr. Hollingsworth was a gunner's mate in the United States Navy during the first World War. Early last year he again assumed duties with this branch of service, and for quite some time was stationed at Norfolk, Virginia. He writes that he has now "made a jump" and is being kept quite busy in his new quarters. For the benefit of those who might wish to write Mr. Hollingsworth, we give his present address, as follows: Jesse G. Hollingsworth, Gunner's Mate, third class, U. S. S. Denebola, % postmaster, New York, N. Y.

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Mr. R. H. Walker, officer in Cottage No. 8, recently received a letter from Wilfred Land, formerly of that Cottage, who has been in the United States Marine Corps for some time. Wilfred is now stationed at the Navy Yard, Portsmouth, New Hampshire. He writes in part, as follows:

"Dear Mr. Walker: Thought I would write you a few lines to let you know that I am well and happy and hope you are the same. I was in the hospital for twelve days in October for an appendicitis operation. It sure was a pain, but I am feeling all right now. The reason that I thought of you was that I saw in The Uplift how you and the boys were taking care of the flowers. Also read that they had taken away the fence along the highway and trimmed the hedges. It sure will make the place look a lot better. Of course, it looked pretty when I was there but will be better now. I often think of the times I helped you fix flower beds and plant flowers around the cottage. I stayed at the School for six years and it

would have been all right if I had there six more. It did me a lot of good, and I certainly appreciate what you did for me.

"How is the weather down there in North Carolina? It has been more than a year since I have been home. We have had quite a bit of snow up here, and it is cold. Guess I'll have to go overseas pretty soon. Well, I am ready to do my part to beat those Germans and Japs. It will take more than me to do it, but I'm going to do all I can. I wrote Mr. Poole some time ago but have not heard from him yet.

"Please tell all the boys and officers 'hello' for me, and when you have some spare time, I wish you would write me a few lines. Good-bye and good luck, Wilfred Land."

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We are proud to announce that four of our boys recently went right from the Training School campus to take their places in Uncle Sam's fighting forces. These lads, like all other red-blooded American boys read all available war news and listened to radio news broadcasts with great interest. Desirous of doing their bit for their country, they asked Superintendent Hawfield for permission to write their parents for their approval of such a move. In a short time, the necessary papers were returned, properly filled out and signed, and the boys were off to recruiting centers. Passing physical and mental tests with flying volors, they were inducted into service, and in a few days found themselves in camps for basic training. Following are a few facts concerning these lads:

David C. Cunningham, of Cottage No. 9, was admitted to the School, June 19, 1940, and during his stay with us was a member of the laundry force. He left the institution, October 24, 1942, and is now a member of the United States Army. David is stationed at Camp White, Oregon.

J. Milton Koontz, of Cottage No. 2, came to the School, March 1, 1939, and for the greater part of his stay with us was a member of the barn force. He, too, left the institution, October 24, 1942, and is also in the United States Army, stationed at Camp White, Oregon.

Clarence R. McLemore, was a member of Cottage No. 15 group. He was first admitted to the School, June 17, 1940, and was conditionally released, July 16, 1941. On January 21, he was re-amitted to the institution. During both these periods he was a member of the dairy force, where he made a very good record. Clarence was inducted into the United States Navy, November 18, 1942, and is now stationed at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station, Great Lakes, Illinois.

William S. Morgan, of Cottage No. 10, entered the School, November 1, 1940, and was a member of the printing class. At the time of his induction into the United States Navy, November 18, 1942, Bill was the best linotype oparator among the boys in this department. He is now receiving basic training at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station.

Since these lads have been at their respective camps or training stations they have written a number of their friends among both boys and members of the School's staff of workers. All of them report they are enjoying life in the service of their country and are getting along fine. We were glad to

here from those fellows, and extend wishes for their success as they do their part in the great conflict now raging.

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Both the boys and the officials of the School were delighted to learn the other day that George Lee Simpson, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Simpson, is now an ensign in the United States Navy. He was graduated on December 2nd from the New York USNR Midshipmen's School, New York City, and was commissioned an ensign. Graduating with the largest group of Naval Reserve officers ever to be sworn in at one time, George Lee received his commission after completing the four-month V-7 training course. Eleven hundred new naval officers made up this record-breaking class.

This fine young man is well known to the folks at the School. When just a tot of two years, he moved here with his parents, who for a number of years were in charge of Cottage No. 9, his father also being employed as school teacher in our sixth grade. Several years ago, his father became a field supervisor with the State Pardon and Parole Commission, but Mrs. Simpson retained her position as matron, and is now located at the Indian Cottage. They live in their new home on the Charlotte Highway, just a short distance from the School.

George Lee received his elementary education at the Harrisburg Consolidated School; graduated with honors at Concord High School; and then completed a course at the University of North Carolina, graduating from that institution in 1941. Since that time he has been employed there in an instructional capacity.

While just a little fellow, he spent much of his spare time in our printing department, which may account for the fact that he became interested in journalism. During vacation periods for several years he was employed by the Concord Daily Tribune, and through part of the summer months of last year acted as city editor.

We have been deeply interested in the career of this outstanding young man for several years, and are only too good to take this opportunity to congratulate him upon attaining his ensign's commission in the USNR, and at the same time tender best wishes for continued success in his country's service.

Last evening, it was our happy privilege to see George Lee observe another mile-stone along life's pathway, when, at Central Methodist Church, Concord, he and Miss Louise Hartsell, attractive daughter of Mrs. J. A. Hartsell, of that city, were united in marriage. It was a most impressive cermony, and one of the outstanding social events of the season. We tender this happy couple our best wishes for a long and happy life.

After a short leave, Ensign Simpson will report to Washington, D. C. for active duty. His new post of service was not revealed.

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Rev. Franklyn H. Board, rector of All Saints' Church, Concord, conducted the afternoon service at the School last Sunday. For the Scripture Lesson, he read the story of Christ feeding the five thousand, as found in the sixth chapter of the Gospel according to St. John. In his most interesting and helpful message to the boys, he called attention to the part young people may play in the work of the Master.

At the beginning of his remarks, Rev. Mr. Board told his youthful listeners that he wanted them to think of the lad in the story just read. Many people, he added, think the Bible is a book for grown-ups, but there are a number of parts particularly interesting to children. In addition to the story of the lad with the loaves and fishes, he spoke briefly of the time when Jesus was just a child, he strayed from his parents and other relatives, and how they found him in the temple, talking with a number of learned men.

When Jesus grew up into manhood, continued the speaker, there are a few stories of his being in the company of young people. On one occasion he raised a little girl from the dead; at another time he cured a small boy who was having fits; then there was the time when Jesus had a crowd around him, in which there were many children, whom some of the disciples wanted to drive away, but the Master gently said: "Forbid them not." Jesus was indeed a great lover of children.

Rev. Mr. Board then spoke of the feeding of the five thousand, first calling attention to the statement made by one of the disciples: "There is a lad here." This boy, like many lads of today, was going out on some sort of a trip. His mother, knowing how natural it was for boys to become quite hungry after walking a great distance, probably gave him the lunch when he started. The loaves were small, but five made a pretty good lunch, and the fishes (which he may have caught in a nearby brook) were also small. We do not know where where the boy was going. It could have been just boyish curiosity that prompted him to join this great crowd. Perhaps he had heard of Jesus and the wonderful miracles he had performed, and just naturally wanted to see the Master. According to the story, the lad found himself up in front of the crowd, standing by a big, burly fisherman. Hearing that the people were very hungry, and realizing the small amount of food he had, he may have thought he would give his lunch to Jesus. To his amazement, he saw that after having been blessed by the Master, there was enough food for all, with a considerable quantity left over.

This boy, said the speaker, did not think his gift would be of much use—he just wanted to give what he had to Jesus. The fine thing about this marvelous occurrence was that he gave it to the right person at the right time.

Rev. Mr. Board then stated that here we are, many years after this memorable occasion, and urged each boy to ask himself this question: "What have I to give to Jesus?" He then mentioned some of the things we can give, as follows: (1) We can give our clean thoughts. Our mind is like a room in a house. If the room is dark and dirty, we do not want to stay in it, but if it is bright and cheery, we are glad to use it. Clean thoughts, coming from a clean mind, are gifts always acceptable to Christ. (2) We can give courage. There are many people in the world who lack courage. Those who have courage can give to those who have not. Receiving this wonderful gift from us, many others may be strengthened for life's battles. (3) We can give honesty. All great men are honest. Abraham Lincoln, when a clerk in a small country store, once discovered that he had made a mistake of one penny in giv-

ing change to a customer. That night he walked three miles to correct that error. He was thereafter known as "Honest Abe," and today we see his face on both coins and paper money. Our Lord can use honesty, and in addition to being honest ourselves, it is our duty to help others to be honest. (4) We can give prayer. The gift of prayer draws us closer to Christ. The story is told of a soldier in Australia, who said he was sure he would return home safely because he had a "kid brother" back home praying for him. (5) We can give ourselves to Christ. No one owns us like we own ourselves, consequently, we are the only ones who can give ourselves. This is illustrated by the following story: The children in a family decided to give their father a birthday present. One by one, they brought the gifts they had purchased, much to father's delight. One little fellow had no gift, but he had a bright idea. He ran to the shed and got a tin tub and placed it at his father's feet. Climbing into the tub, said: "Here, daddy, I'll give you myself."

In conclusion, the speaker pointed out that the lesson we get from the story of Jesus feeding the five thousand, is this: We should let the Master use us in any way he may choose. There are none too young nor too old to be of service to Jesus.

Rev. Mr. Board is a new-comer to Concord. He recently assumed the duties as rector of All Saints' Church, succeeding Rev. I. Harding Hughes, who for many years was popular with both boys and officials of the School. From the manner in which he held their attention of the youngsters at his first service here, we feel sure he will be a great favorite with them upon becoming better acquainted. He was accompained on this occasion by Mrs. Board and their young son, "Mickey." We were delighted to have them with us, and take this opportunity to inform them that the latch-string at the School hangs on the outside, and that the slightest pull on same will immediately gain admission whenever they find it convenient to visit us.

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THE ABSENT ONES

In the presence of other people, never say a good word for the absent ones. Always find fault with your absent friends. Always show your impatience with the imperfections of those who are not present. Pan them good and proper. In that manner you will win enough enemies eventually to sink your own success; but what do you care what becomes of your own success just so long as you can drag down others?—Exchange

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending November 29, 1942

RECEIVING COTTAGE
Brown Harris
James Jolly
Ira Montgomery
Charles Pearson
Weaver Ruff
Paul Smith
Lee St. Clair
James Watts
Harry Wilson
Charles Young
L. P. Whitley

COTTAGE NO. 1
Ralph Bailey
Oscar Carter
Sterald Cline
Wade Fisher
Roy Jones
Durwood Martin
James Pitman
Jack Reeves
James Shell
Kenneth Tipton
Frank Walker

COTTAGE NO. 2
William Butler
Bernice Hoke
Virgil Lane
Luther McIntyre
Charles Tate
Newman Tate
Peter Tuttle

COTTAGE NO. 3
Hurley Bell
Dewey Bunn
Robert Coleman
Donald Daniels
William Pegram
Samuel Pritchett
Earl Smith

COTTAGE NO. 4
Edward Batten
William Broadwell
Elbert Brown
Leroy Childers
William Deaton
Marvin Howard
Dougles Holt
Harry Lewis
Rayford Medlin
Robert Muse
Roy Patton
Robert Sprinkle
Ernest Turner
George Ward
Jesse Williamson

COTTAGE NO. 5
Charles Brookshire
John Gardner
Jesse King
Allen Morris
Eldred Watts

COTTAGE NO. 6
Elgin Atwood
Kenneth Caldwell
Ralph Gibson
Earl Hoyle
Robert Hobbs
Robert Jarvis
Marvin Lipscomb
Joseph Lane
Chester Lee
Rufus Massingill
Jesse Peavy
Hayes Powell
Reitzel Southern
Charles Rhodes
Wesley Turner
William Ussery

COTTAGE NO. 7
Fred Bostian
William Hardin
Edgar Shell
John Tolley
W. C. Whitehurst

COTTAGE NO. 8
Thomas Brannon
Jesse Cunningham

COTTAGE NO. 9
(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE NO. 10
James Bell
Amon Dryman
Paul Harris
Jerome Harris

Joseph Patterson
James Spear
Clifford Spriggs
Joseph Willis
William Young

COTTAGE NO. 11

Bert Barnhardt
Marvin Bradley
Noah Brown
Eugene Cline
Everett Morris
T. B. Nowell
Ray Taylor
William Wilkerson

COTTAGE NO. 12

(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 13

Paul Green
Donald Hobbs
William O'Brien

COTTAGE NO. 14

Wilton Barfield
Robert Caudle
Vernon Harding
Robert Holbert
Lawrence Hord
Edward Kinion
William Lane
William E. Lanford
Roy Mumforl
John Maples
Robert Travis
Alvis Watkins

COTTAGE NO. 15

Howard Combs
Paul Deal
Woodrow Ewing
Fred Fox
William Griffin
Orin Helms
Lawton McDowell
Ennis Miller
Hugh Roberts
James Roberson
J. D. Smith
James Willis
Evans Watson

INDIAN COTTAGE

Frank Chavis
Eddie Hall
Sam Lochlear
James Lochlear
Leroy Lowry

INFIRMARY

Robert Padgett
Harlan Warren

———:———

A LIBERAL EDUCATION

That man, I think, has had a liberal education who has been so trained in youth that his body is ready servant of his will, and does with ease and pleasure all the work that as a mechanism it is capable of; whose intellect is a clear, cold, logic engine, with all its parts of equal strength, and in smooth working order; ready, like a steam engine, to be turned to any kind of work, and spin the gossamers as well as forge the anchors of the mind; whose mind is stored with a knowledge of the great and fundamental truths of nature, and of the laws of her operations; one who, no stunted ascetic, is full of life and fire, but whose passions are trained to come to heel by a vigorous will, the servant of a tender conscience; who has learned to love all beauty, whether of nature or of art; to hate all vileness, and to respect others as himself—Thomas Huxley.

DEC 14 1942

U. N. C.
CAROLINA ROOM

THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXX CONCORD, N. C., DECEMBER 12, 1942 No. 50

(Orange County)
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GIVING AND FORGIVING

What makes life worth the living
Is our giving and forgiving;
Giving tiny bits of kindness
That will leave joy behind us,
And forgiving bitter trifles
That the right word often stifles,
For the little things are bigger
Than we often stop to figure.
What makes life worth the living
Is our giving and forgiving.

—Thomas Grant Springer.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

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S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor MRS. J. P. COOK, Associate Editor
LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

VICTORY PLEDGE

I will keep myself fit, physically, mentally, spiritually—to be ready for any crisis, and to discipline myself for strength.

I will go about my business with a clear eye, a cool head, and a stout heart, neither scared by wild rumors nor deluded by false security.

I will do my particular job—in office, shop, mill, or farm—better than it was ever done before, dedicating my skill to my country's service.

I will take an active interest in government—in town, school, district, county, state, and nation—and make it my business to understand public affairs, laws, and local and foreign policies.

I will help build my town as a wholesome, balanced community, because if all communities are sound, America will be sound.

I will vote in every election, appreciating the right of the ballot, now denied in many lands.

I will support billions for defense, but not one cent for waste.

I will work for unity among all our people, and oppose efforts to create hatred based on race or creed.

I will encourage boys and girls to revere and respect our American traditions.

I will keep unfaltering faith with myself, my country, and my God.

—The Curtis Courier.

APPRECIATION TO CONTRIBUTORS TO THE LIBRARY FUND

The officials and the boys at the Training School wish to express their sincere thanks to all of those who made contributions to the Library Fund. We are delighted to announce that the response to the plea for funds has been most generous; it has even exceeded our expectations. In the beginning it was hoped that we would be able to raise between $550 and $600 for this worthy project. The contributions to date now total $755.65. In addition to this amount,

the School itself has some funds to be used for this purpose, so that it will be possible to purchase more than 1,000 new books immediately.

New books are now being purchased from time to time and are being properly catalogued and classified. Thus far approximately 750 new books have been purchased and received at the School. For the present they are being used daily by the boys in the school library, but later when the total number has been received and catalogued many of them will be placed in the cottages for the boys to read during their leisure time in the evenings. There were already in the library many valuable books which had been made available through the fine efforts of the local and Charlotte chapters of the King's Daughters. The new books will supplement and add to those on hand.

The new books have been carefully chosen primarily with the view of meeting the needs of the boys here at the Institution. All of these are mordern and up-todate and many of them are beautifully illustrated. Only such as are wholesome, elevating, and instructive, and meet the requirments of any modern school library, are being chosen.

The greatest of concern has been to get a large number of easy books, books which the boys will really enjoy reading independently. It is a thrilling sight to see how they enjoy these new books. They are very eager for them to be placed in the cottages.

Mrs. C. D. Douglas of the State Department of Education has given the school the benefit of her wide training and experience both in the selection of books and in the beautification and arrangement of the school library. Her counsel and advice have already been very constructive and beneficial.

A full time librarian has been employed to catalogue and classify the books, supervise the school library during the day and direct the circulation of all books. The teachers in the school are lending their full assistance. Under the present arrangements each boy is privileged to spend one hour in the library every other day. The library itself is without doubt the most interesting, attractive and elevating place on the campus.

Space will not permit us to give the names of all the new books, but they are being selected from the following major groups: Ani-

mal stories, biography and history, fiction, industrial arts and handicrafts, Mother Goose books, recreation and sports, religion and nature study. Below is a typical list of new books on hand:

Baby Animals on the Farm, by Agnew and Coble; Sniff, by Tippett and Tippett; Jacko, by Dorothy Winchell; School Days in Disneyville, by Disney an Emerson; Better Citizenship for Little Americans, by Lawson; First Bible Stories, by Moore; Friends About Us, by Storm; Why the Chimes Rang, by Alden; Adventures of Tom Sawyer, by Twain; Some Merry Adventures of Robin Hood, by Pyle; Tom Jefferson—A Boy in Colonial Days, by Mansell; Hero Tales from History, by Burnham; Walt Disney's Pinochio, by Disney and Baruch; Pilgrim's Progress, by Bunyan and illustrated by Lawson; White Fang, by London; Good Stories for Great Holidays, by Olcolt.

The following have made contributions:

Allison, Henry J.	$10.00	Joseph, J. E.	5.00
Atkins, J. M.	5.00	Kennedy, W. A.	2.00
Atkins, Leland G.	15.00	Lineberger, Henry A.	25.00
Barnhardt, Wm. H.	37.00	Marsh, Lex, Jr.	5.00
Biggers, H. R.	10.00	Montgomery, W. A.	10.00
Blair, Dr. Andrew	5.00	Moody, Stowe	10.00
Bridges, J. H.	20.00	Moore, Herman A.	10.00
Bryant, James R.	5.00	Morriss, C. F.	15.00
Bucher, E. R.	5.00	Mulliss, Wm. F.	25.00
Burne, Guy	5.00	McAfee, Stanley K.	10.00
Cannon, Chas. A.	25.00	Nisbet, W. O., Jr.	10.00
Carswell, Guy T.	10.00	Nisbet, Dr. D. Heath	1.00
Cone, Herman	25.00	Ovens, David	10.00
Conrad, Miss Elizabeth	2.75	Page, Jesse W.	15.00
Crook, Emmett	15.00	Parker, Major Sam I.	5.00
Dickson, R. S.	10.00	Rankin, R. G.	10.00
Dillard, E. S.	10.00	Seifart, F.	50.00
Dowd, Frank	37.00	Scott, John M.	25.00
Efird, J. B.	25.00	Shaw, Victor	25.00
Field, W. M.	2.50	Sloan, Dr. Henry L.	5.00
Gaeda, A. Henry	10.00	Spooner, Ray A.	10.00
Gibbon, Dr. R. L.	10.00	Stewart, Ivey W.	7.50
Gibbon, Dr. James W.	10.00	Stone, Charles H.	2.00
Glasgow, Tom	10.00	Thigpen, Richard E.	5.00
Hart, Dr. V. K.	5.00	Tillett, D. P.	10.00
Hartsell, L. T. Sr.	3.90	Wilcox, J. S.	25.00
Helms, Fred B.	10.00	Wood, W. H.	5.00
Ivey, George, M.	5.00	Yates, Wm. J.	10.00
Johnson, Curtis B.	25.00		
Jones, H. C.	5.00		
Jones, Dr. James A.	35.00		$755.65

WOODROW WILSON

As we are now in the midst of another great war, the most devastating of all history, it is fitting that we pause for a moment to pay tribute to this nation's leader during the hectic days of the first World War. Woodrow Wilson was born in Staunton, Virginia, December 28, 1856. He was a great American educator, historian, and statesman, a notable president of Princeton University, governor of New Jersey, and the twenty-eighth President of the United States. Up to that time, no President since the days of Lincoln was ever confronted by more stupendous problems than Woodrow Wilson had to face. His influence extended far in the readjustment of financial and economic matters, but, most important, he was made to bear the very heavy burden of war.

This outstanding American's career is especially interesting to North Carolinians because of the fact that as a boy he made his home in Wilmington, where his father, Rev. Joseph Wilson, was pastor of the Presbyterian Church; and that he attended Davidson College, entering that institution in 1874, but, due to ill health, was compelled to leave before completing his year's work. After an interval of a little more than a year, he enrolled at Princeton.

Woodrow Wilson was a man of high intellect, whose mind had been refined by study and whose penetrating vision perceived all shades of American opinion. He possessed in the highest degree two masterly qualities which mark the statesman; namely, patience, wherein no event could draw from him a premature conclusion, and when he had reached his conclusion, action, from which nothing could make him recede.

It was Wilson's unhappy fate to enjoy the heights of public esteem and admiration, and then to suffer ignominious defeat and loss of prestige. During his administration many laws were enacted which made him a most popular figure, among them being tariff revision; the establishment of the federal reserve banking system; the anti-trust act; and the federal trade commission act. He won acclaim by his masterful handling of the many war problems. Following the war, he went to Europe as head of this country's delegation to the peace conference. Both here and abroad, he fought for a League of Nations, whereby wars might be abolished for all time. At home

he had to deal with a hostile Senate, and this country failed to join the League. Though his own country failed to accept the League, Wilson's contribution to international peace received recognition in December, 1920, when he was awarded the Nobel prize for peace.

After having been broken in health for an extended period, Woodrow Wilson died in Washington, D. C., February 3, 1924.

* * * * * * * *

THE BIRTH OF AVIATION

It was thirty-nine years ago that the Wright brothers found their way to a lonely spot, Kill Devil Hill, on the eastern coast of North Carolina, and broke into the limelight by making the first successful airplane filight. The date of this memorable event was December 17, 1903, and success came to Orville and Wilbur Wright despite the opinions of many "doubting Thomases" who placed little faith in the dream of these inventors who were seeing far ahead of their time. The marvelous developments in the building of airplanes, and the far-flung use of same emphasizes the majesty of little things. Air power today holds first place in World War II, and as a natural consequence the productions of the airplane factories are found throughout the world.

The citizens of Dare county are well aware of the fact that the realized dream has given Kill Devil Hill international recognition. An appreciative people never fail to write into history all worthy deeds accomplished in their midst. In this particular instance the people of Dare county and adjacent communities have risen to the emergency. They have organized a Kill Devil Hill Memorial Association, so that there will remain unity in keeping history straight. On this date, December 17th, the members of this organization assemble each year and honor the names of the men who put Kill Devil Hill on the map. Congressman Warren, with other notables, advanced the cause in Congress and received substantial aid in making this historic spot complete in every respect. It was in 1925 that the huge granite boulder was unveiled in honor of the Wright brothers. On this occasion, Orville Wright was present, as were Amelia Earheart and other nationally prominent people, to witness the impressive cermony. Dare county and neighboring communi-

ties have a background replete in early history that compares favorably with any other part of the state.

* * * * * * * *

DESERVES RECOGNITION

For any business, let it be for a material purpose or a spiritual enrichment, to remain intact for eighty-eight years, shows that there is not only power, but harmony behind the throne. The North Carolina Christian Advocate, official organ of the Methidist Church in this state has kept on an even keel, proving to be a happy medium as a source of information of all activities of Methodism. Eighty-eight years of unbroken service reflects loyalty and in return demands the liberal support asked for in the following appeal:

"The North Carolina Christian Advocate is soon to enter upon its eighty-eighth year of unselfish service to the Old North State. This note is a plea for our thousands of devoted friends and supporters to continue their loyal devotion to their church paper which ever lends its best efforts to the support and promotion of every other cause of our Methodism making for the moral and religious uplift of our people. During the coming year we hope to make a still larger contribution to the work made possible by the fine growth and enlarged resources of the Advocate. In the last forty years, under the wise guidance and devoted labors of men appointed to serve North Carolina Methodism, we have achived much."

* * * * * * * *

A HOLIDAY WARNING

Christmas 1942—peace on earth good will toward men—far-flung battlefields, bursting bombs, hospital ships, men dying in far-off places—and still aseason of opportunity—opportunity to help to others and "the least that we can do"—to save life and limb on the streets and highways of North Carolina.

The immediate holiday season of 1941, Christmas Eve, Christmas Day, and the day after Christmas fell far short of being a season of happiness for many North Carolina families. Death stealthily moving among holiday crowds took a tragic toll of 17 lives on those

days, persons unnecessarily slaughtered on the streets and highways of the state by motor vehicles.

"This year the slaughter will not be so great, but never has the danger been greater and the need for caution been more urgent," said Ronald Hocutt, Highway Safety Director, in bringing to the attention of the public the lurking danger hidden in traffic during the Christmas season. "Dim-outs, dangerously worn tires, effect of war hysteria on drivers, and heavy traffic congestions are contributing factors to the traffic powder keg," he added.

The safety director repeated previous pleas for the conservation of man power and material resources through the prevention of death and destruction on the highway. "Never was the opportunity for public safety education more necessary," said Mr. Hocutt. "Conservation of human resources means not only the saving of adult lives, but those also of children, from tots in the primary grades, to the young manhood and womanhood in high schools. With war swirling around the heads of the nation's population, saving of life on the highways is no longer a job that can be attended to tomorrow. Lives unnecessarily snuffed out today cannot be replaced. Every crash on the highway now is a direct stab at the resources, human and material, of a nation bending every effort to defeat a common foe."

In conclusion, Mr. Hocutt stated, "With one clean stroke North Carolina's thousands of automobile drivers can assure a White Christmas for themselves, their families and friends, plus an invaluable contribution to the winning of the war through the simple precautions of safety on streets and highways."

* * * * * * * *

REMEMBER PEARL HARBOR

The treachery of the Japs on December 7, 1941 will never be forgotten, and will remain a stigma upon their children's children until the end of time. Every article in the press, every speech by men who were in a position to know the assault from experience, and every radio broadcast bristled with resentment and indignation. Revenge will be sweet in this case despite the fact we know the Scriptural teaching is "vengeance is nine, saith the Lord of hosts."

The people of all civilized nations realize that this retaliation is accepted as a battle in a righteous cause.

* * * * * * * *

BOYS' CHRISTMAS FUND

Despite the fact that we are in the midst of the most cruel war ever recorded in the annals of history, and our attention is focussed on the various theatres of conflict, we must not be oblivious to the duties that confront us on the home front. The Stonewall Jackson Training School has an army of young boys, the underprivileged, placed here for reformation, in order that they may become valuable acquistions to our state and nation. We have almost approached the threshold of the Christmas season, and it is at this time we observe in spirit and in truth the greatest of all anniversaries—the birth of our blessed Savior.

As in former years, on Christmas Eve, we will assemble in the auditorium, where the story of Christmas will be emphasized in song and appropriate Scriptural selections, in which all of the boys participate. Following the program each youngster will receive a bag of good things to eat. This good cheer bag has always been made possible by friends who understand that all boys have a sweet tooth, and especially is this true at Christmas time. The first contributions to the Boys' Christmas Fund are as follows:

"7-8-8," Concord,	$ 25.00
Rowan County Welfare Dept., Mrs. Mary O. Linton, Supt.,	5.00
Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Odell, Concord,	10.00
Durham County Welfare Dept., W. E. Stanley, Supt.,	10.00
The Joseph F. Cannon Christmas Fund,	218.40
Mrs. G. T. Roth, Elkin,	10.00
Mrs. Walter H. Davidson, Charlitte,	5.00
Herman Cone, Greensboro,	25.00
G. G. Klemme, High Point,	5.00
Judge William M. York, Greensboro,	5.00
Davidson County Welfare Dept., E. Clyde Hunt, Supt.,	5.00
Board of Commissioners, New Hanover County,	20.00
Dept. Public Welfare, Forsyth County, A. W. Cline, Supt.,	10.00
Mrs. Cameron Morrison, Charlotte,	50.00

THE NAVY NEVER QUITS

By Harley F. Cope, Commander, United States Navy

For a Navy steeped in tradition there can be no defeat. Temporary setbacks, yes, but surrender and defeat, never!

Tradition, as defined by the dictionary, is the transmission, handing down from person to person, of knowledge, doctrine, customs, stories, beliefs, usages.

From the birth of our Navy, men like John Paul Jones, Oliver Hazard Perry, Isaac Hull, James Lawrence, Farragut, and many others, have given the men of the naval service a code of honor and belief in themselves that is as inflexible as a stone wall.

The immortal, stirring words that have come down through the ages were not carefully prepared phrases but spontaneous ejaculations of the innate feelings of men in action who believed in themselves, their ship their country, who were convinced they could not be conquered, whatever the odds.

Perhaps the oldest of the traditional watch-words of the Navy is, "I have not yet begun to fight."

On August 14, 1779, John Paul Jones sailed from L'Orient, France, in his flagship, Bonhomme Richard. With him was a motley force of four ships, the Alliance, Pallas, Cerf, and the Vengeance—not a real fighting ship in the lot.

Their mission was to harass the shipping about the British Isles, an ambitious undertaking in the face of a powerful and vigilant British Fleet.

On September 23, 1779, a convoy of 41 ships was sighted off Flamborough Head. It was recognized as the rich Baltic fleet of merchant-men.

Preceding the ships was an escort consisting of the frigate Serapis, and the sloop of war Countess of Scarborough.

Jones signalled his flotilla to engage the enemy immediately, and brought the Richard about to battle the Serapis. The Pallas and Vengeance engaged the Countess of Scarborough, but the Alliance, commanded by Pierre Landais, disregarded Jones' orders and sailed off to windward, leaving Jones to handle single-handed the Serapis.

The first broadside fired by the Richard almost decided the issue of the battle. Two of her old guns burst, blowing a hole in the side of the ship, wrecking the main deck about them, and killing nearly every man in the guns crew. The Serapis now had a numerical 10-gun advantage over the Richard and soon had the latter's decks reduced to a shambles.

At the end of one hour there were large gaping holes in the hull of the Richard, all her 9-and 12-pounders on the main deck had been silenced. The French Marines in the high poop deck had lost so many men that the officer in command withdrew with the remnant of his force to the quarterderk.

Yet Jones had implicit faith in his ability to defeat the Serapis—his ship was still afloat, although leaking badly.

When the master at arms, the carpenter, and the gunner, who believed that the Richard was sinking, rushed up to surrender to the English ship lashed alongside, Jones held a pistol at the head of the gunner who was

attempting to haul down the colors and felled him.

The captain of the Serapis, Pearson, hearing the call from the trio for quarter, asked Jones if he had struck.

"I have not yet begun to fight," Jones called back, voicing the unconquerable spirit that has characterized the American Navy ever since.

After two hours of fightful battle the Britisher struck his color.

In the War of 1812 a tradition was born that has become the creed of every Navy man, "Don't give up the ship," the dying words of Capt. James Lawrence of the Shannon. These words were later inscribed on a flag and carried into battle by Capt. Oliver Hazard Perry in his flagship Lawrence during the Battle of Lake Erie, the engagement that was to decide the fate of the United States in the West.

The Lawrence, surrunded by four British ships and under their concentrated fire, was being heavily punished. For two terrible hours the guns from the British ships poured shot and grape into the Lawrence until not a whole gun crew was left.

Perry, however, was still alive. With his own hands he lowered the Lawrence's remaining boat. Standing up to full height in the stern sheets he raised his big blue battle flag—DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP. He directed his boat crew to pull for the slow-moving Niagara where her masts loomed up astern out of the clouds of smoke.

The enemy, thinking that Perry had struck his colors, lined the bulwarks to cheer. When Perry's purpose became apparent the British again manned their guns. Oars were splintered and the crew bathed in flying spray, but the gangway of the Niagara was made safely.

With the blue battle flag fluttering at the gaff, Perry led the Niagara, followed by his schooners, back into battle and vigorously engaged the British ships with such renewed vigor and ardor that the enemy was thrown into confusion.

Early in the history of our Navy a creed of offenese was taught. Often a stiff price must be paid but the advantage always with the attacker—he knows where he is going to hurl his concentrated forces, the other must await his pleasure with a spread -out strength.

In the early morning of Aug. 5, 1864, the Union Fleet, commanded by Admiral Farragut in his flagship Hartford, steamed into fortified Mobile Bay to run the gauntlet of the heavily gunnel Southern forts guarding its entrance. Beyond this obstacle was a torpedo-studded channel.

Ahead of the Hartford was the Brooklyn whose Captain Alden had begged for the honor of being the lead ship. Flanking the Brooklyn was the iron-clad Tecumseh. Near the Hartford was the Metacomet.

The Terumseh poked its metal prow into the line of blark buoys that lay stretched across the channel. There was a sudden shock, a geyser of water and the Techmseh lurched violently. She settled quickly into the water.

Captain Alden in the Brooklyn saw the monitor Techmseh throw up her wildly spinning screw and at about the same time the lookout reported the black torpedo buoys ahead. Fearing that he would run them down and wreck his own ship the captain of the Brooklyn stopped the ship's engine.

This threw Farragut's whole battle line into what appeared to be a hopeless tangle, as the ships astern were forced to stop and sheer out of line.

"What's wrong there?" shouted Admiral Farragut from the mizzen rigging of the Hartford.

"Torpedos! Torpedos!"

There was no hesitation on the part of the admiral who was to make it traditional for the Navy to push forward to victory, whatever the dangers.

"Damn the torpedoes! Full speed ahead."

The Hartford turned right into the line of black buoys. The scraping of the mines and the snapping of the primers could be heard under the ship's keel but there was no explosion. The rest of the battle line quickly straightened up and followed into clear water and past the deadly forts —and the Battle of Mobile Bay was won by the man who refused to believe in the impregnability of the enemy's defense.

The preceding year Farragut had shown his innate spirit of the offensive when he said:

"I think that the best protection against the enemy's fire is a well-directed fire from our own guns."

During the latter part of the 18th century, when our Navy was struggling for a place in the sun, we paid tribute to four bands of pirates of the Barbary Coast of Africa in order to insure a safe passage for our ships through Mediterranean waters. Even England, France, and Spain with their powerful navies preferred to be shaken down rather than come to blows with the doughty pirates.

It rankled sorely in the bosoms of men like Bainbridge, Preble, Decatur, and others to deliver the United States tribute to the various pirate chiefs and then submit to the open insults and taunts of the Dey of Algiers or the Bashaw of Tripoli.

It was given to Lieut. Andrew Sterett of our Navy to deliver a message Aug. 1, 1801, that was to notify the world of our stand regarding the payment of tribute to high seas gangsters.

"Go tell the Bashaw of Tripoli," Sterett directed the Tripolitan envoy, "and the people of your country that in the future they may expect only a tribute of powder and ball from the sailors of the United States."

Against the advice of the European nations paying tribute, the United States declared war to the finish with the Barbary pirates. After a stubborn fight they broke forever the power of the Mediterranean freebooters, receiving praise from Napoleon for the undertaking.

First a Navy tradition, now it is a Navy regulation that a captain must never surrender his ship to the enemy.

It was Lieut. William Burrow in his brig Enterprise in 1813 who first exemplified this tradition when he said, "The flag must never be struck," and had the colors nailed to the mast so they could not be brought down by man or shell, then proceeded to go to battle with the stronger HMS Boxer until the Britisher had been battered into submission.

It was a naval officer in 1816, Stephen Decatur, already famous for his fights with the Barbary pirates, who first sounded the keynote of loyalty to one's country when he uttered:

"My country—may she always be

right, but right or wrong—my country."

It has always been a cardinal principle of our Navy to be ready for action whenever and whereever the enemy is met.

Our first fighting force arriving overseas in May, 1917, exemplified this Navy tradition when American destroyers under the command of Commander (later Rear Admiral) Joseph K. Taussig reported for duty Queenstown, Ireland. The British commander, his hard, tired face and torn uniform not a very cheerful sight, asked only of the American commander:

"How soon will you be ready to go out on patrol?". He knew the destroyers of his country as mechanical gimcracks that required overhauling after every two-day trip—and the American destroyers had crossed an ocean in heavy weather.

"We are ready now Sir," Commander Taussig quietly informed him and proved it by taking his boats out on a six-day patrol.

Commander Taussig's famous remark was repeated in effect by the President only recently when he said that in answer to "where is the Navy" he wanted it known that the Navy is where it has always been, in the oceans seeking the enemy and ready to fight wherever and whenever it can find him.

CARRY ON

Some time ago there was a top-ranking song hit, "I'll Never Smile Again." The sentiment it expressed was the firm conviction of a young woman, widowed after only a few weeks of married happiness. Everyone understood that feeling. "I'll never smile again," they sang, recalling some grim encounter with life —a fortune wiped out in a financial crash, a barren day when a trusted friend betrayed and deserted, a cherished ambition smashes to pieces, or the open grave of a loved one.

Time is a great healer. It is likely the young widow of the song learned to smile again. Most humans eventually find that they cannot close their hearts to the joy that is seeking them through the pain. Some great day they discover that red blossoms are springing from the ground where the glory of their life had been buried.

It is good that life is like that. What a dreary world if the experiences that smite us to earth could permanently paralyze our smiling muscles. Fortunately, we are able to rise from the most devastating wreckage and carry on with a smile. Some may not believe that now. But no matter how dark it is today, tomorrow we will learn to smile again.—J. S. Royer.

WOODROW WILSON

By Frederick Lewis Allen

If you had visited Augusta, Georgia, just after the Civil War, and had seen the Rev. Joseph Wilson's little boy Tommy playing about the Presbyterian manse, you would hardly have picked him as a future President of the United States. For this child, brought up in the pious and reserved atmosphere of a ministerial family, was not only an odd little shaver, bespectacled and shy, but was also curiously slow to develop. He did not learn to read until he was 9, could not read easily until he was 11.

You might have noticed that the intellectual life of the Wilson family was intense, that the boy was taught by his father to be precise in the use of words, and that he responded readily to the advice of a teacher who told him to frame a sentence "not as if he were loading a shotgun, but as if he were loading a rifle," and so you might have gussed that if Tommy ever caught up with his schoolmates he might become a teacher or writer. But you would never have expected him to survive in the hurlyburly of political strife.

And for long years thereafter you would have continued to have doubts. Tommy Wilson—who in time dropped his first name for his middle one, Woodrow—went on to Princeton, became hugely interested in the study of politics and particularly of Nineteenth Centure English politics, and organized a college debating club where political affairs were discussed in parliamentary fashion.

Deciding that the road to political opportunity led through the law, he went on to the University of Virginia law school, and there he started another debating club, at whose meetings he spoke brilliantly. But early in his law course he broke down: his physique simply could not keep up with his ambition. Recovering at length, he tried the practice of law for a while, but got few clients and hated the sordid conditions which a young lawyer met; and so, discouraged, he went back to the academic shades, to study politics once more from books.

While studying at Johns Hopkins university he produced a remarkable volume about Congress—but not the least remarkable thing about it was that he never saw Congress in action until after he had finished writing it! Not until he was almost 29 (and just married) did this sheltered young man get his first steady income-producing job—as instructor in a newly formed women's college, Bryn Mawr. Surely, you would have predicted, here is a man destined to remain a spectator in the grandstand of the fierce game of life, if indeed he ever gets himself organized in time to get anywhere at all.

But now young Wilson forged ahead. He was an able lecturer, a felicitous writer. His grasp of affairs was sure and exact. Shy as he was in man-to-man contacts, out of place as he felt in a rough-and-tumble crowd, he knew from the books all the principles of administration and leadership, and he found that he could not only sway men from the platform, but manage them

in committees and other organized groups.

Up the academic ladder he climbed —at Bryn Mawr, at Wesleyan, at Princeton. As his self-assurance grew, he even thawed to the extent of becoming temporarily a football coach at Wesleyan. Soon he was acknowledged to be the rising star of the Princeton faculty and was broadening his reputation outside the college by his books and lectures. And when he was 45, something happened which must have been almost incredible to those who had known only the shy little Tommy Wilson of Augusta. The president of Princeton resigned; and with the enthusiastic and almost unanimous acclaim of trustees, faculty, and students, Woodrow Wilson became the new president of the university.

From this point on, a curious spiral pattern was to repeat itself again and again in Wilson's career. He had an intense moral zeal; he had the ability to frame an effective program of action and push it ingeniously, and although his health would always be frail he was somehow recreated by the presence of a great audience, so that he could carry on unfalteringly through a weary campaign and capture his hearers wherever he went. But he was never quite one of the boys. He tended to hold himself aloof, especially from men whom he could not win over to his side.

At length there would come a time when he would overreach himself, the battle would be joined, and his enemies would go savagely after his scalp. Yet in each such crisis he was rescued by some new opportunity which his growing strength as a public leader had brought his way.

As president of Princeton he championed a series of reforms, jammed through the first ones successfully, then tried to remake the social structure of the university on more democratic lines, and ran head-on into a violent quarrel—the sort of quarrel from which there seemed to be no way out but resignation. He seemed to have stopped. But his ardor as a spokesman for democratic values had caught the attention of some shrewd politicians, and they offered him the Democratic nomination for the Governor-ship of New Jersey—just in time to enable him to resign from Princeton without humiliation. Entranced at being at last in real politics, Wilson stormed the state and won the election.

As Governor he entered another spiral. He had owed his nomination to a group of machine bosses. They had given it to him without strings, but in the belief that, after the traditional manner of ward-room politics, he would be grateful and play ball with them. He did not: he cut loose from them, swept a stiff reform program through the State Legislature with strong popular backing, and when the bosses turned to rend him, went after them tooth and nail.

Another struggle developed which probably would have gone against him —but so striking had been his gubernatorial career that he was given the Democratic nomination for the Presidency of the United States. In the fall of 1912, with the Republican party divided, he was elected; and at the age of 56 he entered the White House.

As President, once more he moved on to success. Now he was on familiar ground; for few men knew the governmental machinery of the

country as he did, or had given thought as he had to the great possibilities of Presidental leadership. Wilson drew up a program of progressive legislation and with unprecedented skill he marshaled support for it in a usually recalcitrant Congress and carried it through, measure by measure.

Again the opposition gathered its forces. Unexpected problems arose to plague Wilson. Frictions developed. Opponents found him stubborn and stiff-necked. He just managed to win re-election and presumably would have been in for a stormy second term had not Germany's unrestricted submarine warfare dragged the United States into the First World War early in 1917. Now he was the war leader a united nation.

Wilson had hated taking the United States into war—had held back, suffered agonies of indecision, resisted for a long time the clamor for battle, incurred the ridicule of people who thought this professor was devoid of red blood; but when the time came, his great war message—one of the memorable documents of American history—brought him a new and immense prestige.

Throughout the war the President, conserving his limited strength by delegating his war duties to subordinates, was preparing himself and public opinion everywhere for the greatest task of his life—that of framing the peace. In this work he was in his element. His high hope for a decent treaty, his lawmaker's enthusiasm for an international league which might enforce the peace, his superb ability to state the case for a lasting settlement "to make the world safe for democracy" (how ironical that phrase came to sound later!). his knack for the strategy of persuading masses of men—all these increased his power.

As the war drew to its end he approached his greatest moment. It was on the basis of his Fourteen Points—his own idea of a fair settlement—that the Germans, beaten back from French soil, capitulated. Traveling to Europe, after the armistice was signed, to head the American delegation to the peace conference, he found himself the idol of the populace in nation after nation—the acclaimed savior of the world.

Then at the peace conference the spiral pattern of his career went into its last down-curve. The leaders of the Allied nations had made secret treaties granting one another special territories and privileges, and now that the enemy was prostrate and vengeance had hardened them, only Wilson stood between them and their designs. They jockeyed him into small conferences, made the utmost use of his weakness—his old inability to deal with men in twos and threes—to win at the kind of horse-trade for which his background and training had unfitted him.

The Treaty of Versailles was not as bad a document as many have made out; compared with what the Nazis would impose, it was generous to a fault; but it was not as Wilson would have had it. Losing again and again in the diplomatic poker game, he consoled himself with the thought that the great League of Nations which was to be set up would rectify all wrongs.

Then he came home to present both Treaty and League to the Senate—and was repudiated. Disillusioned by

the war and tired of international responsibilities, the senators refused to accept American membership in the League or to ratify the Treaty. Trying to stave off this last defeat, Wilson gave his last ounce of strength touring the country, exhorting, pleading. He broke down; and ended his Presidency and his life a cripple, tragically beaten.

He had fallen far; men said he had failed.

But had he? The cause for which he gave his life was essentially the cause for which—through no fault of his—America must again fight today: the right of men and women to live unenslaved by tyranny and aggression. The precise methods for protecting this right will always be disputed, but the aim to protect it is one of the cornerstones of a free civilization, and this aim was never more single-mindedly sought nor more splendidly stated than by Woodrow Wilson. Whoever else among the victors had proved false to that cause, whoever else had been led by greed or irresponsibility or short-sightedness to turn the post-war order into a travesty of men's hopes, Wilson had not lowered his sights. Thanks largely to his leadership, we Americans can now look back to 1918 unashamed of the objects for which we then fought. Thanks largely to the memory of his honorable purposes, we Americans have been trusted during the intervening years as no other people have been trusted. And if we are still trusted today; if, when the present President of the United States speaks to the world, men believe that he is speaking from the heart and not from the book of guiltful propaganda, one reason is that in people's minds still echo the phrases of Woodrow Wilson, and that they remember that he meant what he said:

"The right is more precious than peace, and we shall fight for the things which we have always carried nearest our hearts—for democracy, for the right of those who submit to authority to have a voice in their own governments, for the rights and liberties of small nations, for a universal dominion of right of such a concert of free peoples as shall bring peace and safety to all nations and make the world itself at last free."

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DIFFERENCE IN MISTAKES

When a plumber makes a mistake he charges twice for it.

When a lawyer makes a mistake it is just what he wanted; he can have a chance to try the case all over again.

When a carpenter makes a mistake it is no more than he expected.

When a doctor makes a mistake he merely buries it.

When a judge makes a mistake it becomes the law of the lond.

When a preacher makes a mistake nobody knows the difference.

But when an editor makes a mistake—Good Night!

WAKE FOREST COLLEGE

By R. C. Lawrence, in The State

Wake Forest is the oldest denominational college in the state. True, its sister institution of Davidson was chartered on the same day, but Wake Forest is the elder by some minutes.

The college had two fathers; Rev. Dr. Samuel Wait, who conceived the idea, and Rev. John Purefoy, whose practical mind and business ability translated into actuality the dream of Wait. He took the steps to locate the institution where it is, and in August, 1832, a tract containing 615 acres was purchased for its benefit. Application was made to the legislature of 1833 for a charter, which brought about a contest unique in the history of the State. Opposition developed, largely from anti-Missionary Baptist sources, and when the bill came before the Senate on third reading, the vote resulted in a tie, broken by the vote of Speaker William D. Moseley of Lenoir in favor of the charter. Moseley later became Governor of Florida, but he was able to render his adopted State no such educational service as he rendered in Carolina.

In 1834 the infant school was opened on the manual labor principle under the Presidency of Dr. Wait, and seventy-two students were enrolled the first session. The avowed purpose of the institution was the education of Baptist preachers, and it is somewhat singular to note that of these students only four were candidates for the ministry, and only eighteen were members of the church! The manual labor plan proved totally unsatisfactory, and in 1838 the charter was amended by changing the name to Wake Forest College, and conferring upon it the power to confer academic degrees.

Dr. Wait continued as President of the college as he had been of the Institute, graduating his first class of four in 1839. He continued as its outstanding President until ill health finally forced his retirement, when he was succeeded by Rev. William Hooper, a son of the Carolina signer of the Declaration of Independence. After a short incumbency he retired, and was succeeded by John B. White, a layman. These administrations were both comparatively short, but none the less steady progress was made all along the educational line.

Rev. Dr. William Manly Wingate, a graduate of the College, next became its President, and he so continued for more than a generation, laying broad and deep the foundation upon which the superestructure of the College now rests. His name is venerated upon the hill.

Naturally the small college had the constant struggle for existence encountered by all unendowed institutions. Indeed so hard pressed was it that under the threat of foreclosure of the mortgage on its only building, its Trustees violated the cardinal Baptist principle of total separation of church and state, and sought for and obtained a loan of $10,000 from the Literary Fund of the State. Indeed a later unsuccessful effort was made by the denominational colleges to obtain an outright gift from the same source. Notwithstanding this,

the opening of the Civil War found the institution free from debt, with an endowment of $50,000. This was largely lost during the war as the result of investment in Confederate securities, and the close of the struggle found an impoverished College, its buildings dilapidated, its equipment ruined. None the less, it was promptly reopened, and again the struggle for existence was renewed.

After a long and memorable administration, the regime of Wingate came to an end, and the Rev. Dr. Thomas H. Pritchard became its President. He was a distinguished preacher, but he lacked the one prime requisite for a Baptist College President—he could not raise the money!

He was succeeded by the long and illustrious adminstration of Rev. Dr. Charles Elisha Taylor—primus inter pares—a distinguished son of the University of Virginia; and under him the college really began to grow. He was successful in interesting several business associates of John D. Rockefeller in the institution, and from Jabez A. Bostwick and others, the college received generous gifts in Standard Oil stock and other securities. New buildings were erected, the equipment largely increased, many additions made to the faculty, and the curriculum broadened and deepened. Among other outstanding achievements of the Taylor administration was the establishment of the school of law in 1893, Dr. Needham Y. Gulley being its first professor, and for some forty years its Dean. This famous teacher prepared for the Bar around a third of the practicing attorneys in the State, and possesses much more than a statewide reputation in his field. The venerable Doctor still lives, a much loved figure on the hill and throughout the State, and at times he still delivers a lecture. He also continues to serve as Chairman of the Wake County Board of Education —at 87!

Dr. Taylor died in 1911, full of years and honors, leaving behind him a monument "more lasting than brass and enduring than marble"—a famous figure in the educational annals of the South.

He was succeeded by the brilliant Dr. William Louis Poteat, a layman, who gave the college a most illustrious administration. A son of the College, and for many years its Professor of Biology, he was a man of deep scholarship, a scientist with a national reputation, a widely read and prolific author, a most engaging and magnetic speaker—a man of genius—and he gave the college an adminstration second to none in its history. But he was an evolutionist, although of the Theistic type, and his views encountered much opposition in the ranks of some members of the Baptist ministry, notwithstanding his well-known deep personal piety. This opposition became more intense as the years passed by. But finally he was selected to preach the sermon before a meeting of the Baptist State Convention held at Winston, and his great deliverence swept the Convention and swept Poteat into the hearts of all his brethren. Thereafter his name ranked as high in religion as it did in science and education.

He was succeeded in the Presidency by Dr. Francis Pendleton Gaines, but after a short but brilliant incumbency of two years, he resigned to accept election as President of Washington and Lee University.

The younger alumni now brought about the election of a young and brilliant physician, Thurman D. Kitchin, younger scion of the famous Halifax family of that name, fathered by a distinguished sire and remarkable for its famous sons, which included Governor William Walton Kitchin, and the magnetic orator Claude Kitchin, nationally known Congressional leader and chairman of the Ways and Means Committee. Dr. Kitchin was one of eight brothers who attended Wake Forest, but in this respect he has nothing on Dr. George W. Paschal, the institution's scholarly Professor of Greek, who has graduated nine sons and daughters from the College! He is an outstanding Baptist historian and I have drawn liberally upon him for the early history of the institution.

Perhaps the most marked single accomplishment of his administration was when his administrative genius attracted the attention of the Trustees of the great Bowman Gray foundation, and these Trustees, although members of the Methodist church, gave to our Baptist institution the benefit of the large fund wherewith to establish the Bowman Gray School of Medicine of Wake Forest College. This institution was located at Winston because of the clinical facilities afforded by that city, but the school is none the less a most integral part of the College. It recently opened with Dr. C. C. Carpenter as Dean and with an enrollment of one hundred and thirteen, which will be largely increased as soon as the school gets well under way. This offers a standard four year course of instruction in medicine and surgery.

The energetic President has had to contend with many adverse conditions, including the great depression, the loss of several of its finest buildings by fire, and the present world calamity of war. But under his contagious enthusiasm, the burned buildings arose, phoenix-like, from their ashes. A chapel is now in process of erection, and alumnus Henry Groves of Gastonia donated a magnificent athletic stadium. There have been many other additions and improvements in personnel, in equipment, and in deepening and broadening the scholarship of the College.

Briefly compassed, the College now possesses eleven buildings on its campus with another in process of construction; these not including the buildings of the medical school at Winston. It has a faculty numbering fifty-three, and an enrollment last session of over eleven hundred; it possesses an endowment of several millions, and the income from its medical endowment represents millions more, and it ranks in scholarship with any denominational institution in the South. It has met the test of every standardizing agency, state or national, and is in every respect an institution of first collegiate rank.

This brief sketch would be utterly incomplete without a referenece to the two literary societies—Euzelian and Philomathesian—which have earned for the college a national reputation in the field of oratory and debate.

The institution has had a long line of distinguished students, including United States Senators, Governors, Congressmen, Judges and others of high rank in the public life of our Commonwealth. Among its living graduates may be noted United States Senator Josiah William Bailey, Gov-

ernor J. Melville Broughton, Federal Judges Webb, Meekins and Hayes, and numerous Congressmen, Judges and other men prominent in the public and private life of our State. Moreover it has fulfilled the mission for which it was founded, and has graduated a ling line of distinguished Baptist Missionaries and preachers, some of whome became world famous.

I simply cannot refrain from mentioning the fact that my classmate John Charles McNeill, Poet Laureate of Carolina, was a son of the College. Memories of the days spent by him at the feet of Taylor and Sledd must have flooded the soul of the poet, when he penned his immortal lines:

"Hills wrapped in grey standing
along the West,
Clouds, dimly lighted, gathering
slowly,
The star of peace at watch above
the crest,
Oh holy! holy! holy!"

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REVEALED THROUGH ADVERSITY

We may not be conscious of it, but our reaction to adversity is a revelation of our true selves. If we are disposed to fret and complain, we are impatient and undisciplined. If we only stiffen the will and stand unmoved before it, we are self-willed, self-sufficient, not amenable to discipline. If we are crushed by it, we are weak. If we are moved to self-examination, carefulness of attitude and life, repentance of wrong, a deeper reliance upon God and trust of His guiding providence and mercy, we are Christian and spiritual.

It is distressing that four years of international calamity have witnessed no widespread awakenings of conscience, no spiritual overhaulings of life, no deep sense of hopelessness apart from God, no searching after the ways of inward peace. As a nation we are still confident of ourselves and sufficient in our own resources.

The Church itself gives little evidence of any profound awakening to righteousness. Far more than we are aware, the present situation reveals the measure to which the spirit of wordly philosophy has settled upon the Church.

"It is a time to seek the Lord," to look into our hearts, to amend our thoughts and ways to commit ourselves, our hopes, our fears, our cause, to the mercy of God to become strong in His might. Our duty is clear and imperative. Will not all who read these thoughts join spontaneously in a compact of intercession, using the burden of the Psalmist's prayer. "Turn us again, O Lord God of Hosts, cause Thy face to shine; and we shall be saved?"—Associate Reformed Presbyterian.

THAT MEN MAY SEE

By Dr. Hunter B. Blakely

In visiting an art gallery in Europe some years ago a painting with an amazing display of color caught my eyes. It was a gorgeous field of poppies with a splendidly formed woman walking through the flowers. There was riot of coloring—the blue sky overhead, the green grass beneath, and the scarlet of the poppies turning the canvas into flame. The woman was straight and strong and fair, seemingly perfection amid beauty.

Then as you approached closer you saw that the beautiful woman was picking her way through the scarlet poppies with a blind man's staff. Amid all the splendor of color and beauty there was absolute blindness. Closed eyes shut out surrounding glory.

Not all blindness is of the optic nerve. Many people have optical faculties which function perfectly, but their soul windows are shut.

Two kinds of people walk out into the autumn forest. One sees the splendor of earth painted in the dying glory of summer; the other has never noticed how the seasons change. Mrs. Browning's description is:

"Earth's crammed with heaven,
And every common bush afire with God;
And only he who sees takes off his shoes;
The rest sit round it and pluck blackberries."

Shakespeare said that the seeing qualities of the soul should enable men to discover:

". . . tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

The out-of-doors must have been made beautiful by the Creator because He loved beauty; but since He created the world for man, it was made beautiful that out amid the riot of colorings in the fall, as well as the beauty of other seasons, beauty might calm the impatience, soothe the ravelled nerves, quicken the sluggish imagination, and lift men to clearer thinking and higher living. When men are troubled, blessed is the man whose eyes are open to the beauty of the earth.

Back in olden days there were men who were called prophets. Many of us have wrong ideas about the true prophet. He was not one given a heavenly telescope that he might look farther down into the future and see the mysteries which were shut from the eyes of other men. The prophet was not a man who spent his time making almanacs of the future that the curious and the foolish might know what would happen before it took place.

The true prophet was he who had the patience, the ability, and the wisdom to look back into history and discover the working of cause and effect, to survey contemporary events and see their relation to the moral principles upon which the world of mankind was founded, and upon the knowledge thus gained to chart a course for the future accompanied by

words of warning and encouragement to his fellowmen. The closer the prophet drew near to God, the clearer was his message of the future.

Today we need a rebirth of the true prophetic. History needs to be studied so that its lessons of why things happened may guide us. The true prophet amid contemporary events looks for moral causes, believing that the quality of manhood determines the future more than materialistic causes. He believes that mankind has been set over the earth to rule it, and that he makes a hell or a heaven out of it, depending upon whether he draws nearer in his character to devils or to God. The true prophet believes that the way to a better world is through the creating of better men. He is always looking, planning and hoping beyond the present towards the oncoming future, seeking ever to build into this future his best dreams and his highest ideals. He remains an optimist, not because of his confidence in man but because he knows God and believes in a Divine plan and purpose.

The greatest of all the prophets, though vastly more than a prophet, was He who said, "I am the Light of the world." In this dark hour man needs to draw near to Him, who through many generations has been the opener of blinded eyes which need to see. Jesus Christ indeed the Light of the world.

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FROM YESTERDAY

Gone are the sorrows of yesterday,
Gone are the griefs that I knew;
I wrapped them up and threw them away
As soon as the day was through.
All that I saved, from out of the best,
Was the deathless joy that flared
Like the going down of the sun in the West;
'Twas the love that I had shared.
I'm glad that my heart knew what to keep
And what I must throw away.
I'm glad that my heart is too wise to weep
O'er the ruins of yesterday.
Oh, yesterday is a day that is spent
And gone with its sorrows and tears;
But the love that I gave and the love I sent
Will last me a thousand years.

—Marion B. Shoen

PEST ELIMINATION

By Margaret A. T. Irvin

Nancy Craig conducts a radio hour called "The Woman of Tomorrow." She discusses topics that are of interest to women. She has guest speakers who are working along lines that are interesting to women. She advertises products that women are likely to buy.

The other day she was advertising a sort of powder that was guaranteed to eliminate household pests of all sorts, "Women who live in city apartments," she said, "will find this powder extremely helpful. You may keep your own apartment spick and span, but perhaps your neighbor isn't quite so careful. You may easily have uninvited guests who inspect your kitchen and pantry and settle down where food is stored. By the time you discover them, getting rid of them may be a problem."

In other words, your neighbor's business is your business, whether you want it to be or not. Pests that beset her may soon beset you also.

We have found this to be true in the realm of world politics. We did not think that Manchukuo, Ethiopia or Czechoslovakia was our concern. We did not think that the cutting off of East Prussia from the rest of Germany mattered to us. The bandage has been ripped forcibly from our eyes. Wherever the pests of selfishness, greed and injustice grow. they are a threat to our national housekeeping.

It is certainly true in the realm of Christain unity. No denomination can live to itself alone any more than an individual can. If we try it, we kill something vital in our religion. We have to live in a community. We have to come in contact with other Christians. We have to come in contact with all sorts of people with all sorts of beliefs. And so long as we do, their pests are our pests.

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We felt rebuked early this morning. The one who rebuked us did it unintentionally over the radio. All he did was to pray earnestly for the President, for the members of Congress, the members of the Senate and for all who had the heavy responsibility of conducting the global war in which we are engaged. He did not tell the President and his associates how to conduct the war; he asked God to give them wisdom. He did not call them cowards; he asked God to give them strength and courage. He did not even ask God for victory but he did pray that freedom and justice might prevail among men. After listening to that prayer that came into our room before dawn this morning it occurred to us that there is something that we all may do and that is to pray.—Charity & Children

SEALS

By Carmen Malone

Seals live in water almost entirely, but they are not fish, they are animals. They have no external ears and their hind limbs stretch out behind their bodies parallel to their tails. Their fore limbs are mere flippers. Their bodies are covered with soft, thick, warm underfur, and a coat of longer and coarser outerfur. Beneath their skin is a thick layer of blubber or fat from which they get nourishment when they are fasting.

Their eyes are big. Their brains are of large size in proportion to their bodies and when domesticated the animals show a very high degree of intelligence. They seem to have a love of musical sounds. Their sense of smell is well developed. Their sense of touch seems to be mostly in the whiskers on their faces.

Their ears and nostrils are constructed like flood gates. They close when the animals dive into the water. Seals can stay in the water about twenty minutes. In winter if they stayed above the ice they would get no food and if they stayed below the ice they could get no air. So they keep a passage open through the ice by swimming up and down from time to time. At the top of the air passage they scoop away a hollow chamber in the snow, like the little houses which the Eskimos call igloos. Here on a broad ledgge above the air passage they keep young seals until they are old enough to take care of themselves.

Young seals are at first covered with a thick white wooly coat. Their fur gradually turns darker. After baby seals are born the mothers leave them occasionally to swim out to deep water to feed. The little seals are left in one big group, but the mothers on their return after, perhaps, a week's absence have no difficulty in recognizing their own offspring. They never err in picking out their own babies. When a mother is with her baby and danger threatens she tucks the small seal under her flipper and swims away.

The different kinds of seals are valuable because of different things. Some are hunted for their skins which are converted into leather, some for their blubber from which an oil is obtained, and some for their underfur which women admire and like to wear.

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We are fighting this war for the preservation of righteousness, law and order, but above all for the preservation of the freedoms which have been conferred upon us by the glorious heritage of our American citizenship, and for these same freedoms in other countries of the United Nations.

—Ambassador Joseph C. Grew.

INSTITUTION NOTES

The School recently purchased a registered female Berkshire hog. This represents the foundation for the development of a herd of pure bred hogs on our farm.

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"Ice Capades" was the attraction at the regular motion picture show at the School last Thursday night. It is a Republic production.

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The Christmas spirit is quite noticeable around here these days. In the printing department we have been called on to wrap many packages for mailing; a few greeting cards have been received; generous donations to the Boys' Christmas Fund have already arrived; down at the bakery the boys are busy making preparations for baking good things for the Christmas dinner; at the school building youngsters are practicing for a play to be given Christmas Eve. In fact, all signs indicate that the boys at the School will enjoy a very happy Christmas season this year.

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Winfred V. Barber, of Kings Mountain, formerly of Cottage No. 10, was in the United States Army for some time after leaving the School, enlisting in 1937, and we recently learned that he is back in his country's service. Winfred is now twenty-nine years old. He was admitted to the School, April 15, 1929, and received his parole, March 10. 1930, after a stay of a little less than eleven months. Shortly after his admission to the institution, it was learned that Winfred was a trustworthy lad, and after he had been here less than six months, he was made nightwatchman while the regular watchman was on his vacation. So far as we have been able to learn, this lad had done well since leaving us, and we have definite reason to believe that he will continue his good record as a member of our fighting forces.

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We recently received a letter from Bill Morgan, a former linotype operator in the printing class, who enlited in the United States Navy last month. He is receiving basic training at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station, and tells us that he is getting along fine. Bill's message is as follows:

"Dear Mr. Godown: Have just received The Uplift, and it was just like getting a long letter from home. It almost made me homesick, and for a little while I wanted to be back at the School. Since being away from there I have fully realized just how much fun I did have while at the institution. Jackson Training School has done countless things for me, for which I shall never be able to repay. It took me in, taught me a good trade, and then sent me out with a purpose in life and the will to make good. I want to thank you for the part you you played in trying to make of me an honorable and truthful man. And I want to tell you right now that I'll never let you nor the School down. There's a wonderful future before me in the Navy, and I intend to make the best of it.

"I read what The Uplift had to say about Thanksgiving Day at the School. Would like to have been there and enjoyed the fun and the fine dinner.

Had a nice time here at the Training Station. We had an excellent dinner. I sent the menu to Mrs. Liske and asked her to show it to you. That night, we went to hear the Great Lakes Naval Training Station Band. It was great. In addition to the concert there were many features. It was the best program I have ever attended.

"Please send more copies of The Uplift, and write when you can. Here's hoping all the Japs will soon be sunk. Sincerely, Bill."

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Another of our former linotype students is now in the United States Army. A recent letter from John T. Capps revealed that he is now located in Bainbridge, Georgia, where he is receiving training in the Army Air Corps. Johnnie has been away from the School several years, during which time he has had steady employment as linotype operator, and his employers have repeatedly commented favorably on the fine manner in which he did his work. His brief note reads as follows:

"Guess you are surprised to hear from me 'way down here. I'm in the Army now, and what an army—the best on earth. I volunteered for the air force as a mechanic. Don't know whether I'll get to go to school or not. Have to take a test today, and sure hope that I can pass. I enlisted November 3rd, and was first sent to Shaw Field, Sumter, S. C.; was then transferred to Fort Jackson, S. C.; and my next stop was Bainbridge. Have been here about three and one-half weeks, and have done a little bit of everything that has any connection with handling hoes and rakes, together with plenty of drilling. Should I fail to pass my mechanic's test, I think I will have my teeth fixed, and later try to be an aerial gunner. Don't know what luck I'll have, but wherever I am placed, you may be sure that I'll do my very best. Remember me to all the folks at the School, and please write soon. Yours, Johnnie."

—:—

Rev. C. C. Herbert, pastor of Forest Hill Methodist Church, Concord, conducted the service at the School last Sunday afternoon. For the Scripture Lesson he read part of the 12th chapter of Romans, and in his message to the boys he pointed some of the really big things in life.

The speaker began his remarks by telling this story: Some time ago, a young boy was scheduled to take his first train ride. He looked forward to the trip for a long time. Finally the day arrived, and he got on the train. The train started, and he was expecting to have a fine time enjoying the scenery as he rode along. The car door was open, making the boy feel chilly, so he moved to another seat. The seat was too close to the heater, so he moved again. Feeling uncomfortable, he realized that he was too warm with his overcoat on, so he removed it; then he became too cool, and wrapped the coat over his shoulders. He then became thirsty, and went to the other end of the car for a drink of water. He then found that he needed several other things to make him comfortable. Finally, he made up his mind to sit down and enjoy the scenery, when the conductor informed him that he would have to get off at the next stop. While he was getting his luggage ready to leave the train, the boy suddenly realized that he had been paying so much attention to himself and his comforts that he had not had time to

enjoy the ride. Life, said the speaker, is something like that trip. The years go by rapidly, and we become old, at which time we realize that life is very short, and say to ourselves, "If I had known that life was going to be so short, I would not have paid so much attention to little things."

Rev. Mr. Herbert then told the lads in the audience of some of life's big things, things that every boy should try to make a part of his life, as follows:

(1) To be a dependable, trustworthy boy, one who can be depended upon at all times, and who will stick to the determination to do right. This story is told of Eugene Fields, a famous author. Fields was a newspaper reporter at the time, and had to get out a column each day. One day it seemed that he could not think of anything to write, so he said, "I give up. There won't be any column today." The editor sent for him, and said, "There's a printer downstairs whose three children are critically ill with scarlet fever, but he is not giving up. He is right on the job." Fields then made up his mind that if the printer could stick to his work under such circumstances, he could get out his column, and immediately got busy and wrote the best column he had ever written for that paper.

(2) We should try to be friendly, said the speaker. There are plenty of people who like to quarrel and fight, but when you find a person who will go out of his way to be friendly to another, you have found someone who has come into possession of one of the really big things in life. Here is the story of four orphans in an institution. They were adopted, going to live with different families. One boy grew up without knowing what had become of the others, and felt that he was alone in the world. He joined the navy. One day, he went to the ship's chaplain and told him that he had learned that he had a brother in the navy, who went under another name, and expressed a desire to find him. He went among the ship's company, more than 2,000 men, with no cuccess, so far as finding his own blood brother was concerned. He said to the chaplain, "I believe all the men on this great ship are my brothers, for they seem to like me and have treated me so very kindly." That is the way we should all try to live, treating all men as if they are our brothers.

In conclusion, Rev. Mr. Herbert told the boys that the best way to look out for the big things of life was to give their hearts to Jesus Christ. If the Master has charge of our hearts, there can be no doubt about our living the right kind of a life. By following his teachings, we shall be of great service to the world. Not only will we live right ourselves, but we will help those with whom we come in daily contact.

———:———

North Carolina is the only state in the Union that has filled every blank in the census of farm products, yielding all the crops grown in both the Northern and Southern sections of the United States.

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

Week Ending December 6, 1942

RECEIVING COTTAGE
James Jolly
Ira Montgomery
Charles Pearson
Weaver Ruff
Paul Smith
Lee St. Clair
Harry Wilson
Charles Young

COTTAGE NO. 1
Ralph Bailey
William Butler
Oscar Carter
Durwood Martin
James Pitman
Jack Reeves
Leonard Robinson
Kinneth Tipton
Frank Walker

COTTAGE NO. 2
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 3
Charles Beal
Donald Daniels
William Painter
James Pritchett
Earl Smith

COTTAGE NO. 4
Edward Batten
Elbert Brown
Leroy Childers
William Davis
William Deaton
Marvin Howard
Douglas Holt
Virgil Lane
Roy Patton
Robert Sprinkle
George Ward
Jesse Williamson

COTTAGE NO. 5
Eugene Kermon
Sidney Knighting
Allen Morris

COTTAGE NO. 6
Elgin Atwood
Kenneth Caldwell
Ralph Gibson
Robert Hobbs
Rufus Massingill
Jesse Peavy
Reitzel Southern
John Rhodes
William Ussery

COTTAGE NO. 7
James Burr
John Linville
Edgar Shell
Milton Talley
John Tolley

COTTAGE NO. 8
(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE NO. 9
Gerald Amos
Cecil Caldwell
Riley Denny
Eugene Dyson
Fred Grimstone
Edward Guffey
James Hale
Wilbur Hardin
Marvin Matheson
Milford Ward

COTTAGE NO. 10
(No Honor Roll)

COTTAGE NO. 11
Bert Barnhardt
Marvin Bradley
Noah Brown
Everett Morris
Everett Stamey
Ray Taylor
William Wilkerson

COTTAGE NO. 12
(Cottage Closed)

COTTAGE NO. 13
Paul Green
Vernon Green
Donald Hobbs
Luther McIntyre
William O'Brien

William Schoppel

COTTAGE NO. 14

Robert Bailey
Wilton Barfield
Robert Caudle
Vernon Harding
Robert Holbert
Wiliam Lane
William E. Lanford
Roy Mumford
Robert Moose
Charles Pitman
John Pritchard
Robert Travis
Peter Tuttle
Alvis Watkins

Theodore Young

COTTAGE NO. 15

(No Honor Roll)

INDIAN COTTAGE

Frank Chavis
James E. Hall
Marshall Hunt
James Lochlear
Eugene Moose

INFIRMARY

Warren Harlan
Robert Padgett
Newman Tate

———:———

American coffee drinkers, faced with weaker brews, smaller cups and fewer of them, may be cheered to know that their favorite beverage was not always sold over the grocer's counter in pound lots.

Before coffee gained its world-wide popularity, says a bulletin from the National Georgraphic Society, cautious pharmacists doled it out by the ounce "for medicinal purposes only."

Since the days when the first early Mohammedans were forbidden wine and took to sipping concoctions made from the coffee bean in order to keep awake during their long religious ceremonies, coffee has been acclaimed and disclaimed.

In Cairo, after its introduction there in the early 1500's, its use was forbidden because it was considered intoxicating. All places storing or using the "seditious berry" where ordered burned.

During the reign of Charles II, coffee houses in London were ordered closed because they not only brewed a fine cup of coffee, but political unrest as well.

In Vienna where coffee "mit schlag" (heavy whipped cream) is as familiar as the strains of a Viennese waltz, a statue was erected to the man who discovered the coffee beans left by the fleeing Turks in 1683 and who opened the first cafe and served the first cup of coffee to the Viennese.—Selected.

(Orange County)
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THE UPLIFT

VOL. XXX CONCORD, N. C., DECEMBER 19, 1942 NO. 51

A CHRISTMAS PRAYER

Tonight I lit a candle,
All long and smooth and white;
And placed it on my window sill
Where it is burning bright.

It's bright and warm inside my room,
While outside it is snowing;
And through the dark and silent night
My Christmas candle's glowing.

Its bravely shining light is cast
Across the glistening snow;
And when the night wind whistles past,
It wavers to and fro

I realize that very soon
My candle's flame will die,
And I'll be left within the dark,
To hear the night wind sigh.

And so I kneel and softly pray,
As the candle light grows old;
Lord, keep my candle glowing ever
In the window of my soul.

—Carol Bessent.

PUBLISHED BY
THE PRINTING CLASS OF THE STONEWALL JACKSON MANUAL TRAINING AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

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The Uplift

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

Published By

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S. G. HAWFIELD, Editor MRS. I. P. COOK, Associate Editor
LEON GODOWN, Printing Instructor

AT CHRISTMAS

A man is at his finest towards the finish of the year;
He is almost what he should be when the Christmas season's here;
Then he's thinking more of others than he's thought the months before,
And the laughter of his children is a joy worth toiling for.
He is less a selfish creature than at any other time;
When the Christmas spirit rules him he comes close to the sublime.

When it's Christmas man is bigger and is better in his part;
He is keener for the service that is prompted by the heart.
All the petty thoughts and narrow seem to vanish for awhile
And the true reward he's seeking is the glory of a smile.
Then for others he is toiling and somehow it seems to me
That at Christmas he is almost what God wanted him to be.

If I had to paint a picture of a man I think I'd wait
Till he'd fought his selfish battles and had put aside his hate.
I'd not catch him at his labors when his thoughts are all of pelf,
On the long days and the dreary when he's striving for himself.
I'd not take him when he's sneering, when he's scornful or depressed,
But I'd look for him at Christmas when he's shining at his best.

Man is ever in a struggle and he's oft misunderstood;
There are days the worst that's in him is the master of the good,
But at Christmas kindness rules him and he puts himself aside
And his petty hates are vanquished and his heart is opened wide.
Oh, I don't know how to say it, but somehow it seems to me
That at Christmas man is almost what God sent him here to be.

—Edgar A. Guest.

CHRISTMAS

If ever there was a need for faith, now is the time. Much of the world is torn by war. Men in whose hearts there is evil have gained power. Those who toil, in fields and factories; women in the home; little children visited in their innocence with disaster—none have escaped suffering in those lands where greed has swept over all the land. Perhaps the time has come for the testing of spiritual values. Perhaps only those who truly believe, and are willing to fight for their faith in the good, the generous, the kindly way of life will ultimately survive. Let Christmas then, be the symbol for renewed faith. Christmas, that most Holy Day, when a little Child was born, touched with God's own hand in blessing, that He might grow to manhood, a Man among men, a Leader in the way of life that is righteous, and gives to every man his just share of this world's goods.

Remembering His word, we can feel certain that the evil will perish, drowned in that very misery they have brought down upon their fellow men. The evil shall be swept from the earth, and the good shall arise from their suffering, to see the dawn of a happier day. He was once a tiny child, like the millions of little children still secure in our own country today. In His name, let us make this Christmas our time to pledge ourselves to the continued safety of our boys and girls—for they are the men and women of the future; who will carry on the spirit of American democracy, which gives to all people the right to live the good life, the free life—without the tormenting kind of "right" and "wrong" conceived by dictators who allow no faith among their people—but demand blind following.

He was a just Leader, men and women in all walks of life followed Him because He preached man's inherent right to a happy life. On this day—the anniversary of His birth, let us reavow our faith in His word.—The Lambertville Beacon.

* * * * * * * *

MORE BIBLES THAN EVER

Universal Bible Sunday was celebrated widely on Sunday,

December 13th, in the churches of this and many other countries around the world. The theme chosen by the American Bible Society for this year's celebration was " Watch Your Scripture Readings", because our nation was born of the devotion of our Puritan ancestors, to the teachings of the Bible. Americans sometimes think of the Bible as peculiarly their own, but it is not an American book. It belongs to the world. Up to date, it outstrips the sale of all other books in every respect, therefore, it is "The Book."

The Bible, either in part or as a whole, has been translated into 1,055 languages and dialects, including all of the principal languages of the world. It has surpassed the sale of any other volume, and appropriately each year, the percentage of increase has been large.

In the columns of The Lutheran Magazine, we learn that here in our own country the Bible is just now in demand beyond anything known for many years. Book stores handling the Bible are maintaining their stocks with great difficulty. Publishers of the Bible are running their presses overtime. Demands for the Book are coming from quarters that hitherto have been indifferent to God's Word. The American Bible Society, which for more than 127 years has been the largest publisher of Bibles in this country, issued more Bibles, Testaments, and Gospel portions in the first ten months of this year than in any entire year in its long history.

We quote from a chaplain in one of the great army camps in Georgia: "My spiritual life is enriched to see the results of the Gospel already in this camp. One of the men accepted a Testament in the hospital, promising to read it. Later when visiting him, I found him half-way through it the second time—and this was his first experience at all with the New Testament. Next he read the entire Bible and marveled at what he read. Countless numbers are for the first time in their lives reading God's Word."

We should understand that America is better supplied with copies of "The Book" than any other nation on earth. The widespread use of the Word of God this year is due to the demand for Bibles for soldiers engaged in war. Furthermore, the chaplians are encouraging them and many others to make the earnest reading of the Bible one of their regular habits.

THE W. P. A. DISCONTINUED

For seven years, the WPA has kept the wolf from the door in many cases. It is estimated that during this period of its existence, about thirty millions of people, including all races and creeds, participated in the program of WPA activities, and in turn, the remuneration received brought hope to many worthy people. Like all projects so arranged to help the unemployed needy class, many unworthy ones slipped into the ranks and shared in the benefits realized. It is estimated that during the seven years this organization functioned, $10,000,000,000 was expended. The same amount, we learn from an official source, is used in sixty days to speed up the war effort, in order that victory may be realized by the Allied Nations. To make a long story short, the WPA has been decreed by President Roosevelt to be discontinued. Despite the adverse criticism of the fatal effect of this project upon certain lines of work, we cannot help but feel that much good has been realized in many ways. The following comment concerning the work of this federal agency, from Beasley's Weekly, is most interesting:

> The WPA, its ranks already decimated by better paying jobs in war industries, has been officially disbanded by a decree of President Roosevelt. The remaining few men on its rolls should not experience much trouble in getting work elsewhere.
>
> Thus ends an economic experience that will have to be left to future historians to evaluate. The general opinion is that the WPA was necessary to avert discontent, if not actual hunger, but there are those who hold that the country would have been infinitely better off had business, big and little, gone through the wringer and taken a fresh start.
>
> But whatever excuse there was for WPA's existenca during a critical period in American history, it is to be devoutly hoped that post war builders will tear down high tariff walls, remove other trade barriers and institute a program of reconstruction and expansion that will forever preclude the necessity of men leaning on shovels or raking leaves for their daily bread.

* * * * * * * *

BOYS' CHRISTMAS FUND

Despite the fact that we are in the midst of the most cruel war ever recorded in the annals of history, and our attention is focussed

on the various theatres of conflict, we must not be oblivious to the duties that confront us on the home front. The Stonewall Jackson Training School has an army of young boys, the underprivileged, placed here for reformation, in order that they may become valuable acquistions to our state and nation. We have almost approached the threshold of the Christmas season, and it is at this time we observe in spirit and in truth the greatest of all anniversaries—the birth of our blessed Savior.

As in former years, on Christmas Eve, we will assemble in the auditorium, where the story of Christmas will be emphasized in song and appropriate Scriptural selections, in which all of the boys participate. Following the program each youngster will receive a bag of good things to eat. This good cheer bag has always been made possible by friends who understand that all boys have a sweet tooth, and especially is this true at Christmas time. The first contributions to the Boys' Christmas Fund are as follows:

"7-8-8," Concord,	$ 25.00
Rowan County Welfare Dept., Mrs. Mary O. Linton, Supt.,	5.00
Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Odell, Concord,	10.00
Durham County Welfare Dept., W. E. Stanley, Supt.,	10.00
The Joseph F. Cannon Christmas Fund,	218.40
Mrs. G. T. Roth, Elkin,	10.00
Mrs. Walter H. Davidson, Charlotte,	5.00
Herman Cone, Greensboro,	25.00
G. G. Klemme, High Point,	5.00
Judge William M. York, Greensboro,	5.00
Davidson County Welfare Dept., E. Clyde Hunt, Supt.,	5.00
Board of Commissioners, New Hanover County,	20.00
Dept. Public Welfare, Forsyth County, A. W. Cline, Supt.,	10.00
Mrs. Cameron Morrison, Charlotte,	50.00
E. B. Grady, Concord,	5.00
Outdoor Study Club, Charlotte,	5.00
John W. Wallace, Statesville,	5.00
Caldwell County, Mrs. W. T. Carpenter, S. P. W., Lenoir,	15.00
Anson County, Miss Mary Robinson, S. P. W., Wadesboro,	5.00
Bernard M. Cone, Greensboro,	10.00

CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS

By A. H. Montgomery, in The Atlantian

Christmas customs vary widely in all Christian lands. Not only do the countries of Europe and the Americas differ in the type and character of Christmas observances, but the date on which Christmas is observed as well as the manner of its observance varies. Moreover, in some countries it is a day of feasting and for the giving of presents, while in others its chief significance and observances are confined to religious ceremonies. Broadly speaking, it is among the Teutonic nations, such as Norway, Sweden, Germany, Denmark, and England, as well as the United States, that Christmas Day is marked by the distribution of gifts, feasting, and Christmas trees, while the Latin nations hold it as a strictly religious holiday, confining their gift giving to January 6. Also, Latin nations devote far more days to Christmas observance and celebration than do more northerly nations.

It may be well to draw attention to the fact that climate enters into the question of Christmas customs, also. It would be rather difficult to make a Santa Claus with sleigh and reindeer, dressed in fur-trimmel clothing, seem convincing to people in the tropics who do not know what snow is and never saw any possible use for sleighs. Fireworks and firing off firearms are usual in southern climes of North America around Christmas, in place of midsummer, at the Fourth of July, as with us. The British and Central European custom of the blazing Yule Log would hardly do with the thermometer around the 80 mark.

Another matter affects the Christmas customs of a people, is whether birthdays or baptismal days are traditionally celebrated. In America, as in Germany and England, it is birthdays which are important, and therefore December 25, the birthday of the Saviour, is important in more than a religious sense, while in countries where it is the day of presentation of the babe in the temple, or as we say baptism, which overshadows the birthday. In such countries one finds that January 6, Epiphany, is the day for celebration and gift exchange.

In Scandinavian countries the Jul, or Christmas celebration, starts Christmas Eve and lasts 13 days, ending in a Twelfth Night party. Cakes or loaves baked in the shape of a boar recall the ancient feasts when a smoking boar was served whole. Comical little straw goats are reminders of the custom of saving the last sheaf of the harvest for its magic powers. Tomte or Tomar, the chief of the little people of gnomes, an old man with a white beard and a red cowl, accompanied by an old woman similarly garbed, is said to distribute presents. On Christmas Day people go to church while it is still dark, carrying lighted torches which, heaped together, make a bonfire outside the church.

St. Nicholas and Kriss Kringle distribute gifts in Germany, and the festivities begin on St. Nicholas Day, December 6, and run along for several weeks.

The Yule Log custom, which we remember as strictly English, is found

among the Serbs in Yugoslavia and generally throughout the Balkans. The Badnyak is a huge log which will burn all night. In England the Yule Log was part of a glorious ceremony on Christmas Eve. It was cut and dragged from a nearby forest, and every wayfarer raised his hat as it was brought past him. A Lord of Misrule and many madcap pranks and jests were a part of this Christmas Eve ceremony. The Puritans and other unwordly sects frowned on all this and did not wish any celebration on Christmas or Christmas Eve, and so in our country, when they got here, they established Thanksgiving Day as the one for exchange of gifts and held Christmas as strictly a religious festival with practically all-day services in churches. Old customs proved too strong for this innovation to last, and the public's appetite for a mid-winter festival found its way back in two holidays for joyous celebration, Christmas and New Year's Day.

Christmas trees are not used in France, and Christmas Eve is still the night of celebration rather than Christmas Day itself, which, as previously stated, is severely religious in its popular connotations. On Christmas Eve, French children are told to expect the Christ Child, "Petit Noel" or "Bonhomme Noel." Almost every family has its birth basket or manger set up in the house. Village children carry a creche with them, lighted with tapers, and parade about collecting pennies. A big party is usually given on Twelfth Night.

Devout people in Italy and Spain observe a one-day fast beginning at sunset of December 23. Preparation for Christmas and ceremonies begin several weeks before the great day and last until Epiphany. Open doorways, windows and homes have mangers on display. Singers and bagpipers dressed as shepherds go from house to house begging permission to chant carols before the presepio on Christmas Day. Flowers are used in place of evergreens for decorations. Presents are drawn from what is known as the Urn of Fate, probably similar to the Grab Bag in Colonial America. Both in Spain and Italy, instead of hanging up stockings as in our country, England and Germany, they put out their shoes.

In Mexico, Christmas Day is almost wholly a religious festivial, confined to masses, etc. The celebration begins on December 16 and ends Christmas Eve. Posados, or pilgrimages, are made by nine selected families, commemorating the search of Mary and Joseph from house to house in search of shelter. The pilgrims carry images of Mary and Joseph, singing at the door of house after house for permission to enter. A coarse red earthenware jar is handed children on January 6, containing presents, which are never given on Christmas Day.

Puerto Rico has a somewhat similar series of customs to those obtaining in Mexico. Christmas festivals begin on December 21 and last to and including Epiphany on January 6. The fiesta of Noche Bueno is held on December 24, and presents interesting features. The people do not eat until midnight, when there is what is called the Misa del Gallo, or Cock's Mass—taken from the fact that owing to the clearness of the atmosphere cocks crow at midnight in Puerto Rico rather than awaiting false dawn as in our country. Throughout the entire Christmas season masses are celebrat-

ed at 5 o'clock in the morning and everybody attends these masses. The women come to mass dressed in garments of Colonial days, while small girls and boys dress as shepherds. Breakfast is taken at the homes of other villagers, after mass, and then people proceed to their work.

A national dish for Puerto Rico at this festival season is long thin pieces of meat cooked with mashed plantains, highly spiced. The food is wrapped in banana leaves, tied with fiber, and then boiled. Food is served with wine, almost invariably in Latin countries, and the custom likewise obtains in Christmas celebrations. Roast suckling pig is another traditional course for Christmas Eve celebration. Christmas Day is strictly observed by solemn High Mass and picturesque and lengthy Vespers. December 27 is set apart in the Christmas festivals for a sort of April Fool's Day. Youthful bands kidnap likely youths of good parentage and call upon their parents for cakes and food in ransom. It is held an honor to have the son of the house selected for this ceremony, and parents make haste to provide ample refreshments and a party to welcome home the child that has been seized. These parties last until sunrise by tradition.

Another special feast day the Christmas holidays is New Year's Eve in Puerto Rico, which is celebrated by "burying" an effigy of an oll man exactly at midnight. Actually, after carrying the effigy out of the village on a bier it is burned near a cemetery. New Year's Day itself is celebrated by remaining home with one's family, and it is held to be bad luck to go out at all.

On January 5, boys and girls go into the fields and cut grass, which is placed in doorways and windows, together with a note for whichever one of the Three Wise Men, or three Kings, the child or its parents happen to fancy. These notes ask for toys much as our children in the United States write to Santa Claus.

There is a further Puerto Rican custom which must make the misers sad. This is the Asalto, literally the assault, by which is meant that young people go to the homes of respectable citizens and demand admittance. They need not know the people who live there. It is considered a disgrace if the family on admitting these groups have to send out to purchase or borrow anything for the entertainment of these unbidden guests. This Asalto continues from December 21 until January 6.

Many are the curious customs that have obtained on Christmas in various parts of the world, and many of them are still honored.

St. Nicholas (Santa Claus) has changed a great deal in appearance, for in former times he was thin, ascetic, pale and sad, probably because famines were usual in Esrope. With the abundance of the Americas, the situation of Europe from a food standpoint changed, and thereupon the lean, white-faced, sad St. Nicholas became the fat, ruddy hearted individual we know today. In Germany, there is a character called Belsnickle, who looks somewhat like our Santa Claus, but works in reverse. He is informed of all the bad things children have done, and is a punishing nemesis. The Pennsylvania Dutch still observe the coming of Belsnickle.

A curious custom surrounding the Yule Log is observed in parts of

France. The log is set aflame for only a few minutes and then removed and covered with a cloth. The children, armed with sticks, then enter the house and beat on the log, crying "Come forth!" As nothing happens, the parents now suggest the children step out and ask forgiveness for their faults. During their absence presents are slipped under the cloth by the parents, and when the children return and again strike the log, the cloth slips off and the presents are discovered. This symbolizes several things, namely, that if the heart fires are to be kept alight, the tribal customs, laws and taboos must be observed, and that if one has done wrong, forgiveness may be obtained through confession and asking pardon, thus assuring light and happiness in the social group through the return of the warmth of hearth fires and allegorically the sun with its beneficent rays. A curious adjunct to this custom was retaining the half burnt yule log as protection against lightning, and to start the fire the following year. The ashes of yule logs were buried at the roots of fruit trees to make them fruitful.

It was once thought that the sun stood still for twelve days during midwinter and the ancient Druids of England and other Celtic and Germanic people directed the burning of huge logs to get the sun into the idea that he should not stand still, but get started on his journey to bring back warmth and harvests to the earth. They provided great fires and much heat as a suggestion that the sun do the same.

Presents at Christmas time were at first a means of donating to the kings, lords and local headsman, and were indirect taxes. Queen Elizabeth relied on Christmas gifts to replenish her wardrobe, and everyone down to the lowest menial had to contribute some present. The royal dustman sent two bolts of cambric cloth. Our children would hardly appreciate the presents of Colonial and English days. They comprised a bundle containing something pleasant, something useful, and something for discipline, perhaps a sweet, a pencil, and a birch rod.

Gifts come from the stars in Heaven in Poland, from the angels in Hungary, Tante Aria in French Comte, Wainemoinen in Finland. A young camel in Syria, which accompained the Wise Men, brings and presents the gifts, while in Greece it is St. Basil; in Bulgaria, Grandfather Koleda; in Denmark, the elf Jule-Nissen, reminding us that once dwarfs lived in Europe; while in Switzerland it is St. Lucy or Father Christmas who does the honors.

In Ireland, the candlelight will shine from the window of every house and the door remains open on Christmas Eve, lest a couple pass seeking shelter for a Babe who is the Son of God.

In Norway, a sheaf of wheat is placed on a pole outside the house for the birds, while in Peru every Indian hut is open to any chance visitor who may find refreshment within. The poor country people of the Netherlands believe that all cattle kneel down on Christmas Eve at midnight, while ignorant country folk in Germany in the Black Forest believe that on that night animals can talk. Bohemian country maidens believe that if they visit the woodshed Christmas Eve and draw a bolt of wood from the heap, its contours will tell them what their future husband's figure will be, thus

if the wood be smooth he will be fair and straight, if rough and gnarled he will be lame or a hunchback. The village schoolmasters in Slovakia dress as Santa Claus and go among the children, whom they know of course, and punish the bad and reward the good with presents.

Province, in France, offers this rather unique ceremony. A gigantic figure of wicker work called "Melchior," after one of the three Magi, clothed in fantastic garb and with a great basket strapped to his back, rides a donkey about the villages gathering donations of figs, nuts, almonds, bread, cheese, sausages and so on. All this is dumped on a huge table in the local church where the poor of the parish may come on Christmas Day and help themselves to the tune of the church bells and with a taper burning, in illusion of the Star of Bethlehem.

The people of Wales have enjoyed some rare Christmas festivities, among which were football games after a folk service called "Plygain" which began at five in the morning of Christmas. These games were fiercely contested and refreshments in the shape of carols and hot broth preceded and followed the games.

A few quaint beliefs may well wind up this tale of customs. During the meal on Christmas Eve people should listen for a knock on the door which might be the Babe or an angel in disguise asking food and shelter. Whoever hears such a knock will have great good fortune. All those who help drag in the Yule Log will have good fortune and be insured against witchcraft the ensuing year. Unless the girls wash their hands before touching a Christmas fire it will burn dully. A squinting or barefooted person can bring ill fortune to a Christmas gathering. If the fire goes out on Christmas it is bad luck. The first person to enter the house on Christmas morning must be a man and not a woman, says the superstition known as "footings," otherwise ill fortune will enter the house. This was a good idea because it let the male members of the house stay out and drink so as to be sure it was they returning from carousels that first entered the house. The first person who opens the door of a house from the inside on Christmas Day is the one who "lets Christmas in" and is therefore sure of good luck during the next year. (That gives the ladies a chance to have some good luck by staying home—an idea there.) In as many months as you visit houses in the twelve days of Christmas you will have good luck. (The kind that puts us out of the running!) When Christmas falls on a Friday you may even sow ashes because crops are bound to be good. Children born within twelve days of Christmas possess the gifts of "second sight" and hear music not of this earth. If you stay awake in a darkened room Christmas morning, sometime before actual dawn, your Guardian Angel will appear. The Irish believe anyone dying Christmas Eve goes straight to Heaven. Divination by St. Thomas' Onion was widely practiced, also. Girls would get an onion and place it under their pillow thus insuring dreams of their future husband. Even the miners have a Christmas superstition to the effect that if you listen in the shafts of a mine Christmas Eve you will hear angels caroling from wherever the richest veins may lie.

GREEN CHRISTMAS

By Emma G. Lippard

The air was mild and mellow. A silvery mist hung over the dingy city, casting a veil of charity over the grime and dust. The evergreen branches which decked the buildings dropped and dripped dampness. Hurrying shoppers also drooped, and wore a springtime air of listlessness. And this was the twenty-third of December.

Joan Gardner looked the most exhausted of all the shoppers on the moist, busy street. She turned into the Bargain Emporium with a look of disdain in her tired eyes. She had never before done her Christmas shopping in a store of this grade.

"But what can you do?"she was asking herself. Her father had lost his position some months since. Joan realized that the plant in which he had worked for thirty years needed more technically trained men since they were doing an important war job. She knew, too, that her father was getting a fair pension; but that did not make it easier to watch him day by day losing interest in life, getting old before his time, while well and active, because he could not find work to do. She did not mind the forced enconomies so much as she did his forced cheerfulness. Her mother had warned her from the very first day when she began to dread the loss of his job, to keep him cheerful.

"No bitterness, Joan. He will need laughter and comfort. This is no time for any one in the country to turn sour. We must have our cheer and morale for harder days ahead."

The harder days had come soon enough, for Bill, the brother she had counted on to be the chief wage earner after her father's dismissal, had been drafted only two months later. She, who had been used to using her own salary as she pleased, now found herself the mainstay of a family.

Her mother could still laugh and joke, but Joan found it increasingly difficult, and some times wondered where Mrs. Gardner's feelings were. How could she laugh when the house was so lonely, everything in it getting shabbier every day; when Bill might be in danger before they knew it, when father drooped and began to be careless of his appearence, and more and more silent!

Only today as she left the house her mother had said cheerfully, "Christmas is so much bigger than being rich or poor. Let's make ours a big one this year. I have a feeling Bill will get leave and be with us."

"A big one! A big Christmas!" the girl repeated wearily to herself. War, murder, hate everywhere, and mother could talk of a big Christmas! And where was it to come from, with no money? Something else mother had said came back to her.

"Christmas gifts are only worth while when the real spirit of love is behind them. This year perhaps we'll have to rush and search and plan more than usual. Our giving ought to mean more for it."

"Yes, and who has to pay for it?" Joan had felt like saying. She did not say, these days, half the things she felt should be said. Perhaps buckling them all up so tight inside

her was what made her so tired and tense.

She pushed slowly through the worried looking crowds in the narrow aisles of the bargain store. Everything on the counters looked shoddy and useless. "This weather!" she muttered. "Who can feel Christmassy when it is as warm as summer?"

The faces about her were lined with care. A woman near her was picking over a tableful of mussed handkerchiefs. Next came a counter of handled neckties. Joan stopped a minute here. Perhaps a pressing would make these look like new. But no, she drew back with a shudder. Father had always been fastidious. He would know the tie was not fresh. Not a thing in sight looked wearable. A book? Father had time to read now; but would it remind him of his unwanted leisure to receive one from her? He used to give her fruit and candy. If she bought it for him it would remind him that she now was the wage earner. It was really hot in here. She continued her weary pushing.

Even the lighted candles were dripping terribly fast. Something in the smell of the melting wax gave her a feeling of Christmas, a spirit she had longed for but had not found this year. The falling cedar gave out an aroma that took her back to her childhood. Memory began to work, and suddenly Joan was back in a day she had not thought of for years.

She must have been very small that Christmas long ago when it rained all the day before. Yes, it was as warm as today. Bill was only three, and he actually got prickly heat. Mother was afraid to take off his heavy clothing. They were afraid it was measles at first. She grinned as she remembered how afraid she had been that she could not get to go to the church Christmas tree. Mother had explained that there would be none at home this year. She was as full of fun and laughter then as now, and father always kind and contented. There was no feeling of poverty or want in that home.

"Eat your breakfast, child, and come out in the yard. The rain is over and the sun is warm," father had commanded with a smile of mystery.

"But I have a package," she cried, feeling the queer shape of a red ribbon -tied bundle at her place.

"We will open it outside," mother answered. "I'll bring Willy." That was the baby brother's name then.

In the sunshine there blazed a magic tree, the big old apple tree with lighted candles on it. Outdoor trees, lighted, had not been heard of in that day. Joan opened the unwieldy bundle to find a coil of thick rope and a crotched board. As she glanced questioningly up at her father he threw the rope over a thick bough, tightened some knots, and slipped in the crotched piece of wood.

"A swing, a swing," Joan could even now hear her little self cry in delight. For a moment she was a child again, swaying on a magic swing, looking up with awe into a magic tree. It was the smell of the dripping candles that had brought it all back to her.

It had been warm enough to enjoy the swing all day. Mary, of the big house next door, left her new doll with its staring eyes, and came running over to play with Joan. Bobby, from the other side, joined them, pushed them so high that they screamed in

delight. It was a gift that lasted, and made a happy sociable place of the Gardners' backyard.

"Why, they made a Christmas for me out of nothing," the girl now told herself. "They were probably wretchedly poor, but they never let me see it. Mother may be worried sick over father and Bill now, too, and hiding it, as she hid her worries then, by her maxims and jokes." She was surprised to hear a strangled little sob, and to find it came from her own throat. "I've never had to put real thought into my gifts, as mother said this morning. I've just made sure they were as good as the girls gave me, that's all. And now," she gasped as if she had made a discovery, "It is up to me this year. They expect me to do as well on nothing as they always did. I've got to! They are depending on me."

She straightened her shoulders with a new-found responsibility and pushed on. She had to make Christmas bigger than poverty, yes, even than war and sparation and fear.

She found herself in the crockery department. Even it was made festive at this time of year. A pile of big bowls was beside her. Only a few days ago she had unheedingly heard her mother say that her mixing bowl was cracked. Would such a necessary thing serve as a gift? Nothing would please mother more. She would never buy one for herself, but go on using the worn out one till it broke.

"It is big; it would look mysterious wrapped up," Joan actually smiled to herself. "She'd be really glad to get one. She'd know I noticed what she needed. It would surely be a surprise. Why not?"

While the bulky package was being wrapped a new thought came to Joan. She was a good cook for a girl who had never actually had to help much with house work. Mother always made cake, candy and pies for Christmas. Perhaps a holiday would be a real gift to her. She looked terribly tired these days, in spite of being cheerful. Tomorrow she was planning to do her Christmas shopping. Joan knew she would expect to cook after she got home, and early the next morning, too.

"Could I do it while she is out?" Joan wondered. "I could ask dad to help me. It might make him feel he was giving mother a worth-while present, too."

Although she did not know it, Joan's own face was shining now. She was putting herself into her gift. She had no trouble finding suitable trifles for her friends in the next hour. She felt no hesitancy over subscribing for Bill's favorite magazine, and she saw a pair of house slippers that she felt sure her father needed and would use. Mrs. Gardner was delighted with the happy smile on the face of her daughter when she returned from her shopping tour.

"I was afraid you would be terribly tired, dear," she said. "Did you find anything you wanted?"

"Everything," Joan replied, smiling, "only you will have to go early tomorrow. The crowds are terrible and the stores so warm. I will give father his lunch and you must take your time. Promise me you will eat in town."

It was perfectly natural, of course, at this season for Mr. Gardner and his daughter to look secretive and excited as they waved the shopper off the next morning, but she would have been very much surprised to see the

scrambling activity in her kitchen after she had turned the corner. Joan had the cookbook and materials ready. She had heard her mother make her plans. There must be enough so that if Bill came to surprise them he would find everything he liked best. She started out in high spirits, and her father proved a willing if not too efficient helper.

How does she ever get it all done?" he asked his perspiring daughter, as they surveyed the growing pile of used utensils and watched the clock. The cake was yet to be iced and the candy made. Mrs. Gardner might return any minute now.

"I've never helped her enough," Joan panted. "She will come home ready to drop, and expect to do tonight all we've done in a day. Now Bill is gone, Pa, you'll just have to pitch in and take a hand, and make it easier for her. I have to be away all week."

"I sure will," he replied happily. "Maybe she needs me as bad as my boss ever did."

A little later Joan told tim, "Dad, you will have to buy the candy. Mother always makes fudge and peppermint patties, but maybe she will like some other kind for a change. A woman always likes her beau to bring her candy. You run out now, and get the biggest and prettiest box you can find at the drug-store. I'll set all this stuff out on the table, so she will see it first thing when she gets in. That will stop her worrying about being so late. Then I'll start on clearing up this mess."

The ornate box of sweets, the slightly sticky cake, two pies and a jar of home-made salad dressing stood on the dining room table with the scanty but bright poinsettia Joan had bought, and the girl was putting away the last bowl clean and dry, when her mother came in. She was not only tired but bedraggled, for it had begun to rain. When she saw the two happy faces confronting her across the festive board she sank down on the nearest chair and gasped.

"Happy Christmas, Mother," the two sang out together, and when they saw she could not speak Joan alded, "You go right upstairs and change your wet clothes and rest. I'm going to get supper while my hand is in."

"You scamps," Mrs. Gardner said then, with tears in her voice as well as in her eyes. She dared not try to thank them. But after a while she was able to say, in an almost natural voice, "It may clear up. I believe it is turning a little colder."

"Oh, I hope not," Joan exclaimed. "I do so love a green Crhistmas."

HILLSIDES RED WITH CHRISTMAS HOLLY

By Ruth C. Cater

California's holly trees are not holly trees, but that makes them no less beautiful. In early summer, though the grass may be brown and withered, and the wildflowers faded or entirely gone, thousands and thousands of these lovely shrubs are brightening the hillsides with their white flowers and shiny green leaves. By fall they are loaded with berries, some green, some green and red, some red.

Yet they are not holly berries. The true hollies belong to the family Aquifoliaceae. The genus Ilex, to which the American holly tree belongs, has about one hundred and seventy-five species, thirteen of which are native to eastern North America. The California holly is not one of them. It belongs to the rose family, Rosaceae, and it is the only species of the genus to which it belongs. Its scientific name is Heteromeles arbutifolia. It has several common names: toyon, tollen, Christmas berry tree, California holly. The hetero part of its scientific name means "different" and is significant, for the toyon not only differs from the true holly, but also from all related genera of its own family.

But what an interesting tree it is all the year round! Its form in the greater part of its range is that of a shrub. The bark is a light ashy gray, and fairly smooth. You won't find its leaves as spiny-edged as those of the European or the American holly, but they are serrated sharply, making them saw-toothed. Beautiful they are, too, dark shiny green above, lighter underneath.

From early summer on into August you will find the white flowers of the toyon bushes opening. While some are hidden among the leaves, others are exposed, and all are great clusters about four to six inches across. It is interesting to watch the changes in these lovely shrubs. As the flowers dry up, you see the beginnings of the berries, pale green at first; then for a few weeks they are not so noticeable. But in October the berries begin to ripen. Many of them are red in November.

But it is in December, and often on through January, that the toyon puts on its greatest glory. Then the hillsides are aflame with crimson berries that hang in huge clusters among the lustrous green leaves. And not only on the hilssides. Put on your hiking boots and go up that gulch, for you will find it red with California berries. Climb up the side and go over into the next canyon. Follow the stream up or down. It matters little which direction you take, for the toyon is widely distributed from northern to southern California—in the Sierras. the Coast Ranges. Sometimes you find it as high as 4,500 feet above sea level.

And what about the coast? Does the toyon grow there? Yes, you see it on many a steep, exposed cliff; the toyon reaches its largest size on the island, and you will find it in pure groves. Here, as on other islands, it

is very abundant, and grows to tree form. It is not a large tree, only about ten to twenty-five feet tall, sometimes thirty feet, with a short, lhick trunks, ten to eighteen inches in diameter, A few feet above the ground the trunk divides into many upright brancless, forming a lovely round-topped crown.

To people living in California, it means a great deal that the toyon is at its best during the Christmas season, for they have the fun of going out and gathering their own holly twigs. No harm need come to the trees or bushes if care is taken. Fortunately people are at last beginning to know that the best way to insure the perpetuation of America's lovely wildflowers and shrubs is to use care not only in the way they gather them (where it is lawful to gather them at all), but also in the amounts they take.

If you have seen California holly, you know something of how easy it is to use in many different ways for Christmas decoration. Stiff enough to make beautiful pieces for corners of rooms, with the longer branches arranged in tall vases, it is limber enough to make the loveliest of bouquets with the smaller twigs for the table or stand. Just as the true hollies are always beautiful, so is the toyon, California's own holly tree.

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A CHRISTMAS CREED

If I were Santa Claus this year
I'd change his methods for the day—
I'd give to everybody here
But there are things I'd take away.

I'd enter every home to steal,
With giving I'd not be content.
I'd find the heartaches men conceal
And take them with me as I went.

I'd rob the invalid of pain,
I'd seal the poor man's weight of care.
I'd take the prisoner's ball and chain
And every crime that sent him there.

I'd take the Mother's fear away,
The doubts which often fret the wise,
And all should wake on Christmas Day
With happy hearts and shining eyes.

For old and young this is my prayer:
God bless us all this Christmas Day
And give us strength our task to bear
And take our bitter griefs away.

—Oliver H. Dyer

CHRISTMAS BELLS

By Maude Protzman

Holly and mistletoe, evergreens, pine trees and candles are all associated with our Christmas; but none of these awakens the Christmas sprit as do the bells that ring on Christmas morning.

Like many of our Christmas customs the use of bells was borrowed from the ancients. Long ago in the pagan era cymbals and hand bells were used in religious rites.

In Egypt famous ceremonies, such as the feast of Osiris, were proclaimed by the ringing of bells. The great public baths, which played such an important part in the lives of the early Romans, used bells to proclaim the bathing hours. Soldiers of ancient Greece in camps and garrisons were called to duty by the ringing of bells.

It is claimed that bells were introduced in Christian churches in 353, and there are definite records or their use later in the same century. The first bells used in western Europe were hand bells. These were made of sheets of beaten iron shaped into four sides and fastened with rivets. The iron was then bronzed.

One of the largest compaines in the United States manufacturing bells, tells us many interesting things about them.

Bells are heard lengthwise of a valley much father than over hills, and the sound of a bell is deadened when surrounded by high buildings. Bell towers having small windows or openings are found to be very unsatisfactory.

Bells can be heard much farther over water than on land. Some which have been heard ten or fifteen miles across water could not be heard five miles on land. Weather, too, affects the carrying quality of bells. Fogs, dampness and clouds all muffle sound.

The weight of a bell governs the tone of a bell and not the distance it can be heard. We are told by bell makers that a bell weighing two thousand pounds will be heard nearly twice as far as a bell weighing one thousand pounds.

A well-made heavy bell will have a deep, rich sound while a light bell is likely to have a sharp, shrill and penetrating tone. It is also true that stationary bells which are struck or tolled can be heard only half as far as bells which swing.

From an old bell-ringer we learn that bellringing is an art. A bell must be rung with a rhythmic not a choppy motion. The latter makes even a good bell give out a jangling sound. For best results the same person should, if possible, always ring the bell. It often takes from four to eight weeks for a bell-ringer to get the swing best adapted to a certain bell.

Today, the conditions in the world are rapidly changing, but as we write the largest bell in England is "Great Paul" of St. Paul's cathedral. It is eight feet ten inches in height, nine feet six inches in diameter, and weights over sixteen tons. In addition to this St. Paul's has several other large bells of remarkable richness and purity of tone.

Burma has many bells; the bell of Mingoon being one of the most famous. Its weight is enormous and authority states that fifty people could stand inside it. Another large bell in Burma has no clapper, but from the outside swings a tremenbronze beam which falls with rhythmic beats on the heart of the bell.

Unique among bells is one on Mount Sinai. This bell, if bell it can be called, is composed of suspended planks of dicerent weights and density which, when struck, gives forth a pleasing, mellow sound like that of an xylophone on a large scale.

The great bell of Moscow is by far the largest bell in the world. It weighs about four thousands pounds. To the original cost, which was great were added precious jewels and plate which were said to be worth a million dollars. These were donated by the nobles at the time of casting. The bell is twenty-one feet high and twenty-two feet in diameter.

The oldest bell tower in America stands beside St. Peter's chapel at Tacoma, Washington. It is made of a tall stump of a cedar tree centuries old and blackened by fire. The chapel is of a much later date than the historic tower.

Montreal lays claim to the possession of the heaviest bell in America. It hangs in the Cathedral of Notre Dame in that city. Its weight is thirteen and one half tons. It rings on Easter morning only.

The chimes of Trinity Church in New York City are probably more widely known than any other in America. Their sweet tones come as a welcome contrast to the din of traffic in the heart of a commercial area.

In the old missions of the Southwest are many historic bells. Ancient bells hang in the tower of the stately mission of San Xavier Bec in Arizona.

Bells in the mission along the Pacific coast called the Mission Indians to worship long before the overland route to California was thought of. Before the landing of the Pilgrims the bell in San Miguel, the oldest church in the United States, at Santa Fe, New Mexico, sent forth a Christmas message of cheer.

Longfellow expressed the true message of our Christmas bells when he wrote:

"I heard the bells on Christmas Day
Their old familiar carols play
And wild and sweet
The words repeat L
Of peace on earth, good will to men!"

THE THOUGHT

By Dicie M. Rittenhouse

It was Christmas Eve.

The wind, like an angry giant, shook the Kennedy house until every window rattled. And snow, that was almost like hail spattered spitefully against the window panes.

Within the warm, bright living room, the Kennedy family sat in appalled silence.

Gentle Mrs. Kennedy's compassionate gaze rested upon her oldest daughter's bright head, now bowed down upon her hands.

Fifteen-year-old Donald, his bandaged foot resting upon a cushioned footstool, stared solemnly out of the window at the whirling pellets of snow. Rose and Nora, the six-year-old twins had ceased their play, and sat, quiet as mice, their round blue eyes fastened upon Kathleen. Kathleen, who was usually so cheery and smiling. The twins felt that something dreadful must have happened to make their beloved elder sister hide her face like that .

A few moments earlier, the mail carrier had passed with a gesture of outflung empty hands to the Kennedys at their open door. It was his signal to them that he had no mail for them, thus saving them a trip to their mailbox farther down the road. And Kathleen had hoped so much from this last mail.

She had gone out into the storm to the mailbox, any way, hoping against hope that for just this once, they had misunderstood the carrier's signal. And she had found their box empty.

The recommendation, which she had asked her mother's cousin, Mr. Alexander Duncan, to give her had not come. It could not come now until the day after Christmas, and that would be too late.

He had had plenty of time to send it, for she had written to him, and asked him for it fully three weeks before.

When barely seventeen, Kathleen had been graduated from high school, and had at once entered business college, where she completed nine months work in six, for Kathleen had stduied with almost frantic zeal.

The Kennedys were poor, and Kathleen realized to the full the self-denial practiced by her widowed mother, and her brother and sisters, in order that she might be fitted for a position.

In the city some sixty miles distant from her home, she had applied for the position of clerk and bookkeeper in an antique shop.

Old Mr. Carson, the proprietor of the shop, had eyed her severely, when she timidly applied for the place, and after a long moment of profound silence, he had answered:

"There's a half dozen other applicants for the place, you look like a good, industrious girl, and you must be sensible, for I notice that you're not painted up like a clown—like some young women.

"You say that Mr. Alexander Duncan is your mother's cousin—well, I know old Alex Duncan. Cousin or no cohsin, he wouldn't say that you are honest, industrious and reliable, unless he's pretty certain that you are. He's not a man to give a recommendation lightly and without serious thought.

"I'll tell you what you do," continued Mr. Carson, "you be back here at seven o'clock the morning after Christmas with a recommendation from Alexander Duncan, and you can go to work. Seven o'colock the morning after Christmas, and with a recommendation from Alexander Duncan," Mr. Carson repeated.

"And mind this, young woman," he continued. "Unless you're here by seven, and with a written word from Alex, don't come at all, for some one else will have the place."

Kathleen had gone at once to her rousin's home, but found no one at home, so when she returned to her home that same day, she had written Cusin Alexander Duncan a long letter telling him almost word for word what Mr. Carson had said, and had closed her letter with the earnest plea that he would, if he considered her deserving of a recommendation, send it to her through the mails as soon as convenient.

That had been three weeks before, and she had had no word from Cousin Alex. She had not given up hope until Christmas Eve, and the carrier had passed them empty handed.

"After all," said her mother comfortingly, "even if the letter had come from Cousin Alexander, you couldn't have driven to the city tomorrow in this storm, with our old car the wreck that it is, and the roads as they are."

"If he had sent the recommendation, I'd have walked to the city, if there was no other way of getting there," cried Kathleen. "I'd have started tonight."

And then, for a long time, Kathleen had sat with her head bowed upon her hands.

"Remember. It's Christmas Eve," said her mother gently. "Your're not forgetting Mrs. Todd's light, Kathleen?"

"She'd miss it so tonight," ventured Donald.

Mrs. Todd lived alone in a cottage about a half mile from the Kennedys. She was a very pleasant, self reliant old lady, and the Kennedys were all fond of her, and she of them, though Kathleen was her favorite.

It had long been a custom of Kathleen's to hang a lantern in a tall young tree in full sight of Mrs. Todd's front windows. She always did this on especial ocasions, and the Kennedys knew that Mrs. Todd, confined to her home with a heavy cold, would look for the comforting light on Christmas Eve.

"It's a message to you," Kathleen often half jokingly told Mrs. Todd, "a sign that I'm thinking of you, and sending you loving thoughts. That's what my light means—a thought. You know, they say a pansy is for thoughts, well, my light is for thoughts, too."

"And a great comfort to me, your thought is, child," Mrs. Todd would reply. "I never feel lonely, or friendless, when I can look out of a dark night, and see your thought-light shining like a star. It's the thought, not just the light, that counts," she would say. "To know that you've thought of me, helps me a lot."

"I don't think I'll bother about that light tonight," said Kathleen, "I don't feel like I care whether Mrs. Todd misses it, or not. Why should I bother to scramble up that tree in this storm, just so Mrs. Todd will think I'm thinking of her?"

"She'll expect the light tonight," said Mrs. Kennedy, "she'll miss it so."

"Well, I expected Cousin Alexander's recommendation," retorted Kathleen, "and I certainly miss it. Mrs. Todd won't feel any lonelier and more neglected than I do."

"My dear," remonstrated her mother, "we have so much to be thankful for."

The rest of the Kennedys maintained a discreet, though sympathetic silence.

Donald informed his mother by signs that were it not for his injured foot, he would hang the lantern, and Mrs. Kennedy replied in the sign language that she wished she dared to climb the slender young tree and hang out the light for Mrs. Todd's comfort.

Suddenly Kathleen sat upright, and wiped her eyes. "I ought to be ashamed of myself," she declared. "I'm going to hang that lantern out right away. I know Mrs. Todd has been wondering and worrying about it. She's been watching for it for an hour, I know.

"Mrs. Todd shan't miss our thought for her, just because I'm so disappointed because Cousin Alexander couldn't or wouldn't spare a thought for me. I'm not going to let my own troubles and worries make me neglect to be thoughtful and kind to other people, and that's that. I'm going to think of something besides my own troubles."

And Kathleen rose, stalked into the pantry, stalked out again with the lantern, and after lighting it, strode out into the storm, and hung it on the swaying young tree.

And Mrs. Todd, who had been watching for it ever since darkness had fallen, heaved a sign of relief, as she murmured: "There it is! My blessed light. The dears are thinking of me. They haven't forgotten me."

It was nearing midnight. The Kennedys, one and all, had forgotten their worries and disappointments in sleep at least an hour earlier, for they had all, including Kathleen, felt at peace with the world after the light was hung.

In fact, all the Kennedys were sleeping so soundly that the violent rappings and hammering upon their door went on for some time before it aroused any of them.

Donald was first to the door, but he did not at once open it, and to his determinedly brave "Who's there?" a husky voice answered, "Open the door quickly and you'll see."

Donald was still hesitating, when Kathleen, in bath robe and slippers dashed by him, unlocked the door and flung it wide.

"Don't you know Cousin Alexander's voice when you hear it?" she demanded, as she reached out into the night, and pulled Cousin Alexander in.

Briskly Kathleen stirred the fire to life, and threw on fresh fuel, then helped Cousin Alexander out of his heavy outer garments, and taking them to the kitchen shook the snow off of them before it had time to melt.

"Cousin Alexander, it will be glorious to have you with us for Christmas dinner," said Kathleen, "and we're so glad to see you, but what on earth are you doing out at this time in the night, and in the storm?"

"I came to bring you that recommendation you wrote for," replied Cousin Alerander. "You see," he continued, "I just got home from a month's visit in the West this afternoon, or is it yesterday afternoon by this time? Well, anyway, I found your letter waiting for me. I don't know why it hadn't been forwarded to

me—of course I couldn't get it to you in time through the mail. I just couldn't seem to get the thought of you out of my mind.

"I know just how Hugh Carson is. I knew he would do just what he told you he would . He's a fine man, but very set in his ways. I knew you'd lose the place that you wanted so much unless you were on hand at the time set, and with a recommendation from me.

"Well, I got to thinking of the many happy Christmas days your mother and I had spent together, and I thought of how good she had always been to me and to everyone else. Always so thoughtful. Always lavishing kind, loving thoughts and deeds on everyone she knew, and I got to thinking that with this storm raging you, Kathleen, might not be able to get to the city the morning after Christmas at the time Hugh Carson set, even if I had got your letter in time to send you the recommendation.

"I did a lot of thinking about you, my dear, and then I made up my mind I'd drive out here, spend the night and have dinner with you all, then take Kathleen back to the city with me in the afternoon, so that she'd be sure to be in time the next morning.

"I was slow getting started, and the roads required careful driving, and when I got to Harpster Station, I left my car there, and set out to walk the three miles out here.

"And would you believe it? I got lost," continued Cousin Alexander, accepting a glass of hot lemonade from Mrs. Kennedy," and I floundered round and round in the snowdrifts for two solid hours. I was just about to give it up, go back to Harpster Station, and drive back home without coming out here at all, when I saw that light in the tree, and remembered what you had told me about it, and why Kathleen put it out there.

"Well, I thought to myself, if Kathleen can give that much effort and time and thought to an ailing neighbor, I guess I can give some thought to Kathleen. So here I am, and the recommendation is in my coat pocket." And Cousin Alexander beamed at the Kenedys as he sipped from the steaming glass.

"Can you drive Kathleen and me back to Harpster Station tomorrow afternoon, so that we can get to the city before night?" Cousin Alexander asked Mrs. Kennedy, who beamed assent, as she nodded toward the window where Kathleen, her nose flattened against the pane, was gazing out at the shining, twinkling "thought-light."

"And forever and ever, I am going to think of other people, and not always of myself," Kathleen declared fervently, and then she kessed Cousin Alexander's wrinkled cheek.

CHRISTMAS

By J. C. Glassford

A thick coat of frost covered the windows of a little narrow-gauge passenger train as it chugged laboriously through the canyon. The measured clickity--click, clickity-click of the wheels over the rails laid on a frozen bed, grew more and more monotonous as the train struggled on its way.

Without, the wind moaned dolefully, while a fine snow, driven by winds that were almost a gale, obscured the track ahead, making the lot of a harrassed engine crew unhappy indeed. "Slow Orders" were the rule of the day but even without the precaution of written orders, rapid speed was impossible. It was some storm that ushered in Christmas Eve!

Up front in the day coaches, telltale parcels wrapped in holly paper proclaimed the Christmas Season, but on the faces of the belated passengers there was reflected nothing of the joy of the occasion. Anxiety lest they might not be able to go through to their destination had stamped its imprint upon the countenances of the occupants. of the train, while now and again a worried mother softly hushed the plaintive cries of a weary child.

Suddenly, with a hard grinding of brake-shoes, the crawling train came to a complete standstill. There was a hurried conference of train and engine crew, ending with the head brakeman making this announcement to the passengers:

"Sorry, folks, but I'm afraid you'll have to make yourselves as comfortable as possible, there's a mighty big slide up ahead, and it looks as though we'll be here for some time."

That's what he told them, what he didn't tell them was that all wires were down and that it would be impossible to know when they would be able to secure relief or when the slides would be cleared away, due to lack of communication between the train and the dispatcher at the division point.

Up in the baggage car the conductor was addressing the baggage man and crew: "Boys," he said. "There's no use of us kidding ourselves, we're in a fine mess. I sure am sorry that the news-butcher missed us at Cedarview, if he hadn't we'd at least have something to feed the women and kids, as it is, I'm afraid some of us will be hungry before we get out of this." "Joe," he continued; turning to the engineer, "I guess you and Frank will have to keep steam up so's to keep 'em as warm as possible until we get out of this, but watch the water and your coal pile carefully, 'cause there's no tellin' just how long we'll be tied up. I'm so pleased that we haven't more passengers on board." "Gosh! Christmas Eve- I guess my kid's'll have to wait until next year for their dad to play Santa Clause to 'em. But—My kiddies won't be the only ones, I guess."

Christmas Eve! A night intended for good cheer and joy was for all of those on the train a night of hunger and anxiety. Four men in an apathetic attempt at diversion, started a game of cards, but after a few hands had been played they gave it up as a

bad job. Now and again an infant wailed, and so the night passed.

Early Christmas morning, a tiny wisp of a woman with wrinkled features and snowy hair sat huddled in one of the chairs in the front end of the parlor car. There was nothing of fear or discontent reflected on her features, but close inspection would have revealed a kindly twinkle in her eye and a ghost of a smile on her withered lips.

Gilbert Ross rose from his chair at the rear of the car where he had sat smoking, as he neared the little old lady he was struck by the cheerfulness of her bearing. He paused for a moment to speak to her but before he could utter a word the little woman glanced up into his eyes and exclaimed: "Merry Christmas to you, Sir! Isn't this a wonderful Christmas Morning? I'm afraid that some of us will not be able to keep our Christmas appointments, but it can't be helped. Nobody is suffering, we are safe here, warm and comfortable, and that's a lot."

Somewhat nonplused by his fellow passenger's enthusiasm in the face of adversity, Ross exclaimed: "You must be one of the few people who still believe in this Christmas bunk. Now, me, I figure it is a lot of tom-foolery!"

"I do believe" replied the little woman. "Ever since I was a child I have looked forward to Christmas. Thanksgiving gives one an opportunity to thank the giver of every good and perfect gift, for the material things of life which we, as Americans are so bountifully blessed. But the spiritual things are all based on Christmas, the birthday of the Master. Surely you still believe in the joy and peace as proclaimed by the angels at the time of His birth, don't you?"

Whimscally seating himself in a chair next to her, Ross gazed out into the snow blanketed mountains before replying. Finally he replied: "Yes, and no. I used to believe in those things and for years I sang in the choir of our little home church. But with the passing of years, the struggle for a livelihood, and the breaking off of all home ties, my early beliefs have been sort of crowded out. Finally, I have come to the conclusion that the whole thing is tommy-rot. You will notice that I said almost, because after all there is still a desire in my heart to believe those things. You make me think of my own little mother, and for her sake and yours, I wish I could believe in Christmas again. There surely must be something in it or folks like you and my mother wouldn't continue to believe in it all of these years."

Again there came a reply, almost like a benediction. "I have believed in it all of these years and I trust in Him, even as I trust you this very moment. I have a feeling that you will help me this morning to spread the sacredness of this day among our fellow passengers."

Rising, she coaxingly took the arm of Gill Ross. Hesitatingly at first then resolutely he guided the little woman forward through the day coaches into the front car. Inviting the passengers to gather, reaching the front they took their stand, anything for diversion. When all were seated the little woman raised her quavering voice in a feeble attempt to sing 'America.' In a moment, the deep baritone of Gill Ross swung into tune, and others

joined. Environment was forgotten, when the last verse was sung in a voice low enough to make it a prayer, there followed the sweet tune of 'Silent Night, Holy Night' and Holy, Holy, Holy. Christmas carols were resounding against the granite walls of the canon.

Came a pause, Gill Ross raised his hand for silence and said:

"Listen, folks. Yesterday, the coming of tomorrow just signified the coming of another day to me. Now it is different—This is Christmas. The first real Christmas that I have known for years. This little woman's faith in Christmas and all that it means to her has fanned fires that were kindled when my mother cuddled me close to her as a child and taught me about the birthday of Christ and all that it meant to the world. Folks, I do believe in Christmas. I want all of you to forget your fears. Try to make this a real Christmas without a real worry on your minds. I am satisfied that the Railway Company will do everything in their pawer to release us—so let's all be as brave as this little woman and carry on as she is doing. A Merry Christmas to you my good people and A Happy New Year."

Probably the longest speech ever made by Gill Ross was abruptly brought to a close by the stamping of feet and the jingle of sleigh bells. Hurriedly rushing to the doors the stranded wayfarers found beside the train sleighs and bob-sleds, men and women, all strangers to the passengers, began to file into the coach exclaiming: "Merry Christmas. Will some of you men give us a hand with these bundles?"

Arm load after arm load of parcels and baskets were soon carried in. Soon there was unfolded before the eyes of the astonished passengers a scene to amuse the most blase. Turkey, with crandberry sauce; dressing, sweet potatoes, home-made pies, fruit cakes as only a farmer's wife can bake, candies and other delicacies.

The leader of the group waved for silence—then he started speaking: "It's this way, folks. We live in the valley, just over the ledge yonder The railroad people have been trying to locate your train by phoning, but the wires were down all night. This morning after sun-up we saw your smoke and knowing of your predicament set about to see what might be done. It's this way—many of us expected our relatives or other guests —to come and share our dinners with us, but the same storm that caused the snow slides also blocked the highways—so that we were in a bad way —also. Many feasts but nobody to help us eat them. Then someone thought of the train—got busy, packed our dinners in baskets, we men folks broke trail, and here we are. Fall to everybody—and let's eat before everything gets stone cold."

In a thrice the devastation began, and while the banquet was being dispatched new friendships were established between the farmers and passengers. Strangers they were no longer, for the Spirit of Christmas previaled in the hearts of each and every one of them. The common faith in an all wise Creator broke down the bars of diffidence and perhaps there never was a happier Christmas in the lives of any of them.

Once more they sang "Joy to The World, The Lord has Come," and just as the last notes of this beautiful song died away the shrill whistle of the

snow plow's engine sent it's blast through the canon.

Many happy farewells were expressed and the thoughful farmers and wives took their departure. Soon the right-of-way was cleared and the little train chugged it's way to the terminal. As it neared it's destination, the passengers gathered 'round the little old lady to bid her God's speed and to thank her for her share in bringing to them, one and all, a full realization of the day.

"Don't thank me," she whispered, as her eyes grew misty, "I was not the one who made this such a happy day. It was the spirit of the hour—The spirit of Christmas."

KEEPING CHRISTMAS

It is a good thing to observe Christmas Day. The mere marking of times and seasons, when men agree to stop work and make merry together, is a wise and wholesome custom. It helps one to feel the supremacy of the common life over the individual life. It reminds a man to set his own little watch, now and then, by the great clock of humanity which runs on sun time.

But there is a better thing than the observance of Christmas Day, and that is, keeping Christmas.

Are you willing to forget what you have done for other people, and to remember what other people have done for you; to ignore what the world owes you, and to think what you owe the world; to put your rights in the background, than your duty in the foreground; to see that your fellow-men, are just as real as you are, and try to look behind their faces to their hearts, hungry for joy; to own that probably the only good reason for your existence is not what you are going to get out of life, but what you are going to give to life; to close your book of complaints against the management of the universe, and look around you for a place where you can sow a few seeds of happiness—are you willing to do these things even for a day? Then you can keep Christmas.

Are you willing to stoop down and consider the needs and the desires of little children; to remember the weakness and loneliness of people who are growing old; to stop asking how much your friends love you, and ask yourself whether you love them enough; to bear in mind the things that other people have to bear in their hearts; to try to understand that those who live in the same house with you really want, without waiting for them to tell you; to trim your lamp so that it will give more light and less smoke, and to carry it in front so that your shadow will fall behind you; to make a grave for your ugly thoughts and a garden for a day? Then you can keep Christmas.

Are you willing to believe that love is the strongest thing in the world—stronger than hate, stronger than evil, stronger than death—and that the blessed life which began in Bethlehem nineteen hundred years ago is the image and brightness of the Eternal Love? Then you can keep Christmas.

And if you keep it for a day, why not always?

But you can never keep it alone.

—Henry Van Dyke

HOW A CHRISTMAS TREE DROPPED FROM THE SKY

By Mary K. Cowles

Far, far away in one of our western states stands a little schoolhouse in the sagebrush of the desert. Sand and sagebrush—sand and sagebrush, on every side! Not a tree to be seen as far as the eye can see. Such a lonely spot!

And yet into this little schoolhouse there came a group of little children from the scattered homes here and there in the brush—children just as bright as the children in other places, and their teacher, brave Miss Martin, was a bright teacher, too. Many a little treat she planned for these children so far away from other people.

It was near Christmas time, and Miss Martin read and told them stories of the good times children were having all over the country making ready for the great day. The children were eager to celebrate the day, too. They had been making gifts for father and mother, and for the little children at home. They had learned pieces to speak for this great occasion, and they had worked hours and hours to trim the bare schoolhouse so that it would look bright and gay for Christmas.

"But," said Pedro, "how are we going to have Christmas without a Christmas tree? All the stories had Christmas trees in them."

"Sure enough," said Harold; "what shall we do for a tree?"

Then a half-dozen children asked Miss Martin, "Where can we get a tree?"

"That is a problem, isn't it?" said Miss Martin. "But let's get ready for Christmas anyway, and maybe somehow, the tree will come."

"But there isn't a tree in sight," said Mary. "I've looked to the east, and I've looked to the west."

"Yes, and to the north and to the south, too," piped in Anna. "There are no trees nearer than then mountains, and they are far, far away."

"I suppose we could have a happy time with the other things if we did not have a tree," said Miss Martin.

"Yes," said the children, "but it would be more Christmasy with a tree, wouldn't it?"

"Maybe one will come yet," said James, who had been real quiet while the rest were talking.

"But how?" said Mary;"we have looked to the east and to the west, to the north and to the south, and there are no trees anywhere."

"I know said James, "but you have not looked up yet."

"What do you mean? What do you mean?"chimed in the other children. "You don't expect a Christmas tree to come down out or the sky, do you?"

"Maybe," said James. "The other Sunday I was over in the valley to the little Sunday school in the church, and the children were learning a verse which said: 'Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, coming down from the Father.' Don't you think a Christmas tree

would be a perfect gift for us right now?"

"Well I should say so!" cried the children.

"It is twelve-thirty," said Miss Martin, "just the time the mail airplane goes over. Let's go out and wave at the pilot as we always do."

The children all rushed outdoors, and just as they opened the door there was a bang. Such a big noise right over their heads! Above the whir of the engine of the plane there was another bang, bang bang! The pilot was backfiring. As they looked up, the plane circled around the schoolhouse up in the air. The pilot circled around twice. The children waved and waved as they looked up. The plane came lower, and then they saw the pilot throw something overboard and it was coming down. What was it? Could they believe their eyes? Yes, it came right in their schoolyard, and it was a real Christmas tree. It was the first real Christmas tree the children had ever seen. And it was for them, the children of this lonely schoolhouse. The air pilot had often seen them waving at him as he flew over, and today he thought he would play Santa Claus to the kiddies.

What a good time the children had at their Christmas celebration! Fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, everybody—all came to do honor to the Chistmas tree.

CHRISTMAS BELLS

When the Christmas joy-bells ring for you,
What tidings will they bring to you?

Will they ring you joy because you share
The burdens other people bear?

Will they ring you cheer because you heed
Another fellow's greater need?

Will they ring you peace because you give
That those less fortunate may live?

Oh, sweet tidings of the bells
To hearts where lovingkindness dwells!

—Exchange.

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THE BETHLEHEM INN KEEPER

What could be done? The inn was full of folk:
His honor, Marcus Lucius, and his scribes
Who made the census; honorable men
From farthest Galilee, come hitherward
To be enrolled: high ladies and their lords;
The rich, the rabbis, such a noble throng
As Bethlehem had never seen before
And may not see again. And there they were,
Close herded with their servants, till the inn
Was like a hive at swarming time, and I
Was fairly crazed among them.

That they were so important? Just the two
No servants, just a workman sort of man,
Leading a donkey, and his wife thereon,
Drooping and pale—I saw them not myself,
My servants must have driven them away;
But had I seen them, how was I to know?
Were inns to welcome stragglers, up and down
In all our towns from Beersheba to Dan,
Till He should come? And how were men to know?
There was a sign, they say, a heavenly light
Resplendent; but I had no time for stars,
And there were songs of angels in the air
Out on the hills; but how was I to hear
Amid the thousand clamors of an inn?

Of course, if I had known them, who they were
And who was He that should be born that night—
For now I learn that they will make Him King,
A second David, who will ransom us
From these Philistine Romans—who but He
That feeds an army with a lof of bread,
And if the soldier falls, He touches him
And up leaps he uninjured?—had I known,
I would have turned the whole inn upside down,
His honor, Marcus Lucius, and the rest,
And sent them all to stables, had I known.

So you have seen Him, stranger, and perhaps
Again will see Him. Prithee say for me
I did not know; and if He comes again,
As He will surely come, with retinue,
And banners, and an army, tell my Lord
That all my inn is His to make amends.
Alas, alas! to miss a chance like that!
This inn that might be chief among them all,
The birthplace of Messiah—had I known!

—By Amos R. Wells